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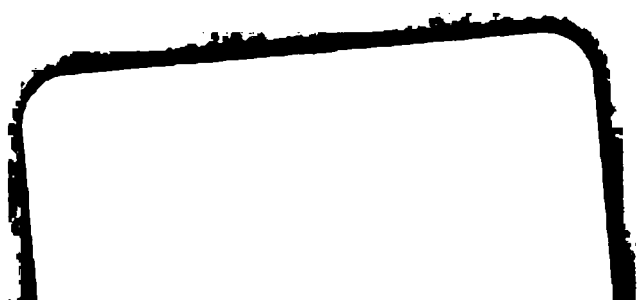
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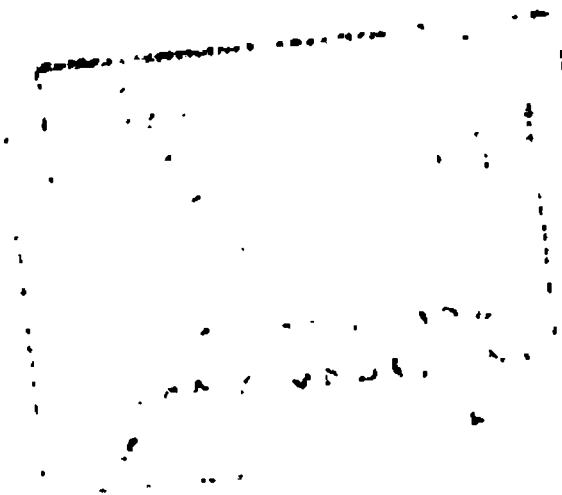
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P R I A M

INDEXED

THE
SPORTING MAGAZINE,
Monthly Calendar.
of the Transactions of
The Turf, The Chase,
and
EVERY OTHER DIVERSION,
Interesting to the
Man of Pleasure, Enterprise & Spirit.
VOL. 4, SECOND SERIES.
or Vol 79, Old Series.

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THE SPORTING MAGAZINE.

VOL. IV.
SECOND SERIES.

NOVEMBER, 1831.

No. XIX.

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Embellished with,

I. PORTRAIT OF PRIAM.—II. THE GOODWOOD GOLD CUP.
III. PORTRAIT OF ECHO.

PRIAM,

THE PROPERTY OF THE EARL OF CHESTERFIELD.

WE did not give the print of this splendid horse sooner, because his portrait was in every print shop, in most of the barbers' shops, in half the booths in the fairs, on whole windows full of snuff-boxes; and many rocking horses had the honour of his name—all *faithful* productions of many artists who had never seen him in their lives—and some very little better for what they had seen. We preferred choosing a time when age should develop the whole splendour of his muscular elegance, and till success should stamp him the BEST HORSE IN THE WORLD. We

employed Marshall to make the best representation he could on the day Priam beat Lucetta the Two Middle Miles at Newmarket, and urged the best exertions of Romney the engraver. How far they have been successful we leave to be decided by our numerous and enlightened Subscribers.

PEDIGREE.

PRIAM (a bay colt, foaled in 1827) was bred by Sir J. Shelley, Bart., and sold when a yearling, by public auction, to Mr. Dilly for 1000 guineas, with his engagements, of whom Mr. Chifney purchased him; now the

A

property of the Right Hon. the Earl of Chesterfield.

PRIAM was got by **Emilius** (winner of the Derby in 1823), out of **Cressida** (sister to **Eleanor**, winner of both Derby and Oaks in 1801), by **Whiskey**; grandam, **Young Giantess** (Sorcerer's dam), by **Diomed** (winner of the Derby in 1780); great grandam, **Giantess** (Pharamond's dam), by **Match'em**; great great grandam, **Molly Longlegs** by **Babraham**; great great great grandam, by **Cole's Foxhunter**; great great great great grandam (Sister to **Cato**), by **Partner**; great great great great great grandam (Sister to **Roxana**), by the **Bald Gallo-way**; great great great great great great grandam (Sister to **Ghaunter**), by the **Acaster Turk**—**Leedes's Arabian**, out of a daughter of **Old Spanker**.

PERFORMANCES.

At the Newmarket Craven Meeting, April 12, 1830, **PRIAM** (rode by **Buckle**) won the **Riddlesworth Stakes** of 200 sovs. each, h. ft., for the produce of mares covered in 1826, **Abingdon Mile** (21 subs.), beating easily by a length **Lord Exeter's** b. c. **Mahmoud**, by **Sultan** out of **Advance**.—The following also started but were not placed: **Duke of Grafton's** b. f. **Brambilla**, by **Partisan** out of **Minuet**; **Lord Anson's** b. f. **Zillah**, by **Whisker** out of **Elizabeth**; **Lord Sefton's** b. c. by **Emilius** out of **Sal**; **Lord Jersey's** ch. f. by **Comus** out of **Cobweb**:—5 to 4 and even betting on **PRIAM**, 5 to 1 agst **Mahmoud**, 5 to 1 agst **Brambilla**, and 6 to 1 agst **Cobweb**. Won easily by a length.

2.—April 14th, **PRIAM** (rode by **Buckle**) won the **Column Stakes** of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for the produce of mares covered in 1826, **Rowley Mile** (45 subs.), beating by a head **Lord Exeter's** ch. c. **Augustus**, by **Sultan** out of **Augusta**, and **Duke of Portland's** b. c. **Amphiaras**, by **Tiresias** out of **Emily**.—The following also started but were not placed:

Lord Verulam's br. f. by **Whalebone** out of **Venom**; **Mr. Scott Stonehewer's** ch. f. **The Fairy**, by **Emilius** out of **Witch**; **Duke of Rutland's** b. f. by **Middleton** out of **Sister to Adeliza**; **Lord Grosvenor's** b. c. **Thermometer**, by **Whisker** out of **Michaelmas**:—3 to 1 on **PRIAM**, 7 to 1 agst **Amphiaras**, 7 to 1 agst **Augustus**. **Mr. Chifney** also received forfeit from **Mr. Payne's** colt (*dead*) by **Tramp**, dam by **Haphazard**, who was engaged against him for the further sum of 100 sovs. h. ft.

3.—In the First Spring Meeting, April 26th, **PRIAM** received forfeit in a **Sweepstakes** of 100 sovs. each, h. ft., colts 8st. 7lb., fillies 8st. 4lb., **Ab. M.**—untried horses or mares allowed 3lb. (10 subs.)—**Lord Exeter's** ch. c. **Augustus** by **Sultan**, withdrew his Stake.

4.—Same day, **PRIAM** also received ft. in a **Sweepstakes** of 300 sovs. each, h. ft. for the produce of mares covered in 1826, **Across the Flat**, (4 subs.)

5.—At Epsom, May 27th, **PRIAM** won the **Derby Stakes** (rode by **S. Day**) of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for three-year-olds, colts 8st. 7lb. and fillies 8st. 2lb.—the owner of the second horse received 100 sovs. out of the Stakes—last mile and a half (89 subs.), beating **Mr. Ridsdale's** ch. c. **Little Red Rover**, by **Tramp** out of **Miss Syntax**, and **Lord Exeter's** b. c. **Mahmoud** by **Sultan**.—Twenty others also started but were not placed:—4 to 1 agst **PRIAM**, 9 to 2 agst **Little Red Rover**, and 16 to 1 agst **Mahmoud**.—For particulars of this race the reader is referred, to the *Sporting Magazine*, vol. i. *Second Series*, p. 181.

6.—Ascot Heath, June 8th, **PRIAM** (**S. Day**) won a **Sweepstakes** of 100 sovs., h. ft., for colts, 8st. 7lb. each—the winner of the Derby 7lb. extra—**Old Mile** (18 subs.), beating **Lord Burlington's** br. c. by **Godolphin** out of **Mouse**, and **Lord Exeter's** b. c. **Mahmoud** by **Sultan**:—3 to 1 on **PRIAM**.

7.—At Doncaster, September 21st., **PRIAM** ran second, to **Mr. Beardsworth's** **Birmingham** for the **Great St.**

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Leger Stakes, 68 subs. of 25 sovs. each. The field consisted of twenty-eight horses, which started off, at the given signal, in the most admirable style. At the distance the chance of PRIAM, Emancipator, and Birmingham appeared equal: the contest was stoutly maintained to the end, Birmingham winning by half a length only:—11 to 10 agst PRIAM; 15 to 1 agst Birmingham. For the particulars of this race see *Sporting Magazine*, vol. i. *Second Series*, p. 387.

After the St. Leger Mr. Chifney offered to run Birmingham for 1000gs. at Newmarket, Ditch In, giving Birmingham 3lbs., which was refused: he also offered to run him at Doncaster (1831) for 1000gs., the same course and weights, which was also refused.

8.—On September 23, PRIAM, carrying 8st., beat Lord Kelburne's br. c. Retriever, by Smolensko out of Georgiana, 4 yrs, 8st. 3lb., a match, one mile and a half, 500 sovs. h. ft. Retriever took the lead to the distance, where PRIAM passed him, and won with the greatest ease by at least three lengths:—13 to 8 on PRIAM.

9.—Same day, PRIAM walked over for the Gascoigne Stakes of 100 sovs. each, 30 ft. — colts 8st. 6lb., fillies 8st. 3lb.—St. Leger Course (7 subs.)

10.—At the Newmarket Craven Meeting, April 4th, 1831, PRIAM, carrying 8st. 4lb. (J. Robinson), won by three lengths the Craven Stakes of 10 sovs. each, weight for age, A.F. (16 subs.), beating Col. Wilson's colt by Comus out of Rotterdam, and Mr. Nowell's colt by Muley out of Lacerta. Seven others also started but were not placed:—5 to 2 on PRIAM.

11.—April 8, PRIAM, rode by J. Robinson, won, by a length, the Port Stakes of 100 sovs. each. h. ft.—colts 8st. 7lb., fillies 8st. 4lb.—T.M.M. of the B.C. (11 subs.), beating Col. Wilson's colt by Comus out of Rotterdam (who received back his Stake) and Lord Exeter's Mahmoud by Sultan:—4 to 1 on PRIAM, 5 to 1 agst Mahmoud, and 8 to 1 agst the Rotterdam colt.

12.—In the First Spring Meeting, April 22, PRIAM, the property of Lord Chesterfield, beat Sir M. Wood's Lucetta by Reveller, 4 yrs, 8st. 7lb. each, a Match for 200 sovs., h. ft., T.M.M. of the B.C.:—6 to 4 on PRIAM, who won easily by four lengths. Chifney rode PRIAM, and Robinson Lucetta.

13.—August 18th, PRIAM, at 9st. 5lb. jock'd by Connolly, won the Gold Cup at Goodwood, value 300 sovs., and the surplus in specie, by subscriptions of 20 sovs. each, with 100 sovs. added by the City of Chichester (37 subs.), beating His Majesty's mare Fleur-de-Lis, aged, 9st. 11lb., and Mr. Scott Stonehewer's Variation, 4 yrs, 8st. 11lb.:—6 to 5 agst PRIAM, 5 to 4 agst Fleur-de-Lis, and 5 to 1 agst Variation.

14.—Oct. 4th, at the Newmarket First October Meeting, PRIAM, 4 yrs, 7st. 11lb., received 130 sovs. ft. and the Cup*, from Sir Mark Wood's Lucetta, 5 yrs, 8st. 8lb. B.C. for the Cup and 200 sovs.

15.—At the Second October Meeting, October 20th, PRIAM, 9st. 2lb., rode by J. Robinson, beat Lord Exeter's ch. c. Augustus by Sultan out of Augusta, under the guidance of W. Arnall, 8st., both four years old, A.F. 500. Seven to 4 on PRIAM, who won without difficulty, or indeed, apparent exertion.—See OBSERVER's account of this race, p. 41, of the present Number.

It was well observed that winning the Goodwood Cup, looking at the weight, placed PRIAM at the head of all horses on the Turf according to public running. If he then merited such a character, what must be thought of him now—giving 16lbs. to a horse of his year, and such a horse too as Augustus!—This first-rater has won up to this period 8820l. in specie, exclusively of the two Cups.

By the permission of the Right Hon. the Earl of Chesterfield, we have the gratification of presenting our readers with a *fac simile* of the magnificent Gold Cup won by this splendid horse at Goodwood.

* For an epitome of the challenges and running for the WHIP, see *Sporting Magazine*, vol. xxv. N.S. p. 28: and for the origin of, with a list of the winners of the Jockey Club GOLD CUP, see vol. i. *Second Series*, p. 156.

CONTINUATION OF BLITZ'S SALMON-FISHING TOUR.

The Rivers Beaul, Ewe, and Grainyard.

SIR,

FROM the Ness, where my sport had been rather of the brilliant order, I proceeded to the Beaul, a large, rapid, and capital salmon river. On it, and about three miles from its mouth, are the highly picturesque falls of Kilmorack, which are regularly visited by travellers who wend their way to the northern parts of Scotland in search of the romantic and beautiful. During the greater part of the year these falls prevent the fish from ascending farther up, and, by confining them within certain limits, render the angling of course superior to what it otherwise would be, were they permitted to scatter themselves through the innumerable streams above this natural impediment. Below the falls the salmon may be seen leaping in numbers at a time, making unwearied but ineffectual efforts to force a passage through the immense and overwhelming volume of water which precipitates itself over a grand and imposing shelf of rock. It was amusing to watch the gallant attempts of the fish to clear this formidable obstacle, as the force of the waters made them cast the most extraordinary summersets when they happened to make their leap too far from the fall.

It is certainly wonderful in how short a time salmon ascend rivers for many miles, forcing their way against the most rapid currents, and clearing, with apparent but inconceivable facility, cataracts of several feet in height.

This they could not accomplish were the popular error correct of their taking their tails in their mouths when they attempt to leap.

In heavy floods the fish are enabled to get over the falls of Kilmorack, when they ascend as near the source of the river as the depth of the pools where they purpose depositing their spawn will permit.

There is one capital stream immediately below the falls at the Mill, but the best is that below the cruives (or salmon-traps), where, when the water is low, the fish are stopped by a barrier of huge stones, rudely put together, so as to form a bulwark across the river. This stops their progress to the pools above, and the fish congregate in the stream below in such vast numbers, that I have known 180 head taken out at two hauls of the net. Farther down the river there are two other pools, but they are not so good as the forementioned. In the Beaul, as in the Ness, the Irish gaudy fly was triumphant, although the Laird's piper and fisherman (an old and faithful adherent of the Lovat family, and who has fished the river for fifty years) was pleased to designate them *nonsense flies*, and boasted of the superiority of the common fly of the country. I was much amused with the obstinate bigotry of the old boy, who, although he witnessed my success, and with no small jealousy too, still persisted in asserting that those of his own manu-

facture were superior, and that the *Paddies* might do now and then, but would not answer on all occasions. This venerable has since, I understand, become a convert to the new light, and willingly courts the killing aid of the handy-work of O'Shaughnessy and Martin Kelly.

Although the streams swarmed with fish, my sport, during the two days I devoted to the Beaul, was not of the *first water*, as the river was nearly dry, and the salmon, while they rose tolerably briskly, were exceedingly shy of coming into near contact with anything artificial, however minute and deceptive.

The net-fishing of the Beaul lets for 1500l. per annum, and the river is strictly preserved, even against the intrusion of anglers, and no one is allowed to fish without the permission of the proprietor, Fraser of Lovat.

The present Laird is the lineal descendant of the celebrated and notorious Lord Lovat, who was executed for his steady and unflinching adherence to the cause of the unfortunate House of Stuart. Previously to the Rebellion, it is related, he had remained for two years in bed in a state of despondency, but when the news of the Prince's landing was communicated to him, he started up and cried, "Lassie, bring me my brogues—I'll rise noo!"

"Lord Lovat was one of the most extraordinary men that ever appeared in public life. He was crafty and politic to an astonishing degree; cruel, rapacious; had great natural abilities, much wit, and prodigious talents for business; but an utter destitution of principle spoiled in him the parts

which might have composed a distinguished Statesman."

On one occasion he was found stretched out in bed between two Highland lasses, who, being naked, affected out of modesty to hide their faces under the bed clothes; and the old Lord accounted for this strange scene by saying that his blood had become cold, and he was obliged to supply the want of heat by the application of animal warmth. Lord Lovat used to send one of his numerous retainers to Loch Ness, a distance of eight miles, every day for the water he drank. He was exceedingly fond of highly-seasoned minced veal, and probably on most occasions ate rather more than prudence dictated—on the plea that it was difficult to persuade the stomach, because it had no ears—as he never could gratify his taste and appetite for his pet dish without suffering from the indiscretion. When confined in the Tower, only two hours previously to his execution, he thought he might, with perfect impunity, make a hearty meal of his favorite fare; and, as the story goes, he actually did consume a large mess of the said minced veal, saying that he should be gone before the customary unpleasant effects of his over-indulgence could be experienced.

The present Lovat expects to have the forfeited Peerage restored in his person; and with all my heart I wish him success, as he is an excellent, high-minded, and hospitable country Gentleman, disposed to improve his vast estates, and extend the comforts of his numerous tenantry.

From the Beaully I started for the Ewe, which is justly esteemed the best fishing river on the west coast of Scotland. It flows from the romantic and beautifully wooded Loch Maree, and is the property of that capital fellow and first-rate sportsman, Sir F. Mackenzie.

The cruives which formerly crossed the stream at the second pool from the sea, and prevented the further progress of the salmon, are moved considerably higher up, and there are now six as admirable pools as ever man threw a fly into. When I visited the Ewe there were only two streams open to the admission of fish, so that splendid sport was scarcely to be looked for, although I had no reason to complain of my want of success, all things taken into consideration.

From the circumstance of the salmon taking the fly in the stream immediately at the mouth of the river, when hooked, the fish not unfrequently made a dash for the ocean, and if successful in this gallant attempt never failed to snap the line and sail off in triumph. The impetuosity with which they made their rush down an exceedingly rapid, rough, and rocky stream, rendered the chances of killing much against the angler, however scientifically he might work his silvery captive. The proprietor informed me that he has had his line broke three times in one day by this masterly manoeuvre on the part of the fish. Sir Hector Mackenzie, father of the present Baronet, has been known to land upwards of thirty clean salmon in the course of a day's fishing.

In the Ewe, as in the Ness and

Beaully, my *Irish friends* were victorious, although the river was extremely low, and the water as clear as crystal.

The Gruinyard is another excellent river on the west coast of Ross-shire, and across the hills, about twenty-six miles from the Ewe. The great drawback to sportsmen visiting the Gruinyard is the want of accommodation, there being no place of entertainment within many miles of its banks.

I was fortunate enough, through the medium of a letter of introduction, to find quarters at the house of a respectable sheep-farmer, a capital angler, and who was kind enough to point out to me the favorite haunts of the fish.

On examining my book, he expressed a doubt as to my being able to do anything with the Limerick flies, "as the salmon were not used to them," and was rather galvanized by my killing thirteen salmon and grilse in a day and a half, at a time too when, except in the rapid throats, every rock and stone in the bed of the river was visible.

The banks of the Gruinyard are of the wildest, but, strange to say, of the most uninteresting nature. There are no grand precipices, no woods; for miles in every direction nothing but low grey rocky diminutive hills meet the eye, and convey an idea of hopeless barrenness, beyond what a stranger to the district could have imagined to exist on the west coast, which is generally remarkable for the richness of its pastures and the grandeur of its scenery.

BLITZ.

(To be concluded in our next.)

PARIS RACES.

SIR,

THE Races in the Champ de Mars having finished on Sunday the 11th inst. I send you, as usual, an account of the sport this year, which has been uncommonly good: I also hand you, annexed, a list of the Jockey Club here, which has been this year patronised by the King and the Duke of Orleans, Prince Royal.

The races commenced on the 28th of August, when the four Arrondissement prizes of 1200 francs each were run for. On that day, the weather having an unfavorable aspect, the ground was not so well attended as usual.

The first prize was won by M. Larroque's b. m. Aline, 3 yrs, carrying 82lb., rode by Ollivier, beating the Count de Strada's b. m. Adda. The second prize was won by the Count de Strada's b. m. Pamela, 3 yrs, carrying 82lb., rode by T. Hall, beating M. Fasquel's Young Milton, Lord H. Seymour's b. h. Fovius, and M. Charles Lafitte's b. m. Praga. The third prize was won by Lord H. Seymour's b. h. Cyrus, 4 yrs, carrying 105lb., rode by North, beating the Count de Strada's Eldorado, M. Santerre, sen.'s b. m. Clio, M. Leconte's g. h. Limaçon, M. Charles Louis's Smolensko, Count Narbonne's b. m. Isara, and M. Santerre, jun.'s b. m. Cleopatre. The fourth prize was won by Count de Strada's ch. m. Odéina, 4 yrs old, carrying 102lb., rode by T. Hall, beating M. Schickler's b. h. Young Rainbow, M. Rivière's h. Caton, M. Larroque's ch. m. Daphne, and M. Desgrand's ch. m. Selina.

AUGUST 30th.—This day the weather was uncommonly fine, and the ground was numerously and respectably attended. What is called the Principal Prize of 2000fr. was run for in two heats, both of which were won easy by Lord H. Seymour's g. m. Eagle, 4 yrs, carrying 499 hectogrammes, rode by North, beating the Count de Strada's ch. m. Odéina, 4 yrs, carrying 499 hectogr.; M. Desgrand's ch. m. Selina, 6 yrs, carrying 583 hectogr. (she threw her rider in the first heat, opposite the Military School); and M. Leconte's g. h. Limaçon, 5 yrs, carrying 563 hectogr.

Between these two heats there was another race, as follows.—In the race that took place last Sunday for the Arrondissement Prize, awarded to horses of the first age and class, which was won by Count de Strada's b. m. Pamela beating Mr. Fasquel de Courteuil's b. h. Young Milton, 3 yrs, and Lord H. Seymour's b. h. Fovius, 3 yrs, a question arose, on account of which it was decided that the two latter (Young Milton having come in second and Fovius third) should run again this day. They accordingly ran together, each carrying 416 hectogr., when the race was won by Young Milton beating Fovius by half a neck.

SEPTEMBER 4th.—There was a greater assemblage of spectators this day than on the two former occasions. The races were honored by the presence of their Majesties, the Duke of Orleans, the Duke of Nemours, the Duke of Aumale, and the Princesses. The Ex-Dey of Algiers was also

present in one of the government pavilions, but he retired when the races were but half over. In the early part of the day there fell a shower of rain, but the weather cleared up afterwards, and continued fine all day.

The King's Prize of 5000 francs was won by M. Raulhac's ch. h. Oubyon, 5 yrs, carrying 563 hectogr., rode by Tom Hall, beating M. Leconte's ch. h. Constant, 4 yrs, carrying 514 hectogr.; Lord H. Seymour's br. h. Cyrus, 4 yrs, carrying 514 hectogr.; M. de Bonnefond's ch. h. Aleby Trocadero, 5 yrs, carrying 563 hectogr.; M. de Vanteaux's ch. h. Rubens, 5 yrs, carrying 563 hectogr.; and the Count de Narbonne's b. m. Léda, 4 yrs, carrying 499 hectogr.

The King's Grand Prize of 6000 francs was won in two heats by Lord H. Seymour's br. h. Sylvio, 5 yrs, carrying 563 hectogr., rode by Boast of Epsom (who came over on purpose to ride for Lord Henry), beating M. Larroque's ch. m. Bergère, 5 yrs, carrying 548 hectogr.; M. Goetzmann's b. m. Dowine, 5 yrs, carrying 548 hectogr.; the Count de Castellane's b. h. Fred Alfort, 4 yrs, carrying 514 hectogr.; and M. Desgrand's ch. m. Selina, 6 yrs, carrying 583 hectogr., rode by M. Desgrand, jun.—M. Schickler had entered Young Rainbow for this race, but he was withdrawn.—The second heat was contested by Sylvio and Dowine only.—Besides these two races there was a match run once round, heats, by Lord H. Seymour's gr. m. Eagle, 4 yrs, carrying 109lb., rode by Boast, and M. Siret's br. m. Laura, carrying 119lb., which was won cleverly by the former.—His Majesty appeared highly delighted

with the sport, and was graciously pleased to grant 500 francs to Boast, who won the Grand Prize this day.

SEPTEMBER 11th.—This day the assemblage of spectators was immense, notwithstanding the unfavorable state of the weather. The morning was fine, but between 1 and 2 o'clock it became cloudy: there were several claps of thunder, and towards half past 2 there fell a heavy shower of rain: however, afterwards it cleared up, and continued fine all the afternoon. The King and Royal Family were expected on the ground, but did not come; the Ex-Dey of Algiers was, however, again there, accompanied by his son, a youth of 11 or 12 years of age: they retired, as before, when the races were but half over.

The Duke of Orleans' Prize of a Silver Vase, value 1000 francs, and 2000 francs in money, was won by the Count de Strada's ch. m. Odéina, 4 yrs, carrying 499 hectogr., rode by Tom Hall, beating M. E. Cremieux's b. m. Dowine, 5 yrs, carrying 548 hectogr.; M. Desgrand's ch. m. Selina, 6 yrs, carrying 583 hectogr., rode by M. Desgrand, jun.; Lord H. Seymour's br. h. Cyrus, 4 yrs, carrying 514 hectogr.; the Count de Castellane's b. h. Fred Alfort, 4 yrs, carrying 514 hectogr.; and M. Larroque's ch. m. Daphne, 4 yrs, carrying 499 hectogr. Fred Alfort and Daphne did not run the second heat. Dowine, rode by Ollivier, having come in second in this race, the prize (entire) was generously awarded to her owner by the King, as the winner belongs to His Majesty's stud.

The King's Prize of a Silver

Vase, value 1500 francs, a Silver Cup of 800 francs, and 3700 fr. in money, for horses of the first and second classes, was contested in three heats. The first heat was won by M. Raulhac's ch. h. Oubyon, 5 yrs, carrying 563 hctogr., rode by Tom Hall, beating M. de Vanteaux's ch. h. Rubens, 5 yrs, carrying 563 hec.; M. Leconte's ch. h. Constant, 4 yrs, carrying 514 hctogr.; M. Larroque's ch. m. Bergère, 5 yrs, carrying 548 hctogr.; and Lord H. Seymour's gr. m. Eagle, 4 yrs, carrying 499 hctogr. The second heat (in which Bergère did not run) was won by Eagle, rode by Boast; who won also the third cleverly. By the laws of racing in France, the winner in this case

being a mare of the first class (that is, of *Foreign breed*), was only entitled to 4000 francs of the prize, including the Vase; the other 2000 francs fell to the lot of Oubyon (who won the first heat), he being of the second class, or *French breed*.

Between these races there was run a match, 1000 francs a-side, twice round, in one heat, between Lord H. Seymour's b. h. Charron, rode by Boast, and M. Bergeret's b. m. Laura, each carrying 110lb. which was won easy by the former.

Excepting those mentioned above, there have not been, as yet, any private matches this season; but I expect that some may yet take place in the Bois de Boulogne.

LIST OF THE MEMBERS OF THE ENGLISH JOCKEY CLUB AT PARIS, UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF HIS MAJESTY, LOUIS-PHILIPPE I.

H. R. H. the Duke of Orleans.
Count de Strada.
Prince de la Moskowa.
Duke of Valency.
Earl of Yarmouth.
Earl of Stair.
Lord Henry Seymour.
Count of Castillo Fiel.
Count Demidoff.
Count Walewsky.
Count de Chateauevillars.
Count D'Harcourt.
Count Zichy.
Count Besenval.
Chevalier de Machado.

Colonel Thorn.
Messrs. J. G. Schickler.
Charles Lafitte.
Ernest le Roy.
Ball Hughes.
Hope.
De Windt.
James Mahon.
De Frazer.
De St. Cyran.
Monier.
Paturian.
Carregr.
De St. Saent.
De Pavant.

T. BRYON, *Clerk of the Course.*

Hotel de l'Orient, Place des Italiens,
Paris, 19th Sept. 1831.

THE CHASE.

"How mild, how gentle is the well-trained horse!
How, winged with speed, he flies along the course!
With rapid bounds he strives to win the race,
And glories in the pleasures of the Chase.
Inspired, he hears the hounds, and fears delay:
He knows the joyous sounds—Hark, hark away!"

SIR,
BREATHES there a man with
soul so dead as not to feel a
thrill of delight when he remem-

bers that in a few short weeks
those joyous notes will once more
greet his longing ear! O! who

would not be a hunter bold, for his life is a life of pleasure! How delicious the anticipation of the sport! how blissful the reality! how sweet the recollection! how invigorating to the spirits! how healthful to the frame! in short I could mention twenty more hows, if I had time. As it is, I think, my readers will think I have said enough in its favour. I assure you, Mr. Editor, this hunting is no joke with me—no trifle, I give you my word. I don't take it, as the inimitable Perlet does his snuff, *pour m'amuser*.....these half-and-half sort of measures don't suit me.....it is the serious business of my life. Moliere, or somebody else, says, "*Je ne vive pas pour manger; je mange pour vivre.*".....*I live to hunt.*

In the season, of course I have enough to do. To follow in the morning, and quaff bumpers at night in memory of the departed day and to the success of a future, is as much as any man can fairly get through; and out of it, to cherish my good steed, make alterations in my *menage*, repair the breaches in my cellar, with now and then a day's shooting, and a trip to town, is sufficient to keep one from idleness. In fact, none but a done-up dandy, or a miserable hypochondriac, who never hunts or reads the Magazine, can feel vapourish. For me, Time trots too fast. I have a hundred projects now floating in my brain that floated there twenty years ago, which I have never yet found leisure to accomplish; and the chances are ten to one I shall descend to my grave before the world has been benefited by them—bequeathing them to my heir. But whilst I write, the sand in my glass reminds me this very Time, that waits for no man, is

fleeing fast; and, ere he arrests this hand for ever, suffer me to say a few words on *La Chasse*.

"Oh, History, thou parent of renown,
Thou blest instructor of mankind!"

we will summon thee to our aid. —The practice of hunting has existed almost as long as the world itself. With our forefathers it was adopted from necessity. The calls of hunger sent forth these ancient Nimrods to the chase. No inviting butcher's shop at that time stood open, with a man dressed in blue, holding a knife in one hand and a steel in the other, ready at a nod to cut you a fine rump steak or veal cutlet. No, I assure you, men at that period led no such lazy lives—they, poor souls, must *kill* their meat before they could hope to eat it, and run a good chance of being killed themselves in the bargain. Pleasure alone calls forth our more fortunate hunters at early dawn, to scour the woods in search of prey, with the pleasing prospect of a fine haunch of venison, ready killed and cooked, awaiting them after the perils of the engagement. In the Scriptures we read continually of hunting: and, if I remember right, the Hebrew Monarchs were no mean artists. It may with truth be called a *regal sport*; for independent of the Israelites, we read of many Kings whose love of the chase has proved, happily for them, some compensation for the loss of a sceptre. In the seventh century, Stanislaus, King of Poland, being driven from his throne, took refuge in France, and became immoderately fond of hunting; and though unable to ride from his great weight, 24 stone, was yet enabled, by the use of his carriage, to gratify his favorite passion. The late King of

Wurtemberg, also a weighty personage, was a *jolly* hunter; and, though last, not least, the modern Alexander, *Napoleon Buonaparte*, did at times condescend to forget the cares of empire for the delight of a wild-boar chase.

I may say hunting in every country is patronised more or less. In India it is conducted in a style of great magnificence: in Germany too, with pomp and ceremony, and graced with the presence of the Ladies, which must at all times animate to noble deeds. Even the poor Laplander finds some amusement in his inhospitable clime. Here, we do the thing very quietly, being satisfied with prads not to be rivalled in any country, and men worthy to ride such prads. In olden times, the horse, although employed in war, was not useful in the chase; owing, I imagine, to the immense thickness of the forests in which their game was concealed, and which no horse could penetrate. We are not now troubled with these woods—a certain little thing called a *post obit*, with a Sheriff at its back, doing us the favour, occasionally, of clearing the country most effectually of the noble oaks that have flourished perhaps for centuries.—*O tempora! O mores!*—The natural antipathy of the horse to beasts of prey might have been another objection to enlisting him in the service; but custom, which in time reconciles us to anything, gradually made the horse more courageous, and he can now face the most savage denizen of the forest with perfect *sang froid*. By Julius Cæsar, and the successive invaders of Britain, this sport was therefore followed on foot: but on the arrival of the Normans (than whom no nation on

earth loved hunting to such excess) the horse became a distinguished actor; and from this era we may date the commencement of that perfection to which he has since attained, which has made him a comfort and a blessing to man; and equally valuable, whether for the dangerous ranks of war, the laborious toils of husbandry, or the lighter pleasures of the field.

The Normans had a very lazy way of doing business. Mounted on a strong cart-horse-sort of prad, they would perch on a hill or eminence near a wood, and exercise their lance or gun at the game, roused from their hiding places by the dogs. Our Continental neighbours to this day follow the Norman manner. England has since that made rapid advancement in the art of hunting; and this same barbarous sort of thing has long since yielded to a more varmint style. About a century and a half ago, only a slight cross of the Arab blood flowed in the veins of the English hunter. The horse most prized at that time was a slapping bony fellow, for fencing, and enduring. Such a nag was well fitted for the hounds of that day, but would be terribly at fault with our clippers of the kennel. From various crossings, the steed progressively became lighter of foot; the hounds keeping pace, till their velocity has become truly wonderful—perhaps indeed, for real enjoyment, too much so—for positively, with what we call our *crackest* packs, none but fliers of very high character can live in the field; and they sometimes get done up, from the spanking bat they go at over hill and dale. In fact, the *mania*, if I may so call it, of having such very swift hounds is a certain draw-back to the sport, and too

frequently occasions the downfall of many a capital hunter; for when the ground is heavy, it is an Herculean labour, even to a good horse, to be in at the finish; and a thorough-going pilot often gets grassed through the weakness of his nag. I don't attribute all the mishaps of the field to this cause; God forbid I should be so unjust! I think it unreasonable to wish hounds to run in to their fox in less than fifty minutes: this is surely quick enough, and has a decided advantage, by calling into action and proving the qualities of both horse and hound. Every stripling can make a display for a short time; but to go *the pace* for a length requires the nerves and powers of an experienced sportsman; and such a one must be not a little annoyed, when he goes out in hopes of seeing *sport*, to be under the necessity of riding like *Old Harry* or *Tam O'Shanter*, with the chance of laming a favorite horse for the honour of being in at the death.

“ Then adieu to those heroes, who, riding
for fame,
Knowing nothing of hunting except by
the name:
Let them boast that they ride, never deign-
ing to look;
Let them swim by the dozen in Wissen-
dine brook;
Let them place all their merit in ten mi-
nutes' burst,
Then who's for Melton? and he that is
first
Puts on a cool hundred on some crippled
hack,
Who, perhaps, the next morning is sent
to the pack.”

Fine hunting, and blooding the varmint in style, ought to be the end and aim of every hunter. From the swiftness of the hound, the same quality is indispensable in your horse. I grant this secures to the breeder a high figure for his colts; but if a moderate bred animal would answer the

same purpose, *quære* would not the advantage to the breeder be the same, by the increase of sale which must arise by their being within the reach of every man's pocket? To a young hand, whose first season perhaps it may be, this hard riding is a mighty fine thing; and the natural impetuosity and ardour of happy youth prevent his seeing any but the bright side of the picture; but a hunter grown grey in the service has far different ideas. With him, coolness, and a knowledge when and where to give a helping hand in facing a rasper or troublesome bit of timber, are the qualities he most relies on. And think not these are to be despised: fool-hardiness is not courage; for remember, slow and steady wins the race.

I may be old-fashioned—I no doubt *am* in my opinion: but I *do* think the whole pleasure of the day is destroyed by this precipitancy. I hate your chopping system: indeed, in this amusement I am a perfect glutton, and like to have plenty of fun for my money. It is much too tame a thing to have a fifteen minutes' burst.....*et c'est fini!* Some trouble, some difficulty, should attend everything in life, either business or sport. This difficulty is the salt with which the cup of life is seasoned, and without which 'twould be insipid in the extreme; even with it, 'tis at times “as weary as a thrice-told tale,” and requires all one's philosophy to endure. But, as we *have* plunged into this tempestuous ocean, and cannot retract with honour, we must buffet the waves as we can, and be happy while we can ride to *hounds*, and have a clean shirt and a shilling, as the song says,

A-propos of peril: I often think I should like to have lived in those days when the Gentlemen of England delighted in rousing from his lair the sanguinary boar; or, better still, to join the hardy and courageous Swiss, who, in his perilous pursuit of the chamois, runs more risk and encounters more difficulties than our English hunter can dream of; but who, if blessed with success, retires to his mountain cot, joyfully warbling some wild native air, devours his scanty repast, and presses his humble pillow with a zest too seldom known to those who dwell in palaces, and upon whom all the refinements of luxury are exhausted. There is something singularly grand in the solitude of these mountains, whose dread silence, broken only by an occasional shot or call of the hunter, impresses the mind with awe, if not terror; and teaches it, better than all the books of Philosophy ever written, how little is poor Humanity. He who can descend from them with a heart untouched must be made of impenetrable stuff. True, *here* are no stupendous works of art to chain the contemplative mind; no remains of ages long since passed, to awaken the admiration of the antiquary, or force a sigh from the bosom of the philosopher for the vanity of all human undertakings. No, *these* are scenes that cannot be imitated—scenes that must powerfully affect the heart of every Christian, and teach him to lift his soul in wonder and thankfulness to that Almighty Power, who by a breath called them into life, and can as easily recal them.

Speaking of Nature and Art, the following interesting fact will teach how poor are all the works

of man compared to those of the Great Creator. — An exceedingly small needle, being examined through a microscope, appeared irregular and unequal; and the surface, though extremely smooth and bright to the naked eye, seemed full of ruggedness, holes, and scratches; in short it resembled an iron bar out of a smith's forge. But the *sting* of a *bee*, viewed through the same instrument, shewed everywhere a polish amazingly beautiful, without the least flaw, blemish, or inequality, and ended in a point too fine to be discerned. Some Brussels lace, worth five pounds a yard, looked as if it were made of a thick, rough, uneven hair-line, entwisted, fastened, or clotted together in a very inartful manner. But a silkworm's web, being examined, appeared perfectly smooth and shining, everywhere equal, and as much finer than any thread the finest spinner in the world ever made, as the smallest twine is finer than the thickest cable. Let us examine things with a good microscope, and we shall be immediately convinced that the utmost power of art is only a concealment of deformity, an imposition upon our want of sight; and that our admiration of it arises from our ignorance of what Nature really is. — But I am, as usual, digressing too much: it is, I fear, my besetting sin; and lest I should be scouted from all good society by its indulgence, I will endeavour to eradicate it—tear it up by the roots like some noxious weed. Dearest, most well-beloved brethren, I must now bid you farewell; and, if I offend again, condemn me to be whipporin to ye all for the rest of my life.

GILBERT FORESTER.

Lydford, October 14, 1831.

A DORSETIAN SKETCH, No. IX.—BLANDFORD RACES.

“ *Hay* diddle, diddle,
The *horse* and the fiddle !”

HEARING, Mr. Editor, that All the World and his Wife were to be at Blandford Races, I resolved to go too, not having seen the Old Lady for some years; so in due course of time mounted my hack, and away I went, “galloping dreary dun.” At Blandford all the folks were in great commotion, hopping about as if they had just been galvanised, and smiling and smirking like so many gas inhalers. Having an idle half hour on my hands before starting for the course, I made the most of my time by taking a peep at the natives, all decked out, old and young, like the last ewe at a sheep-shearing:—such ribands and such flowers—why even Flora’s own self wouldn’t have been recognised among so many: but hang me, Sir, if I ever saw so many beautiful women before in my life; there wasn’t a real ugly one to be met with, nor scarcely a plain one. It’s worth anybody’s while to go to Blandford if they’ve a mind to see a pretty woman. There were all the tradesmen’s wives and daughters looking out of the open windows, or sailing along the *pavé*, if such it can be called, dressed so beautiful, and looking so pleasant, and seemingly so good-natured, and in *such* spirits! Mercy on me, if it didn’t make one’s very heart go bump, bump with looking at them, just for all the world as a body does on a high-stepping coach-horse without a saddle on the stones in Piccadilly. I know not what this

bump may be denominated in Craniology, but probably that celebrated Bumpologist, De Ville, who seems quite at the *head* of his *calling*, would give it a place as a kind of organic medium, situated somewhere between Philosophy and Philoprogenitiveness. Then poured in from all parts the farmers’ wives and families, looking all just so like a new-painted jaunting car, with their Leghorn bonnets, and finely-bordered shawls, and black leather shoes, talking their very tongues out *almost* with pleasure: then came their larger halves—gallant, gay, Lothario Life Guardsmen-looking Yeomanry Cavalry, in their well-washed Don-Cossack whites, nicely buttoned up in front just as it should be, sitting bolt upright like one of their own well-filled corn sacks, the toe being well placed and both heels well down.....looking altogether just like what Yeomary should look going to Blandford Races.

As the hour of one approached the carriages of the Nobility and Gentry rolled in, filled with beautiful women, such as blue skies seldom shine upon elsewhere: but to do adequate justice to the Aristocracy of this county requires an abler and more descriptive pen than mine—their every look is love: so ’twas as much as a moderate-minded man like me could do very well in one morning gazing at them, without employing one’s fingers or faculties in passing comments on their carriage, costume, or character,

which no doubt keep pace with the prevailing standard of the day.

The road leading to the scene of action, as such roads generally are, was strewn with various views of passing humanity, from the illustrious M.P. and the wealthy Baronet, to the humble peasant and the lowly beggar—from the four-in-hand, well coupled up, to the jackass-gingerbread cart, all no-how—dandies, drunkards, draymen, draggletails filling up the void. Here you might see fair ladies lolling in all the listlessness of luxury in the elegant landaulet—and there the jolly fat wife of a publican, finer far than any rainbow, sitting stiff and pompous as one of her own pewter pots, in the one-oss chay:—here a trio of apprentices, endeavoring to outvie each other in the art of strutting; and next a countryfied group of young men and maidens, all linked together quite in a family-way-like, seemingly all of a piece, and laughing at nothing, ready to split their sun-burnt sides.

But to the business of the day; for the cry of “Here comes the horses, here comes the horses!—clear the course, clear the course, clear the course!”—was vociferated very loudly from all quarters. And sure enough, Sir, the horses did come, looking as proud as pearmongers—

“And backwards and forwards they
switch’d their tails,
As a Gentleman switches his cane.”

The sport commenced with a Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each, for the produce of mares of 1827, over the New Mile Course, which was won by Mr. Radclyffe’s b. f. Susanne, by Figaro out of Effie

Deans beating Mr. Farquharson’s b. c. Bacchanal by Reveller, and Mr. Portman’s b. f. Elspat by Swinton: General Grosvenor’s g. c. by Gustavus paying forfeit. Bacchanal would have been the favorite, only when he *does* start he generally makes a point of bolting half way home (notwithstanding his owner gave him the “cut direct” after the Bath Races), which is rather against his ever coming in first, unless he walks over solus. A bad horse, however, might with ease have beat the other two, which *at present* certainly look somewhat like screws, though they may alter, and it is to be hoped will.

For the Gold Cup of 100 sovs., two miles, four horses started, being won by Mr. Biggs’s Wassailer beating Terror, Cornelian, and another. It was not much of a race—John Day riding the winner.

A Plate of 50l., for maiden horses, heats, two miles and a distance, was won by Mr. Pee’s b. f. by Centaur beating Mortimer, Bacchanal, Elspat, and Boldre. Mortimer won the first heat somewhat easy, but gave place to the filly in the next two, making, however, good racing. Bacchanal, as usual, bolted; Elspat was anywhere, and Boldre nowhere. John Day rode the winner.

A Match for 25 sovs., the New Mile, was won by Mr. Beauman’s bay pony Twinkle, by Swinton, 5 yrs, beating Mr. Radclyffe’s grey pony Mayflower, by Lapdog, 3 yrs; won easy.

The day’s sport concluded with the Bryanston Stakes of 5 sovs. each, with 25 added by the Members of the County—handicap, heats, the New Mile. Won easily by Mr. Biggs’s Wassailer

C

beating another—John Day again riding the winner.

The Second Day commenced with the Dorsetshire Stakes of 25 sovs. each, two miles, which were won by Mr. Radclyffe's Brownlock beating Coronet. This was perhaps one of the most beautiful races over the most splendid course in England ever witnessed. It was neck-and-neck nearly the whole way, at speed: old Brownlock, however, took the lead at starting, made play, was never headed, and came in by a length, rode admirably by Cowley—Trenn doing all he could on Coronet.

A Fifty Pound Plate for three and four-year-olds, two mile heats, was won by Mr. Gould's ch. c. Firman beating Whisk and Elspat. The first heat was won by Whisk, but eventually carried off in the next two by Firman, jockeyed in first-rate style by Trenn, who did contrive to give John Day the go-by, though not without a struggle, and a pretty severe one, being about three of the best heats ever run over Blandford course.

A Handicap Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each, 10 subs., heats, over the New Mile, concluded the sport. It was won by Mr. Biggs's Whisk, in two heats, beating Bacchanal, Omen, Centaur, and Gilbert. During the first heat the three last, finding, I suppose, they *ran* no chance of winning in the usual way, thought fit to cut off the angle of one post by about some twenty or thirty yards, coming in first; but as this act of

course distanced them, the remaining heat was won by Whisk, rode by John Day again!—Confound that fellow, Sir, if I would not almost back him on a jack-ass against any provincial thoroughbred horse and rider in the kingdom. He's up to anything, I know; and I'll tell you why—*because* I saw him, when about half a distance from home, being two or three yards perhaps behind the other, actually *lift* his horse from the ground, *somehow*, with his hands and knees, and giving him a shove, in a manner peculiar to himself, beyond his adversary, came in as quietly as could be, as if nothing *out of the way* had happened!—and this he did more than once. Now, if the Jockey Club decide this to be fair *running*, I will with pleasure beg Mr. John Day's pardon for the assertion in my next; in the meantime retaining him, without a fee, for whenever I may require his patent *engine* of one-horse power*!

But there were *other* thoroughbreds—aye! and cocktails also, besides osses, Mr. Editor, that looked quite longing for a start for the Maiden Plate as well, that wouldn't have been at all backward, at least not very, I take it, on the *ringing* of the *Belle*! in coming to the post *too*, especially in a Private Match or Produce Stake—animals that wouldn't have required the all-prevailing influence, even of Day! to have gone the pace; but I may be mistaken on this “particular point,” my opinion being merely backed

* I was much amused with John Day; for, instead of cantering up like the others previously to starting, he used to bring up his horse in a sort of jog-trot go-cripple pace, as if the veriest beast alive wot couldn't canter; and then, in passing the stand, he would fetch him a lick over the flank, with a “come-up, you brute;” which, coupled to his knowing look, worth two of any one else, can only be appreciated by those who know the man.

by theory, which is ever liable to misconceptions! It is a much-lamented circumstance, Sir, that at these races the "poor girls" haven't an opportunity of displaying "their agility" by running for a "certain article" that must be nameless—

"Oh! no, we never mention it!"

neither is there any jumping in sacks, nor bobbing for live eels, nor grinning through horse-collars, nor jack-ass running, nor hurdle leaping; but everything is conducted in the true sporting style of *racing*, which I trust will never be departed from so long as the Turf (I don't mean the Book!) shall last. Nothing in my opinion can lessen more this legitimate sport than the introduction of frivolous amusements, as above described. Cocked-hat stakes, hurdle racing, and all such nonsense, may do very well for a stop-gap for an *extra* day, or for a hunter's or spring meeting; but I consider them as highly derogatory to the character of a regular meeting, and reflecting

but little credit on the sporting celebrity of those concerned. I am induced to record such opinion for the purpose of expressing my satisfaction that Blandford has not followed the example of other counties and other towns, it being too much the fashion of the age in which we live to make a race-course a sort of raree-show for all kinds of absurdities.

The ordinary was tolerably well attended, and at the second ball upwards of 250 persons were present—Mr. Portman at a very short notice, in the kindest and ablest manner, undertaking and performing the office of Steward of the Races (in the absence of Mr. Drax, who happened to be sick).

So much, reader, for the Blandford races, written in great haste, and containing, I fear, many mistakes, particularly the Racing Calendar, having lost my catalogue on the Down, and consequently writing from memory; though in the main I hope it will be found "quite correct."—Yours, &c.

September 26, 1831. A NATIVE.

A FEW LINES ON CLIPPING.

SIR,

HAVING been a constant reader of the *Sporting Magazine* for some years past, and having seen but few articles on Clipping, I am induced to trouble you with a few lines, in the hope that the results of experience may have some weight with those (and they are, to my knowledge, not a few) who entertain unfounded prejudices against it. I have found that many Gentlemen think it is of no use except to save the groom the trouble of cleaning a horse properly, or elbow-grease, as it is vulgarly termed; and that it renders a

horse very liable to take cold. Now, with regard to the first, I answer, that, putting aside the advantage of saving time (and it is no small consideration to Gentlemen who keep four or five hunters, besides perhaps an equal number of covert hacks, gig-horses, &c.), it has a most beneficial effect on a horse's condition. Having a galloway, which from particular circumstances I much value, and which is in winter so long-coated as not only to render it impossible for any groom to dry him before night, but also to reduce his flesh and condition, I was

induced three winters ago to try the effects of clipping, and the horse is now in as good or better condition in winter than in summer. Ten minutes walking will take him cool and dry into his stable, and his liveliness and pace evidently shew the improvement in his health. As to their liability to catch cold, I have never had a horse of mine do so, and I do not believe it has that effect after the first week, and a little care during that time is well bestowed; not allowing them to stand long when heated; and a cloth thrown over them, if kept long at the door, will effectually prevent horses

taking cold. Indeed, after that period, it hardens them, as it braces their fibres, and checks violent sweats, which a clipped horse so seldom gets into. I cannot help thinking it peculiarly adapted for coach-horses, as it would enable them to stand the *crack pace* at which most coaches now go, with half the waste of flesh and strength; and the horse-keepers (as they are called, I believe) might easily learn to do it. Should you think these few lines worth inserting, you shall hear again from, Sir, yours, &c.

HIPPOS.

West Kent, Oct. 10, 1831.

LINLITHGOW AND STIRLINGSHIRE HOUNDS.

SIR,
THE season is now commencing, when the landscape will be brightened by the glow of burnished woods and the gleaming of scarlet coats, and the welkin ringing with the roar of the jolly hounds. I yesterday visited Barnton, the head-quarters of the Linlithgow and Stirling hounds when they are with us, though I grieve to say that their "visits" are, like those of a superior race to us frail mortals, few and far between. However I don't sit down to grumble, but to say what I saw. I found the following nags (*see the end of this paper*) all in the highest heart and condition—well fed—no cost, no labour spared. I found that the hounds were in the east country, and had *begun the ball* already, by rattling up the *sharp-nibbed* nursery brats, to make them quit their mammy's apron-string; in short, *cub-hunting* had commenced. The lad who was the master of the ceremonies to me said he believed

the hounds would be in Linlithgowshire in the course of ten days. I believe they are to have the honour of attending the Caledonian Gentlemen at Kelso in the current month.

A brown gelding of great bone and symmetry, three parts bred, bought from Mr. Wilkie of Ormiston: a chesnut gelding, bred in Yorkshire, equal to 12 stone, bought of Mr. M. Wilkie of Easter Mains: a light bay gelding, a remarkably neat horse: a brown bay mare, of uncommon good form, bought of Norman Shairpe, Esq. of Houstain, and a capital huntress: two other bay horses of superior shape and breeding.

The above are for Mr. Ramsay's own riding. The hunting nags are of course at their post in Berwickshire.—Ever yours,

September 30, 1831.

VAGUS.

P.S. I found Pilgrim there in his box: he is an elegant racer; he won at Musselburgh in July last.



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ECHO,

A CELEBRATED HOUND IN THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT'S HUNT.

THE Portrait of this hound, by WILLIS, is a most perfect likeness of the animal, and does infinite credit to the talents of that very clever and rising artist. The engraving, by COOK, is in his usual style of faithfulness to the original.

ECHO, bred by and the property of His Grace the Duke of Beaufort, is by Boxer out of Emily.

Boxer, by Dorimant out of Bravery.

Bravery, by the Delamere Forest Bustler out of Lady.

Emily, by Ragland out of Paragon, by Sir F. Mostyn's Lashwood out of Princess.

A LETTER FROM RINGWOOD.

Hint for relieving the *Ennui* of a long Coach Journey.—Method of remunerating Keepers for preserving Foxes in Suffolk reprobated—the good old Times exemplified.—Plan for preserving Foxes.—Fight at Doncaster between Brown and Sampson.—Nautical Anecdote.

SIR,

THE gun having had full play during the last two months, no doubt there are numberless tales afloat respecting the dexterity with which some of these deadly weapons have been used. For instance: bagging a hare and a brace of birds at the same time, shooting at a pheasant and killing your friend, are things so common that the recital would bring neither interest nor novelty; one of which characteristics all anecdotes related in the *Sporting World* should in some measure lay claim to. The following that I am about to relate is certainly one of the best methods I ever saw adopted for relieving the *ennui* of a long coach journey, and I present it to your readers, to be by them adopted or not as they may feel inclined when placed in similar circumstances, first having obtained what on some coaches may be deemed necessary—viz. licence and permission.

On a fine day in the latter end of September 1830, I perched myself on the top of one of the fast coaches that travel the road from Wolverhampton to Manchester. Somewhere in the neighbourhood of Stafford a young Gentleman and a gamekeeper joined company, and mounted on the hind part of the coach, where, if I remember rightly, there was but one other passenger. The keeper had his double-barrelled gun and ammunition, and his pointer was closely chained under the seat his master occupied. They had not been added to our party many minutes before bang went the artillery, and we saw a lot of dove-house pigeons whirling by the coach, one of which dropped in the adjoining field. The nags were going steadily, doing about nine miles an hour, and the bars and other coach music was in pretty unison, so that a person seated on the front of the coach, unless he had turn-

ed round and seen the smoke, could scarcely believe that a gun had been discharged so near him, as was actually the case; the horses taking no more notice of it than they would of the slamming-to of the door of the hind boot, the noise of which it closely resembled. For more than thirty miles (indeed till darkness put an end to the sport) did this young Gentleman keep blazing away on the King's highway, shooting at everything that could fly, right or left, as he espied it. Many a stately rook received his death *instantly*, or was left ignobly to hobble for the short remaining period of his existence, no more to soar through fields of air.

I cannot recount exactly the number or condition of all the killed and wounded; but there were two shots that told remarkably well: the first was at a wood-pigeon (a devil to stop) going a slapping pace across the country, distant at least forty-five yards; no sooner was the trigger pulled than over he rolled, and fell as dead as a brickbat: the other was a blue rock in a great hurry, and exactly the same sauce was served out to him. As I never fired a gun from the top of a coach or any other vehicle whilst in motion, I cannot speak positively as to the difficulty of hitting a moving object so situated; but having, since witnessing this performance, often pointed a walking-stick at flying birds, it appears to me to be no easy task to shoot with any precision, from the tremulous motion of the machinery under you. But the young one did it in capital style, and it was much more amusing to me than witnessing a match at twenty-five yards from the trap, between two

crack pigeon-shots, which I confess I was once simple enough to do on a burning dusty day in June, although the scene of action was nine miles distant from my place of abode.

Just as I had marked down this anecdote for your pages, and was about to tie another or two to its tail, the *Bury and Norwich Post*, 21st September last, was brought in for my perusal, and the first thing that caught my eye was a paragraph headed "Fox-Hunting." This paragraph, after recounting two capital days' sport in succession (for the time of year) that Mr. Muir's (the Suffolk hounds) had met with, concluded thus:—"The country is highly indebted to the spirited owner of the pack, and it has been suggested by several Gentlemen that a subscription should be raised to remunerate the keepers where foxes are preserved." And the Editor adds, "We shall be happy to promote this suggestion by any means in our power." Now it appears to me that such a proceeding is fraught with incalculable mischief, besides being a bad precedent; and I beg to put to the projectors of the plan this question:—Is this remuneration for men who obey, or for those who disobey their masters' commands? Is the sporting world to understand that in Suffolk the preservation or destruction of foxes is entirely delegated to the wills of gamekeepers? If so, Suffolk may part with its well-organized pack, and the sooner the better; and Gentlemen may rest assured, that, all-powerful as gold is, their subscription alone will not be enough to make safe one half of these velvet-jacket gentry. How is it that the Duke

of Grafton's, Mr. Thornhill's, Mr. Bennett's, and a few other coverts are never many days without foxes? Only because the keepers of these Gentlemen know that when an order is issued to them from head-quarters, it must be obeyed; and that if they wish to preserve their places, foxes' lives must not be trifled with. If any one must be bought over to the cause, it must be some of those proprietors of coverts whose keepers make up for scanty wages by a little contribution of game every week from their own or the adjoining manor; and, as two of a trade cannot agree, Mr. Reynard, whenever met with, is certain of destruction.

I can fancy I hear a pair of these worthies discussing the merits of this aforesaid paragraph on a Sunday morning at the village ale-house, and summing up in somewhat about this style—"Aye, Tom, and I'm blest if 'tis any more *than our rights!* How do Gentlemen think we are to live if we are to swarm with foxes? but, howsomever, I've made up my mind to this, that unless they do tip up pretty stiff, I'm d—d if they shall find a fox in our coverts, they may take their oaths of that—I knows how to gammon our old Governor; he don't wish much to see them, that's about the truth on't."

Now the old-fashioned way of occasionally encouraging a game-keeper was this. If an extraordinary good fox was found in a preserve that afforded a brilliant day's sport, the next time the hounds met at the same place, a guinea or two was presented to the keeper, not so much as a premium for the preservation of

foxes, (it being understood in those days that this part of the business was entirely vested in the master of the domain,) as an acknowledgment of general civility to the Field, and to drink success to Fox-hunting. This was a compliment, and acknowledged with thankfulness, and left its mark: but the new system to be adopted in Suffolk will be productive of anything but satisfaction. The *bonus* will be received in many instances with a growl; and the fancied parsimony of the payment will fill an evil-disposed vagabond full of spite, that he will be sure to vent upon the next fox that chances to come in his way.

Foxes are very easily destroyed, and there is but one plan that can preserve them where game-keepers inhabit; and it is this: for proprietors of coverts not only to give orders for the preservation of foxes, but to be determined that those *orders are obeyed*. Now if I could by any chance become the owner of such coverts as Norton-wood, East-wood, Pakenham-wood, &c., the old story from the keeper, of "Oh yes, Sir, sure to find to-day: I padded him in yesterday morning, and 'twas only last Sunday there were a brace playing in the stubble at the back of my garden"—would not do: my answer would be, produce the animal, or be off. Will any sportsman believe that such coverts as these would be without foxes unless there was foul play somewhere? But whenever I see one of those infernal long poles covered with every bird of prey from the wonderful sun-eagle to the tom-tit, and with every beast from the wandering mastiff to the

merry stoat, staring a huntsman in the face as he is throwing his hounds into covert, I generally turn my horse's head towards that part of the wood whence they are likely to come out on their road to the next place of drawing.

I cannot yet dismiss this subject, and shall just take the liberty to paraphrase the preamble of the bill "a subscription to remunerate keepers that will have forbearance enough not to spoil the sport of a whole county!!!"—Indeed! and are ye fallen so low as this, Suffolk Fox-hunters? Why don't you insert in this *Bury and Norwich Post*—"The humble petition of the Nobility, Gentry, and (if you do not think it would mar the concern) the fox-hunting Clergy of the county of Suffolk, to Messrs. the Gamekeepers of the same county, craving their forbearance towards you?" This would only be in consonance with the new doctrine of conciliation; and no doubt Mr. Trapvermin would be considerably softened by it. But bah! it used not to be so a few years since, when Suffolk could boast of more packs of fox-hounds than one. Then, when thanks were returned for a good day's sport, they were given where they were due, as the following narration can testify.

It was about the last time the Duke of Grafton's hounds met in the Suffolk country, and they trotted on from Wattesfield-gate, their place of meeting, to Hinderclay-wood. No sooner were the hounds in, than out went as gallant a fox as ever wore a brush, and Ould Tom Rose with the darlings and his beautiful halloo close at his heels. The fox seemed

to say, "Well, old boy, no other pack than yours shall ever hunt me: many a rattling day we've had together, and, as 'tis to be your last day here, it shall be mine also: but Tommy, old boy, you shall remember me!" And Tommy did remember him; for 'tis but just a year ago, that, sitting in his elbow-chair in his neat little cottage at Stoney Stratford, and quaffing a comfortable glass to the memory of "auld lang syne," he related to me the particulars of this capital run, and reckoned it one of the brightest spots in his long career of fox-hunting. Well, the fox was killed at Toffts Belt, on the Norwich side of Thetford, about fifteen miles point blank from the place he was found. The run was computed at about twenty-one miles, the pace throughout very good, scarcely a check, and the last twelve or thirteen miles over a perfectly open country. Those who never saw this part of Norfolk twenty years ago, would scarcely believe that this county, so famed for high cultivation, contained anything half so wild as the country this animal ran over—the greatest part of it sheep walks, rabbit-warrens, and barren heaths; and where they met with arable land, it was of that sort that a horse would scarcely leave his foot print. Something I have seen like it in certain parts of the Duke of Beaufort's hunt, if you take away the stone walls. Very few in a race like this were in any place at all, and many a gallant steed died on the field of honour, and many more received their death-warrants on that memorable day. One of the three or four that witnessed the finish was Lord Charles Fitzroy, at that

time a fine rider to hounds, and the blood from the Euston paddocks on this occasion bore him along in triumph.

After the fox was disposed of the hounds got to water, and the horses partially recovered their wind. About twenty minutes had elapsed, and Admiral Wilson, the proprietor of the covert in which the fox had been found, was seen coming on the line of the run; Lord Charles immediately rode to meet him, and coming along-side, pulled off his hat, and bowing, said, "Admiral, allow me to thank you for your gallant fox, and for one of the best day's sport I ever witnessed:" and, a few days after, on meeting one of the Admiral's tenants, who resided near the spot, he presented him with 5l. to be distributed on the following Sunday amongst the aged poor of the parish.

In all probability I shall visit the Suffolk country this season, having received a pressing invitation to do so; and all particulars of sport, as far as regards fox-hunting, shall certainly be forwarded to your Magazine. The fox-killing gentry, if worthy of a place, shall certainly figure away in your pages.

And now, taking leave of this subject, allow me to congratulate you, Mr. Editor, on the strength of the prophecies contained in the different sporting papers, that the fight between Brown and Sampson is indeed to be the last of the Ring, and that your pages will be no more polluted with the recital of such bare-faced villainies. For many a year Pugilism has been dying a natural death; but the climax of infamy that was reserved for the Doncaster exhibition has, it is to be

hoped, given the *coup de grace*, and completed its annihilation. What can its warmest advocates say for it now? Let us hear no more of its being a school for old English courage to be displayed and kept alive by, when the result of this battle sufficiently proves that Brown's life was nearly forfeited from his being possessed of this very quality, and which these fighting blackguards affect so much to admire. Brown won by true game—by that which his antagonist was never known to possess; and at the moment he ought to have been proclaimed the conqueror, the *office* was given, and the partisans of Sampson rushed in, and with bludgeons and kicks showered down on the luckless Brown attempted to effect that which their white-feathered champion had failed in doing. Mr. Beardsworth! you stood there as stakeholder; and what must you have felt on witnessing this proceeding, if you for one moment thought that by any possibility your name might be mixed up with such a premeditated act of cowardice and villany?—Yet one way remained open for you to have placed yourself in a position that would for ever have silenced the tongue of calumny. Had you manfully rushed into the ring, and rescued Brown from the hands of the assassins that surrounded him, and borne him in safety to your carriage, your crest-fallen, vanquished townsman would have been certain of receiving every attention that he was deserving of from the hands of those thieves and vagabonds who had come to his rescue.

And now, as is said in many places, to conclude. With a

sporting anecdote my letter began, and with one it shall end. How such tales may be received I know not; but I can assure you of one thing, that they are neither begged, borrowed, nor stolen, but are gathered from personal observation, and have never been published in any edition of the facetious Mr. Joseph Miller—a recommendation that all narrators of tales in the present day cannot lay claim to. The subject is nautical; so, as Jack says, now I'll spin my yarn.

Some few years ago I visited Yarmouth Races. The course at this town is more renowned for the beauty of the scenery than for the goodness of the sport, or the number of rank and fashion or sporting characters that attend it. Here, however, the Tars of Old England are to be seen by hundreds in all their glory; their sweethearts by their sides in their span new rigging, with streamers flying of every hue that fancy can devise or that beauty can be decked in, it being well-known that no sailor ever yet subscribed to the opinion, that

“Beauty when unadorned's adorned the most.”

Taking very little interest in the race that was about to be contested, I strolled about intent on picking up any little vagary of real life that might chance to present itself. My eye soon caught sight of a good-looking sailor, with his low-crowned canvas hat, his black silk handkerchief tied

so loosely as to hang half way down his breast, and a pair of shoes that ought to have figured at Almack's; and close moored by his side was Poll, whose rosy colour bespoke the fatigues of the jigs she had just performed in. At this moment the horses were parading previously to starting, and one rider in a blue jacket caught Jack's eye. That was enough; and he swore he'd back him against the whole fleet for a can of flip. No sooner was the wager offered than accepted, and his messmate Ben, who was off duty, was ordered to station himself on “the fore-castle of that ere blue-sided lighter,” (which by the bye was a farmer's wagon placed by the ropes for the accommodation of his friends,) and to keep a look-out for the homeward-bound fleet. Scarcely had Ben taken his station by getting up the fore-chains (as he termed it), than whiz, like arrows, came the contending racers. As soon as the noise that generally attends the finish of a race had subsided, Jack hailed his messmate with, “What cheer O! there a-board the lighter! Which was the head-most craft?” Ben gave his quid one turn, and then clapping his two well-tarr'd paws before his mouth, so as to form a sort of speaking trumpet, sung out in a voice that might almost have been heard from Yarmouth Roads to Harwich Harbour, “The lar-board hand one.”

October 16th, 1831. RINGWOOD.

COMMENCEMENT OF HUNTING IN SHROPSHIRE.

SIR,

WE have had some very good cub-hunting; killed twelve brace of foxes, commenc-

ing the first week in September, with six or seven very good runs. There are some ex-

cellent performers that hunt regularly with the Shropshire hounds. The first that I must place on the list is Mr. John Hill of the Citadel (brother to Sir Rowland), whom I consider to be equal to any of the Meltonians: he is always mounted on the right sort of horse, and a young beginner should look to him and get some of his stud if he can. Next to him is Mr. Leicester, of Rowton; Captain Owen, of the Wood House, Dr. Wynn, of Shrewsbury, and many more, all equally good. There is also a young man of the name of Clay, V. S. of Shrewsbury, who I have seen do the thing well on a good-like looking chesnut mare. But the best horseman I ever saw is Will Staples, the huntsman; few are so good, and

none better: he is also one of the very best-tempered fellows in the world, always civil and obliging. There was some talk in the summer about giving the hounds up. If they ever should be, I would advise those masters of hounds to have their eye upon Staples, as they may be assured he is something out of the common way.

The whips, Jack Wickelsworth and Tom Flint, are very good, and render every assistance when out. Sir Edward Smith has the management of them, and no better man can England boast of. They will begin their regular hunting soon, and when there is any run out of the common way, you may expect to hear again from

October 6th, 1831. BARRABBAS.

THE NEW GAME ACT.

AS we are desirous of laying before our readers the whole of this most important Statute, "*to Amend the Laws in England relative to Game*," which received the Royal Assent on the 5th of October, and which we have gone through clause by clause, we shall, without comment, proceed to give the several enactments, either substantially or literally, according to their consequence.

The Act contains 48 clauses; the first of which refers to, and recites the titles of, all the Statutes passed relative to Game from the 13th of Richard II. to the 59th of George III.: these are to be repealed from the 31st of October inst., and the new Act to commence and take effect from the following day, namely the 1st of November.

Definition of Game.—The second clause defines what shall be deemed Game: the enactment runs thus—"That the word *Game* shall, for all the purposes of this Act, be deemed to include hares, pheasants, partridges, grouse, heath or moor game, black game, and bustards; and that the words 'lord of a manor, lordship, or royalty, or reputed manor, lordship, or royalty,' shall throughout this Act be deemed to include a Lady of the same respectively."

Time for Killing.—The third enactment relates to the *days and seasons* during which game shall not be killed. As regards the former, any person detected in killing or taking game on a *Sunday or Christmas Day* shall, on conviction thereof, forfeit a sum not exceeding five pounds, together with the costs of conviction; and as regards the latter, if any person whatsoever shall kill or take any

Partridge, between the 1st of February and the 1st of September;

Pheasant, between the 1st of February and the 1st of October;

Black Game (except in Somersetshire, Devonshire, or the New Forest, Hants), between the 10th of December and the 20th of August succeeding;

Grouse, or Red Game, between the 10th of December and the 12th of August succeeding;

Bustard, between the 1st of March and the 1st of September:—every such person, on

conviction thereof before two Justices of the Peace, shall pay for every head of game so killed not exceeding one pound, together with the costs of conviction.

Laying Poison.—In this clause there is also a penalty for laying poison to kill game, which is thus alluded to:—"And if any person, with intent to destroy or injure any game, shall at any time put or cause to be put any poison or poisonous ingredient on any ground, whether open or inclosed, where game usually resort, or in any highway, every such person shall, on conviction thereof before two Justices of the Peace, forfeit and pay such sum of money, not exceeding ten pounds, as to the said Justices shall seem meet, together with the costs of conviction."

When Possession of Game deemed illegal.—The fourth clause imposes a fine, not exceeding twenty shillings, upon any person licensed to sell game having in their possession any bird of game after the expiration of ten days (one inclusive and the other exclusive) from the respective days in each year on which it shall become unlawful to kill or take such birds. A like penalty is also imposed upon any person, not being licensed, detected in the act of buying or selling, or knowingly having in his possession, any bird of game, after the expiration of ten days as aforesaid.

Game Certificates.—The fifth clause enacts that nothing in this Act shall affect the existing laws respecting game certificates.

Law of Trespass.—The sixth clause allows every certificated person to kill game, subject to the law of trespass. There is a proviso as to gamekeepers, which states that "no game certificate on which a less duty than 3*l.* 13*s.* 6*d.* is chargeable under the Acts relating to game certificates shall authorise any gamekeeper to kill or take any game, or to use any dog, gun, net, or other engine or instrument for the purpose of killing or taking game, except within the limits included in his appointment as gamekeeper;" but where any gamekeeper shall be detected so killing or taking game beyond such limits, he may be proceeded against under this Act as if he had no certificate.

Landlords Rights.—The seventh clause, which is an important one, we give *verbatim*:—"And be it enacted, That in all cases where any person shall occupy any land under any lease or agreement made previously to the passing of this Act, except in the cases hereinafter next excepted, the lessor or landlord shall have the right of entering upon such land, or of authorising any other person or persons who shall have obtained an annual game certificate to enter upon such land, for the purpose of killing or taking the game thereon; and no person occupying any land under any lease or agreement, either for life or for years, made previously to the passing of this Act, shall have the right to kill or take the game on such land, except where the right of killing the game upon such land has been expressly granted or allowed to such person by such lease or agreement; or except where upon the original granting or renewal of such lease or agreement a fine or fines shall have been taken; or except where in the case of a term for years such lease or agreement shall have been made for a term exceeding twenty-one years."

Manor Rights, &c.—The eighth clause provides that this Act shall not affect any existing or future agreements respecting game, nor any rights of manor, forest, chase, or warren.

The King's Forest Rights.—The ninth clause declares that nothing in this Act shall in any way alter or affect the prerogative or privilege of the King's Forest rights, &c.

Rights of Common.—The tenth clause, also, declares that nothing in this Act shall affect any cattle-gates or right of common. This clause further provides, that "the lord or steward of the Crown of every manor, lordship, or royalty, or reputed manor, lordship, or royalty, shall have the right to pursue and kill the game upon the wastes or commons within such manor, lordship, or royalty, or reputed manor, lordship, or royalty, and to authorise any other person or persons who shall have obtained an annual game certificate to enter upon such wastes or commons for the purpose of pursuing and killing the game thereon."

Where landlords may authorise killing Game.—The eleventh clause: "That where the lessor or landlord shall have reserved to himself the right of killing the game upon any land, it shall be lawful for him to authorise any other person or persons who shall have obtained an annual game certificate to enter upon such land for the purpose of pursuing and killing game thereon."

Where occupier liable to penalty for killing.—The twelfth clause is important: "That where the right of killing the game upon any land is by this Act given to any lessor or landlord, in exclusion of the right of the occupier of such land, or where such exclusive right hath been or shall be specially reserved by or granted to, or

doth or shall belong to, the lessor, landlord, or any person whatsoever other than the occupier of such land, then and in every such case, if the occupier of such land shall pursue, kill, or take any game upon such land, or shall give permission to any other person so to do, without the authority of the lessor, landlord, or other person having the right of killing the game upon such land, such occupier shall, on conviction thereof before two Justices of the Peace, forfeit and pay for such pursuit such sum of money not exceeding two pounds, and for every head of game so killed or taken, such sum of money not exceeding one pound, as to the convicting Justices shall seem meet, together with the costs of the conviction."

Gamekeepers, and their powers.—The thirteenth clause enacts that lords of manors may appoint gamekeepers to preserve or kill game within the limits of their manors, lordships, or royalties; such gamekeepers to be empowered to deprive all persons, not authorised to kill game, of any dogs, nets, or engines they may have in their possession.

Deputations.—The fourteenth clause declares it to be lawful for any lords of manors "to appoint and depute any person whatever, whether acting as a gamekeeper to any other person or not, or whether retained and paid for as the male servant of any other person or not, to be a gamekeeper for any such manor, lordship, or royalty," and to authorise them to kill game, &c.

Gamekeepers in Wales.—The fifteenth clause refers to regulations respecting appointments of gamekeepers in *Wales*. The power of making such appointments to vest in persons "who shall be entitled to kill the game upon any lands in *Wales* of the clear annual value of five hundred pounds, whereof he shall be seized in fee or as of freehold, or to which he shall otherwise be beneficially entitled in his own right."

Registry of Appointments.—The sixteenth clause enacts, that no appointment or deputation of any person as a gamekeeper, by virtue of this Act, shall be valid, unless it be registered with the Clerk of the Peace for the county, riding, division, &c.

Sale of Game.—The seventeenth clause enacts, "That every person who shall have obtained an annual game certificate shall have power to sell game to any person licensed to deal in game, according to the provisions hereinafter mentioned: provided always, that no game certificate on which a less duty than 3*l.* 13*s.* 6*d.* is chargeable under the Acts relating to game certificates, shall authorise any gamekeeper to sell any game, except on the account and with the written authority of the master whose gamekeeper he is; but that any such gamekeeper selling any game not on the account and with the written authority of such master may be proceeded against under this Act in the same manner, to all intents and purposes, as if he had no game certificate whatsoever."

Dealing in Game.—The eighteenth clause relates to dealing in game, which as it cannot be too generally known, nor too perfectly understood, we also quote entire: "And be it enacted, that the Justices of the Peace of every county, riding, division, liberty, franchise, city, or town shall hold a Special Session in the division or district, for which they usually act, in the present year, between the fifteenth and the thirtieth days of October, and in every succeeding year in the month of July, for the purpose of granting licences to deal in game, of the holding of which Session seven days notice shall be given to each of the Justices acting for such division or district; and the majority of the Justices assembled at such Session, or at some adjournment thereof, not being less than two, are hereby authorised (if they shall think fit) to grant, under their hands, to any person being a householder or keeper of a shop or stall within such division or district, and not being an innkeeper or victualler, or licensed to sell beer by retail, nor being the owner, guard, or driver of any mail coach, or other vehicle employed in the conveyance of the mails of letters, or of any stage coach, stage wagon, van, or other public conveyance, nor being a carrier or higgler, nor being in the employment of any of the above mentioned persons, a licence according to the form in the schedule (A) annexed to this Act, empowering the person to whom such licence shall be so granted to buy game at any place from any person who may lawfully sell game by virtue of this Act, and also to sell the same at one house, shop, or stall only, kept by him: provided that every person, while so licensed to deal in game as aforesaid, shall affix to some part of the outside of the front of his house, shop, or stall, and shall there keep, a board having thereon in clear and legible characters his christian name and surname, together with the following words, (that is to say,) 'licensed to deal in game;' and every such licence granted in the present year shall begin to be in force on the first day of November in the present year, and shall continue in force until the fifteenth day of July one thousand eight hundred and thirty-two, and every such licence granted in any succeeding year shall continue in force for the period of one year next after the granting thereof."

Dealers Certificate.—The nineteenth clause enacts that persons licensed to deal in game must take out a certificate, with a duty of 2l.

Lists of Dealers.—The twentieth clause authorises collectors of the Assessed Taxes to make out a list of persons who have obtained licences to deal in game; such list to be open to public inspection on payment of one shilling.

Proviso as to Partners.—The twenty-first clause contains this proviso: "That persons being in partnership, and carrying on their business at one house, shop, or stall only, shall not be obliged by virtue of this Act to take out more than one licence in any one year to authorise them to deal in game at such house, shop, or stall."

Licences when void.—The twenty-second clause enacts, "That if any person licensed by virtue of this Act to deal in game shall, during the period of such licence, be convicted of any offence whatever against this Act, such licence shall thereupon become null and void."

Penalty for killing without Certificate.—The twenty-third clause refers to the penalty for killing game without a certificate; this is fixed at a sum not exceeding five pounds, together with the costs of conviction: the penalty to be cumulative.

Destroying Eggs, &c.—The twenty-fourth clause also cannot be too well known, namely: "That if any person not having the right of killing the game upon any land, nor having permission from the person having such right, shall wilfully take out of the nest or destroy in the nest upon such land the eggs of any bird of game, or of any swan, wild duck, teal, or widgeon, or shall knowingly have in his house, shop, possession, or controul any such eggs so taken, every such person shall, on conviction thereof before two Justices of the Peace, forfeit and pay for every egg so taken or destroyed, or so found in his house, shop, possession, or controul, such sum of money not exceeding five shillings, as to the said Justices shall seem meet, together with the costs of the conviction."

Selling Game without Licence.—The twenty-fifth clause declares a penalty against persons selling game without a licence, and against certificated persons selling game to unlicensed persons: the penalty in both cases is two pounds for every head of game so sold or offered for sale, with the costs of the conviction.

Exceptions.—The twenty-sixth is a clause of exceptions in favour of innkeepers, &c.; and is as follows: "That it shall be lawful for any innkeeper or tavernkeeper, without any such licence for dealing in game as aforesaid, to sell game for consumption in his own house, such game having been procured from some person licensed to deal in game by virtue of this Act, and not otherwise."

Purchasing from unlicensed persons.—The twenty-seventh clause has reference to the preceding, and enacts a penalty of five pounds for every head of game purchased by a person not licensed to deal in game of any one except such as are specified in the 18th clause.

Penalties on licensed persons buying from those unauthorised to sell.—The twenty-eighth clause imposes a penalty against individuals, being licensed, and buying game from any person not authorised to sell; or shall sell game without a board affixed on the outside of the shop; or shall affix such board to more than one house; or shall sell game at any other place than his house where such board is affixed; or, not having a licence, shall assume or pretend, by affixing such board to be duly licensed to deal in game; every such offender, on conviction, to forfeit not exceeding ten pounds, with the costs of conviction.

Selling by servants.—The twenty-ninth clause enacts that the buying and selling of game by any person or persons employed on the behalf of any licensed dealer, and acting in the usual course of his employment, and upon the premises where such dealing is carried on, shall be deemed to be a lawful buying and selling.

Trespassers.—The thirtieth clause relates to trespassers upon lands in the day-time in search of game. This every farmer should be well acquainted with; we therefore give it *verbatim*: "And whereas, after the commencement of this Act, game will become an article which may be legally bought and sold, and it is therefore just and reasonable to provide some more summary means than now by law exist for protecting the same from trespassers; be it therefore enacted, that if any person whatsoever shall commit any trespass by entering or being in the day-time upon any land in search or pursuit of game, or woodcocks, snipes, quails, landrails, or conies, such person shall, on conviction thereof before a Justice of the Peace, forfeit and pay such sum of money, not exceeding two pounds, as to the Justice shall seem meet, together with the costs of the conviction; and that if any persons to the number of five or more together shall commit any trespass, by entering or being in the day-time upon any land in search or pursuit of game, or woodcocks, snipes, quails, landrails, or conies, each

of such persons shall, on conviction thereof before a Justice of the Peace, forfeit and pay such sum of money, not exceeding five pounds, as to the said Justices shall seem meet, together with the costs of the conviction: provided always, that any person charged with any such trespass shall be at liberty to prove, by way of defence, any matter which would have been a defence to an action at law for such trespass; save and except that the leave and licence of the occupier of the land so trespassed upon shall not be a sufficient defence in any case where the landlord, lessor, or other person shall have the right of killing game upon such land by virtue of any reservation or otherwise, as herein-before mentioned; but such landlord, lessor, or other person shall, for the purpose of prosecuting for each of the two offences herein last before mentioned, be deemed to be the legal occupier of such land, whenever the actual occupier thereof shall have given such leave or licence; and that the lord or steward of the Crown of any manor, lordship, or royalty, or reputed manor, lordship, or royalty, shall be deemed to be the legal occupier of the land of the wastes or commons within such manor, lordship, or royalty, or reputed manor, lordship, or royalty."

Arrest of Trespassers.—The thirty-first clause enacts that trespassers in search of game may be required by persons having the right of killing game upon such land to quit the same; and that the parties so trespassing shall be further required to tell their christian name, surname, and place of abode, and in case of refusal may be arrested, and conveyed before a Magistrate, and on conviction forfeit a sum not exceeding five pounds, and the costs of conviction. The party arrested, however, to be discharged, unless taken before a Justice within twelve hours.

Persons found armed in illegal Pursuit of Game.—The thirty-second clause relates to persons found armed using violence, &c. The enactment is thus worded: "That where any persons, to the number of five or more together, shall be found on any land, or in any of his Majesty's forests, parks, chases, or warrens, in the day-time, in search or pursuit of game, woodcocks, or snipes, qualls, landrails, or conies, or any of such persons being then and there armed with a gun; and such persons or any of them shall then and there, by violence, intimidation, or menace, prevent or endeavor to prevent any person authorised as herein-before mentioned from approaching such persons so found, or any of them, for the purpose of requiring them or any of them to quit the land whereon they shall be so found, or to tell their or his christian name, surname, or place of above respectively, as herein-before mentioned, every person so offending by such violence, intimidation, or menace as aforesaid, and every person then and there aiding or abetting such offender, shall, upon being convicted thereof before two Justices of the Peace, forfeit and pay for every such offence such penalty, not exceeding five pounds, as to the convicting Justices shall seem meet, together with the costs of the conviction; which said penalty shall be in addition to and independent of any other penalty to which any such person may be liable for any other offence against this Act."

Trespass in the King's Forests, &c.—The thirty-third clause declares a penalty of two pounds and costs against any person found trespassing in the day-time in his Majesty's forests, parks, chases, or warrens, in search of game.

What deemed Day-time.—The thirty-fourth clause defines what shall be deemed day-time, as follows: "That for the purposes of this Act the day-time shall be deemed to commence at the beginning of the last hour before sunrise, and to conclude at the expiration of the first hour after sunset."

Hunting not deemed Trespass.—The thirty-fifth clause enacts that the aforesaid provisions against trespasses shall not extend "to any persons hunting or coursing upon any lands with hounds or greyhounds, and being in fresh pursuit of any deer, hare, or fox already started upon any other land; nor to any person *bona fide* claiming and exercising any right or reputed right of free warren or free chase, nor to any gamekeeper lawfully appointed," &c.

Authority to take Game from Trespassers.—The thirty-sixth clause also refers to trespassers. It enacts, "That when any person shall be found by day or by night upon any land, or in any of his Majesty's forests, parks, chases, or warrens, in search or pursuit of game, and shall then and there have in his possession any game which shall appear to have been recently killed, it shall be lawful for any person having the right of killing the game upon such land, by virtue of any reservation or otherwise, as herein-before mentioned, or for the occupier of such land (whether there shall or shall not be any such right by reservation or otherwise), or for any gamekeeper or servant of either of them, or for any officer as aforesaid of such forest, park, chase, or warren, or for any person acting by the order and in aid of any of the said several persons, to demand from the person so found such game in his possession; and in case such person shall not immediately deliver up such game, to seize and take the

same from him, for the use of the person entitled to the game upon such land, forest, park, chase, or warren.

Application of Penalties.—The thirty-seventh clause refers to the application of the penalties. It enacts, "That every penalty and forfeiture for any offence against this Act (the application of which has not been already provided for) shall be paid to some one of the overseers of the poor, or to some other officer (as the convicting Justice or Justices may direct) of the parish, township, or place in which the offence shall have been committed, to be by such overseer or officer paid over to the use of the general rate of the county, riding, or division in which such parish, township, or place shall be situate, whether the same shall or shall not contribute to such general rate; and no inhabitant of such county, riding, or division shall be deemed an incompetent witness in any proceeding under this Act by reason of the application of such penalty or forfeiture to the use of the said general rate as aforesaid."

Enforcement of Penalties.—The thirty-eighth clause relates to the time for payment of penalties, and the scale of imprisonment for non-payment. It enacts, "That the Justice or Justices of the Peace by whom any person shall be summarily convicted and adjudged to pay any sum of money for any offence against this Act, together with costs, may adjudge that such person shall pay the same either immediately or within such period as the said Justice or Justices shall think fit; and that in default of payment at the time appointed such person shall be imprisoned in the common Gaol or House of Correction (with or without hard labour), as to the Justice or Justices shall seem meet, for any term not exceeding two calendar months, where the amount to be paid, exclusive of costs, shall not amount to five pounds, and for any term not exceeding three calendar months in any other case, the imprisonment to cease in each of the cases aforesaid upon payment of the amount and costs."

Form of Conviction.—The thirty-ninth clause recites the form of conviction.

Witnesses.—The fortieth clause empowers a Magistrate to issue his summons requiring any person to appear for the purpose of giving evidence touching any offence under this Act; persons so summoned neglecting to attend, and not assigning a sufficient reason for their absence, to forfeit a sum not exceeding five pounds.

Time of Prosecution.—The forty-first clause enacts that the prosecution for every offence punishable upon summary conviction by virtue of this Act shall be commenced within three calendar months after the commission of the offence; the appearance of offenders to be enforced by summons in the first instance, but if suspected of absconding, then by warrant without any previous summons.

Proof of Certificate.—The forty-second clause enacts that it shall not be necessary, in any proceeding against any person under this Act, to negative by evidence any certificate, licence, consent, authority, or other matter of exception or defence; but that the party seeking to avail himself of any such certificate, &c. shall be bound to prove the same.

Convictions.—The forty-third clause directs that all convictions under this Act shall be returned to the next Court of General or Quarter Sessions of the Peace for the county, riding, &c.

Appeal.—The forty-fourth clause relates to appeals from convictions. It states, that any person who shall think himself aggrieved by any summary conviction in pursuance of this Act may appeal to the Justices at the next General or Quarter Sessions of the Peace to be holden, not less than twelve days after such conviction, for the county, riding, division, &c. wherein the cause of complaint shall have arisen; provided that such person shall give to the complainant a notice in writing of such appeal, and of the cause and matter thereof within three days after such conviction, and seven clear days at the least before such sessions; or within such three days enter into a recognisance with a sufficient surety before a Justice of the Peace, conditioned personally to appear at the said sessions, and to try such appeal, and to abide the judgment of the Court thereupon, and to pay such costs as shall be by the Court awarded. The party on entering into such recognisance, &c. to be liberated if in custody.

Convictions not removable by Certiorari.—By the forty-fifth clause, no summary conviction, or adjudication made on appeal therefrom, shall be quashed from want of form, or be removed by certiorari or otherwise into any superior Court.

One Action of Trespass only maintainable.—The forty-sixth clause provides that nothing in this Act shall preclude actions for trespass upon the land; but no double proceedings shall be maintainable for the same trespass.

Limitation of Actions, &c.—The forty-seventh clause, which relates to the protection of persons acting in the execution of this Act, enacts, "That all actions and prosecutions to be commenced against any person for anything done in pursuance of this

Act shall be laid and tried in the county where the fact was committed, and shall be commenced within six calendar months after the fact committed, and not otherwise; and notice in writing of such action, and of the cause thereof, shall be given to the defendant one calendar month at least before the commencement of the action; and in any such action the defendant may plead the general issue, and give this Act and the special matter in evidence at any trial to be had thereupon; and no plaintiff shall recover in any such action if tender of sufficient amends shall have been made before such action brought, or if a sufficient sum of money shall have been paid into Court after such action brought, by or on behalf of the defendant.

Not to extend to Scotland and Ireland.—The forty-eighth and last clause of the Act enacts "That nothing in this Act contained shall extend to Scotland or Ireland."

Schedule A.—The Form of Licence to buy and sell game.

Schedule B.—The Form of Certificate to persons licensed to deal in game.

HEATON PARK RACES.

SIR,
YOU will imagine I must have discovered the grand secret of *perpetual motion*, when you receive this, dated from the neighbourhood of Heaton Park; for here indeed am I in spite of the Reform Bill, which (a murrain seize it!) has kept us all, this year, from our natural rights. I wish to God the *Anti's* would for once be less obstinate, if only to allow us the power of following the usual pleasant occupations of the season; *au reste* they may settle their squabble as they like. Heaton Park being one of the most *varmint* of the provincials, and moreover, through the spirited patronage of My Lord Wilton, something *unique*, I was resolved not to miss it, and can assure you I have been amply rewarded for the trouble of conveying myself and my prads thither. At these races the eye of the lover of horse-flesh is gratified by a sight of the very best bits of blood our country can produce; and what makes the thing more *distingué*, they are jock'd by *men* of blood, who figure not for paltry lucre, but for fame; and who are, therefore, not likely to swerve from those strict rules of honour and in-

tegrity which *ought* to govern the turf. I would not *insinuate* that hired jockeys do not often perform their duty in spite of temptations; but we *have* heard of very naughty doings where least they would have been expected, and such occurrences are apt to prejudice the mind strongly.—*Mais revenons!* my pen shall now be employed on a more pleasing theme; I will tell

"how every race was run,
 What horses lost, what horses won,
 And all things else that were done
 Those days."

The 28th of September ushered in the sport, weather delightful for the season, company select, &c. The Stanley Stakes of 10 sovs. each, A. F. (13 subs.), opened the ball, with Mr. Houldsworth's Sultan filly Circassian out of Variety, by Selim or Soothsayer, 3 yrs; Mr. Gully's Tranby, by Blacklock, 5 yrs; Sir J. Gerard's bay colt Tetotum, by Lottery; Mr. Thompson's Orthodox, by Filho da Puta; Lord Wilton's Bras de Fer, by Langar, 3 yrs; Mr. Greville's Adam Brock, by Blacklock, 3 yrs; Mr. W. Turner's Sprightly, by Macduff, 3 yrs; and Mr. W. Cooke's Catton filly out of Or-

phan. Tetotum spun away, but stopped at the wrong letter; Tranby tripped him up; but the fair Circassian was better than either, and obtained, after a hard fight, the first place in the *Seraglio*—the three first the only ones placed, the others being anywhere. Mr. Molony piloted the maiden gallantly.

Match for 100 sovs., 11st. each, three-quarters of a mile—Sir J. Gerard's Prince Eugene, by Whisker, dam by Shuttle out of Lady Sarah, 5 yrs, and Captain Copland's Fair-play. The latter bounded off at a smartish gallop, but the Prince, thinking it unbecoming his dignity to be in the rear, made an effort and passed his opponent; so that *fair-play* did not succeed this time. This was a pretty little affair.

The Heaton Park Stakes (handicap) of 15 sovs. each, 5 ft., one mile and a half, 19 subs. Five appeared for this race:—Mr. Johnson's Jupiter, aged, 11st. 5lb.; Mr. Cosby's Sketch Book, 4 yrs, 10st. 3lb.; Mr. Turner's The Nabb, by Sam, 4 yrs, 10st. 7lb.; Lord Wilton's Rough Robin, 6 yrs, 12st. 7lb.; and Sir J. Gerard's Prince Eugene, 5 yrs, 10st. 7lb. This handicap racing, if done with judgment, is excellent, and generally produces something well worth seeing. The Prince, having been Commander-in-chief in the last struggle, expected the same honorable post in this; but the King of the Gods was not going to be jostled in any such way by a mortal, however high his rank; so at a nod from the Divinity he retired to the back ground. Sketch Book at one time seemed likely to become a winner, but the God proved omnipotent, and distanced them all.

These two were the only ones placed, and *they* required severe birching.

Handicap Stakes of 10 sovs. each, 5 ft., with 20 added, for horses not thorough-bred—once round—5 subs. Two brace appeared, and at the magic word "go," spanked off in high twig—Lord Chesterfield's Rufus, by Palmerin, dam by Ponteland, 6 yrs, 12st. 4lb.; Mr. Burton's The Admiral, 5 yrs, 12st. 4lb.; Sir R. Brooke's b. g. by General Mina, 3 yrs, 9st. 5lb.; and Mr. H. Brooke's bay g. Michael, 4 yrs, 10st. 6lb.—which last, not relishing the joke, bolted. The Admiral and Rufus took up the running desperately to the finish, and the former could probably have done the trick, had not respect for Royalty made him give up the point, and the Rufus passed into port safely, piloted by his Noble owner, to whose good jockeyship he was much indebted for bearing off the prize.

The Gold Cup, value 100 sovs., given by Mr. Deane, added to a subscription of 10 sovs. each, St. Leger Course, 10 subs. Three brilliants entered for this glittering prize—Mr. Sadler's Jocko, Mr. Gully's Tranby, and Lord Wilton's The Chancellor. They skipped off nearly at the top of their speed, convincing us the quickest of foot was to win, and no grass grow under his heels. The Chancellor had rather the lead, and the Woolsack appeared safe till within the distance, when "a falling off" was there," and Jocko contrived to jockey them by a head out of the prize: rode in a masterly way by Mr. Peyton.

To wind up the day, the Grand Junction Stakes of 20 sovs. each, h. ft., for three-year-olds, one

mile, 8 subs.—Lord Wilton's The Chancellor, Mr. Houldsworth's Circassian, and Mr. M. Stanley named colt by Catton out of Rolla's dam. The young 'uns went off bravely at their best stride. The Chancellor, nothing daunted by his late defeat, took the lead, and, though sorely beset by the fair Circassian, had firmness enough to resist her wiles, and won the day. At any other time a Lady's claim would not have been so treated, but

"When a race is in the case,
Even a Lady must give place!"

The second day the sun was very sparing of his beams, but we were amply compensated for their absence by the smiles of the elegant women who attended. The day's sport commenced with 50l., given by the Club, added to a subscription of 5 sovs. each, two miles, 5 subs., to be contended for—Mr. Sadler's Jocko, Mr. Dudson's Catton colt — Rolla's dam, and Mr. Walmsley's Shaver by Gulliver. The trio went to work prettily, the Barber taking the lead; but though he made his *lather* quickly, Jocko was in too great a hurry to be *shaved*, and was in first, guided admirably by Mr. Peyton.

The Forester Stakes of 10 sovs. each, 12st. 7lb. each, A. F., 17 subs. Here started Mr. Gully's Tranby, Mr. Thompson's Orthodox, by Filho da Puta, and Mr. Jodrell named Victim. Victim went off gallantly, but soon *fell* a victim to want for bellows, Orthodox disputing the point of precedence, which Tranby thinking not quite *orthodox* for him, soon settled, winning by half a length. A very true-run race throughout. Mr. White jock'd the lucky one.

Handicap Stakes of 10 sovs. each, h. ft. A. F. 11 subs. the winner to be sold for 70 sovs. if demanded, &c. Nine horses entered for this, and the sight was an imposing one to the spectators: Mr. Hobson's Winton, Mr. Hoyle's Wanderer filly, Mr. Thompson's Armida, Mr. H. Brooke named Victim, Sir T. Stanley's Joceline, Mr. Trafford named Brielle, Mr. Tongue's Vigornia, Mr. Houldsworth's Simon by Comus, and Sir R. Brooke's filly by General Mina. After a few frolics were played, steady was the word, and off all sailed in full canvas, Wanderer leading; but herself wanting a pilot, Winton good-naturedly undertook the office, followed by Wanderer and Armida, when Mr. Kent, not liking their company, sprang forward, and, after a tempestuous voyage, brought Winton first to anchor. The multitude so thronged each other that they got neither place nor profit.

The Manchester Stakes (handicap) of 15 sovs. each, 5 ft., one mile and a half, 12 subs., produced three competitors—viz. Mr. Ferguson's bay colt Kangaroo, by Whisker, dam by Paynator, 4 yrs, 10st. 3lb.; Lord Chesterfield's Rufus, 6 yrs, 10st. 6lb.; and Mr. Cosby's Sketch Book, 4 yrs, 10st. 10lb. These made desperate work for the *tin*, running straight and well together, till close to the Seat of Justice, when Kangaroo threw a *summerset*, and was first by a head, having fortunately done no mischief to his very able rider, Mr. Griffiths.

Handicap Stakes of 15 sovs. each, 5 ft., for horses not thorough bred—one mile, 5 subs. One nag only being offered for conflict, a walk-over was the consequence, for which he got well paid. I

hate this way of doing things, and think it always better in such cases to give the solitary bird *some* coin, but not the whole; and either let the subscriptions be added to the ensuing year, or put into some Stakes that require augmentation.

The day's amusement finished with a Sweepstakes of 15 sovs. each, 5 ft., with 25 added—one mile, 5 subs.—Lord Wilton's Bras de Fer, Mr. M. Stanley's Lady Constance, and Mr. Greville's Adam Brock, the aspirants. Lady Constance was the heroine of the drama, and performed her part to admiration, without being once prompted; but as a play is nothing without a *hero* as well as a heroine, Bras de Fer stepped forward and performed the part so well as to out-do poor Constance, and gain the applause of the audience, with Lord Wilton in the saddle. All three placed, and a sharp affair from the distance.

Friday, and the last day (weather tol-lol, company brilliant), began with a Match for 50 sovs., h. ft., half mile, between Mr. Hobson's Winton, 11st. 11lb., and Mr. Tongue's Vigornia, 10st. 4lb., both 4 yrs.—a good piece of strife, won by Winton, led by Mr. Kent's knowing hand.

The Claret Stakes (handicap) of 15 sovs. each, 5 ft., one mile, 5 subs. For this started Lord Wilton's Bras de Fer, 10st. 3lb., Mr. Hobson's Winton, 11st., and Mr. Greville's Adam Brock; and a very severe combat it was from end to end; won by his Lordship's slipping in his courser by a head only.

The Gold Cup, value 200 sovs., given by the Town of Manchester, added to a Handicap Stakes of 15 sovs. each, 5 ft., St. Leger

Course, 30 subs. The owner of the second received 20 sovs. out of the Stakes. This being the lion of the Meeting, brought to the scratch a large array—Mr. Houldsworth's Vanish, Lord Wilton's The Chancellor, Mr. Sadler's Jocko, Lord Wilton's Bras de Fer, Sir J. Gerard's Prince Eugene, Mr. Cosby's Hindoo, Mr. Ferguson's Kangaroo, Mr. Wormald's Bullet, and Sir T. Stanley's Laurie Todd. Such an assemblage of real bits of stuff put us all on the *qui vive* for the result; and Messrs. Irby and Hornby having handicapped with such judgment, the Gentlemen of the *give-and-take* sort were feelingly alive, speculating not a little. After a few pranks (which generally occur with numbers) and a false start, they were brought to the right-about, and sprang away, Laurie and Bullet going their best up to the stand, when the latter found he had *shot* ahead as far as he could, and having dropped his *ball*, Bras de Fer took it up, and went merrily to within half a mile of the post. Lord Wilton then led The Chancellor forth, looking as if the game was his own; but there is many a slip, &c., even in racing, which was proved by Mr. Kent flitting away on Vanish, and, after a superb struggle for place, gaining the day. Never was a race better contested, or jocks more up to their business than the two Gentlemen above-named. None of the others were placed—they could not live the rattling.

One Hundred Pounds, given by the Noble Steward (Lord Chesterfield), added to a Handicap Stakes of 10 sovs. each, h. ft., once round and a distance, 10 subs., brought to book Mr. Cosby's Sketch Book,

10st. 6lb., and Mr. Johnson's Jupiter, 12st. 9lb. The Thunderer, from some cause or other, lost this *cause* by three quarters of a neck; the winner persuaded in by his worthy owner. The following composed the group which had not an introduction to the Judge—Mr. Hoyle's Wanderer, Mr. Gully's Tranby, Lord Wilton's Rough Robin, Mr. Jodrell named Victim, and Mr. Hobson's Winton.

Handicap Stakes of 5 sovs. each, with 25 added, one mile, 31 subs. This being a wind-up to the Meeting brought a full field of eight horses—Mr. Houldsworth's Circassian, 9st. 9lb.; Mr. Cook's filly by Catton out of Orphan, 9st.; Lord Derby's Mumper, by Tramp, 4 yrs, 9st. 12lb.; Mr. Weatherill's Taglioni, 4 yrs, 9st. 9lb.; Mr. Henderson's The Peacock, 4 yrs, 10st. 7lb.; Mr. Turner's The Nabb, 4 yrs, 10st. 10lb.; Mr. Wormald's Bullet, 11st. 2lb.; and Mr. Johnson's Jupiter, aged, 12st. 8lb. Orphan bounded off, but was overtaken by the Circassian dame, which from the gallant Orphan obtained the precedence her charms merited—she won by a length, guided by Mr.

Molony. There were the only two placed.

Thus ended races, which, from the manner in which they were conducted, the style of the company, situation, running, &c. were such as must have given pleasure and satisfaction to every beholder. To Lord Wilton, for giving up his magnificent park, no adequate thanks can be returned. If his Lordship is an admirer of female charms, his best reward must have been in beholding so many lovely women enjoying the delightful spot appointed for their peculiar gratification. Of the Gentlemen pilots, I have only to say they all did well; and such general satisfaction has been given by this meeting, that the good folks of Manchester have proposed more new stakes for the ensuing year; and the spirited proprietor of the Albion Hotel, and his friends, have determined to commence a subscription of 100 sovereigns for a Plate. If all things work well, I hope next year to be enabled to give you as favorable an account as the present, and remain, yours,
SLASHING HARRY.

Albion Hotel, Manchester,
October 8, 1831.

REPLY TO MR. WILKINSON, ON THE PARABOLIC BREECH.

WHEN last I had the pleasure, Mr. Editor, of addressing you, I was on the point of leaving that scene of noise, dirt, and discord, London, after a longer sojourn than usual in it. That desirable consummation was effected in safety; and I now write to you from my *sanctum sanctorum*, in which I have been domesticated (following my usual quiet

occupations) for some time. Here I enjoy that solitude and leisure which are certainly the true luxuries of existence. Seated in my easy chair by my window, through which steals the delicious perfume of the woodbine, with some chosen volume before me, always looking forward with the greatest anxiety for the arrival of the Magazine, I assure you I envy

no man on earth. The time for riotous amusements is past for me: I have literally sown every wild oat, and have no pleasures now left me so great as those which my books and my gun afford.

A-propos of guns: I must entreat you will allow me a little space to answer a letter addressed to me in the September Number by Mr. Wilkinson, from the tenor of which I imagine he considers himself injured by some former remarks of mine. I have allowed a month to pass ere I answered it, and in the meantime have read, marked, and digested both what I had said, and Mr. Wilkinson's reply. Ere I proceed I must say it was far from my intention to wound any man's feelings by the remarks I made in my letter. No! rather would I condemn my goose-quill to eternal banishment than be influenced by such unworthy feelings. Mr. W. has shared the fate of his fellow gunsmiths, who all most politely allowed me to inspect their works, and if I have found anything to condemn in his I am sorry; but my love of truth and dislike of flattery compel me to speak of things "as I find them."

"Let the galled jade wince."

Mr. W. has thrown the gauntlet, and, if wounded by a random shot, must blame himself for it.

Mr. Wilkinson commences by saying, I have *confounded* the two principles of *parabolic* and *counter-parabolic*. Now he must think I made a very bad use of my time at school, and that indeed I must be a complete blockhead, to be ignorant of the word *counter*. I must really be so bold, for my credit's sake, as to deny this *in toto*.

When I visited this Gentleman's *Magasin*, I begged the favour of looking at his newly-invented breeching, which I had seen advertised. This was brought forward, with some guns which he said had been sent to have the *parabolic* removed, and the *in-vincible counter* put in its stead. Is it likely, after the pains taken by Mr. W. to prove the immense superiority of his invention..... is it possible, I say, any man could be so thick-headed, such a perfect noodle, as not to know *which* was *which*? We all know it doesn't do to cry "stinking fish;" and none seem more aware of that fact than Mr. Wilkinson, who positively overwhelmed me with the praises of this said gun. I was asked, amongst many other things, if it was likely Gentlemen would send their old guns, made by other makers as well as himself, to have the *counter* affixed, if not convinced of its virtue? To this I answer, "New brooms sweep clean." Men are whimsical beings, and apt to be tempted by a new invention. I once knew a Gentleman who made a point of buying every lamp that ever came out, and piqued himself always most amazingly upon the newest purchase, till time and a still *newer* invention brought forth its defects. I should be sorry to be too positive, but I have some idea this clever invention is not so new as Mr. Wilkinson would have us suppose, and that it was, as I before observed, once tried by Mr. Nock, and abandoned. Mr. W. says it was applied to mortars, and is so still: but here I must again be rude enough to contradict him; and if he will take the trouble some fine morning of conveying

himself to Woolwich, he will have *ocular demonstration* of the fact. A gun of that pattern is to be seen there, which is kept merely to shew that *such things have been*. It was in truth "weighed in the balance, and found wanting." The mortars of the present day, I can assure Mr. Wilkinson, are cast in a totally different way; and I would venture a trifle, that in no arsenal in Europe are they patronised; and further, that men of science would ridicule the invention altogether.

It is admitted on all hands that the grand object of *combustion* is to impel the object from the centre with *equality* and *force*. This being the case—and even Mr. W. will not deny anything so obvious—how in the name of fortune can his chambers (which, like a jack-boot, are small at each end and large in the middle) be perfect? It is as plain as the nose in your face that the charge, from the circuitous route it has to travel, must exhaust its force very considerably. In my opinion, were Mr. Wilkinson to have, instead of this one narrow outlet, two of the same dimensions, the power would be increased by the additional vent. In support of this argument I shall again refer to the large and small syringe. Put into both an equal quantity of water, and it will be found the large one, from the superior vent allowed, will be exhausted first, and with greater force. Again, were a vessel, having but one outlet, to be filled with air and covered with a weight, the pressure from within would be insufficient to lift that weight; but if *two* holes or outlets of the same dimensions were formed, the air,

having a greater vent, would be able to disengage itself from the weight quickly. This is exactly the case with guns.

Another *disadvantage* in Mr. Wilkinson's *chef-d'œuvre*—and a very great one too—is, that you are absolutely *compelled* to shoot always at the same distance. Now, all sportsmen know that different sizes of pellets require different charges of powder. Thus, in the early part of the season we use No. 7; but as it advances, and the game grows strong and wild, larger sized pellets are indispensable to bring down your bird. In the gun in question no alteration can be made; you must neither increase nor decrease. If the former were attempted, the powder would get above the shoulder of the breech into the barrel, and cause a double action, which would do away altogether with the invention: if the latter, the chances are very much in favour of the gun's bursting in your hands (*a thing rather to be avoided than not*), upon the principle of the fixed air. I may be told there is no difficulty in putting in the whole charge. There may be no difficulty, and yet it may frequently not be done, for neither sportsmen nor Mr. W.'s guns are infallible. Many little things may at times occur:—for instance, some of the powder may hang about the barrel, from frequent discharges; or the top of the flask may not be full when it is poured into the gun; thus lessening the charge, and consequently weakening the explosion: for it stands to reason the powder cannot ignite with so much strength under such circumstances as when confined in a body.

I trust I have explained to the satisfaction of my brother sportsmen, if not to Mr. Wilkinson, that the chambers constructed by that Gentleman are not such as will enable a man to shoot in *every* way. If Mr. W. has the peculiar tact of knowing the gun's *best shooting*, I can only say he is more gifted than any of his fraternity from *Brummagem* to Madrid.

On the subject of *recoil*, the Pall Mall Gentleman professes not to understand me. I am sorry his organ of comprehension should be so weakly defined—for weakly indeed must it be if he can fail to understand me when I say, “the air which *instantly* rushes down the barrel cannot discharge itself,” &c. Does Mr. Wilkinson suppose recoil is mainly occasioned by the discharge of the load? If he does, God help him, for he can know but little of the principles of resistance of air. All guns constructed with an outlet into the barrel smaller than the opening at the breech must occasion a greater recoil from the violence with which the air rushes through the small opening. If this is too abstruse for the faculties of Mr. Wilkinson, I will make it plainer by asking him, whether he ever had the misfortune to sit by a door that had been left *a-jar*? If he has suffered this little misery of human life, he will know that the wind, having so small a vent, is collected into a body, and rushes with great violence through the aperture, bringing to the unhappy personage near it certain cold or tooth-ache; but, had that door been thrown *wide open*, the air having so much more room to

wanton in, would have wafted itself so gently as scarcely to be felt. Is it not so, Mr. W.?

I feel infinitely obliged to this Gentleman for his condescension in informing me of the power of percussion powder; but (with deference be it spoken) I think, had he kept it to himself, it would have been better for his cause. He has, to use a simile quite in keeping, suffered his weapon to *recoil* upon himself; for a stronger argument against his chambers he could not have advanced. I again repeat, no chamber ever constructed has so great a chance of having its charge weakened and lessened as this must have, from its palpable imperfections. “There is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous;” and really Mr. Wilkinson comes very near the *latter*, when he circulates a letter containing such modest observations as these:—“Having read much on these subjects, and experimented more, I think I am aware of all that has hitherto been done.”—“It is not my intention to enter into such an explanation as may enable those to succeed who have hitherto failed in their imitations.”

I should be sorry to disturb the pleasant feelings Mr. W. seems to entertain of himself; but I cannot help remarking, that *true* genius is ever modest and humble, feeling no vulgar pride, but rather *shunning* than *courting* observation. There is indeed a spurious sort, which may pass with the multitude for pure ore; but, if submitted to the crucible of the connoisseur, will quickly lose its shining qualities and appear what it is, mere *dross*.

I have now done. The only

object of my former communication was to speak justly ; my present, to refute unfounded arguments : but I can assure Mr. Wilkinson, that I have more gratification in giving praise than

censure ; and I shall be most happy, on some future occasion, to reverse the position he has obliged me to take.

A Member of the Burton Hunt.
Lew Down, Oct. 15, 1831.

NEWMARKET FIRST AND SECOND OCTOBER MEETINGS.

I Arrived here, Mr. Editor, as I gave you reason to expect, on the Saturday, two days previously to the races, in order to see the horses, the lions, and new aspirants to turf honours. Among the former I found an increase of numbers, generally in good health, and as good-looking, I should think, as horses ever were in any age or nation, and can now do as much for any purpose they were wisely intended as they ever could ; so much so, as still to excite our wonder and admiration. The great lion, the turf—so well begun and continued for years by Lord Lowther, and finished by the Duke of Richmond—is quite perfect, if we except a small ridge or hill running across the course by the Bushes. This ought to be removed, as it often enables a horse to win by accident instead of merit, so much depending on how he meets or leaves it in his stride. Besides, the sensation to jockeys must be very often particularly disagreeable, unless occasionally to those who make use of it as a trick. The town is progressively improving : those buildings in any state of forwardness in the spring are now complete ; those began far advanced ; and those contemplated going on rapidly—particularly the Jockey Club Rooms, they being already fit for the purposes they

have been so liberally and splendidly restored. The Rooms themselves seem to give universal satisfaction to this most respectable body. About the screen towards the street, at which they are now at work, there is a diversity of opinion—some thinking, that, as the Jockey Club is so perfect, it does not need a screen at all ; others, that as it is so near it, a very slight one would do : but a heavy one, which some think this is, is out of all character. If my opinion were asked, I should say it was *not heavy*, but in very good taste, and did great credit to Messrs. Day and Martin, the architects ; finishing my reply with a remark I learnt in Yorkshire, that “ bairns and fewls should ne’er see half done things.” From some cause or causes there seems no new candidate for Fortune’s favours on the Turf ; and, what is worse, all the old ones are absent—hopes and fears about the Reform Bill solely occupying the mind of man, and totally abstracting it from every other consideration.

The list for MONDAY had five races—sufficient in number, but poor in quality, with one exception :—The first of course was the Trial Stakes of 10 sovs. each, for all ages, beginning with three-year-olds, Across the Flat, six subscribers, and five started—the

pace pretty good, indeed too good for Spaniel, a great favorite with many from having won the Derby, though he never did much on the Flat; and when they came to the Bushes it was evident that the speed of Camarine was quite sufficient to destroy all his game qualities. The Judge placed Sir Mark Wood's Camarine first, a length, steadily rode by Chapple; Spaniel, by Pavis, second; the rest beat a long way—Juryman, once a *judge*, having *tried many a young one*, and in the end got "lagg'd" himself.

Sweepstakes of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. Ditch Mile—two only came to the post. Many thought Sir M. Wood's Galatine must win, because his Camarine won the last race. This is a mode of reasoning I could never understand: besides, he was giving six pounds to a thing, though moderate, as good as himself: Boyce, on Lochinvar, could go and win whenever he pleased, which Robinson's excellences, greatly exerted as they were, could not prevent.

Lord Chesterfield's Titania, with Connolly (a pretty mare and a pretty jockey), beat with the greatest ease all the way the Duke of Richmond's Ciudad Rodrigo, the colt giving five pounds: but if the former had given two, it would have been more business-like. The match was for 100 sovs., Across the Flat; Pavis rode the grey, and very well, only that he used his whip after his hopes had fled.

The Grand Duke Michael Stakes of 50 sovs. each, all the money—colts 8st. 7lb., fillies 8st. 3lb.—Across the Flat. To this there were 24 subs.; so that, deducting his own expenses and stake, the winner pockets a good

thousand guineas. Nine started, with little or no trouble, and came well together for some time. The first that shewed anything like arrogance was White Boy by Blacklock, but this must have been on sufferance, for at the finish he was hid in the crowd. Blunder and Bohemian were the greatest favorites; and Blunder, with Jem Robinson's fine riding, did get to be a respectable second at last, if his company had been but a little better. Great shouting for Lord Orford, the winner, his Lordship having had about eleven engagements in the Spring, and lost them all. Connolly was the fortunate rider of the fortunate Medora colt.

A Match for 200 sovs. each, Ditch In, between the Duke of Portland's Amphiarus and Sir M. Wood's Captain Arthur—an old grudge ever since Saint Nicholas and the Devil came from the North to play their pranks at Newmarket. At that time it was thought by many on both sides that each was second; and being a difficult race to decide, in consequence of some nefarious practices, this race was made; and to shew still how near these horses are together, at 130 yards from home no Judge, however good, could have named the winner: here Robinson, by the use of his old dodge, gained half a length for Captain Arthur, which John Day could not retrieve, though he, by good riding, in turn came up to a neck at the post.

TUESDAY had two runs only on the list: the first a match of 200 sovs., between Mr. Thornhill's Pouch Box—and it would be difficult for a man to get into a *worse box* than backing him—and the Duke of Rutland's Truffle

colt, dam by Ditto, the most idle creature ever seen: but Mr. Robinson having *industry* in his hands, and *persuasion* on his feet, not only placed him *first*, but kept him there.

Fifty Pounds, over the Course, brought out three four-year-olds. Wakefield won it on Bustle, and

“All without hurry and care.”

Pavis, though he did his best with Donegani, got no *applause*; and Christina was a hundred yards behind.

After this a Committee of Taste was held on the screen of the Jockey Club Rooms—at least to that part of it where the *Legs* are admitted, and where the *betting*, *paying*, and *receiving* is principally transacted. It was soon decided that the most beautiful part of it should be knocked down, *fearing*, without *seeing*, that it would be *too dark*—but “do not men choose darkness rather than light?” Besides, how should it be otherwise when done by DAY and MARTIN!

WEDNESDAY—a good day's sport, plenty of horses out, a great increase of company, and no lack of spirit in betting.—The first was a Match between Lord Chesterfield's Kittums, 8st. 7lb., and General Grosvenor's Kitty Fisher, for 100 sovs. Connolly was an easy winner on the former. John Day cut but a poor figure with Kitty. The good General, however, gave us one of his kind-hearted laughs, no doubt at the idea of the Kitty Fisher formerly being *run after* by every body, while the Kitty Fisher of the present day seems doomed to be a humble follower.

Handicap Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, T.Y.C.—Nine started

and two paid.—It was rather a good race: they came well together, and at the height of the running shewed pretty good handicapping. Mr. Peel's Lochinvar won by a length, steadily and well rode by Natty, the boy who deserved great praise on former occasions. Edgar Pavis equally distinguished himself on Mr. Day's Barabbas. “Now Barabbas was a robber:” he, however, shewed some good running, and got second; the Lioness well up.

Handicap Sweepstakes of 15 sovs. each, for two-year-olds, T.Y.C. Col. Peel's Non Compos (what a name to give in such a family!) seemed to possess the greatest pretensions, as they complimented him with the highest weight: Mr. S. Day's Gratis, however, was the winner. Great shouting for Middleton—this being almost the first of the family (a large one) that has done anything towards giving honour to the name. Edgar Pavis rode Gratis (but no doubt handsomely paid) exceedingly well; this riding would soon equal his brother, if he could but equal him in the scale. Captain Byng's Dryad was second. Seven started, and it was altogether a pretty good race.

Handicap Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, for three year olds and upwards, D.M.—another boon to bettors—had nine subscribers, and eight started. It was, however, of no great use to them, there being too many of a trade here, as in other places. It was a close race, but not pretty to the eye—some scrambling, and now and then an unavoidable jostle, more perhaps attributable to the pace than any fault in men or horses. Mr. Cooke's Cloudesley

shovelled in first very nicely, well *handled* by Wright; Lord Mountcharles's Carwell, second—but, unceremoniously running against Ipsala, her prospects good at the time, was the cause of a match between them for the next day.

Newmarket St. Leger (a name borrowed from the North) of 25 sovs. each, run or no run. Ten out of the seventeen got out of their troubles by paying all the money without a start; and the seven that did had nothing else but troubles, except Sir M. Wood's Camarine, the winner. She won in something less than a canter, by four lengths, rode by Chapple; Oxygen second, by John Day; Clansman (Robinson) still two lengths farther back; and the rest—Scipio, Caleb, Bohemian, and Blunder—were found the same afternoon, not having sustained the least injury, nor done much good. It seems Scipio made play the first quarter of a mile, which was not good enough for Oxygen; she then took it up to the Duke's Stand, when Camarine made a finish of it as above described; thus beating the winner of the Oaks, and the winner of the Derby two days before. What a pity the winner of the Doncaster Great St. Leger was not here, that her week's work might have been complete!

THURSDAY—the last day of the first week—fair sport, fine weather, and the company twice as numerous as at the beginning. The match between Carwell and Ipsala, in consequence of the former not steering clear the day before, was the first to come off. It is somewhat singular that Carwell should win by two lengths—Ipsala carrying seven pounds less, and no interruption, as on the day

before—making it out that the more she carries and the worse she is used, the better she runs. She was the favorite of course, and some money lost.

The Cockboat Stakes of 50 sovs. each, h.ft., for two-year-olds; colts, 8st. 5lb., fillies 8st. 3lb., T.Y.C.—Five started, and eight paid forfeit, making altogether a pretty little stakes of 450 sovs. Colonel Peel's Archibald won it cleverly, well rode by Boyce. I think I spoke of the good looks and promise of this colt at Ascot, and see no reason now to alter that opinion. Lord Mountcharles's Bassetlaw, by Catton, was second, and Connolly did all that could be done with such a subject: the other three could discover nothing but their own inferiority.

The King's Plate of 100gs., the Round Course.—Two four-year-old mares came to the post. The entry shews a scarcity of such things, or an indifference about public money. Robinson made play, harmless play—such, no doubt, as suited his purpose—on Bustle. Arnall followed on Schumla, to the corner of the plantation, and then tried to go up, which he found he could with ease; tried again 200 yards from home, and had still the power; again at the post, and made a dead heat of it, and would have won, no doubt, if he had made *one run only* for the whole, as he did the next heat, and won cleverly.

Captain Rous's Crutch (an appropriate name for a sailor's horse) beat Mr. Mills's White Boy, between the heats for the King's Plate. This was but a *lame affair*, and thus the First October Meeting ended.

Norfolk; October 7, 1831.

THE SECOND MEETING.

MANY anticipated that this would be a great meeting, in consequence of the first being a limited one, occasioned by the unpopular proceedings in the House of Lords, and the unhappily agitated state of the country; and this, unfortunately, being still unsettled, the company, notwithstanding the fine weather and long confinement in the Great City, came in but slowly. When, however, they came to shew on the Heath, there was an increase of at least 100 per cent. on the first day of the first meeting; but things altogether looked very sedate, if not downright sulky—the betting dull, and almost every horse, unless his owner thought he was sure to win, paid forfeit on his different engagements: for instance, we had six races set down for the first day, but two only of them were run:—

The first, a Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each; colts 8st. 7lb., fillies 8st. 3lb., T.Y.C. (Two Year old Course.) This, to which there were six subscribers, and five started, was won by a neck by General Grosvenor's Kitty Fisher, well jockeyed by John Day. The good General himself won a match but two days before, by taking to himself a wife; so that *his* seasons of delight follow closely upon each other. A Middleton colt of Lord Jersey's was second—Robinson, with all his skill, dexterity, great practice, and good fortune, could not get him an inch forwarder, though he was the favorite against the field.

The Garden Stakes of 100 sovs. each, T. M. M. (Two Middle Miles.) This is not only a great prize, but a great event also in Turf History, having generally

some of the best horses in England in it. There were nine subscribers this year, and seven started, making not only a most beautiful, but a perfectly true-run race—John Day on Lucetta, although the highest weight (still a favorable one), made first running for a considerable time, when Captain Arthur and two or three others came up, keeping the same game alive to within 100 yards of home, when Robinson, on Variation, took a gentle pull, and suffered three of the others not only to head him, but to go rather in advance to within thirty yards, when he made one of those spirited exertions wherein he has only one rival, and won by a length—Arnall on Augustus second, Captain Arthur third, and Lucetta fourth.

Oxygen walked over for a Stakes of 25 sovs. each; and Lord Jersey's Cobweb colt paid forfeit to Galantine; as did Earwig to Lord Chesterfield's Titania.

TUESDAY we had six races on the list, but two of them (matches) chose to pay half the money rather than the whole. The first that shewed anything like sport was a match between Captain Byng's Dryad, 8st. 6lb., and Sir R. K. Dick's Miss Mary Ann, 8st. 4lb., T.Y.C., for 50 sovs. Dryad won by a neck, delightfully rode by Pavis, with the odds 5 to 4 against him. Poor Miss Mary Ann got sadly punished by Robinson, for not only not doing what she really could, and well, but for running away from her task, commonly called, except in Ladies boarding schools, bolting!

Fifty Pounds for two-year-olds—colts 8st. 4lb., fillies 8st. 2lb.—the same course (First Class). Ten started, and ran straight and well

for so young a fry. At about forty yards from home, Connolly on Kittuma, the favorite, took a high place in his class, but was soon taken down by Miss Mary Ann; the whipping she received an hour before made her a good girl, brought forth her best exertions, and made her an easy winner by three parts of a length. Great merit is due to Robinson for his good management in administering a just quantity of punishment to a headstrong and disobedient beginner. Connolly was second on Kittuma. Mr. Ridsdale's Tramp colt and several others were well up, and it may be safely called a *fine good race*.—The perverse disposition displayed by Miss Mary Ann in her first lesson made the odds 10 to 1 against her; Mr. Chifney took 100 to 10 in sovereigns three times; many others put a proper value upon his judgment, and followed his good example.

Fifty Pounds for two-year-olds—colts 8st. 4lb., fillies 8st. 2lb.—(Second Class), T. Y. C.—Nine started for this trifle, and came well together, a pretty pace, when Boyce, on Col. Peel's Non Compos, came out in a bold straightforward sort of way, and won gallantly by two lengths, with the betting at 5 to 4 upon him. Three ran a dead heat for second—the Helena filly, the Mustard colt, and the Scratch filly. Any one may tell by the names that there must have been some *close, keen, sharp* work amongst them.

The Clearwell Stakes of 30 sovs. each, 20 ft., for two-year-olds—colts 8st. 5lb., fillies 8st. 3lb.—the Two Year Old Course; for which thirteen started and twenty-seven paid forfeit—a *great event*, being

for a large sum, with much betting, and some first appearances; with others, though young in years, still high in rank. The start was good, with perhaps one exception; the appearance quite beautiful, and the line of march quite true. Sam Day, on the Margrave, to be sure, was somewhat out of order: from his *rank* and evident power he ought to have taken the lead; instead of which he was fumbling in the rear, the left too much extended for him, the right too difficult to obtain, and in the centre they would not have him; so that he was indebted to chance for a place: he, however, was a good second at the last. Mr. Chifney's Emilius filly (in the Derby and Oaks next year) was the fortunate winner—Robinson, upon her, took his usual pull thirty or forty yards from home, and won with it as usual.

WEDNESDAY.—Captain Rous's Crutch, 9st., beat Lord Worcester's Haymaker, 6st. 7lb. Robinson, on the winner, made severe running towards the last: Teddy Edwards rode the loser like a man, but had no chance of ever catching the old one on his Crutch.

The Oatlands Sakes of 30 sovs. each was won by Erymus, the horse given in our August Number. He certainly is indebted for this success to his own excellent game qualities, to the fine patient riding of Pavis, and to the good management of his trainer, Lumley, who has kept him going on little more than three legs for a great length of time. This must have been very satisfactory to Mr. Maberly, who, it is said, won a handsome sum upon him, independently of the Stakes. The

Duke of Portland's Amphiarus (J. Day) was a good second, and beat by a head only; at twenty yards from home he was nearly a length first—and then could not endure to the end. Harold was loudly called for, but could not come. The early part of the race has rather a severe hill; then a flat for a time, which encourages running; and then a hill to finish upon, twice as big as it looks: this has put the stopper upon thousands as well as upon poor Amphiarus.

Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, for three-year-olds, D.M. 5 subs. This was won by Vagrant, Lord Exeter's, two lengths, rode by Arnull—Lioness second. Lioness looked as if going to win several times during the race, but whenever it came to extremities her heart always failed her. Elvas, Blunderer, and Tam o'Shanter came up in shameless procession.

THURSDAY—fine weather and good sport. The first, a match between Lord Chesterfield's Kittums and Gen. Grosvenor's Kitty Fisher, Kittums giving twelve pounds, D.M. for 50 sovs. It was a curious condition that Kitty Fisher was to be allowed to take the lead a certain distance; the reason for which, however, I cannot see; for that most likely would have been the way the race ought to be run without the bargain: when poor Kitty's short reign was over, Connolly, on Kittums, shot a-head, and won cleverly, which Chapple on Kitty could not prevent: to be sure there is no knowing what tiring the legs of Kittums might have done.

Then came the GREAT MATCH, made only two days before, which, had there been time for

publicity, we should have had a company as numerous as a meeting of reformers. Indeed the excitement was so great that it is difficult, till the nerves are settled, to set about giving a description of it. As soon as it was known that Priam and Augustus were matched, away went every other consideration, and a system of such heavy betting commenced as I have never seen exceeded, according to the number of people here. Priam had to carry 9st. 2lb. and Augustus 8st., a most disproportionate weight for horses of the same year, and the latter considered amongst the first horses of the day—the distance Across the Flat, and the money 300 sovs. each in the first instance; but the Priam party, by giving 10 sovs. to Lord Exeter, made it 500 each. To this circumstance, and vast sums of money coming to market, Priam became the favorite, and so continued till the Ring broke up, when the betting left off at 5 to 4; for all the anti-reformers of the Old School persevered in saying that "the thing was impossible—that it could not be done;" whilst the other party as strenuously declared that there was as much difference in the speed of Priam and Augustus upon Newmarket Heath as there is between Brougham and *Old Bags* in the Court of Chancery. Priam won with ease three-fourths of a length, his case conducted by Robinson; Augustus had justice done him by Arnull, and there could not have been a more able advocate; and poor Augustus, whatever faults he may have (like his friend elsewhere), that of *sticking to his place* is not one of them.

Handicap Plate of 100l. for

four, five, six-year-olds, and aged horses, sixteen entered, and twelve started; four of the best were drawn—viz. Priam, Variation, Augustus, and Erymus. The twelve came from various causes the best pace, with the line but little deranged, to Abingdon Mile Bottom: here Arnall, on the game, good-hearted little Varna, came out, and won handsomely by a length; Mr. Mills's Goshawk (J. Day) second; with Coroner, Carthago, and The Cardinal so well up as not to obtain a preference.

The Town Plate of 50l. for horses of various ages and corresponding weights, was unexpectedly won by Mr. Payne's St. Patrick colt, his dam Lisette, *tastefully* rode by *Natty*; a Brother to Christina second. There were four others of the party, but no addition to their respectability.

FRIDAY, Lord Chesterfield's Titania, 8st. 8lb., got beat by Sir Mark Wood's Galantine, 8st. 2lb. D.M. There was no fault either in the horses, jockeys, or masters; but, unfortunately, Titania is not fast enough, stout enough, or strong enough to give weight.

The Prendergast Stakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. 26 subs.—something like finding a gold mine, only with the coin ready made. This the Marquis of Exeter won

with his Beiram—whether Priam still tingling in the ear, and sounding like Beiram, kept them away, but three only out of the vast number dared meet him at the post. Arnall, upon him, won quite in a canter. This horse is justly a favorite for the Derby next year, having greatly improved since Ascot, where he was then an easy winner; Wheatley, on the Scratch filly, second. Mr. Peel's Eccentricity (*not* Sir Robert's I believe) third; and Gen. Grosvenor's (not thought just now to be in force) last.

Handicap Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, T.Y.C., Sir Sandford Graham's Little Fanny and Mr. S. Day's Barabbas ran a dead heat; four others quite out of the hunt. Pavis rode Fanny for the dead heat; after which, as they were so near winning, "would it not be better to take Pavis off, and put Robinson on, and make a certainty of it?" This they did, *all but the winning*, as Arnall, on Barabbas, beat Robinson, on Little Fanny, quite easy.

After this Coroner walked over the Beacon Course for one of the Five Sovs. Stakes—thus finishing the Meeting.—Yours, &c.

OBSERVATOR.

Norfolk, Oct. 22, 1831.

ANECDOTES OF GEORGE III. AND GEORGE IV.

SIR,

THE venerable George the Third very often made abrupt hits, of which the following is a specimen:—

At a review of a certain regiment of *Heavy Dragoons* (we must not state which), the condition of the horses and the discipline of

the men fell far short of what His Majesty expected; and he shewed great signs of displeasure thereat. The Commanding Officer, in a tone of humble apology, begged leave to ask what particular fault the King had to point out, that it might be attended

to, and immediately remedied.—“All I have to say about the regiment,” observed the King, “is, that the men are ill-mounted, and the horses *worse*.” Upon which he rode off, leaving the Officer in the utmost confusion.

It is known to all those who were honored by the late King's confidence and society, that he not only possessed the superficial accomplishments of dancing, riding elegantly, *et cetera*, but that he was a good Classic and Linguist. He even at times indulged in Latin puns and *bons mots*. Among the former, one made on the occasion of his going to a masquerade in defiance to his Physician's advice, was very clever, but rather savored of irreverence, for which reason we shall omit it. The following one will, however, give some idea of this

talent. When Madame Mara was so much admired in her day, a difference of opinion arose as to her talent, on which one of the Court observed, “that he who did not admire her vocal powers, could certainly have no real *taste* for music.”—“Certainly,” replied His Majesty (then Prince of Wales), “for *dulcia non meruit qui non gustavit a Mara*.”

At a time when a number of Ladies of high quality, who frequented the Court, and who had not been *enceinte* for years, exhibited perceptible signs of a happy increase, it was observed that the season was particularly prolific, and that there must be *something in the air*.—“I hope you do not mean the air (heir) apparent!” exclaimed the humorous Prince.

THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

THE MELTON HUNT.

“A more able sportsman ne'er followed a hound,
To a country well known to him fifty miles round.”

I Regret, Mr. Editor, having sent you a little article on the Chase before I was aware of the following meeting, which would have made as neat a *finale* to it as any scribe could desire. Trusting, however, you have, like Goldsmith's Dinner Party waiting for the venison pasty (which through the perfidy of the baker never arrived), a corner still left for a tit-bit, I beg to enclose a short account of this affair, given in honour of Sir Harry Goodricke's acceptance of the Quorn Hunt.—Sir Harry Goodricke! Sir Harry Goodricke! “the Lord *bless* thee, Sir Harry Goodricke!” and keep

thee ever what thou now art—one whom the gods delight in, and men adore! a true Gentleman, and a “*devil among the foxes!*” It glads me to see the prime qualities inherited by this Gentleman appreciated by the true hearts of Leicestershire—a feeling as plainly manifested at this opening dinner, as in Essex was evinced on the much-regretted occasion of Lord Petre's retirement. It glads me, I repeat, to see in these degenerate days, that the March of Intellect (which I fear has marched out many *customs* that might as well have remained) has failed to influence the department of hunt-

ing ; and cold I hope will be this beating heart, mouldered this hand, ere England shall cease to be famed for her brave sailors and *varmint* hunters ! My pen loves to dwell upon this theme ; but, pleasing as it is, there are bounds which it would be both rudeness and folly to overstep, therefore I will at once to my tale.

Such general satisfaction was felt by the Gentlemen and Yeomanry of Leicestershire at Sir Harry's acceptance of the kennel, that "one and all" resolved to celebrate the event (in the true English style) by giving a dinner. *En passant*, I must say, John Bull is the most dinner-loving animal in the creation ; and the French, who by the bye eat ten times the quantity we do, ridicule us amazingly on this head : *mais n'importe !* a dinner was resolved on, and given and eaten on the 6th instant, at the George Hotel, Melton. The newspapers no doubt have given a very precise account of the feed, which of course was an *illigant* one, as the Irishman says. I shall therefore merely remark, Sir Harry must have been highly flattered with so full an attendance of the most respectable people of the neighbourhood, assembled together to do him honour. To one who loves the sound of "Yoicks ! gone away !" what could afford so lively a pleasure ? It was intended the thing should have been kept secret from the person most interested ; but he, like a well-trained hound, got scent even in Ireland, and forthwith killed his *fatted buck*, and sent it to grace a feast of which he has reason to be proud. Lords Rancliffe and Kinnaird also gene-

rously contributed their offerings of Champagne of the first quality and game of every kind. The names of ninety-three Gentlemen had been registered to attend the dinner ; and, in spite of wind and weather, and the thousand tiresome little occurrences of life that so often spoil a pleasant party, above eighty sat down to the well-spread table of mine host of the George, who performed *his* part to the life.

The worthy proprietor of Kettleby Lodge, Mr. Inett, took the chair, and did the honours ably, supported by the veteran Mr. Marriott, whose smiling eye and honest countenance shewed, though the frost of age had come, it was a kindly one, and had not nipped the bright feelings of his more youthful days. After "A health to the King, God bless him !" had been drunk by his loving subjects, the worthy Chairman rose, and proposed that of the *Lion* of the day, introducing it by a neat speech, in which he observed, it was not his intention to set forth the various claims Sir Harry Goodricke had upon the affections of the company, for they were well-known and felt by every individual present ; the best confirmation of which was the full attendance he had the gratification of witnessing on the present occasion ; an attendance which had far outstripped the most sanguine expectations of its projectors, and which could not fail to insure the lasting gratitude of him for whom it had been projected. "The health of Sir Harry Goodricke, and may he long retain the direction of the Quorndon Hunt," was drunk with the true hunters' shout !

As soon as the excitement of

such a toast had subsided, Mr. George Marriott, junior, rose and gratified the company by a song written for the occasion. This effusion, combining as it did the merits of a *speech* with the charms of music—reminding too many of those present of the noble spirits that had once gladdened them, but were now passed away like the leaves of autumn—deserves to have honorable mention: I shall therefore make no apology for introducing it *verbatim*.

That Sire of the Chase—our crack Nimrod, old Meynell—
Once said to a famed brother sportsman at Quorn,
That “the fame and the fun of a Le’stershire kennel,
Should cease when the sun ceased to gladden the morn.”
He’s gone!—but each year proves how true the prediction;
Unmarr’d is our sport, undiminish’d our fame:
He’s gone! and this day shews his words were no fiction,
For Hunting and “Le’stershire” still mean the same.

CHORUS.

Then round with the bottle, and let it not tarry,
While we hail, while we honour, the man of our choice;
In a bumper come pledge me—the gallant *Sir Harry*,
Whom we love in our hearts, as we hail with our voice!

Other masters we’ve had, in the days of our glory—
Osbaldeston and *Sefton*, *Tom Smith*, and *The Græme*—
Southampton, tho’ last, not the least in the story,
Giving *Melton* its *mainspring*, and *Le’stershire* fame.
And if for a season our joy has been clouded,
A day like the present’s too happy for pain:
In the prospect before us what pleasures are crowded,
For oh! in our *Goodricke* we’ve *Meynell* again!
Then round with the bottle, &c.

The *Coplow* again shall be famous in story,
And high be the deeds we shall do from *Seg’s Hill*;
And *Melton* once more in the blaze of its glory
Under *Goodricke* shall flourish, under *Goodricke* shall fill.
Again shall our coverts like courts be attended;
Again shall our “Field Days” boast many a Star:
The friends shall return who have *Melton* befriended,
Thynne, *Forester*, *Kinnaird*, *Moore*, *Maxse*, and *Maher*.
Then round with the bottle, &c.

And *Alvanley*, too—shall *Meltonia* forget thee?
Oh! never, while wit and wine have a charm—
Thou, too, wilt return, blithe as ever we met thee,
And with joke, fun, and glee still old Sorrow disarm.
And *Chesterfield* too, and our honour’d *De Wilton*,
With *Plymouth* and *Stanley*, shall come in the train;
And the Lord of the Chase, and Monarch of *Melton*,
Shall be *Harry of Ribston*!—*Success to his reign*!
Then round with the bottle, &c.

An unanimous *encore* was Mr. Marriott’s reward for the delightful manner in which he executed this song; when a toast was given, which was drunk with the greatest enthusiasm and respect—

"Lady Goodricke:" and, when we consider what a son she has given to the world, we cannot feel surprised at her being thus honored. She has reason, like the Roman Dame, to think the brightest jewel she possesses is a *Sir Harry*.

The Duke of Rutland, and the Belvoir Hunt; Lord Forester, and the Ladies of Leicestershire; and many other noble names were then halloo'd in bumpers of sparkling wine; nor was the immortal memory of Meynell, the founder of the Hunt, forgotten. Indeed, most respectable libations were made to all who deserved to be so distinguished; and hilarity and joy beamed on every countenance. Jokes *were cracked* as well as bottles on that memorable evening; and, to complete the enchantment, there was music—

"Music, O! how faint, how weak,
Language fades before thy spell;
 Why should feeling ever speak,
 When *thou* canst breathe her tones so well!"

One word for Sir Harry, and I have done. He is a man (without

flattery it may be said) calculated to please all parties—he is of Patrician descent, and will therefore do for those who think *Rank*, like *Charity*, covereth a multitude of sins. His honour and integrity are unimpeachable, and he will therefore please those who (more wisely) make *such* qualities the standard of a *Gentleman*. He is condescending and affable, and will, *par consequence*, be beloved by his inferiors: and being a sportsman, from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, he will be the very man for *all*. Marvel not then at my predicting, that, under his guidance, Melton will erect her head higher than in days "*lang syne*;" that she will be a very Queen of hunting establishments; and that every hunter of Leicestershire will with all his soul and all his strength drink

Success to Sir Harry Goodricke!

GILBERT FORESTER.

Lydford, Oct. 16, 1831.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

The Chase.

THANKS to the Picts, we live once more to congratulate our Readers on the coming season of Fox-hunting! Again we anticipate high deeds to be recorded in our pages; and our blood thrills with a portion of its youthful fire at the thoughts of the dear sounds that will echo over the hills and through the dales—alas! *not* to be heard by us. Well, every dog must have his day: we have had ours; we, therefore, must not repine, but hope to receive from our trusty and well-beloved Brethren, such accounts as shall renew our recollections of "*auld lang syne*." —Up, up, Reynard! rouse thy-

self, and make ready for battle; for know, ere many revolving suns have shed their beams, thy sleep will be broken by the loud notes of the hunter's bugle. No longer wilt thou be suffered to remain in humble obscurity, feeding thyself and progeny with geese fattened for thy masters; "*eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow you die*."

We hear all our crack kennels and stables are on the *qui vive* for the ensuing campaign, which we sincerely hope will be a good one; and if the weather continues such as it now is, what more could a sportsman desire? We trust that *enemy* to the chase, General Frost, has received orders to

proceed to some other country, for truly his presence is not desirable here. For ourselves, we care not were he transported beyond the Poles. Never, we believe, did things wear a more smiling aspect for the hunter than at present. Weather, with every appearance of continuing fine—foxes and hares in abundance—nags in tip-top condition. Melton, the focus of all that is *recherché* in this way, promises (as will be seen by our notice of the dinner given in honour of that Prince of good fellows, Sir Harry Goodricke) the highest attractions for the sportsman. The music of the harrier has been heard for some time past, and some good runs have been had, with the scent of good quality, although the country has been deep and the hedges blind. We cannot detail many grand doings with Reynard, because few hounds have yet commenced their work. The Hon. Grantley Berkeley has begun the season in bang-up style, having killed since the commencement of cub-hunting sixteen brace. Mr. Berkeley has improved his establishment by the addition of George Carter (from the Duke of Grafton's), a man *wot* knows his business well; and as civil, obliging, and attentive to his work as the most rigid employer would wish. To shew the Honorable Gentleman is in earnest, and means to conduct the thing in a slap-up way, he has had a range of boxes and stalls finished at the Wheat Sheaf, which is within a stone's-throw of the kennel, and in the very heart of the hunting country.

Mr. King's (the Hambledon) hounds have commenced with particularly good sport, having had some good runs, although so early in the year; and as there are plenty of foxes they have every prospect of a brilliant season.

Mr. Phillipps of Landew has also been stirring, and has killed some few *varmint* in the Tetcott and Pencarrow countries. Himself and his invincible pack are quite ready and willing for fresh attacks, in which we have no doubt they will do great things.

On the 4th inst. Sir Arthur Chi-

chester's crack pack of Stag-hounds had a tremendous day in the neighbourhood of Dulverton; and after one of the severest races perhaps ever witnessed (which lasted five hours), through twelve different parishes, succeeded in capturing the antlered monarch. Out of a field of one hundred, seven only (in which number was the worthy Baronet himself) lived to see the closing scene of the drama.—We hear the Red Deer are numerous, and promise this season to cut out pretty sharp work for all parties.

The Turf.

INTELLIGENCE EXTRA.

In the Newmarket Craven Meeting 1832, Mr. Greville's br. f. Landgrave, by Smolensko or Waterloo, out of Electress, 8st. 7lb. is matched agst Gen. Grosvenor's f. by Truffle out of Icaria, 8st. R.M. 150 sovs. h. ft.

The July Stakes for 1832 closed at the end of the First October Meeting, with thirty-one subscribers.

To the Lavant Stakes at Goodwood for 1832, of 50 sovs. each, 30 ft. for two-year-olds, there are ten subscribers; and to the Drawing Room Stakes of 25 sovs. each there are twenty-eight subscribers, with sixteen to the *Bonus* by independent subscriptions of ten sovs. each. On the last day of this Meeting a Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each has fourteen subscribers.

His Majesty's name appears at the head of the above four Stakes.

DECISIONS OF THE JOCKEY CLUB.

Leominster.—For the Members' Plate of 50l. Mr. Davis's Amelia ran on the wrong side of a post, but, through a misrepresentation to the Steward (Sir Robert Price), was allowed to start again. A dispute having arisen, Sir R. Price submitted the case to the Stewards of the Jockey Club, who decided that Amelia was distanced, and that Mr. Charlton's b. g. by Tramp (second) was entitled to the Plate.

Leicester.—For the Belvoir Stakes for Hunters, weight for age, Mr. Cox's Rough Robin was short of weight without his bridle, and the

horse was led from the post before the bridle was taken off and put into the scale. In consequence Mr. Robinson claimed the Stake for his b. f. Steam (second); and the case was referred to the Jockey Club, who decided that the bridle was called for in time, and that the owner of Rough Robin was entitled to the Stakes.

Wrexham.—The Gold Cup was won by Mr. Nanney's Penrhos; but a dispute arose on the ground that he ought to have carried 5lb. extra. On reference, however, to the Stewards of the Jockey Club, they decided that he ought not to have carried the 5lb. extra, and consequently that Mr. Nanney was entitled to the Cup.

The Royal Caledonian and Kelso Races took place on the 11th and 12th of the month, with an anticipation of sport which was more than realised. The first race was the Caledonian St. Leger Stakes of 25 sovs. each, P.P., with 100 sovs. added by the Caledonian Hunt, one mile and a half, which was won by Mr. Smith's br. c. Speculation by Whisker, rode by Tommy Lye, beating Mr. Quarton's b. c. The Flea by Waxy Pope, Mr. Peacock's b. f. by Whisker, and Lord Elcho's b. f. Fair Witherington. Speculation was the favorite at even, and won easily.—The Caledonian Cup, value 100gs. for Scotch-bred horses, three miles, was carried off without difficulty by Lord Elcho's b. h. Gondolier beating Lord Eglington's b. m. Queen Bathsheba and Mr. Kay's b. g. Major. Her Majesty was the favorite at 5 to 4, with 5 to 4 agst the winner, and 50 to 1 agst the Major. T. Nicholson was the fortunate steersman.—A Plate of 50 sovs. given by the Duke of Buccleuch's Hunt, two miles, heats, was won by Mr. Dick's b. g. Charley, aged, beating Lord Elcho's b. m. Leda, aged, and Sir James Boswell's ch. f. Silk Sleeves; the latter drawn after the first heat. Charley had the pull at even against the field, and after winning the first heat 2 to 1 went begging.—On the second day the first race was a Purse of 50 sovs. given by the Caledonian Hunt, added to a Sweep-

stakes of 10 sovs. each, two miles, and was well contested, Mr. Smith's Speculation fully supporting the odds of 3 to 1 in his favour, winning by beating Mr. King's b. c. Chancellor by Catton, Lord Elcho's br. h. Brunswick, and Lord Eglington's Queen Bathsheba.—A Maiden Plate of 50 sovs. given by the Caledonian Hunt for horses, &c. which never won before the day of entry, one mile and a half, produced four excellent heats. The first was *dead* between Mr. Ramsay's b. f. Miss Dulwich and Mr. Quarton's b. c. The Flea: the second heat was won by The Flea by half a neck; the third by Miss Dulwich by half a head, who also did the trick in the fourth by a neck.—A Plate of 50 sovs. given by the Noblemen and Gentlemen of Roxburghshire and Berwickshire, for horses of all ages, one mile and a half, was won in two heats by Mr. Peacock's b. g. Brown Stout beating Mr. King's br. h. Cistercian. The latter was the favorite at starting; and after winning the first heat the odds got up to 2 to 1 in favour of Brown Stout, which was fully borne out by his winning rather easy by a length.—The last race of the Meeting was a Plate of 50 sovs. given by the Duke of Buccleuch, for horses, &c. the property of farmers occupying not less than 100 acres of arable land, or their sons following that profession, within the limits of His Grace's Hunt, rode by farmers, two miles. It produced two heats, both won by Mr. Robb's ch. h. Conjuror, aged, beating Mr. Wilson's ch. g. Private by Ardrossan, Mr. Smith's br. g. De Wilton, and Mr. W. Brodie's Heathflower by Champignon. Private was the favorite at starting; 2 to 1 agst Conjuror: after the first heat 5 to 4 on Conjuror, who won rather easy.

Epsom October Meeting.—Much was expected from the programme of this Meeting; but the unfavorable state of the weather on the first day threw a wet blanket on the sport. Everything was dull—the course heavy, the company thin, and the Grand Stand was a shocking bad

spec. Neither did the sport equal the prospect held out: it was of a very inferior character.—The first race, the Epsom Stakes of 10 sovs. each, with 15 added, for two and three-year-olds, three quarters of a mile, 7 subs. was won by Mr. Gardnor's bl. f. by Whalebone out of Thalestris coming in by half a length before Mr. Yates's gr. c. Gab; followed by Mr. Lumley's b. c. Spectre by Partisan, Mr. Gates's b. f. Runnymede by Little John, Sir G. Heathcote's b. m. Penance, Mr. Waugh's b. f. Fancy, and Mr. Clarke's b. c. Borodino, all at respectful distances.—The Metropolitan Stakes of 10 sovs. each, and 15 added, the winner to be sold for 200, Derby Course, was won by the Hon. Mr. Ongley's b. m. Pandora, without the slightest difficulty, beating Lawn Sleeves, Runnymede, Ardelia, and Augur.—A Sweepstakes of 20 sovs. for three-year-olds, a mile, was an exception to the stigma which was with justice attached to the preceding races. For this Mr. Lumley's b. f. Farce, Sir G. Heathcote's Shrine, and Mr. Gardnor's Thalestris filly came to the post, the latter making the running to the distance, where the other two got abreast of her, and one of the finest races ensued, the last stride only giving Farce the advantage of Shrine by a head, and the Thalestris filly not more than the third of a length in the rear.—Mr. Coulston's bl. m. 7st. beat Mr. King's b. m. Naomi, 7st. 13lb., 50 sovs., two miles, by a length; and Mr. Gardnor's Thalestris filly rec. from Mr. Martin's Minetta, 50, h. ft.—The Second day's sport commenced with a Free Handicap of 15 sovs. each, 10 ft., a mile, for which two paid, and two only appeared at the post; viz. Mr. Weatherill's ch. f. Taglioni and Mr. Maberly's Farce. The former made the running, and won in a canter.—This was followed by a Sweepstakes of 20 sovs. each, for two-year-olds, which brought out six nags. Mr. Dockeray's Runnymede started off in front, Mr. Maberly's ch. f. Nannette, by Partisan out of Nanine (a bad starter), getting second at the

corner. These two went along at a rattling pace, the former maintaining his advantage to the distance, when the latter challenged: a short push between these two was decided in favour of Nannette by three quarters of a length; Mr. Thompson's b. f. Chastity by Champignon, third; Mr. Gray's Yorkshire Lizzy, fourth; Sir G. Heathcote's Oroonoko, fifth; and Mr. Shard's Mayfly in the rear.—The last race of the Meeting, a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, with 10 added, the winner to be sold for 80 sovs., heats, one mile, 10 subs. produced three heats, and was eventually won by Mr. Smith's ch. f. Zarina by a head, beating Mr. Gardnor's King William, Mr. Lumley's ch. f. by Woful, and Hon. Mr. Ongley's Foxcote:—Mr. Watson's Ardelia (second in the first heat), Mr. Lumley's Snacks, Mr. Dockeray's b. g. by Manfred, Mr. Ongley's ch. m. by Nicolo, and Capt. Angerstein's Marathon not placed.—The attendance to-day was rather more numerous, but still very meagre.

We are glad to hear there is a prospect of the Bodmin Races (which formerly afforded a rich treat to the natives of the West Countree, but have, from the absence of a considerable portion of the Aristocracy of the county, and various other causes, for some years slumbered in oblivion) being revived. That gallant Nimrod, Captain Edmund Gilbert, is the spirited individual who has undertaken to restore an amusement which *ought* never to have ceased; and his exertions have met with tolerable success, several influential persons having joined in the affair. These Races, or *Diversions* as they are styled by the Bodminites, took place on the 6th inst. on the Down, and were very respectably attended. The running, which we have not space to mention more fully, was very good. There was an excellent ordinary provided at the King's Arms Hotel, and a ball in the evening that could boast of company perfectly admissible at the strait and narrow gate of Almack's, if *fashion* and *beauty* are criterions at

least. The *star* of the night was Sir William Molesworth, a young man just released from *Alma Mater*, with some of the best blood of Cornwall flowing in his veins, a fine property, and everything calculated to make the Ladies point their caps in right earnest. He is very much beloved in his neighbourhood both by rich and poor, and we doubt not will prove a blessing to all within his focus. In him the Town of Bodmin may expect a liberal Patron; and its *Diversions*, under such auspices, coupled with the noble names of Trevanion, Trelawny, Arundel, Harris, Glanville, &c. must in due time become something brilliant.

On the 24th of October, at Messrs. Tattersall's, twelve hunters, the property of the Earl of Chesterfield, sold for the sum of 2525 guineas, and four hacks for 285 gs. Julius Cæsar was knocked down at 690gs. There were also twelve harness and other horses belonging to the same Nobleman, which produced 627½ gs.

The only horse sent abroad during the month is the famous stallion Figaro, to Count Hahn, in Germany, by which he will much improve his breed.

Mr. Walker has bought Mr. Powlett's ch. c. by Whisker, dam by Blacklock, that ran third for the Champagne, and second for the Two-year-old Stakes at Doncaster.

Mr. Riddell sold Emancipation, by Whisker, 4 yrs, to Mr. Gully, for 1450; Mr. Gully has since sold him at the reported price of 2000gs. to Lord Cleveland.

Lord Scarbrough has sold Cistercian by Catton, 5 yrs, and Chancellor (Brother to Tarrare), by Catton, 4 yrs, to Mr. Sharpe.

Mr. Skipsey has refused twelve hundred guineas for Castrellina, The Saddler's dam, for whom he gave a ten-pound note three or four years ago!

COURSING MEETINGS.

The Ardrossan Club held its Meeting on the 4th of October, over Lord Eglinton's lands in the Barony of Ardrossan, when the following courses were run for the *Sweepstakes* for Dogs under twenty-months

old belonging to Members:—Major Martin's Turk beat Dr. Brown's Lucy; Dr. Brown's Rose beat Mr. J. H. Robertson's Nettle; Dr. Brown's Grace beat Mr. J. H. Robertson's Rover; Lord Eglinton's Sovereign beat Mr. Rollo's Lily; Mr. Rollo's African beat Lord Eglinton's Cutty Sark.—In the *First Ties*, Sovereign agst Turk (undecided); Grace beat African; Rose ran a bye; and Turk beat Sovereign.—In the *Second Ties*, Rose beat Turk, and Grace ran a bye.—In the *Deciding Course* Rose was drawn, and Grace won the Stakes.

The Aberystwith Club held its meeting on the 4th of October, when the following courses were run for the *Puppy Cup* for Dogs under sixteen months old:—Mr. B. Harries's Hyacinth beat Mr. Williams's William Tell; Mr. Evans's Ebony beat Mr. Morgan's Idris; Mr. M. Davies's Zitella ran a bye.—In the *Ties*, Ebony ran a bye, and Hyacinth and Zitella was no course, the latter having been drawn.—In the *Deciding Course*, Hyacinth beat Ebony and won the Cup.—Hyacinth was got by Beppe out of Myrtillo, Sister to Mundy; Ebony, by Grasp.

AQUATICS.

A meeting of the Royal Sailing Society was held on the 6th of the month at Oliver's Coffee-house, Westminster-bridge, D. Currie, Esq., the Treasurer, in the chair, in the absence of the Duke of Buccleuch. After Mr. Frost, the Secretary, had announced to the meeting that His Majesty had graciously signified his intention of becoming the Patron of the Society, and had intimated such intention through Lord Melbourne, the names of several distinguished persons, who had lately become Honorary Members, were read; among whom were, Earl Grey, the Marquis of Anglesey, Sir J. Graham, Admirals Lord De Saumarez, Sir Arthur Paget, Sir R. G. Keats, Sir — Hotham, the Hanoverian and Saxon Ministers, the Swedish and Sicilian Consuls, &c.

The Secretary then stated that the Society had been formed, not, as the

title which had been given to it in its commencement might indicate, merely for the purpose of promoting the amusing and agreeable recreation of sailing. Patronised and honored as it was by some of the most illustrious individuals belonging to the Naval profession, it had pretensions of a different character, and it was hoped that it might at no distant period lay claim to a high place amongst the patriotic and useful Institutions with which this country abounded. The objects to which this Society had principally directed its attention hitherto were improvements in naval architecture, and those inventions by which life might be preserved in the appalling dangers which so frequently happen at sea. An invention connected with the latter subject had lately been presented to the Directors, which they were desirous of communicating to the Society generally. Before, however, this was done, he begged to announce that there was a Gentleman present who had so worthily distinguished himself by his courageous exertions in behalf of men who had no other claim on him than that which all human beings in distress had upon the sympathies of brave and generous minds, that it had been proposed to enrol his name among the Honorary Members of this Institution. He therefore proposed that Major Tolkien, Mayor of Teignmouth, who had saved the crew of a French brig bound from Bordeaux to Dunkirk, when in imminent danger of perishing, should become an Honorary Member of the Society.—This being adopted unanimously,

Mr. Tolkien returned thanks, and in a very modest and unaffected manner related the circumstance attending the event alluded to by the Secretary. The French Government had, at first, offered him the decoration of the Legion of Honour; but, in consequence of some objection being made to his receiving this, he had been presented with a gold medal, which he produced, and had been appointed French Consul in the port of which he was an inhabitant. Disclaiming all personal merit for the services he

had been the means of rendering to his fellow-creatures in distress, he expressed a hope that the readiness which the French Government had displayed in rewarding his humble exertions, beyond their merit, would be followed by the authorities in this country, in every case where Englishmen were indebted to the humanity and bravery of the people on whose coasts accident might throw them in moments of danger and suffering. He spoke, too, in terms of bitter indignation of the country people on the Devonshire and Cornwall coasts, when, on a late occasion, some French trading vessels had been driven ashore in a storm, and when it required the most strenuous and hazardous exertions of the crews of the boats which had gone out to save the men to protect the cargoes from the plunder of the wretches who came down to prey upon whatever the storm had spared.

Mr. Canning then explained the machine which he had invented for the purpose of saving the lives of persons wrecked. It is the simplest contrivance that can be imagined, consisting merely of spars, or booms, or any similar material, of which there is no lack on board ship, fastened together with ropes, in the form (to use a most familiar illustration) of one of those portable seats carried about by artists. At each of the three lower ends is fastened a barrel, and the end of the barrel is protected against the rocks or sand banks it may encounter by a hammock and bedding. The barrels give the necessary buoyancy, and the ropes and intermediate space afford a safe place for the persons escaping, who are thus preserved from the two greatest dangers of shipwreck—immersion in the water, and bruising against the shore. Mr. Canning stated that he had tried the apparatus nine times with complete success, at Cherbourg, in stormy seas.—The Members and Gentlemen present expressed their approbation of the invention in the highest terms; and a resolution recommending the same to the notice of the public was unanimously agreed to.

FINE ARTS—THE ANNUALS.

We hail the appearance of these literary luxuries with infinite pleasure, and should be wanting in gratitude for much entertainment were we to pass them over in silence, particularly as each succeeding year's graphic illustrations shew an evident improvement in the Arts, to which we are ever ready to open our pages.

Ackermann's *Forget me Not* was the first of these offerings to public taste, and it has annually visited us with increased claims to approbation and patronage. The title suits all seasons and all possible circumstances, and has the peculiar merit of individualising the feelings of which it is the token. The thought was a happy one, and was happily expressed in its earliest numbers by that beautiful garland of its own *blue flower* that was wont to be embossed on its title page. In the present volume, and in the *Juvenile*, by the same publisher—a fit and proper companion for its adult namesake—are numerous engravings by Chevalier, Landseer, Romney, Shenton, &c., and their names are a sufficient guarantee both of the style in which they are executed, and of the taste with which the subjects have been selected. The neatness and elegance with which both these very pretty volumes are got up, do as much credit to the liberality of the spirited proprietor as the talent which he has called forth in their illustration. The literary portions do not come under the character of those works which we are accustomed to notice, though it is but justice to say, the accompanying letter-press is highly entertaining; and we most heartily recommend these *Forget me Nots* as worthy not to be forgotten.

The embellishments of *Friendship's Offering*, published by Smith, Elder, and Co., are numerous, and we have seldom seen anything of the same class which could lay claim to a greater share of merit. The artists whose talents have been engaged in their production are individuals whose reputations are already established. Among the illustrations we may particularise the portrait of Lady Carrington, being

the last female painted by the lamented Sir Thomas Lawrence, possessing all that grace which the late President knew so well how to pourtray, and Finden's exquisite engraving from Richter's *Fairy of the Lake*. The designs by Stothard, J. Wood, Johanot, E. C. Ward, Wichelo, Westall, R.A., and others, are really beautiful; and their execution could not be entrusted to better hands than those of C. Rolls, Shenton, E. and W. C. Finden, Holmes, T. A. Dean, J. Goodyear, &c.—all exquisite specimens of what the pencil and the graver can perform. This set of prints will no doubt make their way into the libraries of all classical scholars and lovers of art.

The Humourist.—This is Mr. Harrison's second appearance in this character, which he supports admirably under the auspices of our old friend Ackermann; and as an amusement, or a "Companion to the Christmas Fireside," which its second title professes, no contribution can be more calculated to sustain its object. Whilst other Annuals procure the co-operation of a number of popular pens, Mr. Harrison boldly attempts to raise the crop and reap the field of humour alone. It is sown with eighty-one various and laughable designs by W. H. Brooke, beginning with *Emigration*, and ending with a *Brother of the Angle*. The first represents an Irish family on the move, drawn by a single horse, and cart and horse covered with population: to which the author in his preface thus alludes:—"He neither claims nor merits exemption from the common lot of authors. Like the animal in the first illustration of this Number, he has found his path an *up-hill* one; and the attempt to draw a multitude with so many conflicting sentiments, laborious. He has had great critics on his *back*, and small ones upon his *withers*; while the *shafts* of censure have galled his sides. Could he, however—to carry the simile not further, but back, that is, to the tail of the car—dare to hope that, like the Irishman with the uplifted shillelah, he is about to *make a hit*, he should forget his past labours in the prospect of future reward." The volume is

filled with puns, droll stories, odd caricatures of character, and Pindaric extravaganzas, all in immediate connection with the designs; and we can refer to them as being very ludicrous and displaying great fertility of fancy, perfectly in unison with each other.

The Comic Offering.—Miss L. H. Sheridan has again taken the field of fun and humour, under the protection of her first publishers, Smith, Elder, and Co.; and her volume for 1832 will be found an admirable antidote to *ennui*. Without wishing in the slightest degree to derogate from the merits of this talented Lady, we think she has done wisely in calling in the aid of such able coadjutors as *Our Village* Mitford, Lady Clarke, W. Collier, Esq., Miss Isabel Hill, T. H. Bayly, Esq., and other “justly esteemed favorites in the circle of literature.” The greater part of the illustrations, seventy in number, are designed by the fair authoress; the remainder are the production of persons who have attained celebrity in this branch of the Art, highly characteristic of the object it is intended to pourtray. “*The Old Cat*” is an exquisite *morceau*, and “*Sans sous, see*,” is true to nature. But we cannot particularise: all are highly comic, and well adapted to chase away the blue devils, which too frequently assail the sportsman when frost-bound.

RETORTS COURTEOUS.

“You have prevaricated so grossly,” said a brow-beating Counsellor to an Irish witness, “that no one will for the future *believe a word you say!*”—“Counsellor, ye’re an *honest man!*” was Paddy’s rejoinder.

“Hold your tongue *for a fool!*” was the polite recommendation of an Irish husband.—“Sure then, ye’re going to *spake yourself!*” was the equally polite reply of the wife.

CAMPING.

A Camping Match took place lately on the Norwich Cricket Ground. Two sides of ten each (Norwich and Blofield) were formed; the former got the first goal, and after a bye each had been gained, the Blofield men cried “Hold, enough!” in about

twenty minutes from the commencement of the play. Whether it arises from the novelty or fierceness of the struggle, camping matches are generally attended by the whole neighbourhood, each individual appearing to feel that upon his personal exertions depends the fate of the game, and all evincing the most lively interest in the success of their respective partisans. It is perhaps one of the pastimes best adapted for the display of the hardihood, agility, and courage of our rural population, as it combines and brings into action all the athletic powers of which man is capable. It was formerly a game of very general pursuit in Norfolk, but, with the exception of a very splendid affair which came off at Ranworth in August 1822, it has been but little practised of late years.—In 1349 (24th Edw. III.) it was prohibited by public edict, because it co-operated with other popular and favorite amusements to impede the progress of archery. James the First denounced it as “meeter for lameing than making abler the users thereof.” (See *Basilicon Doron*, book iii.) Speaking of “foote-ball,” Barclay, in his *Ship of Fools*, published 1508, has these lines:

“—The sturdie plowman, lustie, stronge,
and bold,
Overcometh the winter with driving the
foote-ball,
Forgetting labour and many a grievous
fall.”

MR. OSBALDESTON’S MATCH.

This out-and-outer’s great match, to gallop two hundred miles in ten successive hours, with an unlimited number of horses, will be decided on the race course at Newmarket on the Monday after the Houghton Meeting. Twenty-five thorough-bred horses are to be employed, and (independently of changes and stoppages for refreshments) Mr. O. must do at the rate of twenty miles an hour. He is, however, so confident that he has laid odds on the performance; notwithstanding which there are plenty of takers at six to four. The ground on which this feat is to be undertaken is a square, the extent of which is four

miles of the most beautiful turf in the kingdom. The animals will be kept in the centre, and several will be walking about, meeting him at different parts of the ground in case of accidents. It is generally thought they will easily perform their part of the task; and it is the opinion of the jockeys (no mean judges) that if he is in good training he will accomplish it.

Should Mr. O. get through his job, it will be without a parallel in the annals of horsemanship.—The greatest match of this nature hitherto performed was that of Cooper Thornhill, the post-master of Stilton, who in April 1745 rode three times between that town and London, which he accomplished in 11 h. 33 m. 52 sec.—the distance 213 miles.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE Proprietors of the SPORTING MAGAZINE respectfully announce to their Subscribers, that, anxious to shew the grateful sense they entertain of the extended Patronage which has lately rewarded their labours, they have gone to considerable additional expense in their Embellishments, in the hope of competing with the advanced and daily advancing state of the Arts; and beg to assure them that their utmost endeavours will be constantly exerted to secure a continuance of that support which it will be their highest ambition to deserve. The next, the DOUBLE NUMBER of the Volume, will be embellished with FOUR ENGRAVINGS:—the first, SPANIELS, the property of Sir Thomas Bowyer, Bart. engraved by GOLDING, the eminent Artist who executed the beautiful portraits of the late lamented Princess Charlotte and Sir William Grant the Master of the Rolls, together with the Book-plates to the superb edition of Don Quixote and other first-class publications:—the second, THE COCK PIT, with portraits of two first-rate Feeders and other public characters, by MARSHALL, jun:—the third, the Old BETTING ROOMS at Newmarket:—and the fourth, A THOROUGH-BRED ONE FALLING AT HIS FENCE, by LAPORTE—the three last from the elegant burin of ROMNEY.

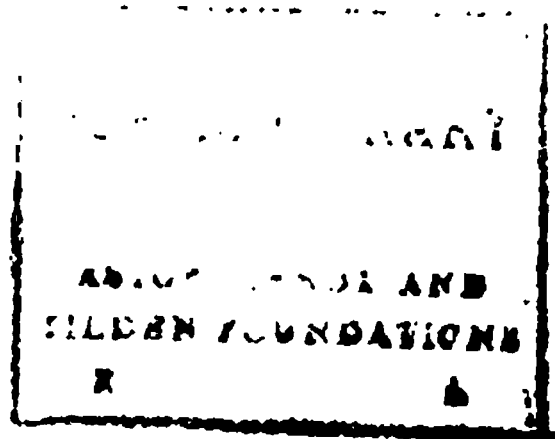
Our attention has been called to a misconception, which we understand has in some instances arisen on the observations of ALFRED HIGHFLYER on the Gold Cup at Doncaster of this year, which he styles “so paltry and unworthy a prize, if such it may be called.” We are quite sure that our valued Correspondent meant the expression to refer only to the *taste* in its execution, and not to its *value*, which was quite equal to the Cups of late years.

We are obliged to AMICUS for his friendly hint, and hope he will find that we have profited by it.

To our Manchester Correspondent we take leave to say his very just complaint does not lie at our door. Our Magazine for October was published on the last day of September, and ought in due course to have been received on the first or second of October at latest. The delay in the delivery must be with his bookseller, as the London Agents invariably send off their parcels on the day of publication.

We are not surprised at “FLASK” supposing the wavy lines in a genuine Damascus barrel are produced by the introduction of steel. It is the general opinion *out* of the Trade, though an erroneous one; as, on examination, it will be found they are of the same metal as the rest of the barrel, and form a sort of embossed work. The texture of a real Damascus is not the only thing curious about it; they are often highly ornamented with silver, which is not inlaid, but fixed on the surface, though no solder or other material known to us for such purpose is perceptible.

BETTINGS AT TATTERSALL'S, OCT. 28.—Business has been very slack during the past month. For the DERBY, Beiram has got up two points since our last, and Margrave and Folly have both receded.—The bettings closed yesterday as follows:—9 to 1 agst Beiram, 13 to 1 Dulcinea, 15 to 1 Non Compos, 15 to 1 Margrave, 18 to 1 Folly, 18 to 1 Darioletta, 20 to 1 Pastille, and 25 to 1 William the Fourth.—For the OAKS, Emiliana is the only one talked of, at 6 to 1 agst her.—Nothing doing on the St. LEGER, from the uncertainty prevailing respecting the proposed regulation of this great Stake.



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THE SPORTING MAGAZINE.

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DECEMBER, 1831.

No. XX.

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- I. MOP AND FRISK, TWO SPANIELS.—II. THE COCK PIT, WITH PORTRAITS.
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MOP AND FRISK,

SPANIELS, *the Property of Sir THOMAS FENTON FLETCHER BOUGHY, Bart.*

THE excellence of these Spaniels induced Sir Thomas to have them handed down to posterity on canvas, the which, through his kindness in lending the picture, and Mr. GOLDING's talent in the translation of it, we now offer to our subscribers as a beautiful specimen of the graphic art.

That faithful attachment which is proverbial with the spaniel, Mop, the old dog, possessed in the highest degree: this was joined to all those essential qualities which make a spaniel valuable—a good nose, under excellent command, versatile in pursuit, and equally good at either woodcock, pheasant, hare, rabbit, snipe, or mallard.

On land or in water, it was a matter of indifference to Mop which, if it was his master's wish—guided by the hand, checked by the whistle, indefatigable in his labour—his end regretted, being accidentally killed.

As time wings his course, his master will, when he looks on the portrait, feel all those pleasing remembrances when as companions they rambled with delight through the wild and varied scenes that adorn Aqualate.

FRISK, when painted, was young; she possesses a pleasing archness of countenance, which is indicative of bustle and industry—qualities in a spaniel always desirable. Both the dogs were bred by Sir Thomas.

REVIEW OF THE RACING SEASON OF 1831, AND MATTERS CONNECTED THEREWITH.

“ I have horse will follow where the game
Makes way, and run like swallows o'er the plain.”

SHAKESPEARE.

SIR,
WHAT with Reform and Anti-reform — “ a plague o' both your houses ” — Father Turf has been this season somewhat scurvily used — the most influential supporters of racing having been detained in town with little intermission the whole season. In the provinces this has been severely felt; most of the principal country races, Bath, Cheltenham, &c. having sadly fallen off, the interest and betting being confined to the few professors who usually attend, and the two or three Gentlemen sharps who play the same game.

Newmarket, however, for obvious reasons, has been less affected than elsewhere; although even there, matters, till the latter Meetings, did but “ drag their slow length along.” The performances of Priam in the Craven Meeting ought to have fully satisfied

everybody of his superiority; and one cannot help feeling annoyed that such a horse ever got beaten. The Abingdon Mile Handicap, which a year previously put forth the Little Rover in such glowing colours as to make all competition, except the great Trojan, safe for the Derby, did actually this season produce the winner of the Great Race, although at the time thought nothing of; and with good reason, having been out four times at two years old without winning, and now having with very favorable weight beaten only a very moderate field. The race for the Riddlesworth, on the same day, did to all appearance bring out the undoubted winner of the Derby. The running of Riddlesworth, combined with his subsequent performances, in which he defeated every competitor with the

greatest ease, reduced the betting to the most extraordinary state, nothing being backed but Lord Jersey's stable, and that only though a Blunder. The party, however, all along bore up that the latter horse was the best; and two or three, who had the wrong office, "paid pretty dear for their whistle." However, they never dare trust the Middleton brute for any of his races, although it was given out to the last that he was to run for the "Two Thousand." There was, however, long before that time, a snug little party, which were quite sufficiently acquainted with the relative merits of the two animals, by having had a little fun to themselves; and of which knowledge they had the opportunity of turning the penny, as, by good hearing up, the Blunder brute never lost his position in the betting: but there is no test like public running for public money. Lord Exeter's lot turned out wretchedly bad; and my opinion as to Bohemian, expressed in my "Review" of last year, has been quite confirmed.

The Fair Circassian having managed to win a small stake against a moderate mare, coupled with her performances in the preceding autumn, made her the pet for her race. Her antagonist Oxygen, whom I set down last year as the champion of the southern side, was defeated in the race for "the Thousand," by a very bad field, and adds another proof how fallacious all imagined certainties in racing are. The race was thrown away entirely by too great confidence, Oxygen having been considered good enough to win any way: therefore a mare in the same stable, not within any weight of Oxygen, was allowed to make the running; and in the scuffle of the last hundred yards, Oxygen was beaten by two animals not within a stone of herself. Had she been permitted to have made her own running, being a stout good mare, but with only a certain pace, all this might have been avoided, and there would then have been no mistake for this, nor any public dissatisfaction at Epsom afterwards. Incubus,

not of the dam of Taurus (the quickest horse at Newmarket), and who like his relative has always made some noise in the world, though thought greatly of by the party—so much so as to prevail on the great Chifney to ride—cut but a sorry figure in the race for the Newmarket Stakes with Riddleworth, the latter horse seeming to increase in quality each time of appearing—having up to this won every race he was engaged in with the greatest ease, so as to leave no apparent chance for his Derby compeers.

Chester this year lost one of its principal supporters through the lamentable decease of Sir Thomas Mestyn; and altogether, though there was no lack of sport, required some of the old spirit to make it go off. Every good sportsman must have rejoiced to see so liberal and veteran a supporter of the turf as Lord Derby win the Dee Stakes with a colt from his Lordship's own paddocks: but the Knowsley stud all this season has sadly lacked the assistance in their stable which last year was Felt. The Chester Meeting this season was remarkable for having brought out from one stable five horses of different ages, and won every race—Mr. Beardsworth having run a two, a three, four, five, and six-year-old horse for as many different races, and won them all. This occasioned some talk of challenging any other stable in England, but which no doubt was wisely thought better of: he, as well as others, had better keep out of Priam's path.

York produced us this year The Saddler in strong force, and his having won the Spring Leger, and cut down Chorister easily, (though this latter had not then recovered from his winter's illness, and, besides having a little temper about him, could not also get through the dirt,) got him up greatly in public favour. The first appearance of Jerry's stock having beaten two fields, looks as well as the Lottery first performance did the year preceding; and though Lord Kelburne's has since been defeated in the same way that his predecessor Chorister was, I am assured he will have

a better day, and, if well, will be in a good place for next year's Leger.

At St. Alban's this year (which by the way has, through the activity and perseverance of the Clerk of the Course, Tom Coleman, made great progress, and would, with a little better course, itself be a lion among provincials), we had another proof of the ridiculous and absurd restrictions put on Hunters Stakes, and so opening the door to fraud, by limiting the stake to horses not thorough bred; when at this time of day it is well understood that nine-tenths of the so-called cocktails in the country are quite thorough-bred. In this case the winner, a thorough-bred mare with a fictitious half-bred pedigree, has since been identified, and consequently disqualified: but the injury done to the race is irreparable, besides the confusion among the other horses engaged in it. When will an end be put to this humbug of half-bred hunters stakes? Are not thorough-bred ones more valuable, and the race more interesting? The evil cries out more and more every day, and must be remedied. There was another fraud, in the shape of false pedigree, successful here; but the robbery (and an unblushing one it was) has since come to light, and I shall notice it in its proper place.

The immense popularity of Riddlesworth at Epsom this year, from his having won all his races so easily, totally put a stop to all speculation on the race, and produced on the day, in the Ring, the most extraordinary betting ever witnessed—the odds, out of an entry of one hundred and five horses, and a field at the post of twenty-three, being 6 to 4 on Riddlesworth, and 16 to 1 against anything else!—All sorts of “sayings and doings” have been promulgated since Riddlesworth's defeat, in the way of accounting for it; but on *that day* the running was true; and had it been run over again twenty times, it is more than probable the result would have been the same. The truth is—and the public found it out when too late—the state of Riddlesworth's legs

had not permitted him to do anything like the work he ought to have done to have won such a race as the Derby; and when, on the Saturday, he took what was called a sweat, or rather an apology for one, it was great luck to carry to London as news that he had not broken down. The whole sort, Filagree, Cobweb, &c., were always an infirm lot. The day was made for Spaniel, a little light wiry sound horse, who was just made to hear his hoofs rattle over the hard ground; and for those who backed him at such extreme odds as were laid against him, the little Spaniel may indeed be called a “lucky dog.” The most unfortunate of his friends was his jock, Wheatley, who, after taking a thousand to thirty about him, liked it so little after his race for the Shirley, as actually to get it off: and it must have been this which sent him back in the betting, as the little horse was a worse favorite after than previously to winning that race. However, the money which was obliged to be brought into the market by those who were against the crack, and had no other means of getting out, kept all the field at a respectful distance. The very terror of the name of Riddlesworth, perhaps, prevented the Derby from going into the pocket of Lord Orford; as, had his Lordship started his Medora horse, he being well, and having the day before run a good horse for the Cup, as matters turned out, the probabilities are that he might have wrangled through, and, instead of being only a Grand Duke, have become a little King. According to the running of Spaniel with Naiad in the autumn, the Grand Duke had plenty of weight in hand to have given the Spaniel a good licking.—The nearest prototype of this year's Derby was Patron's yea; the favorites at about the same betting, and both defeated through the same causes: and the merits of the winners about equal; though of the two I am inclined to give the palm to Spaniel, as he may get through something yet; but Frederick ne-

ver yet has, nor ever will, win another race.

If the Derby was a false run race, the Oaks at least was altogether as true a one; and nothing but the sterling gameness of Oxygen got her through. Had the same sort of use been made of her at Newmarket, she would there also have told a different tale.

It had long been my intention to have noticed the paltry and disgraceful contributions at this place to the different Stakes, the more particularly when viewed in conjunction with the numberless impositions practised, or attempted to be practised, on those persons who may be so unfortunate as to send race horses there. There have lately appeared in a weekly print several very sensible and pertinent letters on the subject of the Epsom Race Fund; and although I cannot quite agree with the writer on the whole of his positions, yet the thanks of the Sporting World are eminently due to him for drawing public attention to the subject. Will it be believed that the sum total of the moneys added to the different Stakes in the Spring Meeting from the Race Fund amount to the enormous sum of fifty pounds! Now, that there must be some gross mismanagement somewhere can readily be shewn by just stating, as the lawyers say, "a case in point." At Goodwood this season, two of the "une, deux, cinque" booths paid each one hundred and twenty-five pounds for the ground; and the occupiers of the ground formed into standings for horses, of which there were several in different parts of the course, paid sums varying from 10*l.* to 20*l.* Out of all this, look at the sums so liberally added to the Race Fund—nearly ten times as great as at Epsom. Now, if these advantages are derived from Goodwood, in how much greater ratio ought the produce of the Epsom Course to be, where the booths and standings are in comparison as a hundred to one! The money may, or may not, be collected from the occupants:—if not, there is the most culpable negligence, to say the least of it, shewn—(for I have understood that the Town, in conjunction

with the Lord of the Manor, possess full power over the occupation of the Downs): but if, on the other hand, the money be properly collected, then is the public account of the appropriation of it imperiously called for: for, be it remembered, that although great expenses have been pleaded as belonging exclusively to Epsom in keeping the course clear, which difficulty, for obvious reasons, does not exist with any other course; yet no part of such expenses can be called for from the produce of the standings—as for the last four or five years, the winners of the Derby and Oaks have, by a condition in the article, been mulcted of no less than one hundred pounds towards the expenses of additional police: thus forming an annual revenue of two hundred sovereigns—amply sufficient, if properly applied, for every purpose of police that can be required. Beyond all the proceeds of the booths and standings, there is the subscription to the Race Fund. Of what that consists, or who are the subscribers, remains a mystery; but that there are subscribers we have evidence from a precious document put forth by them, as specious authority for further speculation on the wretched owner of race horses, as follows:—

"At a meeting of the subscribers to the Epsom Race Fund, held at the Spread Eagle Inn, on Thursday the 23d of December 1830, it was resolved, that the sum of ten shillings be paid for every horse that shall be trained or exercised on the Downs from the 1st of January next to the 1st of July following, towards the repairing and keeping in order such exercise ground: and for every horse trained or exercised on the said Downs from the 1st of July to the 1st of January, the like sum of ten shillings: and that such sum shall be paid by the trainer, or servant having the care of such horses, and be charged by him to the owners thereof: and that this resolution do apply to succeeding years—the money to be paid in advance, or the Treasurer to stop all horses going on the exercise ground.

(Signed) "T. SMITH, Treasurer."

A precious document truly! It is now a year ago since in your pages I called the attention of the public to the disgraceful state of the course, more particularly at the ending, where the ruts were quite sufficient to either throw or break down the best race-horse in the world. So then a knot of these worthy subscribers meet, and promulgate an Edict, whereby, at the expense of others, they are to repair their bad ways, which, but for their own neglect and bad management, would never have lapsed into the wretched state they had done! That those persons who train horses on the ground may have a right to contribute something towards keeping it in proper order, I do not deny; but even that is a hardship, considering the publicity of the ground, and the number of hunters which are continually, at the most destructive season of the year, gallopping over it: but that such an extortion should be attempted on the persons who send horses there merely for the purpose of running, is monstrous, although quite worthy of such a resolution, signed by a trainer residing on the ground. For my own part, and I think there are many others who will agree with me, that the threat, in case of non-payment of the extortion, of stopping horses going on the race-ground will at most times be a boon rather than otherwise; for those persons who are unfortunately obliged to send horses to Epsom will generally prefer their being gallopped on the hard road (which at least has the merit of being the most free from stones and flints), to their being exercised on such a mass of rocky chalk as Epsom Downs.

There is one other matter relative to this delectable place, and then for the present I have done. One of the printed resolutions of the Jockey Club was, that they would countenance only such trainers and stable-keepers as made fair and moderate charges: now, if amidst all the scandalous and numberless impositions at this said Epsom, was to be shewn up the outrageous charges of certain of the worthy stable-keepers, in office too, at this place, during the time of the

meetings, a climax would be given to the encouragement which Gentlemen have held out to them, to send horses, for either Stakes or Plates, to this most liberal and enticing spot.

Ascot this year, as last, lacked the spirit of preceding meetings; and though patronised by our good and straight-forward King, yet the mixture of politics is incompatible with the sports of the Turf, and consequently, as far as Royalty was concerned, the course was somewhat "shorn of its beams." Here at length fell "the noblest Roman of them all." The Colonel, in his only appearance this year, having taken the shine out of all his competitors for the Craven at Epsom, was compelled to give *twenty-nine pounds* to a mare which the previous year had run second for the Oaks; and, with 9st. 6lb. on his back, actually ran a dead heat! But Nature will not be denied, and failed him in the second attempt—the hind leg, which stood sound when the other gave way two years previously, having now gone, like the other, in the suspensary ligament. The horse is now, however, at Hampton Court, sound and well, and will be certain, I should think, to have plenty of mares next season.—To shew the truth of the Oaks running, here met again the three first mares for the Oaks, and the running again exactly the same, although the distance was not so great. The confined Articles of the Cup, made through a false notion of Aristocratic privilege (now happily fading away), brought but a very short field to the post. The admirers of racing for the sake of the sport may, however, live generations before they again see such a race, the riding on both sides calling for the highest expression of admiration: and the race of Cetus and Augustus for the Ascot Gold Cup deserves as much to be put on record as any race ever run. Both the Two-year-old Stakes were truly run; though I am inclined to think the result of the first might have been different, had Beiram been in the same condition he was in at Newmarket in the July.

It was considered at Bath this year

that the meeting was injured by the division of the Somersetshire Stakes into two Classes, the attendance of Gentlemen having been thin: but this has been the case at all country races throughout the year. It is proposed to make only *one* Stake next year, with a race for the forfeits: but I cannot think this will be any improvement, as the latter stake will necessarily be uncertain as to what horses will go: nor will, I conceive, the stake itself be very inviting, from the difficulty experienced of getting in the small forfeits; unless, indeed, the Fund would guaranty them to the winner. The activity of Mr. Margerum, the Clerk of the Course, however, will go far to obviate any difficulty on this head. As a proof of this Gentleman's zeal, we need only refer to the handsome and commodious New Stand which this year was opened under his auspices; but at the same time I am bound to say, that the New Course (to which we are perpetuated from the position of the Stand) will hardly give the satisfaction the old one did: indeed, the complaints were heavy this year against the bad turns and confined state of the ground; and there is nothing like the same *running* space as in the old one. However, everything that can be done to compensate for these disadvantages will, I am sure, be effected under the watchful care of Mr. Margerum, to whom the good folks of Bath, and the racing public in general, are greatly indebted for his perseverance in having resuscitated these races from "the sear and yellow leaf," into which a few years ago they had fallen.

The spirit with which the two Liverpool meetings are conducted, and the liberal manner in which money is given, must insure, as it has done, capital sport. The Tradesmen's Cup is the very best in the kingdom; and, were not the locality rather too distant for the best horses to travel, would be the race of the greatest interest of its kind in the country. The great Birmingham, by dint of continued hammering, according to the true Brummagem recipe, was beaten in the July

Meeting, for the Stand Cup, by a Newmarket nag, bought of Colonel Wilson in the preceding autumn for little more than three hundred pounds!

The Newmarket July produced but little interest, the running for the July Stakes proving the truth of the Ascot races also, Beiram and Non Compos being in their old places. The Middleton brute of Lord Jersey's, exalted into a flyer, by, as usual, some private measurement, turned out a rank impostor, and has since, by his subsequent public performances, satisfied every one of his wretched pretensions to the name of a race-horse.

Cheltenham, like all other places which give no public money to be run for, has been gradually dwindling away. The Gloucestershire Stakes in every view is but a shadow of what it used to be, and the withdrawal this season of the Bibury Club to Stockbridge reduced the meeting to two poor days' sport; and if it was not for the locality, which is just convenient to Messrs. Day, Sadler, &c., they would have no racing at all; nor can any other result be expected: people will not send horses to run for their own money, or, perhaps, be at the expense of travelling to no purpose, the Stake not filling in consequence of the miserable addition held out. Why, in the very same Calendar with Cheltenham, is recorded Enfield! at which leather-plating place they actually give nearly double as much public money as at Cheltenham!

As a contrast to the preceding, here is Brighton, with plenty of money, and the attendance always good, reduced to a collection of Plates; and this only through want of a little good management. One or two small Stakes have been got up for next year; but nothing like what has been, and what might be now, with the use of a little industry and perseverance of an active Clerk of the Course and Committee; but both of which appear the reverse of what they should be.

York August Meeting produced another two-year-old of Jerry's get, and, had Julius remained well, would have carried off the Champagne from Doncaster. These Jerries must not

be lost sight of for next year's Leger. Liverpool, although made so good a favorite by party influence, and "cooked" for the Produce in this meeting, did not cut so shining a figure as had been anticipated, having only just got through. The Saddler appeared a winner also, though with apparent difficulty; but it is well known the horse was not fit to run, and ought not to have started. Cho-

risters' running, however, ought to have satisfied everyone the most, having beaten a field of old ones, and with the weight and distance not favorable to young ones, and won in a canter.—Had the flying Marcus been out of the way, Chorister, after this performance, never would have gone so far to the outside in the betting.

THE YOUNG FORESTER.
(To be continued.)

THE COCK PIT, WITH PORTRAITS.

IN our last December Number we gave, as one of our Embellishments, a print of British Game Fowls, from a beautiful Picture by the YOUNGER MARSHALL. For this picture eight as good fellows as Newmarket can produce, and all noted Cockers, each anxious to call this gem his own, resolved to have a shy in their own way for its possession. A Welsh main was in consequence soon got up; and on the 23d of February Arthur Pavis became the successful competitor. This spirited little Jock, determined to have a companion to his prize, commissioned the same talented Artist to embody the result of the last battle for the main, with some of the leading characters present on that occasion.

The winning Cock (the property of Arthur Pavis) was bred by Mr. Sadler, at Aldworth, Gloucestershire, by one of his old Duckwings out of a Tribe hen. The down Cock is own brother to Diggory (a well-known brood cock in Newmarket, the property of George Edwards), bred by Mr. Garner of Coombe Wood, got by one of Sir H. Halford's Reds out of Wood's hens. Two better or more scientific fighters never entered a pit: they were in the finest condition and feather, from the superior feeding of May and Fenton, the corner portraits.

The elegant burin of ROMNEY has been called in requisition; and we trust our readers will be gratified by his able delineation of a decidedly clever picture.

BETTINGS AT TATTERSALL'S.

THE bettings since our last have evinced very little spirit, and the LEGER has been scarcely named.—For the DERBY Lord Exeter's Beiram still ranks first, though without any variation during the month worth mentioning. Mr. Dilly's Margrave (winner of the Criterion at the Houghton Meeting) and Lord Chesterfield's Non Compos have gained several points: the former now stands second, and the latter third on the list.—The OAKS remains in the same inactive state, Mr. Chifney's Emiliaua still being the only one mentioned, and at the same price.—Among the

double events sported are—4 to 1 agst Lord Exeter's stable; and 1000 to 20 agst Margrave winning the Derby and Emiliaua the Oaks (taken).—The following may be quoted as the present state of the odds:—

DERBY.

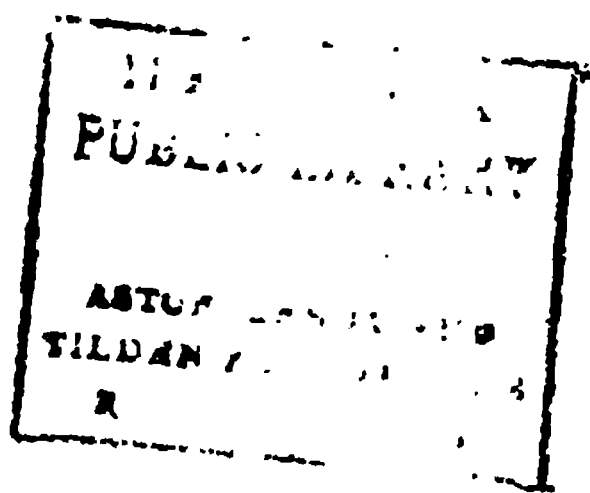
9 to 1 agst Beiram.
10 to 1 agst Margrave.
11 to 1 agst Non Compos.
12 to 1 agst Dulcinea.
16 to 1 agst Darioletta.
20 to 1 agst Emiliaua.
20 to 1 agst Pastille colt.
22 to 1 agst Folly colt.
25 to 1 agst Minster.

OAKS.

6 to 1 agst Emiliaua.

TABLE (CRS)

100 100 100 100 100



FUGITIVE PIECES—No. III.—WOMAN!

“She’s *all* my fancy painted her.”—*Alice Gray*.

THE curtain rises! lovely Woman view!
 Angel in all points..... All?—yes, all, save two!
 And what these are I’ll leave you now to guess;
 Backslidings never shall my pen express.
 But perhaps I’d better state them too in verse,
 Fancy ne’er failing to make failings worse—
 And always Woman’s!—’tis no doubt that she
 So seldom fails, that failings hers *must* be.
 The points I mean are, Foxhunting and Fun!!
 The last embracing more than meets the sun—
 Such as Blind Hooky, betting, heavy-wet!
 ‘Cross country galloppes! with the fav’rite Pet,
Et-ceteras too prolific here to name,
 And therefore left to thy *crack* trumpet—Fame!

I never yet could reason with the Fair
 Partial to hunting roe-buck, fox, or hare,
 Nor drive to earth the thought—(*mais entre nous*)—
 Barring the steed—that there must be a screw
 Loose somewhere—where I don’t presume to say,
 ‘There are so many loose screws now-a-day.
 Oh! if they *must* sport—with the “long bow” try,
 The strawberry bed, the violet bank, or I—
 vied wall, in search of tom-tits, *alias* grouse:
 When hunting, hunt cockchafers or a mouse.
 Sigh they for longer chase, for nobler game,
 Run a “bag” rabbit; if so be he’s *tame*!
 Or perhaps a “*drag*” would *suit* them.....stay the doubt—
 Gowns are so brief—suppose they “*let them out*!”

But *understandings* now are so display’d
 In old and young!—wife, widow, matron, maid!
 ‘Tis quite distressing to the passing eye
 To see how *merit* passes heedless by:
 Tho’ not, oh! not from want of being seen,
 For there’s enough—more than enough, I ween.
 This age is so MacAdam’d, and its ways
 So very pleasant—quite a treat such days
 As this is now—to get a little sun!
 One’s always sorry when the day is done.
 Yet with the night you’d miss full many a lark,
 And meet more falls than, may be, in the dark:
 Falls *too* resounding, causing oft a stain—
 Falls, from which many ne’er might rise again.

But mark me, fair ones, well ye ought to know,
 What’er the leg, *Love* never looks so low:
 And Cupid, but to prove a lad of sense,
 Here echoes, “*Honi soit qui mal y pense!*”
 Which means, they manage matters best in France,
 Where such things are not met with.....at a dance!

Belles and Blue-stockings!—if the men you'd please,
Study consistency below the knees ;
 The order of The Garter's not so rare
 As it was once—court not a nation's stare !
 Or if your nether garments still *must* be
 The happy medium 'twixt the toe and knee,
 Prove to the world *how far*, in spite of scorn,
 Breeches..... (excuse me).....breeches *now* are worn !

Oh ! if you knew how easily men tire
 Of what *at every step* they may admire,
 Your gowns a little longer you'd endure,
 With *less* of leg—of understanding *more* !

• • • • •

FITZREYNARD could not on the ringlet gaze,
 But throb'd his heart as oft in happier days ;
 While calmer, purer, better thoughts would thrill
 Warm thro' that breast, fond proofs of feeling still.
 Then ere he went, a golden chain he threw
 Round Laura's neck, and looked his last adieu :
 No word again was spoken.....all can tell
 How eyes they love best look their last farewell.

Three years pass'd on, and these two met again ;
 But oh ! how changed from what they once had been !
 She, in his absence, dreamt of only him—
 Thought's fond perspective—all beyond was dim.
 But mid that gay, that dissipated set,
 Too soon he ceased e'en Laura to regret.
 When they next met, how *calmly* did his eye
 Glance on that form, o'er which he oft would sigh ;
 And when her trembling hand he coldly took,
 Not in the least did his belie that look.
 Meantime her manner how restrain'd—her air
 How alter'd.....oh ! with what *peculiar* care
 She tried to smile thro' grief—and unconcern'd seem there.

Who has not felt the rankling of the heart,
 When fain he'd hide in smiles its thrilling smart ?
 Who has not felt at times the scalding tear
 Float round the eye-ball, but must not appear
 Upon the burning cheek.....the bursting heart to cheer ?

Such, such were Laura's feelings—such the hour
 When Love is felt with overwhelming power.
 Silent as Woman's love is ever kept,
 She sigh'd in secret, and in secret wept.
 Oh ! none can tell that agonizing pain,
 Save those who've lov'd like her—and oh ! have loved in vain !

When that fond hope of Woman—Love—is past,
 As sets yon sun, so sinks her heart at last.
 To them that Hope—the all of feeling here
 Once cherish'd....lost.....say, what hath *earth* to cheer
 Life's waning pilgrimage ?

• • • • •

Woman, when once she loves, nought can controul—
 She loves with *all* her heart, her mind, her soul.
 Her very feeling, thought, and wish are there :
 Once she *may* love thus ; but *such* love is rare,
 And oh ! all other earthly love transcends :
 Through life it lasts, and to the tomb descends.
 Many a bright and beauteous form will fade—
 Dim grows the eye as pensive grows the maid :
 The roses from her cheek are fading now,
 Care's sable wreath surrounds her pallid brow ;
 Her heart, though beating, still is breaking fast ;
 The lily's hue is o'er her features cast :
 Like it she seeks the valley's lonely shade,
 Lest by her look her heart should be betray'd.
 There will she linger, there in silence weep :
 Silent as is thy love, O Woman ! still how deep !

Such feelings cannot last—like evening breeze,
 Her life is gliding 'neath those gloomy trees :
 No more the valley's loved retreat she gains ;
 Her strength is weakness, yet she feels no pains ;
 Patient 'mid all her woes, oh ! who can view
 That wasting form, that eye of waning blue,
 That look so calm, so soft that bosom's sigh,
 Nor mourn that Woman's love, and love like this, should die !

A charm o'er that frail form when slumbering flows,
 Like Angel tasting this world's calm repose :
 Daily those tottering limbs will grow more weak ;
 Strength fails her fast—but lo ! upon that cheek
 The rose again appears, again has bloom'd—
 Pause, pause.....'tis but the first fruits of the tomb :
 Death, ere it plucks such flow'ret from its sphere,
 Gives one long lingering look to those who lov'd it here !
 As fades the rose-bud, blighted ere it bloom'd,
 So sinks thy blighted heart, O Woman, to the tomb !

• • • • •

O Woman ! loveliest, fondest, fairest, best
 Of Earth's creation ! let me here invest
 My numbers with thy name.....
 Thro' this world's wanderings, smiles, remorse, and fears,
 Brightly thy form on Memory's path appears :
 Man's Guardian Angel thou, 'mid every doom :
 His firmest friend in death, disgrace, and gloom :
 His only comfort when life's pleasures fail,
 His watchful nurse, when languishing and pale
 Upon his couch he lies.....oh ! then thy care
 Is deepest felt—its fondest proof is there !
 His one companion, faithful to the end,
 Whose every wish but to his welfare tend.
 I've known thee striving with vain hopes and fears—
 Have seen thy smile, and oh ! have felt thy tears ;
 Have view'd thee sinking 'neath life's cankering care,
 Have heard thy sigh when struggling with despair ;

Have met thy glance in Fashion's festal throng,
 Joining the waltz, mazourka, or the song,
 When thy fond heart was breaking..... 'mid applause,
 I've watch'd thy smile, soul-weeping at the cause :
 I've known thee east 'mid this world's treacherous ways,
 Remark'd thy cheek whilst shrinking from its gaze :
 Admired thee oft in Pleasure's gaudy bower,
 And, more than all, in Sorrow's gloomier hour,
 'Mid sympathy and sighs.....who then can hear
 Thy sob—nor thrill beneath thy Woman's tear ?
 I've seen thee swaying hundreds with thy nod,
 Have view'd thee meekly kneeling to thy God !
 In adverse days beheld thee patient, calm,
 Pouring on others' wounds the precious balm
 Thine own most needed.....smiling thro' a tear,
 Thy trust in Him who willeth all things here.
 I've gaz'd on thee as calm in Death's cold mien
 As when in sleep thy slumbering form was seen :
 Have stood beside thee on the bed of death,
 Thy soul yet lingering to resign its breath
 To Him who gave it..... Ah ! that awful scene
 Recalling *now* the all that thou hast *been*.
 Thy fondly cherish'd love for ever o'er,
 Leaving at heart a feeling, oh ! how sore !
 A throb how hopeless !

• • • • •

And oh ! I've seen thee at the altar stand,
 Plighting in youth thy faith, thy heart, thy hand
 To man's allegiance, when he vow'd to be
 For life the kindest of the kind to thee !
 To love, to cherish, and protect thee thro'
 Thy earthly wanderings, faithful, fond, and true—
 Then leaving thee—how lovely ! how forlorn !
 Thy life to insult, and thy love to scorn !

Such, Woman ! art thou—such whom Man forsakes ;
 Whose spirit broken, but the more he breaks ;
 Whose heart from all *his* failings seldom flies,
 Whose love, *when* cherish'd, never, *never* dies !
 Such, Woman, is thy fate—still, still in thee
 Man's fairest, fondest, *firmest* friend I see !
 An earthly Saviour thou to him art given,
 His fond *hope* here—nay more—his *guide* to Heaven !

• • • • •

Oh ! there were moments when FITZRYNARD's soul
 Life's every throb and feature would controul ;
 When every feeling of the mind seem'd wrought,
 Intently fixed, on *one* mysterious thought.
 So deep that thought his features would absorb,
 Those eyes seem'd soldered in their glassy orb ;
 Those lips seem'd closed for ever—o'er that face
 Nought but a marble sternness could you trace.
 Then every eye that gaz'd on him would pause,
 And, shuddering, seek in silence for the cause.

But who could tell the mystic throb within.....
Grief, fear, or passion, hate, remorse, or sin?
Whate'er it was, one moment it would last,
One moment linger'd, and the next was past.

• • • • •

So fled that darken'd aspect.....o'er that brow
Far brighter beams of feeling sparkle now.
Forth from that eye flash more than wonted fire,
Hope, joy, contentment, love, peace, fame's desire.
But oh! when those exciting thoughts had spread
Like gloom and sunshine o'er his brow, and fled;
When that dark dreary vision had pass'd on,
And that fleet flashing meteor too was gone;
When that pure stream of soften'd light that play'd
Around him oft—extremes of feeling sway'd:
'Twas then the twilight of the mind would steal;
'Twas then the eye gave proof that it could feel:
Then shone that soul like glow-worm's lamp at night;
Then beam'd that brow like moonbeam's soothing light;
Then, then from all contending passions free,
Tranquil his bark sail'd o'er life's fitful sea.

• • • • •

Upon a sofa lay a sleeping child,
Angel in mien, and as an Angel mild;
Soft were its slumbers, and it seem'd to be
The petrel floating o'er life's stormy sea—
Calm amid Nature's passions.....there it lay,
Sun-beam of Peace beside Thought's treacherous ray.

• • • • •

He turn'd—but, gracious Powers! what met his gaze—
What form was that—fond shadow of past days?
One moment gaz'd he as it nearer came,
One look sufficed—it was, it was the same!
That face, the smile, the eye, and oh! the look—
That figure.....more his bosom could not brook.
With bursting heart, with feelings nought could quell,
“Laura!”—he cried—and ere it ceased he fell:
He spoke not, breathed not, moved not from the place
Where he had fall'n.—On that now pale face
The mark of Death seem'd gathering—stern Despair
Was hovering o'er those features once so fair:
Striking the contrast, darker even now
Those clustering locks fell o'er that pallid brow.
His hour was not arrived—life still remain'd,
Though intellect no longer he retain'd:
Assistance came and bore him to his bed,
Convulsious follow'd, and his reason fled.
Dreadful to watch the progress of the fit.....
One moment frantic—then he'd calmly sit,
And talk of Laura, as in happier hours
She wreath'd for him Hope's earliest, fondest flowers.
Thus he remain'd for months.....no change took place
'That eye could witness, or that ear could trace.

• • • • •

It was the song he'd loved in happier times
 Now falling on his ear like evening chimes,
 Thro' the dim, distant twilight of the mind,
 Touching the chord round which those notes entwined:
 He started—paus'd—then listen'd—linger'd o'er
 The song he'd heard so oft with joy before
 From other lips, less rural, but more sweet;
 One moment pass'd—the Maniac's on his feet,
 Maniac no longer !.....

Feelings long dormant o'er his mem'ry crept,
 Those notes restored his reason, and he wept;
 Fearful, yet fast, upon his burning cheek
 Tears fell—he tried, but tried in vain to speak.
 Oh! 'twas heart-rending then to view the strife
 Struggling within 'twixt dark Despair and Life.

But grown more calm, his eye one moment gleam'd,
 His soul one moment o'er that pale brow beam'd,
 On trembling knee before his God he knelt,
 With quivering lip, thus, thus he pray'd—he felt.

Then paus'd, one moment lowly bow'd his head,
 "Laura!"—he sigh'd..... FITZREYNARD'S spirit fled!

Dorsetshire.

A NATIVE.

SKETCH OF THE HIBERNIAN TURF: *Alias* A STAGGEEN RACE.

SIR,

I Believe I am not far from the mark in taking it for granted that your entertaining and spirited publication is open to every contribution calculated to sustain the distinction of its being a genuine Sporting Periodical. As an old reader of its enlivening pages I confess myself greatly its debtor: many a pleasant hour have I enjoyed over "the last new Number," in my favorite bower at the extremity of the garden; or by the side of the stream, with the "fool end" (as Dean Swift would say) of my fishing-rod stuck in the earth; or in my lofty cane-backed chair before the genial hearth: and if I have not so often as others thrown in my humble mite towards the monthly quantum

scattered over the world, believe me it has proceeded from no want of inclination to aid the mutual cause, or a lack of gratitude to those out-and-out Correspondents, whose facetious wits have brought on many a twinge in my swaddled extremities, by making me the animated picture of "Laughter holding both his sides."

But to my subject—The Irish, Mr. Editor, are a race of people *sui generis*. I know of none, indeed, on the face of the globe so prominently distinguished for their national attributes and lively characteristics. By the former I mean to be understood as referring to that warm-hearted philanthropy and boundless hospitality which are the eulogy of every

traveller, and the cementing bond of many a friendship. Their peculiarities of manner and sentiment, ludicrous as they are—and at which none laugh more heartily than themselves—where is the man who would not speak of them with complacency—smile indulgently on their foibles—and willingly find a liberal apology for their less venial errors?

I am not, however, going to explore the dark regions of Erin's political ills—would I could impart a perennial sunshine to its scowling horizon!—but I am about to relate one of those mirth-inciting scenes so often mingled with the hilarious moments of the natives, and which seldom fail to communicate their joyous influence to everybody else who may happen to witness or hear of them.

The scene is a Race Course—the prize a saddle. The incidents will be gathered from the following portraiture by one of their own artists.

The spot selected for the occasion was the shore of a small bay, which was composed of a fine hard sand that afforded a very fair and level course for the horses. At the farther end was a lofty pole, on the top of which was suspended by the stirrup a new saddle, the destined guerdon of the conqueror. A red handkerchief stripped from the neck of Dan Hourigan, the house-carpenter, was hoisted over-head, and a crowd of country people, dressed, notwithstanding the fineness of the day, in their heavy frieze great-coats, stood round the winning-post, each faction being resolved to see justice done to its own representative in the match. A number of tents, com-

posed of old sheets, bags, and blankets, with a pole at the entrance, and a sheaf of reed, a broken bottle, or a sod of turf erected for a sign, were discernible among the multitude that thronged the side of the little rising ground before mentioned. High above the rest Mick Normile's sign-board waved in the rising wind. Busy was the look of that lean old man as he bustled to and fro among his pigs, kegs, mugs, pots, and porringers. A motley mass of felt hats, white muslin caps and ribands, scarlet cloaks, and blue riding jocks, filled up the spaces between the tents, and moved in a continual series of involutions, whirls, and eddies, like those which are observable on the surface of a fountain newly filled. The horses were to start from the end of the bay opposite to the winning post, go round Mick Normile's tent, and the cowl on the hill side, and, returning to the place whence they came, run straight along the strand for the saddle. This was to be the victor's prize. The *solatio victo* were to be had at the rate of four-pence per tumbler at Mick Normile's tent.

The following insight into the characters of the heroes of the reins, and of the secret machinery of intrigue which was expected to interfere with the fair dealing of the day, was thus communicated by one of a visiting party, as the rural equestrians passed by.

The first whom you see advancing, on that poor half-starved black mare with the great lump on her knee, and the hay-rope for a saddle-girth, is Jerry Dooley, our village nailer, famed alike for his dexterity in shaping the

heads of his brads and demolishing those of his acquaintances. Renowned in war is Jerry, I can tell you—Gurtenaspig and Derrygortnacloghy re-echo with his fame. Next to him, on that spavined grey horse, rides John O'Reilly, our blacksmith, not less esteemed in arms, or rather in cudgels. Not silent are the walks of Garryowen on the deeds of John O'Reilly, and the bogs of Ballinvoric quake when his name is mentioned. A strength of arm, the result of their habitual occupation, has rendered both these heroes formidable among the belligerent factions of the village; but the nailer is allowed a precedence. He is the great Achilles, O'Reilly the Talemón Ajax of the neighbourhood: and, to follow up my Homeric parallels, close behind him on that long-backed, ungroomed creature, with the unnameable colour, rides the crafty Ulysses of the assemblage, Dan Hogan, the process-server. You may read something of his vocation in the sidelong glance of his eye, and in the paltry deprecating air of his whole demeanour. He starts as if afraid of a blow whenever any one addresses him. As he is going to be married to Dooley's sister, it is apprehended by the O'Reillys that he will attempt to cross the blacksmith's mare; but the smoky Achilles, who gets drunk with him every Saturday night, has a full reliance on his friendship. Whether, however, Cupid or Bacchus will have the more powerful influence upon the process-server, is a question that I believe yet remains a mystery even to himself; and I suspect he will adopt the neutral part of doing all he

can to win the saddle for himself. The two who ride abreast behind Hogan are mountaineers, of whose motives or intentions I am not aware. The sixth and last is Lowry Looby. He is the only romantic individual of the match. He rides for love; and it is to the chatty disposition of the lady of his affections, our own housemaid, that I am indebted for all this information.

The signal being at length given, after a hundred shouts of "clear the coorse!" the six horsemen started in good order, and with more zeal and eagerness in their faces than was to be found in the limbs of the animals which they bestrode. For a few moments the strife seemed doubtful, and victory hovered, with an indecisive wing, now over one helmet, and now over another. The crowd of spectators, huddling together on a heap, with faces that glowed and eyes that sparkled with intense interest, encouraged the riders with shouts and exclamations of hoarse and vehement applause. "Success! success, Jerry!"—"It's done; a half-pint wit you Dan Hogan wins!"—"I depend my life upon John O'Reilly."—"Give her a loose, Lowry:" and other expressions of a similar nature.

But ere they again came round the winning-post, the position of the horses was altered. O'Reilly rode in front, lashing his horse in the flank with as much force as if he were pounding on his own anvil. Dooley, the nailer, came close behind, drubbing his black mare's lean ribs with the calves of his legs, as if designing to beat the poor beast out of the last remnant of her wind. The others followed, lashing their

horses and one another, each abusing his neighbour in the grossest terms—all except Loory Looby, who prudently kept out of harm's way, keeping a loose in his hand, and giving the hair-cutter's mare the advantage of what jockeys term a *sob*, a relief, indeed, of which the poor creature stood in the utmost need. He was thus prepared to profit by the accident which followed.

The blacksmith's grey horse started at a heap of sea-weed, and suffered the nailer's mare to come down like a thunder-bolt upon his haunches. Both steeds fell, and the process-server, who rode on their heels, falling foul of them as they laid kicking on the sand, was compelled to share in their prostration. This accident produced among the fallen heroes a series of kicks and bruises, in which the horses were not idle. O'Reilly, clenching his hand, hit the nailer a straight-forward blow between the eyes, which so effectually interfered with the exercise of those organs, that he returned the favour with a powerful thrust in the abdomen of his own prostrate steed. For this good office he was rewarded by the indignant quadruped with a kick over the right ear, which made it unnecessary to inflict a second; and the quarrel remained between the process-server and blacksmith, who pommelled one another as if they were pounding flax, and with as much satisfaction as if they had never got drunk together in their lives. They were at length separated, and borne from the ground all covered with blood and sand, while their horses with much difficulty were

set upright on their legs, and led off to the neighbouring slope.

In the meantime Lowry Looby was observed returning from the winning-post, under the protection of Mr. Cregan, with the saddle torn to fritters between his hands, and his person exhibiting tokens of severe ill-usage. He had contrived to outstrip the mountaineers, and obtained the prize; but the adverse factions, irritated at beholding their laurels flourishing on a stranger's brow, had collected around, and dragged him from his horse, alleging that it was an unfair heat, and that there should be a second trial. Mr. Cregan, however, with some exertion succeeded in rescuing Lowry from their hands; but not until every man in the crowd had *put a mark upon him*, by which he might be easily distinguished at any future meeting.

Shade of immortal Wilkie! how would thy graphic pencil have portrayed the scene which is now so vividly revelling on my delighted imagination! The prostrated groupe—the terrified victor, half alive, half defunct—the battered saddle—and the motley multitude—what a subject for the canvas and the burin! If it were possible to give a pictorial illustration to what has been thus attempted by the pen, I will venture to predict that such an embellishment to the *Sporting Magazine* would confer a popularity more lasting than all the dogs and fishes (admirable as they are described) that have appeared in your pages for the last seven years.

SEXAGENARIAN.

Sept. 28, 1831.

VOL. IV.—SECOND SERIES.—No. 20.

L

ADVENTURES OF A PARTY DEER SHOOTING.

SIR,

IF you think the following imperfect sketch and desultory remarks, drawn up after a pleasant ramble into Spain with an intent to kill deer or wild-boar, worthy a place in the *Sporting Magazine*, they are at your service: on a future occasion I may forward some observations on goose-shooting in Cape Breton, North America. I am no shot, but fond of the dog and gun, and of the manly and active exercise necessarily exerted by the individual who brushes the dew from the heath, scours the plain, beats covert, or tramps the swamps in pursuit of game. That man is not possessed of the genuine spirit of a sportsman who would kill game in a civilized age or country for the mere purposes of the pot or eating.

The difficulties, privations, and even hazard to life of the following up and destroying wild animals, and the great dexterity and strength often required in the use of the fatal weapons, constitute the principal source of pleasure to the sportsman when the labours of the day are crowned with success. The reflection that the bird or quadruped is good for food doubtless adds to the happiness of the hunter; but the satisfaction or pleasure thus derived is trivial if he is a thorough true sportsman. The case is widely different among savage nations, ranging untrammelled in their native wilds, the very continuance of life among them, in fact, hanging on the chase; and their amazing adroitness in the use of rude implements of destruction

Garrison of Gibraltar, August 30, 1831.

is a frequent cause of wonder to the traveller of the desert.

As both deer and wild-boar had frequently been killed here before by Gentlemen from the Garrison, and by indifferent shots too, we sallied forth fully equipped on the evening of the 29th of March 1830, with the full intention of making a number of the above quadrupeds *bite the dust* before the sun had revolved another day over their lairs, more especially as the double detonators of Wesley Richards glittered in the train. My double John Manton was brushing up at Paton's; but I had a single Johnston from St. James's Street, which I knew from experience would hit efficiently if properly directed by the man at the helm. As the shades of the first night approached we reached the second venta (a Spanish country inn or wine-house), nine miles from Landpart Guard. This venta is romantically situated on the skirts of the Cork Wood, along the meandering banks of the river Guadarangue, or First River.

It will be necessary to notice here a young man, the mainstay of our party, John —, a native of the Garrison, a half Spaniard, although of Genoese origin. Some days previously to our excursion he undertook the important task of providing food and drink, and of having posted in readiness on the 30th, in a certain district of the country (near a covert destined for the first scene of our movements), the men and dogs, the chief sinews in deer and boar shooting. John

was an original. Suppose a sharp, spare but muscular, very active person, of about 5 feet 6½ or 7 inches, a very keen man for the dog and gun, a man whose countenance becomes illumined, and eyes prominent, piercing, and sparkling, as he moves slowly on game, and who, if he missed his bird, would prance and beat his forehead with the palm of his hand. Such was John, and such was the enthusiasm with which he was impressed.

After being fairly housed at the venta, the first object of attraction was the result of cookery, that is, seven or eight large domestic fowls roasted, and laid out on a tray (the brown tinge of roasting was hit to a nicety); mountains of brown Spanish loaves, packed up in hampers and sacks; pork (this by-the-bye was rather white and suety), herons, corned beef, mutton (raw and roasted), rice, salt, &c. These were the substantials. The luxuries were, sugar, wine, brandy, cigars, &c. &c. It is worthy of notice that the wine differed in quality—a good sort in a cask for the egregarious portion of the party, or the Gentlemen; an inferior kind in a huge skin, for the gregarious folks, the *canaille*. It struck me that all these preparations savoured more of good eating and drinking than a heart-felt desire to slay wild animals. About nine o'clock we sat down in good earnest to an excellent supper, by way of fortifying ourselves for next day's fagging. Besides animal food in plenty, the table groaned under wooden trenchers full of eggs and potatoes; and, after the cloth was removed, salads and other delicacies were handed up.

After supper we all felt pretty comfortable, but we looked as if there was something still wanting: accordingly an immense bowl soon graced the centre of the table; a lapful of delicious lemons from the nearest tree, sugar, and a bottle of brandy followed, and by a little adjustment of spirit, acid, peel, sweets, and water, we were soon in possession of a bulky and most delectable bowl of cold punch. On this side the grave the happiness of man is short-lived; for just as we had tasted the fascinating beverage, a Gentleman of our party—a tall, supple, active Fusilier, with blue eyes, overturned, by some mistake or other, a large brass Spanish lamp, when a pint of stinking oil floated *instantly* on the surface of the generous liquor. This accident, on such an occasion, would have put the patience of Job to a trial; but an individual of the party, to the astonishment of every one present, with perfect apathy remarked, "I am glad of it; for, had we drunk all the punch, our heads would have suffered to-morrow, which would have been against the chase." This speech conveyed caution and prudence, said to be characteristic of his country—for he came far North, was a hardy stout-made man, a Fusilier, standing 5 feet 9 inches, with a fine eye in his head, and would submit to any privation with his dog and gun. He roughed it well to, and could eat anything. What happiness would have reigned in the breasts of the rest of the party had the arguments of this North Briton convinced them that the punch was quite unnecessary, and that the mixture of fetid lamp oil with it

was an event of no moment whatever! Their opinions and view regarding the sorrowful accident were widely different: they thought *viva voce* that the reasoning of our Northern friend was the most preposterous nonsense they had heard for a long time. "Zounds," continued they, "do you imagine that a bowl of punch that will not run above two or three ordinary tumblers a man can give a head-ache to people engaged in arduous exercises? If it does, they must be hot-bed plants, or men of straw!"

I never can forget the disappointment, approaching to grief, the loss of the punch caused to a brave soul of the party. He was an immense brawny grenadier from the Welsh mountains, a man whose very weight on the field of battle would tell sorely against the enemy. If there is war, he will fight with a regiment whose banners are already decked with laurel. This Gentleman's countenance is the index to goodness of heart, unruffled temper, and a constant flow of humour. The loss of the punch, however, discovered in him a temporary burst of passion, but his former serenity was soon restored.

The disaster attending the punch was likewise felt acutely by another Gentleman, a native of Hibernia. He was a warm-hearted, friendly, active, middle-aged man, of some standing in the army, as sharp as a flint; his present corps fought bravely at Gibraltar and Seringapatam. Such was his knowledge of the art of cookery, that, instead of "roughing it," we fed like Princes. It would have puzzled Kitchener to have imitated his

Irish stews; and anything in the way of moistening the clay, or mortal part of our constitution, as sangaree, punch, negus, down to humble lemonade, he could hit to a tittle. It was now too late to brew another bowl, so the majority of us swallowed the disappointment in a glass of brandy and water.

We next turned our thoughts to sleep: straw was placed on the floor; over this were spread blankets, evidently requiring washing; the sheets were, however, clean. One of the Gentlemen preferred sleeping on three chairs. This warrior was a Fusilier from Wales, a man standing 5 feet 9 inches, possessing great muscular strength with symmetry of figure, as active as a roebuck, and capable of enduring any fatigue; was the best shot of the party, and has often floored his bird in the East Indies. He and the two other Fusiliers—viz. the spiller of the oil, and the man of the North—were fast asleep in a few minutes. A worse fate, however, attended the grenadier and myself; for just as we were about to fall into the arms of Morpheus, those pests of society—fleas—began their well-directed attacks. We tossed and turned all night; the snoring of our sleeping companions, and the rustling of the grenadier in the straw, turning every moment from the right side to the left, and from the left to the right, mingled occasionally with the oath, "d—n the fleas," was all that met the ear. The sharp son of Mars, the cook, slept in a room below, and likewise fought hard with the fleas. Under these trying and biting circumstances day-light was a wel-

come and much wished for visitor.

By dawn of day, before leaving the venta to take the hills, we naturally wanted a little tea and bread; but one may as well speak to wooden posts as to the landlord and servants of a much-frequented venta at an early hour. It is a common thing for fifty asses, or mules, with half the number of Spaniards, to put up for the night at this said venta. The innkeeper and chief domestic were of the shooting party, and too much engaged to light fires and boil kettles: we, therefore, set-to, made a charcoal fire, and had tea in a few minutes. A Gentleman who will not work like a coal-heaver, eat anything, sleep anywhere, need not shoot in Spain. A Spaniard mentally is a very independent character: he may be led, but not easily driven; accordingly it requires a knack to make him work or assist you. They very naturally dislike the overbearing haughtiness and vanity of British travellers in general; and pray who would not? Our provender and other necessities being arranged on the back of a mule, we bent our course towards a chasm or gap in the hills, north-west of the First River, leaving the Cork Wood on our right. As we travelled on the gentle slope of the hills along the banks of a rill, we lost sight of the muleteer, who had missed his way in a clump of trees. Ferdinando was despatched to bring him up—as going into the interior of a hilly district without provision for man and dogs would have been madness in the extreme. We stretched ourselves on the grass by

the edge of the brook, when the Fusilier (the three-chair sleeper) commenced a work of carnage seldom witnessed even by old soldiers. Soon after leaving his bed he experienced a stinging sensation over his whole frame; he *smelt a rat*, and instantly stripped to the buff, and put to death, in our presence, fifty fat overgrown fleas, averring, on slaughtering the fiftieth flea, that at least thirty stout active animals of the same family got clear off.

After this efficient warfare the Fusilier felt comfortable; and the mule having arrived, we all passed the gap of the mountain, losing sight of the Bay and Rock of Gibraltar. On continuing our route we cleared the thicket of wood, when an extensive plain, surrounded by hills, opened to view. By the intersection of the hills many beautiful valleys were formed, clothed with wood: these glens were the shade or retreat of the deer and wild-boar. The surface of the plain was studded with clumps of trees, flowering shrubs, and plants, interspersed with streamlets, affording ample scope for botanical study. Looking down on the picturesque landscape, we thought it could not easily be surpassed, more especially as it was moulded by the hands of Nature. On descending towards this romantic level, which composed the area of an extensive amphitheatre, we reached a thicket of trees and brushwood, the spot fixed upon as the place of rendezvous for the hunters. It was now near nine o'clock: in a short time eight or nine rough-looking Spaniards, with nine or ten dogs, arrived from different quarters, men

who knew every nook and cranny of the surrounding country, and the haunts of the deer and wild-boar. I imagined, from the lateness of the hour, they had breakfasted, but was quite out of my reckoning; for after the party had all come up, instead of beginning the important business of the chase, they made a dead stand, and without the least ceremony stripped the mule of all the stomach provender and other moveables, and turned it to graze; and by means of steel, flint, and tinder, a blazing fire in a few seconds was at their service. We Gentlemen cooked the more delicate kinds of food; the coarser, but most substantial, was reserved for the hungry Spaniards—although we had to guard our stock of wine and prog, as an evident attraction existed between them and the hands and jaws of our Spanish sportsmen. The gallant and brawny Welshman at this feast lost a number of fine cigars, which theft elicited from him a few hearty curses; notwithstanding, the cigars did not again come to light. After solids commonly follow fluids; so the Spanish hunters, after filling their bellies, managed with tolerable facility to effect a shrinking, or a few wrinkles in the skin of wine.

Being thus fortified, and the mule reloaded, we directed our course north-westerly, through a pass in the hills, along a winding and very irregular foot-path, and reached the face of a declivity which overlooked a ravine filled with wood, exhibiting the richest verdure of spring. This thicket was destined to form the scene of the first essay of our sanguinary pastime. Each Spaniard had a gun of his country. The

British sometimes turn up their noses at the Spanish fowling-piece: notwithstanding their sneers, however, the barrel is generally a bit of good stuff, and from the strength of the lock, main-spring, and fluted face of the hammer, the Spanish fire-lock seldom gives a miss-fire, even with an indifferent flint. The detonating system is liked by the Spaniards, and is in pretty general use.

We all now assembled in a group, in order to make the arrangements necessary in forming the *batido*, or party employed with dogs in beating covert; and as two of our Gentlemen understood the Spanish language the intended movements were of course made known to every one.

Accordingly about six Spaniards and all the dogs were selected for this important duty; and a leading man of the remaining Spaniards pointed out to the beating party the extent and boundaries of the thicket to be scoured, and the intended line of posts or stations along the margin of the covert to be occupied by each person, armed, and lying in wait or ambush for the deer or boar. The posts fixed upon were always near the path or track followed by these wild animals.

The placing of each man at his station was a work of ceremony and explanation. The men of the *batido* rested at the margin of the covert with the dogs, when the principal Spaniard of the foraging party began to place each of us at our post, exactly like sentries. The distances between each station varied from 100 to 500 yards, according to the nature of the ground or

position of the covert. This chief, from former experience, likewise, in due form, pointed out to each of the foraging party the course, or path, the deer or boar would take, if they happened to pass any particular station; and strict cautions were at the same time given to each sentry not to fire in a direction that might endanger the life of his brother sportsman on either side of his post. On a reasonable time being allowed for placing every man at his station, the men and dogs eagerly entered the skirts of the covert, opposite to the line of stations occupied by the shooting party; and, separating at various distances from each other, formed a curved line, and beat covert in a direction facing obliquely the posts of the respective armed sentries.

The hills and dales soon resounded with the clamour of the dogs and men. Although at first it seemed insipid pastime to be fastened to a spot like a post, still when the sound of the men and dogs approached, and ascended from the valley below, a pleasurable kind of excitement was kept up in the mind, from the impression that a deer or boar might in a moment pass close to our post. One barrel (double-guns) was loaded with buck-shot, the other with ball; the single pieces with ball. After the lapse of nearly an hour the beating party began to emerge at different points along the edge of the thicket, their time of appearing varying according to the nature and extent of covert to be searched. From the oblique course the beaters took through the wood, they made their egress one after the other on the mar-

gin of the covert; the first man coming out near the sentry first posted, whom having joined they marched together along the line of stations, and the other beaters making their exit from the covert in succession — thus gradually picking up and re-assembling each individual of the foraging party; and before this was effected the extreme wing of the beating party had time sufficient to scour the furthestmost point of the covert before the general muster of men and dogs was accomplished.

Not having had a shot at, or even seeing, a boar or a deer in this our first sally, added a fresh spur to our exertions. We all assembled, and moving along on the face of a hill we soon looked down upon a ravine, which surpassed the first in the beauty of the landscape and the chequered hues of the foliage. Rugged rocks and a purling stream occupied the bottom. A second council of war was held, when the thicket to be beaten and the course to be pursued by the *batido* being decided on, each man with his firelock was fixed at his post, and strict injunctions, as before, given relating to the plan of action. The joyful report of a musket in the wood soon mingled with the multifarious sounds of men and dogs. This made every one alert on his station, and encouraged the hope that the sun, before dipping in the horizon, would scatter his rays on the carcase of a fine buck or boar. A second shot soon echoed from the faces of the surrounding hills, and again afforded sweet music to the sportsman's ear. Our expectations were, however, not realized; for after the lapse

of above an hour we were mustered the third time; and learned from the beaters that a boar had scampered past them in the brushwood, and that two balls were despatched after him, but without turning a bristle. After a romantic and circuitous route, two or three other ravines became alternately the theatre of action, each of them displaying diversity in the blooming productions of the vegetable kingdom. In the middle of one of these glens a shot was heard. In this instance a dog was mistaken for a hog, and severely wounded. On beating the covert in the last ravine, all our prospects of killing a deer or boar the first day vanished with the setting sun. From the winding course taken on first starting in the morning, we found ourselves by the end of the day's labour at the western extremity of the extensive and picturesque plain, at the eastern corner of which the party first assembled and breakfasted. Towards the south-west border of this verdant level a hut was situated, fabricated of mud, turf, and stones: to this we bent our steps, and, on entering, the inmates made all of us welcome for the night. The fire was placed in the middle of a clay floor, and the smoke escaped by a hole in the roof.

We had ample opportunities during the day of marking the manner, actions, and sayings of our Spanish hunting associates. Most of them were fine men, but one individual, old, lazy, and rather rotten at heart, whose mental and corporeal faculties not being cast in a common mould, must be here taken notice of. The personage alluded to was a tall, lank, withered, tawny man,

standing full 6 feet 2 inches, shewing a face haggard, pendulous, and furrowed: the bones cut a conspicuous figure in his physiognomy and corporation generally: his legs were of the same thickness from the ankles to the knees, the dimensions being only a little thicker than a walking stick; and what made our party laugh most heartily was, that these emaciated natural supporters were enveloped in a pair of leather leggings as large as a sack: and, from the legs and leggings seeming to the eye to be made throughout of the same material, we unanimously and *viva voce* dubbed with the name of *Leather-legs*. From the cut of his jib at first sight it was anticipated by us all that his jaws, when opportunity offered, would commit unusual violence and havoc on our prog and drinkables. On the cooking being finished, he set to with the other Spaniards, when our suspicions as to his voracity were completely realised, and to a most extraordinary degree; and, what is curious, he appeared vastly surprised, and even grumbled, when we told him that had his work in the woods been at all commensurate to his eating and drinking, we might have killed both deer and boar. After these hints he sat sullen for some time: he was soon observed, however, to move his spindle-shanked person alongside the skin of wine, and having untied the throat-string, he with amazing facility and address took at least six copious gulps. After such good eating and drinking, as might be supposed, he became good-humored and even facetious, being literally, as Gil Blas would say, filled to the tongue.

The host was a quiet, good-natured countryman, a grazing farmer, and possessed about twenty-five milch cows: the old lady had four or five children; the eldest son married to a spruce cheerful young woman, who dandled in her arms a child: both father and son had their hair formed into a *queue*. Opposite the door was situated an oven made of stone and brick. The clay floor was our bed, although the hostess kindly supplied most of us Gentlemen with a blanket or mat. I stretched my limbs on the firm earth, drawing together a heap of greasy Spanish leggings for a pillow. Almost every inch of the floor of the hut around us was covered with bipeds and quadrupeds. In such a state we enjoyed sleep, the fruit of exercise, and not to be purchased by Emperors or Kings!

By six o'clock next morning the hunters advised us to try a winding covert immediately behind the hut. Accordingly we set off and ascended the hills to the southward. The Grenadier was posted on my left; the original character, John, on the right. Soon after taking our stations, the former, in a smothered voice, called out to me, "Look out!" Directing my eyes to the ridges of the hills, two deer were seen bounding into the vale below in a direction towards us, and at every spring shewing the white tuft of the tail. One of them evaded the dogs, and got back into covert; the other moved forward, and would have passed John obliquely, offering a shot probably at forty or fifty yards: but John's eyes, from mental anxiety or over-keenness, were

likely more protuberant and muddy than usual, because he firmly believed the deer was going farther from him, and not passing in a line approaching his post in a slanting direction; so John, without much consideration, let fly the contents of both barrels at the distance of 120 or 130 yards. One ball raised the dust at the animal's feet. This was so far meritorious in John; but, on our return to the hut to breakfast, we all roasted him severely for not judging more correctly of the course pursued by an animal running so close to his person. John was a fair shot, and would in all likelihood have *floored* the deer had he waited a few seconds. The son of Mars, of cooking celebrity, had a sumptuous breakfast prepared for us on our return to the hut. A large copper filled with smoking tea, rendered delicious by fine cream, hung over the fire, and this we conveyed to our lips by means of wooden ladles, spoons, and drinking-horns: good bread, butter, and cold meat completed the repast. We might have drunk milk to the *mast-head*. On leaving the hut to renew the much-wished-for attack, *Leather-legs* was discovered making a dead stand at a leg of mutton, with which he would have walked off, had not the sharp Gentleman last alluded to frustrated his base designs. We had now seen enough of this said *Leather-legs* to convince all of us that he was a despicable rapacious scoundrel, and had pushed himself into the party for the sole purposes of thieving, eating, and drinking.

We now marched in a westerly direction, and soon had to

face a steep hill. The sun was now pretty hot, and the ascent, therefore, rather tough work, more especially after such copious libations of tea and milk. Although I may be accused of egotism, I beg to state, that if the glorious pastime of shooting is persevered in for days together, there is nothing better in the morning than two, three, or four cups of tea or coffee — solids being small in bulk, but efficient in nourishment, as a mutton-chop or a beef-steak, with a due *quantum* of the staff of life, *alias* bread. After a little fagging we were posted along the declivity of a hill facing the north, and overlooking a long and winding ravine, the covert of which took the Spaniards and dogs nearly three hours to beat. They knew the ground well, and all their movements were dictated by former experience. We people on guard, living in a state of hope, heard a few shots in the thicket, but no wild beast approached our posts, although our firelocks were in prime order. On re-assembling, and moving towards the north-west, we had soon under our eye a pretty extensive covert occupying a romantic plain with winding streamlets intersected in every direction; and on viewing the rugged overhanging rocks of the encircling hills, sublimity was conveyed to the mind. A heavy shower of rain now overtook our party. I got under the shelve of a rock along with the nimble Fusilier, the *oil-spiller*, when we partook of a little brandy by way of keeping out the wet. The rest of the company took to the thicket, which we likewise soon afterwards entered, and found that all

our fighting friends had left for the hut, having dropped all idea of beating more covert, from the want of success heretofore experienced. Being of the same opinion I trudged along with the supple Fusilier, who took immense strides, and arrived at the hut at half-past 3 P.M., where we found the Gentlemen washing their fowling-pieces, and preparations making for a superb Irish stew.

The party being thus broken up, and not relishing a second trial of last night's bed, I took my leave at four o'clock, after fortifying myself with excellent corned beef, and arrived at Campomenta at 9 P.M., when after quaffing off a bottle of porter at Ricano's, a comfortable bed waited my pleasure. Campomenta is a village on the northern border of the Bay, three miles from Gibraltar, and from twelve to fifteen from the scene of the deer hunting.

We learned afterwards from the Spaniards that both deer and boar were seen in the covert last entered, and that, had the Gentlemen remained with their detonators, blood might have been spilled to some account, as from the wet the flint guns snapped. As we were out we certainly ought to have jogged to sunset, more especially as the day cleared up.

With the exception of *Leather-legs* the Spanish hunters seemed to be well disposed, the peasantry civil, and exhibiting an air of manliness and independence. There is a something not easily to be described in the Spanish peasant; his very attitude and clothing are in character: there must be a tincture of the Ro-

man in his constitution ; but just as his intellect begins to expand and discover itself, it is grappled by the fetters of his country. I trust better days are approaching. The lower orders are no doubt fond of stabbing, as John Bull is of bruising ; but there is no great harm in this, as it is the custom of the country ; and the Spaniard, by rolling round the left arm his huge snuff-colored cloak, can as effectually ward off a thrust or stroke of the knife as John would a *claret-yielding facer* ; and, seriously speaking, I doubt much whether the use of the knife or the fisty-cuff system has done most mischief to mankind.

If another party is formed, the following suggestions, by way of improvement upon the above excursion, are humbly offered. First, the party must not be got up on such a sudden as was the case in the above instance ; the character of the men intended for the *batido* must be investigated as to their faith or trustworthiness, as instances have occurred of both deer and boar having been seen by designing beaters, who concealed the fact, and made no attempt to drive the animals towards the firing

party, but went privately afterwards and shot them to answer their own selfish purposes. Particular inquiries must be likewise made as to the knowledge each individual has of the deer-ground, and of his being conversant with this species of sport. Secondly, the *batido* should have been composed of twelve men and twenty dogs, and the firing party of at least fifteen men. Thirdly, the field should be taken by the end of February or beginning of March.

In conclusion, I must observe, that although we failed in 'spilling blood in the above ramble after deer, will any one from this have the boldness to affirm that we experienced no enjoyment? Do ravines and plains clothed in all the verdure and luxuriance of spring and summer, and intersected by myriads of purling streams, possess no source of attraction? Such delightful and animating scenes, shedding health on both body and mind, were continually under our view both days, amply repaying us for not drawing a trigger. On witnessing the beauty and fertility of the earth's surface, man naturally ruminates on the goodness of the Great Author of the Universe. N.

YARE ON WINDSUCKING AND WEAVING.

WE are sorry that a press of matter prevents us from giving an article in full under the above head, as we received it from Mr. YARE, who has already favored us with several communications on the "Vicious Habits and Propensities of Horses:" but his praiseworthy devotion to the cause of humanity, in his endeavour to prevent the sufferings of

our favorite animal by the cruel treatment to which he is too often subjected, has induced him to recapitulate many of his former observations, by way of enforcing his argument—"that vices are to be cured by kindness rather than by coercion:" and as we think it unnecessary to repeat these arguments, however strong, we shall proceed at once to the

causes of these bad habits, and to his remedy for their prevention.

In the whole catalogue of evils to which the horse is liable (says Mr. Yare) there is none more distressing to his attendant, or injurious to himself, than that habit which forms the subject of the present paper. Many of your readers have no doubt seen a horse in the stable curving his neck and raising his head, at the same time making a sniffling noise; whilst another presses his chin or teeth on the top of the manger (without any attempt to bite), drawing air into his stomach, and making a similar noise to that of crib-biting. This is Windsucking, and is practised not only when standing or lying, but sometimes even in walking exercise — producing in either case the same consequences as crib-biting; namely, flatulence, cholic, indigestion, debility, and an impaired stamina: and though he may be used, and useful, for the common purposes to which horseflesh is put, yet he will always be found to fail when increased exertion is required.

The windsucker (as Mr. Bracy Clark describes the crib-biter) will generally be found to be of an irritable nervous temperament, and may be known by a staring coat, an anxious countenance, and an attenuated frame. As a remedy for this vice, I commence by increasing his exercise. For three hours at least before breakfast I am on his back (weather permitting); and if he sucks his wind in his walking exercise, I ride him with a stable bit, with a small piece of list stitched on each side of the players, which is never out of his mouth, either in or out of the stable, except when feeding.

The slight annoyance caused by this simple plan when in the stable, which is sufficiently evident by his efforts to get rid of it, turns all the animal's attention into another channel, and wind-sucking, which formed his sole amusement at other times, is *neglected*, and he ceases to inhale the air. In the afternoon, exercise again for three or four hours as before; and when the bit is removed for the purpose of feeding, I wash it well in cold water previously to replacing it. After the first fortnight I usually find I can remove the list from the bit, but not before; as by increasing the substance it increases his annoyance, and at the same time, being soft, does no injury to the general structure of the mouth. When the list is removed, I still retain the bit night and day until the animal is accustomed to and suffers no inconvenience from it; and when he stands perfectly quiet I remove it altogether.—The time the bit may be left off varies according to the temper of the animal; but generally I should state that from one to two months is the average time to effect a cure.

Though the horse is thus far cured, I do not mean to assert, that, from changing his owner, the propensity will not occur again. In case it should, it will be necessary to repeat the same discipline.

During the whole of this treatment every care must be paid to the general health of the animal, and extra exercise must never be neglected. In the course of a few days—however mean the condition and appearance of the horse may be—the groom will be agreeably surprised by the rapid improvement this mode of treat-

ment imparts to the condition and health of his charge.

The same course of treatment may be applied successfully to most other habits arising from nervous irritability: and in cases of Weaving I have practised it extensively, and always with good effect.

A horse is said to weave when he is continually moving his head from one side of the stall to the other, at the same time spreading his fore legs widely, shifting the weight of his body first on one, then on the other. This movement, which resembles that of a shuttle in a loom, gives rise to the term *weaving*, and it is a most appropriate one. I never observed any positive injury arise to the animal from an indulgence in this habit, further than that it is most disagreeable in a stall, as every movement produces a rattling in the halter-rings and logs, disturbing other horses, who will sometimes acquire the same habit.

Many horses, especially hunters and those which are highly fed, will begin to weave immediately they see a saddle or bridle put upon another horse, evincing by their motions an anxiety for exercise themselves; and not getting that in the open air, they try to procure as much as they can in the narrow limits of their stall. Tired horses never weave; and those who get exertion enough in a legitimate way are glad to seek rest in their stable, rather than increase their fatigue by continual motion.

The best way to subdue this propensity is to create a counter irritant by the employment of the bit, as in the cases of wind-sucking. The moment a horse, either from long continuance in the stable, or from any other cause,

begins to exhibit symptoms of weaving, one of these bits should be buckled to the headstall, and remain for seven or eight hours a day, except when feeding. This being in itself a sort of exercise will prevent him from following the propensity. Independently of this, the effect it has on digestion is absolutely surprising. A horse of tender and delicate appetite, or one who has been pampered by over-indulgence till he has become nice in his food, will eat heartily and with increased enjoyment after having been on the bit three or four hours; and it is such horses as these that generally imbibe those practices and vices which are among the numerous "curses of good horseflesh."

This simple treatment may perhaps excite a smile with those who have never tried the experiment; but its very simplicity is its best recommendation. Almost every bad habit to which a horse becomes addicted is the result of idleness; to remedy which there is nothing but *exercise and biting effective*. The latter I know is but an auxiliary, but still it is a most important one, and the only succedaneum when plenty of exercise is not to be procured.—It has also this advantage, that it can scarcely be made an instrument of excessive cruelty or torture to the animal.

In conclusion, I have only to add, that exercise is the Alpha and Omega in horse-treatment; and he who combines judgment in carrying this into effect, together with kindness to the animal and attention to his stable discipline, has arrived nearly at the *ne plus ultra* of knowledge in the treatment of vicious propensities.—I am, Sir, &c.

Oct. 28, 1831.

T. R. YARE.

TO A LADY,

WHO HAD RATHER AN ANTIPATHY TO COCK-CHAFERS.

O had I but the power
Of choosing what I'd be,
I'd buz my sportive hour
A Chafer plaguing thee!

First up thy arm I'd creep,
Then o'er thy neck would crawl,
En papillote would sleep,
Mid locks luxuriant sprawl.

I'd hover o'er thy slumber,
No dreaming there should be,
Save chafers without number
All crawling over thee.

When walking, I would flutter
Each moment in thy car;
At tea, mid bread and butter,
My image should appear.

Whilst drinking, ere you'd done
Into the tea I'd slip—
A living proof of one
“Betwixt the cup and lip.”

As oft like Puss you'd linger,
To die not feeling wont,
I'd settle on thy finger,
And softly cry, “Please don't.”

O, Lady, I would never
Far from thy footsteps flee;
But, buzzing round them ever,
Plague no one else but thee!

And seekest thou that Land
Where all is bright to view,
E'en, Lady, *near its Strand*
I'd fain be roving too.

There nightly round thy taper
I'd buz in spite of thee,
When there thou see'st a Chafer,
“O then remember me!”

A NATIVE.

IMPROMPTU

ON BEING CUT IN THE STREET BY A SHORT-SIGHTED FRIEND.

To those short-sighted to a friend,
In *Ernest*! or in fun,
A shorter cut I'd recommend,
It is—to cut-and-run!

SPORTS AND PASTIMES OF THE PEOPLE.

“It is lawful to relax our bow, but not suffer it to be unstrung.”—TAYLOR.

SIR,

IN a work like the *Sporting Magazine*, whose pages are ever reflecting the bright enjoyments of rural life, I know of no more appropriate medium for giving currency to a remark or two on a subject which I am surprised has not long ago engaged the pens of some of your luminous contributors. The subject to which I allude refers to the Recreations of the humbler classes, and to those rigid interdictions everywhere imposed upon the innocent, healthful, and necessary relaxations from weekly toil which have heretofore found toleration on the Seventh Day.

Far be it from me, in what I am about to advance, to be thought as estimating lightly or irreverently that hallowed day—or to detract one iota from the sacred respect in which it should be held by all who profess and call themselves Christians—or to diminish aught from the fervour of our periodical duties to Him who has consecrated it the resting day of Man. But when I look back upon the history of past times—upon those days when we are told “every rood of ground maintained its man:”—when I find that even Royal Ordinances have been issued for the sanctioning of Seventh Day Recreations among the peasantry and the well-disposed:—when I know that these things *have been*; and contrast them with the clerical anathemas and magisterial domination of the present day, by whose decrees such indulgences *no longer are*—what se-

curity, I ask, have we for the loyal obedience of “a bold peasantry?”—what assurance of permanent defence against a national foe, when sinewy power is suffered to degenerate into listlessness and impotency, and the Sports and Pastimes of our people crushed under the maudlin pretext of enforcing a more becoming observance of the Sabbath?

That such a state of coercion is neither calculated to conciliate the tranquillity and obedience of the people, nor insure a steadfast regard for their superiors, cannot be more unequivocally manifested than in the many petitions which have been lately presented to the Legislature on the subject, and in the responses which those petitions have received from Legislators themselves. “I, for one, (said a Noble Lord who recently presented a petition from Scotland,) shall be always happy to encourage the innocent Sports and Pastimes of the People; and I should like to see the beer-shops and skittle-grounds of this country—notwithstanding the clerical denunciations that have been issued against them—introduced into Scotland.”

Having alluded to certain Royal Ordinances which formerly permitted the rural classes to recreate themselves after their own way, my principal object in addressing you at this (perhaps not wholly an uneventful) time is, to bring under the notice of our excellent Councillors these gracious announcements, and to

hope that our much-beloved Monarch, who may be literally said to reign in the hearts of his subjects, will not be averse to the imitation of one of the most popular acts of his predecessor, James I, under whose sovereignty, Historians tell us, "Reason was extending her influence, and discovering to mankind a thousand errors in religion, in morals, and in government that had long been revered by blind submission."

It may be necessary to premise that the first paragraph of the

Proclamation which follows is from James's son and successor Charles I, who was instigated to the revival of the Royal Commandment from his having discovered, as is subsequently stated, "that, under pretence of taking away abuses, there hath been a general forbidding, not only of ordinary meetings, but of the Feasts of the Dedication of the Churches, commonly called *Wakes*."

The Ordinance, which was first promulgated in 1618, and revived in 1633, is thus intitled—

The King's Majesty's Declaration to his Subjects concerning lawful Sports to be used.

"BY THE KING,

"Our dear Father of blessed memory, in his return from Scotland, coming through Lancashire, found that his subjects were debarred from lawful recreations upon Sundays after evening prayers ended, and upon holy days: and he prudently considered, that if these times were taken from them, the meaner sort, who labour hard all the week, should have no recreations at all to refresh their spirits: and, after his return, he farther saw that his loyal subjects in all other parts of his kingdom did suffer in the same kind, though perhaps not in the same degree; and did, therefore, in his princely wisdom, publish a Declaration to all his loving subjects concerning lawful sports to be used at such times, which was printed and published by His Royal Commandment in the year 1618, in the tenor which hereafter followeth:

"Whereas, upon our return the last year out of Scotland, we did publish our pleasure touching the recreations of our people in those parts under our hand: For some causes us thereunto moving, We have thought good to command these our directions, then given in Lancashire, with a few words thereunto added, and most applicable to these parts of our realms, to be published to all our subjects.

"Whereas we did justly, in our progress through Lancashire, rebuke some puritans and precise people, and took order that the like unlawful carriage should not be used by any of them hereafter, in the prohibiting and unlawful punishing of our good people for using their lawful recreations and honest exercises upon Sundays and other holy days, after the afternoon sermon or service: We now find that two sorts of people wherewith that country is much infected (we mean Papists and Puritans) have maliciously traduced and calumniated those our just and honorable proceedings; and, therefore, lest our reputation might upon the one side (though innocently) have some aspersion laid upon it; and that upon the other part our good people in that country be mis-led by the mistaking and misinterpretation of our meaning: We have therefore thought good hereby to clear and make our pleasure to be manifested to all our good people in those parts.

"It is true that on our first entry to this Crown and Kingdom we were informed, and that too truly, that our county of Lancashire abounded more in Popish recusants than any county of England, and thus hath still continued since to our great regret, with little amendment, save that now of late, in our last riding through our said county, we find, both by the report of the Judges,

and of the Bishop of that diocess, that there is some amendment now daily beginning, which is no small contentment to us.

“ The report of this growing amendment amongst them made us the more sorry, when with our own ears we heard the general complaint of our people, that *they were barred from all lawful recreation and exercise upon the Sundays afternoon*, after the ending of all Divine Service, which cannot but produce two evils: the one, the hindering of the conversion of many, whom their priests will take occasion hereby to vex, persuading them that no honest mirth or recreation is lawful or tolerable in our religion; which cannot but breed a great discontentment in our people's hearts, especially of such as are peradventure upon the point of turning: the other inconvenience is, that this prohibition barreth the common and meaner sort of people from using such exercises as may *make their bodies more able for war*, when we or our successors shall have occasion to use them; and in place thereof sets up filthy tipplings and drunkenness, and breeds a number of idle and discontented speeches in their ale-houses. For *when shall the common people have leave to exercise, if not upon the Sundays and holy days*, seeing they must apply their labour and win their living in all working days?

“ Our express pleasure, therefore, is, that the laws of our kingdom and canons of our Church be as well observed in that county as in all other places of this our kingdom: and on the other part, that no lawful recreation shall be barred to our good people which shall not tend to the breach of our aforesaid laws and canons of our Church; which, to express more particularly, our pleasure is, that the Bishop, and all other inferior churchmen, and churchwardens, shall for their parts be careful and diligent both to instruct the ignorant, and convince and reform them that are mis-led in religion, presenting them that will not conform themselves, but obstinately stand out, to our Judges and Justices, whom we likewise command to put the law in due execution against them.

“ Our pleasure likewise is, that the Bishop of that diocess take the like straight order with all the Puritans and Socinians within the same, either constraining them to conform themselves, or to leave the county according to the laws of our kingdom and canons of our Church, and so strike equally on both hands against the contemners of our authority and adversaries of our Church. And as for our good people's lawful recreation, our pleasure likewise is, that after the end of Divine Service our good people be not disturbed, letted, or discouraged from any lawful recreation, such as *dancing* (either men or women), *archery for men*, *leaping*, *vaulting*, or *any other such harmless recreation*; nor from having of *May Games*, *Whitsun Ales*, and *Morris Dances*, and the *setting up of May Poles*, and *other sports therewith used*, so as the same be had in due and convenient time, without impediment or neglect of Divine Service. And that women shall have leave to carry rushes to the Church for the decorating of it, according to their old custom. But withal we do here account still as prohibited all unlawful games to be used upon Sundays only, as bear and bull-baitings, interludes, and at all times, in the meaner sort of people, by law prohibited, bowling.

“ And likewise we bar from this benefit and liberty all such known recusants, either men or women, as will abstain from coming to Church or Divine Service, being therefore unworthy of any lawful recreation after the said service, that will not first come to the Church and serve God: *prohibiting* in like sort the said recreations to any that, though conform in Religion, are not present in the Church at the service of God, *before their going to the said recreations*. Our pleasure, likewise, is, that they to whom it belongeth in office shall present and sharply punish all such as, in abuse of this our liberty, will use these exercises before the ends of all Divine Service for that day: And we likewise straightly

command that every person shall resort to his own parish church to hear Divine Service, and each parish by itself to use the said recreation after Divine Service: prohibiting likewise any offensive weapons to be carried or used in the said times of recreations. And our pleasure is, that this our Declaration shall be published by order from the Bishop of the diocese, through all the parish churches, and that both our Judges of our circuits and our Justices of our Peace be informed thereof.

“ Given at our Manor of Greenwich the four-and-twentieth day of May, in the sixteenth year of our reign of England, France, and Ireland, and of Scotland the one-and-fiftieth !

“ Now out of a like pious care for the service of God, and for suppressing of any humours that oppose truth, and for the ease, comfort, and recreation of our well-deserving people, we do ratify and publish this our blessed father's Declaration ; the rather because of late in some counties of our kingdom we find, that, under pretence of taking away abuses, there hath been a general forbidding, not only of ordinary meetings, but of the Feasts of the Dedication of the Churches, commonly called Wakes. Now our express will and pleasure is, that these feasts, with others, shall be observed, and that our Justices of the Peace in their several divisions shall look to it, both that all disorders there may be prevented or punished, and that all neighbourhood and freedom with *manlike and lawful* exercises be used. And we farther command our Justices of Assize, in their several circuits, to see that no man do trouble or molest any of our loyal and dutiful people in or for their lawful recreations, *having first done their duty to God*, and continuing in obedience to us and our laws : And of this we command all our Judges, Justices of the Peace, as well within liberties as without, Mayors, Bailiffs, Constables, and other Officers, to take notice of, and to see observed, as they tender our displeasure : And we farther will, that publication of this our Command be made by order from the Bishops through all the parish churches of their several diocesses respectively.

“ Given at our Palace of Westminster the eighteenth day of October, in the ninth year of our reign. God save the King.”

Such were the Royal Ordinances two centuries ago ; and I have yet to learn that their revival at the present day would be attended with anything but the happiest results. That I am not alone in this opinion may be gathered from what follows. On turning over the pages of a work just issued from the press—and by a writer, too, who ranks in no mean estimation in the republic of letters—I was forcibly struck with the coincidence of sentiment between us ; and, as it was evidently dictated from the same common motive, I make no apology for transcribing it.

“ But what has become of the power, or the will, or the zest for

natural and innocent enjoyment of the villagers of Old England? —merry Old England it used to be, we are told—can I call it so at present? Why don't these hard-worked, simple-minded poor fellows take delight in the few holidays left open to them?—for as to Sunday, it has now become, to all outward appearance, the saddest day out of the seven. And stop:—perhaps it is this very pharisaical observance of the Sabbath, at first imposed upon them against their natures and wishes, and since grown into a sullen, sulky habit, which at length incapacitates them from relishing even their annual play days. At all events, Graves, you

know my notions of old, as to the good sense, good feeling, nay good religion of making it criminal in a poor man or lad to sing a harmless song, play at quoits or cricket, or be seen dancing with his sweetheart, or, if he and she like, his arm round her neck, of a Sunday. None of those acts would be in themselves unholy, and therefore would not break the command for keeping holy the Sabbath. Farther, I do sincerely believe, that after due worship of God, or in the intervals of different times set apart for His worship, on His own Day, a joyous and a contented heart giving vent, according to the common manifestations of human nature, to its joy and to its content, would not be odious in the sight of Him who loves his creatures with a surpassing love, and who has contrived a wondrous plan for even their earthly happiness. 'There is joy in heaven,' where reigns an eternal Sabbath; and I WILL insist that it was upon the first earthly Sabbath Day, after the 'foundations of the earth were laid,' and 'the corner stone there,' that 'the morning stars praised Him together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy!'

"As to the good feeling and good sense of compelling poor Johnny Raw to be *triste* and demure-looking upon the only day of the week that he is not bent double with labour, follow him for a good part of a Sunday, and draw your own conclusions. See him first, after church or chapel service, moping alone, or with a group of his own sex, at one side of the village-street, or of a green field, while flocks of pretty and (if they durst) merry-hearted girls, move in a somewhat more

active manner at the other side: see him thus, and you pity his lot—(pray do not fall into the mistake of quarrelling with him for stupidity). When he tires of his unenlivening lounge, stand near the Tap, and you will catch a glimpse of him, however, slipping in its ever open or only latched door, round a corner; and you do not greatly pity him now—but how CAN you blame him? What are his means of enjoyment in the open air? And if he had some means of enjoyment in the open air, would he be in the Tap—in it at least so often or long at a time? And (take human nature as it is, as it has ever been, and as it ever must be) which is the greatest breach of the Sabbath, dancing happily on the green sod, aye, and with one of those nice village beauties before him, or spending his money on the heavy, stupifying national drink of England?—(Graves, have not the porter and the ale of England, the light wines or the light beer of France, and the whiskey of Ireland, a point of impression upon the very different characters of the three people?)—And can his methodised avoidance of the cheery companionship of the other sex, openly, and in the face of heaven and of man, upon a Sabbath Day—to say nothing of his self-control in different matters—be much better, very often, than a system of demoralising hypocrisy? Ask the parish overseer, and he may perhaps tell you that more seeds of care and trouble to him are sown of a Sunday evening (at all events of a Sunday night, take the seasons through) than upon any other evening of the week. And does he or do you expect it otherwise? I think, in my conscience,

it is evident that the natural gallantry common to all men, gentle and simple, might, in seven cases out of ten, be diverted from concentrating itself into a downright breach of parish law, if it were allowed to evaporate gradually in the hundred harmless little courtesies which are matters of course amongst men and women, lads and girls, in less disciplined communities. This, however, you will say, is rather a stretching of my theory.....very well. Give me back our fine merry Old England national character among the lower orders, aye, and some of the middle too, and that is what I want, and you may effect it as you like and as you can. Make our smock-frock compatriots look less unhappy, less jealous of a free-hearted natural existence, less sulky while a charming girl of the same street and parish stops him as he plods along, and

almost by force detains him a few moments while she tries her very best to tell him pleasant stories and anecdotes, and to look up, laughing, into his face—in fact (inverted man that he is to suffer it!), to court him.

“ Let me finish my wandering chapter with a really serious sentence or two. Make your villagers enjoy their lives as their forefathers did theirs, or, at least, make them more moral than their forefathers were, as a set-off against their sad and sour pretensions to outward decorum. Convince them, that, one thing with another, they have more facilities for happiness than the people of any second country under the sun; and yet that, not in seeming merely, but in downright fact, and in their hearts and brains, spleens and gall-bladders, they are the least joyous people under that same sun.”

EXCELLENT FOX-HUNT WITH LORD ELCHO'S HARRIERS IN EAST LOTHIAN.

THIS excellent pack, which has contributed so much to the amusement of those who are fond of hare-hunting, and are hunted in a style worthy of the excellent sportsman to whom they belong, met with a fox near Milk-naw farm stead on Wednesday, October 5th.

Reynard was viewed away in the open, and appeared as if he would lead them a dance: his course was straight forward over a strongly fenced country for some miles, when, feeling himself pressed, he commenced his doubles, and succeeded in regaining his favorite abode, the farm-house where he had been found. He jumped at the kitchen window, but it was shut against him;

determined on his purpose, he next darted at the door, and got in and concealed himself under a bed: the hounds were whipped off, and His Lordship succeeded in dragging poor pug from his retreat. “Fair-play” being always a jewel with His Lordship in all kinds of sport, the captive was liberally dealt with: time was allowed to restore him to the use of his exhausted powers, and he was turned down at a distance quite sufficient to insure him a fair chance of escape. All would not do; the pack had marked him out for their own special property, and would have him; and they had. Poor reynard sunk after running a few fields, and yielded up the ghost to his unrelenting pursuers.

REMINISCENCES OF AN OLD SPORTSMAN,

INCLUDING HUNTING IN THE OLDEN TIMES IN FRANCE, ITALY, AND OTHER PARTS OF THE CONTINENT, INTERSPERSED WITH ANECDOTES.

SIR,

I Had just quitted Oriel College with the remains of some Greek and Latin in my head, and a little logic on my tongue, but with a much more finished education as a Sportsman, when I embarked for a four years' tour and sojourn on the Continent. Men and manners had been recommended to my study; but I confess that the fairer sex, and (with all due submission to the sweet creatures) the breed of horses and dogs, together with the sports of the field, occupied more of my time and called forth more of my attention. I had already put myself under the tuition of a Member of St. John's College to make me a finished Nimrod, and he had very nearly *finished* me; for, in following him in one of my *breaking-in* lessons, Steeple-hunting, I very nearly broke my neck: *notwithstanding* I completed my hunting education, and considered myself, when abroad, as a crack horseman. I had often hunted with Warde's hounds, and with the Duke of Beaufort's, as well as with a pack of subscription harriers; and I had accompanied Royalty repeatedly in the stag-hunt: so that stag, fox, and hare had all fled before me, and I fancied myself,

both in a scarlet hunting coat and my green Harrier Club dress, quite the sportsman.

I well remember the honest face of the late George the Third, looking all good-humour around him, in his blue coat with scarlet cape and cuffs, his natty wig, and velvet cap—the late Sir Henry Goff, Bart. (an old child's guide as a sportsman of mine) riding after Majesty with a silver-handled hatchet at his saddle-bow, and the late Sir Edmund Nagle, then Captain Nagle of the Royal Navy, making the good old King laugh with his Hibernian jokes*.

The remembrance of the hunting field of those days formed a great contrast to what I immediately after saw in France. I need not tell any of my brother sportsmen-readers what the King's Hunt is, or was; the only thing which I then thought extraordinary was Kennedy, one of the Yeomen Prickers, of enormous size and protuberance, and a grey horse of matchless bore and power, which carried him, and appeared like an elephant in the field.

We now come to the French Monarch, the unfortunate Louis the Sixteenth, with whom I hunted

* The jolly Admiral was amusing the King one day with a story of a brother Midshipman who had been a great enemy of his, but to whom he returned good for evil, by jumping overboard one day and saving his life, he having fallen out of the rigging; after which they became fast friends. "That was noble of you," said the King: "I suppose after that he would have done anything in his power for you."—"Yes," replied the brave seaman, "that he would; he would have gone to hell to serve me."—"That's a great way to go, Captain Nagle," observed the Monarch with a smile, and, putting spurs to his horse, rode off, enjoying vastly the roughly told tale. These incidents between George the Third and the late Sir Edmund were innumerable.

the stag at the Forest of St. Germain, at Fontainebleau, and elsewhere. There the turn-out was very different indeed to the attendants of George the Third, in their gallant scarlet, blue and gold, jockey-caps, *et cetera*, with fine light blood horses, and a field of Nobility, Gentry, and Yeomanry, all caparisoned for hard-running and ease to their horses: I saw those of His Most Christian Majesty start one hundred-and-twenty in number as relays, by threes, a groom forming the centre, with a led-horse on either side, the grooms in royal livery, dark-blue, deep red, and silver, huge silver-laced cocked hats, and demi-jack boots, heavy enough to frighten an English horse to look at. Then came the King in a carriage and eight, with his *gardes du corps*, and he mounted his strong, bony, bay hunter, surrounded by Nobles and Courtiers dressed in the royal livery, and in similar manner with heavy boots and silver-laced hats. Many of them had the seams of their coats laced, and some had three stripes of alternate gold and silver lace, as some of the grooms had alternate red velvet and silver ditto. The King wore his own livery, was very fat, very easy looking, and very healthy: he sat back in his saddle, rode at almost full speed, and seemed as if he thought that his horse had no feeling. The whole appearance of the Royal Hunt, amounting to nearly three hundred horse, had a very curious and (to me) ridiculous appearance: the noise, the bustle, the pomp and parade, the clattering of heavy boots, the flapping of thick tails (of the men), together with an air of importance and *etiquette*, were

quite beyond my conception. The hounds were English, very fine dogs, and purchased at Tattersall's: they ran well, but were not as well hunted; there was too much bustle and exertion in the matter. The horses of the King's establishment, as well as those of the Nobility who accompanied the Royal train, were mostly Norman, although a great many were English, and of high prices. The former were very stout and bony, and more calculated for a stiff country, or for the fatigue of a long and arduous journey, than for fleetness, fencing, or other active performances, in getting over leaps and crossing a country. Even the English horses were more stout than our sportsmen like them. Bone was a great recommendation in France in those days, and a cross between the British and Norman breed was much sought for. The Duc de Lauzun, the Duc de Pienne, and the Prince Charles de Ligne had some of the finest English horses in the country, not forgetting Philippe Egalité's stud (the revolutionary Duke of Orleans); among which I found one horse, the only complete model of the old English hunter of Sir Sydney Meadows's day, an animal of fine stature, bony, yet with a good deal of blood in him.'

Whilst on the article of the breed of horses, I must remark that those of Limage were the best I saw in France. I had one, a very handsome animal, but I spoiled him by riding him too much at four years' old; the breeders work them very little at that age. They require waiting for a long time, when they become very strong, active, and durable.

I must not omit noticing a fine old Cavalier of the *ancien regime*, with whom I got acquainted at the stag hunt in the forest of St. Germain. He was of great stature, but as straight as a dart; he was mounted on a chesnut long-tailed horse, with a *demi-pique* saddle, and a crimson saddle-cloth with a rich gold lace border round it. He had a plain cocked hat, heavy boots, a blue coat of great dimensions with covered buttons, a scarlet waistcoat with broad gold lace, blue velvet inexpressibles, knee caps (*manchettes de bottes*) as white as snow, a *couteau de chasse* by his side richly mounted in silver, and with a crimson velvet scabbard: he was considered to be very like Louis the Fifteenth, and had been much noticed in his day on that account. He was full of anecdote, and recounted many sporting and other stories of his day. Amongst these he told me that a *garde du corps*, returning from the *chasse* with the King, perceived a raven flying over his head at a great altitude in the air: taking out one of his pistols, he pointed at it, and it went off at half-cock by accident: the ball, however, struck and brought down the bird, and the wary Norman, always on the look-out for adventure, and wide awake to his own interest, cried out, "*Voila! mes camarades!—what do you think of that?*" The circumstance was reported to the King, and the bird was laid before him. It was acknowledged by all that the *garde du corps* was a *long-shot*, and this accident made his fortune, he having previously to it been a *cadet de famille*, with nothing but his pay and a very slender allowance from his friends.

Amongst other pieces of information, my sporting old Gentleman assured me that we borrowed all our hunting science from our ancestors the Normans; that the word *tallyho!* was no more than a cry that the fox was "*dans le taillis en haut,*" (up in the brushwood); and that the very title of Lord Grosvenor was from a progenitor nick-named *Le gros veneur*, the big huntsman. This I did not feel obliged to believe; but "*si non e vero, e ben trovato.*"

He was very minutious in detailing particulars of his youth, and took pride in telling me that he was not only a Member of the Royal Hunt of Louis the Fifteenth, but had furnished his proofs of Nobility, so as to enable him to enter the King's carriages, he being one of the *Noblesse de Provence*. His dress, as an aspirant in the field, was a milk-white coat with a scarlet and gold waistcoat!!! his hair in large curls at the side, and *bagged* in a *roselle* behind—a fashion then gone out of date, and called by the *moderns* of Louis the Sixteenth's Court, in derision, *un Crapeau*.

It was at the Forest of St. Germain in Laye that I first saw Marie Antoinette d'Autriche. This splendid Sovereign was indeed an Imperial model of female beauty: rich and royal were her charms, despotic and commanding her lovely form and imposing figure. If a man had but one drop of chivalrous blood in his veins, it would swell in his heart and mantle at the sight of this great and unfortunate woman. She at once struck, captivated, and interested you. Her stately demeanor was all the Queen—her soft large blue eye was all the

woman. Respect was inspired by the former ; zealous devotion was enkindled by the latter, with a kind of a feeling as if a man wished to have peril to brave for such a Princess, and arduous enterprise to undertake for the reward of her smile.

If Agamemnon ever deserved the title of *Anax Andron* (the King of Men), or Ney merited the *nom de guerre* of *un brave parmi les braves*, Marie Antoinette of Austria was entitled to the epithet of the Queen of Women, and *une belle parmi les belles*. My reader must pardon me for this long digression from the subject of sporting : a true sportsman is always a man of gallantry ; and he who boldly risks his neck at a desperate fence, or a blind leap, will be very likely to brave every danger for the Lady of his Love, and to stick at nothing in following the Blind God's chase in pursuit of beauty. To such a one his flame may fairly address the words of the Italian Bard, "*Deh ! non seguir damma fugace,*" etc.

"Follow a nobler chase and spare the deer,
Hunted by cruelty, run down by fear :
I am thy captive, Sylvio, follow me—
Already ta'en and bound by love to thee."

But to the Boar-hunt. The field was numerous and brilliant. The hounds and whole turn-out belonged to the present Charles the Tenth, Ex-King of France, then second brother to Louis the Sixteenth. It was what was called *l'equipage de Monseigneur le Comte d'Artois*—carriages, horses, et cetera. By the way, there were then in France a number of what was termed *voitures de chasse*, hunting carriages, very fancifully constructed, resembling our caravans, and having sometimes a stag's head and fore quarters in

front ; over which a coachman, all gold or silver lace, and his hair highly dressed, used to take his seat, driving either four-in-hand, the horses all too far from their work, the leaders with very long traces, seldom tight (for these dressy coachmen did not know how to keep *the tits up to their traces*), or with four horses, the leaders having a postillion with cocked hat and jack-boots. Sometimes also these *voitures de chasse* had three horses abreast ; and once I saw one with four, which was very like the engravings of the Roman cars. The Nobility mostly went to covert in close carriages, the horses being led, as those of the Royal Hunt of Louis the Sixteenth were, each led-horse being covered with a rich cloth, corresponding with the livery of the owner, and with the family arms, or cipher and coronet, at each corner. The Comte d'Artois's was dark green with splendid gold lace ; the livery being that colour and crimson, laced richly with gold. It had a fine effect in the field, although an unsporting appearance, being more military-looking than anything else. The Prince of Conde's trappings were buff and crimson velvet, with silk embroidery of the latter colour, in portraiture of the Knights in leathern doublets with the crimson favours.

The Queen of France wore the uniform of the Hunt, with a profusion of gold lace, and as great a profusion of fine white ostrich feathers in her riding-hat. She was in one of these *voitures de chasse*, drawn by eight fine English bay horses, driven by a giant of a charioteer of most uncoachman-like appearance—a desperate driver, but a bad whip. The ani-

mals went at a furious rate, and Her Most Christian Majesty had much the appearance of a Sovereign of ancient times making a triumphal entry into some conquered state.

The Princess Elizabeth, sister to the King, was dressed in a plain blue riding habit, made in London, and an English riding hat with black feathers: she wore an open collar, like our young boys, and displayed a neck as white as the most polished ivory: she rode *à l'Anglaise*, and was mounted on an English horse. Alas! amiable, innocent, and unoffending woman! she was, in a few years afterwards, a victim to the sanguinary demons who disfigured the revolutionary page by the torrents of blood shed during its progress!

A *marcassin*, or small young boar, was turned out in the forest, but, to me, afforded no sport, being surrounded by cohorts of huntsmen, *piqueurs*, and other horsemen, and forced down alleys in the forest for the amusement of Royalty: it was at length easily taken and killed, and the sports of the morning literally ended in smoke, the horses streaming and smoking, and clouds of dust and leaves flying in the air — our ears at the same time deafened with loud *fanfares* from French horns.

At this moment the lovely vic-

tim-Queen stood up in her triumphal car, and made gracious recognitions to the surrounding admiring Noblesse, at the head of whom rode the Comte d'Artois, in the flower of youth and prosperity, sharing great regard and favour from his lovely *belle sœur*. There was a great deal of *hard* riding, but no sportsman-like feats performed. Not a single horseman rose in his stirrups to ease his horse but myself and a few Englishmen, and we were laughed at for so doing.

After the hunt the Royal party adjourned to the *pavillon*, where refreshments were prepared, and where the Noblesse paid their court to their superb Queen, who stood amongst the glittering throng like the brightest planet surrounded by lesser stars. The Duke of Dorset, then Ambassador, was near Her Majesty, who, laying her hand upon his arm, said, in a playful tone, "Howd'ye do, Go dem!" (meaning a worse word), which excited universal mirth*.

I must here be allowed to express my surprise at the ignorance of the French, both of the *Ancienne Cour* and of the New School, who consider this oath as quite a necessary expletive to make up our phrase in speech. Swearing thus has always been confined to the lowest order. The French, however, of all ranks, male and female,

* Although Marie Antoinette had, when serious or displeased, a most disdainful haughty air, she very often unbent into the most playful familiarity. This betrayed her into what her enemies called levity or giddiness, but it was nothing but a natural *franchise*, which Imperial pomp and *etiquette* kept down. Of this nature was the following anecdote. She condescended to dance with a young Englishman of the name of Conway, and, being a good deal heated and agitated by the exertion, she made him observe the palpitation of her heart, in an attitude which half seemed like an inclination to place his hand upon it. The act, however, was not done, nor did Conway attempt to take advantage of this momentary, almost involuntary, indiscretion. The King came up at this juncture, when the lovely Queen said *naïvement*, "I was just shewing this young Cavalier how violently my heart beat." To which His Majesty sternly replied, "*et il y a bien-fait de prendre votre parole :*" — "and he did well to take your word for it."

have a horrid custom of saying, "*O ! mon Dieu, oui ! mon Dieu, non !*" which is not less profane.

I now changed my horse and rode off on an Irish hack to Chatau, a village near, and thus ended the boar-hunt ; which, but for the presence of loveliness, court magnificence, and more attractive novelty, I should indeed have voted a *bore** of the first order, and like anything but hunting.

Although I considered the Royal boar-hunt at St. Germain a mere gallop, yet I did not find that amusement such in Germany and in the northern parts of France. The *sanglier*, or large wild boar, is a most dangerous and ferocious animal, and runs with a rapidity that his ugly shape would not give one an idea of. In some of the interminable forests of Germany, a day's boar-chase is a most fatiguing affair ; and I was once convinced that *there* the strong heavy boot had its advantage ; for, from its protective power, it saved the leg of a whipper-in, on whom the enraged animal turned when hard pressed, and to whom he was applying his huge tusks, when a brave Hungarian Officer stuck him in the flank with an instrument resembling the blade of a knife which was attached to a carbine slung by his side. I have seen these substitutes for a bayonet inserted between the two barrels of fowling-pieces, and have witnessed their utility. In Flanders, Germany, and the northern provinces, it was in those days customary to go armed *cap-à-pie* to the boar and wolf

chase, with side-arms, fire-arms, *et cetera*. Upon the whole, boar-hunting must be allowed to be manly amusement, whilst the flesh of the animal is as great a reward for the toil of pursuing it as that of our best forest-deer.

I heard a great fuss about the *chasseurs intrepides d'Anjou et de Poitou*, of Lower Normandy and of Brittany, but I never saw any of them equal to our own. As to the boar-hunters of the Empire, the late Count de Naupe, who had resided much in England, rode boldly, but he was no hand at a standing leap. The Count de Romainville was a sticking horseman, and hunted his own slow hounds personally, in very good style.

If the boar-hunt was to me one of fatigue and danger, the wolf-hunt was doubly so. As to the latter I have spent whole days looking after wolves in many of the provinces, and although more than one have been killed in the day, I never had the good luck to be in at the death, and not always to view him. Except in Lower Brittany, a wolf-hunt near a town is a mob : in remoter places it is like skirmishing in an enemy's country. In Brittany there is as much hunting every animal on foot as on horseback : and here I must observe that the term *chasse* is often misapplied : everything is *chasse* abroad, as every field-sport is hunting in Scotland ; so that you may have from the *chasse de la grosse bête*, hunting the larger animals, down to the *chasse au souris* : or, taking the term *au*

* The word *bore*, so usually interlarded in conversation as expressive of something irksome, dull, or stupid, cannot be from a *boar*, nor *to bore*, but must come from the German word *bauer*, a rude peasant—a German *bauer*, as intended to paint dulness, a clod, stupidity, want of polish, &c. &c. *To bore* may be to torment, but if so written it implies penetration.

large, we have hunting in this nether world, from the tiger-hunt to the squirrel-hunt, and thence to the keen sport of old spinsters flea-hunting — baiting them on a flannel petticoat. But, in France and Scotland, shooting is hunting, and coursing is hunting—hare, fox, and stag.

One thing which I detest in the wolf-hunt is, the noise and the great importance of the forest guards, accoutred *en militaire*, and starting with all the importance of the opening of a campaign. The ceremony begins *par cerner un bois* (by surrounding a wood), or more properly a certain portion thereof; horse and foot then enter it (in the distant provinces mostly the latter); the dogs are introduced, the party provided with guns of all descriptions; and in Lower Brittany I saw peasants and other individuals with pistols and other offensive weapons: brass pans and kettles are struck, and make a horrid clang, to frighten the wolves, one or more of which now start, and are followed and either hunted down or instantly fired at. The skirt of a wood is the most likely place to get a shot at them, in the act of escaping; but of the numerous surrounding hunters, but very few, or perhaps only one, gets a shot, which occasionally misses, and then the alarm is sounded, and pursuit and fruitless shots follow. In some remote counties the church bells add to the general din when it is intended to force the wolves from their strong holds; and the same thing took place in a severe winter, when the wolves of Lower Brittany, urged by famine, came in droves into some of the villages on a foraging party; the tocsin was in like manner sounded, and

the male population turned out, armed with fowling-pieces, muskets, lances, pistols, and any weapon which was nearest at hand. These wolves are very ferocious, so that the chasing and destroying them becomes an affair of safety as well as of amusement.

The last scene of my hunting abroad was in Sardinia, just before the Revolution in France. There was very little difference between the stag-hunt and boar-hunt here from that which I had attended in France. Royalty on both occasions was surrounded by Nobility, and the turn-out was more like a pageant than a hunt. His Sardinian Majesty's attendants were less numerous than those of His Most Christian Majesty: the former were habited in plain scarlet with silver lace, and had a very light and pretty appearance. The horses of many of the sportsmen were of a native breed, small, compact, and not unlike the Turkish horses, active in a comparative degree, but so thrown on their haunches, and so broken-in to bend their knees, that although they were particularly safe and comely in their paces, they could not have the rapidity of our horses, who dart like the greyhound, and skim along the plain. In the course of the stag-hunt the hounds were repeatedly stopped for the Royal and Aristocratical party.

The civility which I experienced amongst the sporting Nobility was very great. One Principe told me that I had a *stupendo cavallo* (a stupendous horse); and another amused me in bad French with his feats of prowess and agility in the hunting-field. Talking of leaps, I mentioned some that I had seen in Leices-

tershire and elsewhere ; to which he replied, "Oh ! all that is nothing ; I once took such an extraordinary high leap that I was quite tired of remaining up in the air." (*J'ai sauté si haut que je m'ennuyais en l'air.*) A little after this speech the Principe got a tumble in crossing a little ravine. I could not help remarking to the Signor Principe that he had fallen off in his riding since the time in which his great feats of agility were performed. He took this very good-naturedly, mounted again, and set off at full gallop, his hair-powder flying in a cloud round him, and occasionally almost blinding me : it was indeed in this case, "*palman non sine pulvere.*" It was ridiculous

in those days to see the head-dresses of the sportsmen attendant on Royalty, with the full frizzed and powdered *aile de pigeon* on each side of their head, and a pigtail behind ; or perhaps with two large curls at each ear, and a thick tail beating time between their shoulders, which a sporting friend of mine termed "a double-barrelled wig with a cut-and-thrust tail."

I shall now take my leave of Continental Hunting of the olden times, the Revolution having driven me off my ground, to take up a position in the plains of Roscommon.

THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

November 5, 1831.

ANNUAL GOLFING MATCH.

SIR,

THE Annual Grand Golfing Match at St. Andrews for the Gold Medal was played on Friday, September 23d, 1831 ; and not having seen any account of it in your entertaining Miscellany, the following is much at your service.

This annual contest amongst the most celebrated golf-players in Scotland excited unusual interest. Three of the former medal-holders, Messrs. Patullo, Holcroft, and Massieux, were backed at considerable odds against the field ; and though the day proved most unfavorable, the crowds assembled to witness the display of this national game were most numerous.

The old proverb in the racing world, that "odds never beat a horse that could win," was fully exemplified on this occasion ; and a Gentleman from the country north of the Tay, whose per-

formances were not highly rated by the greater artists at Golf, contrived by superior skill to walk off with the golden prize, to the utter dismay and disappointment of the entire field.

This was Mr. David Duncan, of Rosemount, near Montrose, who now holds the two Golf Medals, namely, St. Andrews and Montrose.

The number of strokes of the respective players in the match for the Gold Medal were as follow :—

Duncan.....111	Oliphant.....113
Massieux.....112	Wood.....113

A ball was given in the evening by the Members of the St. Andrew's Club, to which the principal inhabitants for miles round were invited : the supper consisted of every delicious wine and delicacy the season afforded, and the gaiety of the evening was kept up to a late hour.—V.

THE DISPUTED GUY STAKES.

IN our September Number, page 404, we stated that Sir Mark Wood had brought an action against Mr. Atkins, Clerk of the Course at Warwick Races, as stakeholder, to recover the amount of the Guy Stakes, which he claimed as owner of Cetus, the horse that came in second in that race in September 1830, on the ground that Mr. Mytton, in whose name Birmingham was entered, and who came in first, was in arrear for stakes and forfeits both at Warwick and Winchester; and, according with the 25th article of the Rules and Orders of the Jockey Club, a horse so circumstanced was disqualified. The Jockey Club had decided in favour of Sir Mark; but Mr. Beardsworth (the then owner) persisting in his claim, Sir Mark tried the question at the last Warwick Assizes, when the Jury returned a verdict in his favour, thus confirming the decision of the Jockey Club.

In the last Michaelmas Term, Mr. Clarke applied to the Court of King's Bench for a Rule to shew cause why the verdict should not be set aside and a new trial had; and as the case has created a great sensation in the Sporting World, we recapitulate the facts as stated in Court on making the application.

The Guy Stakes is a produce stakes, whereby the owners of certain mares subscribe a sum to be run for, at Warwick, by the produce of mares named by the subscribers. In the present case a Mr. Gauntlet entered the produce of a mare called Dahlia, and Mr. Mytton that of one called

Miss Cragie: the produce of the former was the horse called Cetus, which became the property of Sir Mark Wood; and that of the latter the celebrated horse Birmingham, who, at the time of the race, was the property of Mr. Beardsworth. By the conditions of the race these horses still remain entered in the names of the subscribers. The result was, that the race took place in September 1830: Birmingham came in first, and Cetus second. The former was declared the winner; but as soon as the declaration was made, Sir Mark Wood claimed the stakes as the owner of Cetus, on the ground that some former stakes due by Mr. Mytton (in whose name Birmingham was entered) had not been paid, which disqualified Birmingham from taking the stakes. It did not appear that objections had been made on these grounds prior to the race by Sir Mark Wood, and it was maintained by Mr. Beardsworth that this objection came too late after the race was over; for the rule, as laid down in the Match-book, was, that horses belonging to parties who had not paid their stakes were disqualified from starting; but it was contended, that having been allowed to start, the objection came too late. By the Rules of the Warwick Races, all stakes must be paid before starting; and it was not objected that in the present case this had not been done. It was also a rule that all disputes should be settled by the Stewards, before whom this question came; but after considering the case, and not coming to a decision,

it was ultimately referred by them to the Jockey Club, each party furnishing a statement through the Stewards. The Club decided in favour of Cetus, and against Birmingham, the bets in the race going with the latter. To this decision Mr. Beardsworth objected; and one of his grounds was, that this reference had not received his sanction. This led to an action by Sir Mark Wood to recover the amount of the stakes (upwards of 600l.), in which he succeeded.

The grounds of the present application were—first, that the objection came too late after the race was won; the second objection was one of law—that Sir Mark Wood, not being the party in whose name the race was run, could not properly found the action; and that a similar objection would hold good as to the defendant, who, being only a servant of the Stewards, the action was therefore improperly laid.

Lord Tenterden said that the Clerk was not the servant of the Stewards, but held the money as stakeholder in virtue of his office, and the action was rightly brought. The interest of Sir Mark Wood was so precisely the same as would have been that of Mr. Gauntlet, that the action being brought in his name could make no difference. With respect to the principal objection, the Court was of opinion that, as both parties had left the matter to the decision of the Jockey Club, they were bound by the decision of that body—a decision which the Court was by no means willing to disturb, knowing that that Club, as a Court of Honour specially formed to adjudicate on matters of this description, was a far higher authority and a more

competent tribunal than any Court of Law whatever. Considering all the points of the case, His Lordship saw no reason for disturbing the verdict; and the other Judges concurring, the Rule was refused.

The decisions of the Stewards of Races have frequently been upheld by our Law Courts: and, as somewhat analogous to the above, we quote the following case in corroboration of the opinion of Lord Tenterden that no appeal to law is necessary, when all litigation may be prevented by a reference to the accepted Rules and Orders laid down for the guidance of the Turf by a Tribunal expressly constituted for that purpose.

August 30, 1810.—*Stockton*.—Sweepstakes of 20gs. each, for two year olds; colts 8st. 2lb., fillies 8st. one mile, 3 subs.

Mr. Millburn's br. c. *Bumper* 1
Mr. Barrett's b. c. by Delpini 2

Mr. Hutchinson's f. by L'Orient started with the above and came in first; but, not having been nominated in due time, *was objected to by the Stewards*. The Clerk of the Course, however, actually paid Mr. Hutchinson the stakes, and Mr. Milburn had no other alternative than an appeal to the law, in which he succeeded. The cause was tried at Guildhall, London, before Lord Ellenborough. The advertisement for the regulation of these races contained a clause by which the Stewards were authorised to determine ALL disputes; on which the Lord Chief Justice remarked, that the Stewards *had already decided*; and that such decisions *ought never to be disturbed*, unless there was reason to impute corruption or partiality.

YORKSHIRE JENNY—WITH A SONG.

SIR,
OBSERVING in a recent Number of the *Sporting Magazine* a detail of the performances of *Careless* and *Atlas*, accompanied with a song; I herewith transmit you an account of that extraordinary mare called YORKSHIRE JENNY, together with an old turf chaunt, composed probably by some humble brother of the stable. Should you deem it worthy a place in your well-filled garner, it will be gratifying to
 ULEG.
 Nov. 9th, 1831.

YORKSHIRE JENNY, the first produce of her dam, foaled 1758, bred by Mr. VEVERS of Morwick, near Leeds, was got by Young Cade (a son of Cade), dam (the dam of Morwick Ball, Moonshine, Carbineer, Buff, and Morwick), by Traveller; grandam, by Hartley's Blind Horse.

PERFORMANCES.

1.—1762, June 30th, YORKSHIRE JENNY won 50l. for four-year-olds, colts 8st. 7lb., fillies 8st. 5lb., two mile heats, beating the Duke of Kingston's ch. c. Oulston, Mr. Burborough's Chalberry, and five others.

2.—July 14th, won 50l. at Nottingham for four-year-olds, 8st. 7lb. two mile heats, beating Cupid by Regulus, Notus by Infant, and Taste by Regulus.

3.—Sept. 13th, won 50l. at Preston, for four-year-olds, 8st., two mile heats, beating Manilla by Blank, Brown Betty, Tom Tit, Nancy Dawson, and Lamplighter.

4.—1763, May 27th, won 50l. at Leeds, weight for age, carrying 8st. 4lb., beating Grey Grantham, by Whitenose, aged, 9st. 7lb.; Jupiter, by Babraham, aged, 9st. 7lb.; Leonidas, by Cade, 6 yrs, 9st.; and Doubtful, by Tartar. In this race JENNY was ridden by Joe Rose.

5.—June 6th, won 50l. at Lancas-

ter, for five-year-olds, 9st. each, four mile heats, beating Mr. Allanby's ch. h. Statesman by Sultan.

6.—York, August the 24th.—The Great Subscription, with 50gs. added by the City of York, for five-year-olds, 9st. each, one four mile heat.

Mr. VEVERS' b. m. <i>Yorkshire Jenny</i> (Leonard Jewison)	1
Mr. Stapleton's b. h. Beaufremont, by Tartar (Jos. Rose, who broke a stirrup in running)	2
Mr. Shafto's gr. h. Wanlass, by Cygnet,	3
Mr. Fenton's b. m. Flora, by Sampson,	4
Lord Rockingham's ch. h. Lumber, by Tartar	5
Mr. Thornton's gr. h. Pyrois, by Bandy	6

Seven to 4 agst YORKSHIRE JENNY; 3 to 1 agst Beaufremont.—The assemblage on the course this day was more numerous than ever before remembered; the shouting and huzzing of the people, on JENNY's winning, were actually heard in the City of York.

7.—Sept. 9th, won 50l. at Lincoln, beating Mrs. Chaplin's gr. m. Dizzy by Blank, who was drawn after the first heat, and distanced Mr. C. Chaplin's ch. h. Bashaw by Sultan.

8.—1764, April 27th.—The King's 100gs. for five-year old mares, carrying 10st. each, R.C.

Mr. VEVERS' bay <i>Yorkshire Jenny</i>	1
Sir J. Lowther's ch. by Janus	2
Mr. Marshall's b. Diana, by Dormouse,	3
Mr. Vernon's gr. Hermione, by Blank... ..	4
Mr. Stanhope's b. Black Eyes, by Regulus	5
Lord Eglintowne's ch. m.	6

Seven to 4 on the winner.

9.—August 23d, JENNY (*the first time of her being beat*) ran second to Beaufremont by Tartar, for the Great Subscription at York, beating Engineer by Sampson, Elephant by Regulus (Engineer and Elephant were so close that the Judge could not determine which was first), Dorimond by Dormouse, and Dumplin by Cade. A capital race, mile heats, between Beaufremont and JENNY, and won with great difficulty; the others were several lengths behind. Run in seven minutes fifty-one seconds.

10.—August 25th, The Ladies' Plate of 50l. four mile heats.

Mr. Fenwick's b. h. *Le Sang*, by Changeling, 5 yrs (John Kirton), 1 3 1
 Mr. Vevers' b.m. Yorkshire Jenny, 6 yrs (Leonard Jewison) 2 1 2
 Hon. F. Charteris' ch. h. by Blank, 5 yrs 3 4 3
 Mr. Chaplin's ch. h. *Vizier*, by Sultan, 6 yrs (Rt. Wilson) 4 2 dr.
 Lord Rockingham's b. h. *Stadler*, by *Regulus*, 6 yrs dis.

At starting 6 to 4 on YORKSHIRE JENNY; 2 to 1 agst *Le Sang*. After the first heat, 2 to 1 agst YORKSHIRE JENNY: after the second, 2 to 1 on *Le Sang*, who won with great difficulty. Mr. Harrison, a Gentleman residing in the neighbourhood of York, gave Mr. Vevers 100gs. for the loan of JENNY to run for this Plate. All three most capital heats.

YORKSHIRE JENNY does not ap-

pear to have raced during 1765; Mr. Vevers sold her to Mr. Grady, who sent her to Ireland. This excellent mare made her *first* appearance on the Curragh of Kildare.

11.—1766, June 18th, Mr. Grady's YORKSHIRE JENNY beat Mr. O'Hara's Whichnor, four miles, 9st., 200gs.

12.—Sept. 12th, JENNY ran second to Mr. Connely's b.m. Hunca Munca, for the King's Plate of 100gs. for mares only, 10st. each, four mile heats, on the Curragh. JENNY won the first heat. Mr. O'Neil's ch. m. Lady Catherine also started, but was distanced in the second heat. Mr. Pigeon's b. m. Blossom and Lord Mount Eagle's b. m. Queen Bess experienced the like fate on the first. Here endeth JENNY's exploits on the turf: and now for the song in praise of this great Yorkshire favorite.

I'll sing you a song, and a merry merry song,
 Concerning poor Yorkshire Jen,
 Who never ran with horse or mare
 That ever she valued one pin.

When Jenny came to Newmarket town
 The sportsmen all viewed her around;
 All their cry was, alas! poor Jen,
 Thou are not able to run this ground.

But when Jenny came to the starting post,
 Poor Jen she look'd very smart;
 And let them all say what they will,
 Poor Jenny thou lost no start.

But when Jenny came by the two-mile post,
 Poor Jenny she was cast behind—
 She was cast behind—she was cast behind—
 All for to take her wind.

But when Jenny came by the three-mile post,
 Poor Jen she look'd very pale;
 She laid her ears on her bonny, bonny neck,
 And so by them all she did sail.

Come follow me, come follow me,
 All you that run so neat;
 And 'fore that you catch me again,
 I'll cause you all to sweat.

When Jenny came by the distance post,
 The sportsmen all gave a shout,
 And Jenny click'd up her lily-white foot,
 And she jump'd like any buck.

The jockey said to Jen, this race you have won,
 And this race you've fairly got,
 You can gallop it over again,
 While the rest can scarcely trot.

THE FISHMONGERS AND FLAT FISH.

Pol. Do you know me, my Lord?

Ham. Excellent well; you are a fishmonger!

Pol. Not I, my Lord.

Ham. Then I would you were so honest a man!—SHAKESPEARE.

HAS 't ever occurred to thee, Mr. Editor—and if thou art a family man of a verity it must—to visit a fish-market? An odd question, methinks; but I'll tell thee a secret thereupon—that is, provided it be not “told in Gath,” nor in the pages of the *Sporting Magazine*.

In ancient times, then, when fishmongers were less scrupulous in their intercourse with Neptune's finny subjects—and when the old proverb was more literally verified, of all being really “fish that came to net”—it was the custom to tempt the fastidious palates of our citizens with such products from the vasty deep as made humanity blush.

That such tender offspring should be torn from their kindred ties in the nether element, to pamper dainty appetites in this upper world, appeared so monstrous an outrage upon the laws of Nature, that, it is said, the inhabitants of the Ocean, alarmed for the consequences of this depopulating innovation, discussed in solemn convocation their mighty grievance; and after speeches that

would have done honour to St. Stephen's Senate, unanimously resolved to prefer their wrongs and woes at the Throne of their tri-forked Monarch; and to pray that his Aquatic Majesty would be graciously pleased to demand a Congress of terrestrial Potentates to investigate the complaint, and to unite in maintaining inviolate the rights and privileges of the subject.

The prayer, we are told, was granted, for its object was constitutional: a Congress was convened, and, after due and grave deliberation, a Protocol was conjointly subscribed, and forthwith universally proclaimed, declarative of the immunities of non-age, and of the pains and penalties which should henceforth attach to all who should dare to become the abductors of nurse-lings.

Neptune, elated with the success of his embassy, hastened back to his subjects with the grateful tidings—and bearing with him, as a banner, in golden characters, from England's Sovereign, this memorable Edict:—

“Whereas an Act was passed in the first year of the reign of George I. for the better preventing fresh fish taken by foreigners imported into this kingdom, in which among other things it was enacted, that “no person should bring on shore in that part of Great Britain called England, or sell, offer, or expose to sale, or exchange for any goods, matter, or thing, any bret or turbot which should not be of the length or size of sixteen inches from the eyes to the utmost extent of the tail, under the penalties therein mentioned: And whereas bret or turbot, brill or pearl, are often taken in the sea *with an hook*, under the several dimensions in the said last in part recited Act mentioned, and if thrown again into the sea it is uncertain whether such thereof *as have swallowed the hook* will afterwards live or not: Be it therefore further enacted by the authority aforesaid, that from and after the said twenty-fourth day of June, bret or turbot,

brill or pearl, although under the respective dimensions mentioned in the said clause of the said last recited Act, may be exposed to sale in England, anything contained in the last recited Act to the contrary notwithstanding, so as the same be not by any person or persons, at any time after the said twenty-fourth day of June, sold by retail at a price or rate exceeding *sixpence a pound* for every pound, any such bret or turbot under the said dimension of *sixteen inches from the eyes thereof to the utmost extent of the tail thereof*, or any such brill or pearl under the dimensions of *fourteen inches from the eyes thereof to the utmost extent of the tail thereof*, shall weigh, and after that proportion for any lesser weight than a pound; and if any person shall ask, demand, or take, for any such bret, turbot, brill, or pearl, under the respective dimensions as aforesaid, any higher or greater price than at and after *the rate of sixpence the pound*, and so in proportion for any lesser weight thereof than a pound, which any such bret or turbot, brill or pearl, which shall be exposed to or for sale, when required, every such bret or turbot, brill or pearl, shall be forfeited: And it shall be lawful for any person to seize any such bret or turbot, brill or pearl, and deliver the same into the hands of a constable, and to charge such constable with the party who asked, demanded, or took, any greater or higher price than as aforesaid for the same."—The clause then goes on to state that the vendor of the fish shall be taken before a Justice, and, on conviction, be fined 20s., the fish to be delivered up to the prosecutor, and the money paid for the same to be returned."

There is a subsequent clause in the same Act, which enacts that all *spawn, fry, or brood of fish, unsaleable fish, fish out of season, or smelts under five inches long*, which shall be found in any person's possession, may be seized, together with the offender, and be delivered over to a constable, to be taken before a Justice, to be dealt with according to law; and, on conviction, the offender to forfeit all such spawn and fish, &c. to the prosecutor, and to pay moreover a fine of 20s.

Thou hast, now, Mr. Editor, the reason, motive, and cause why it is that a fishmonger ties the tail to the gills of a turbot; for peradventure it lieth flat, and measureth not a good sixteen inches by Act of Parliament, the discoverer *may claim it at sixpence per pound*, and the fish-

monger shall not gainsay the offer! PISCATOR JUVENIS.

* * * At the risk of incurring the displeasure of our Correspondent, we have been rash enough to violate his injunction. The Edict, in our opinion, deserves to be generally known, because we think it is now nearly generally forgotten.—ED.

A FEW REMARKS ON THE FAST COACHES.

"It is the *pace* that kills."

SIR,

I Have long regretted the waste (for I can call it by no other name) of that noble animal the horse, which is caused by the present system of coaching: and have been led to consider whether there were no means of maintain-

ing the present fast pace without the dreadful wear and tear of cattle which is by the present method unavoidable.

Now it strikes me that there are means, which, for the benefit both of coach proprietors and

their property, are well worth consideration. In the first place I think most of the horses employed in the fast coaches are quite unfit to stand the pace at which they must go to perform the distance in the time which their owners promise to do it in. Take the Brighton road for instance—which I merely instance, as being by no means a hilly one now — and I will venture to assert that eight out of every ten horses are not calculated to last in quick work. All four-horse coaches, I believe, carry not less than four inside and ten outside passengers, and very frequently a considerable weight of luggage; as not only is the roof piled pretty high, but a stage is swung underneath the axle, nearly touching the ground, and the space between that and the coach is often filled with trunks, &c. To draw this weight, and a coach strong enough to carry it, large and strong horses are almost necessarily used; as four light and small horses could not pull along such a weight at a fast pace, except upon a good hard road and level ground. It is evident, therefore, that to do the distances in the time in which many *do* accomplish it, with ease to the cattle, either little or no luggage (at least of a heavy nature) should be carried, or the number of passengers should be lessened. The latter would probably be the better plan; as passengers would not like to be allowed only a light portmanteau or bag: and, *on an average*, I believe it will be found that

they have not more than two-thirds of their full number (of outside passengers at all events) during three days in the week through the year. Now supposing the number lessened, surely the saving in horse-flesh would more than cover the loss in fare. With fewer passengers, and consequently of course less luggage, the coach might be built much lighter; and smaller, lighter, and better bred horses might be used for the draught of them. As it is, I believe, an undisputed fact that small and light horses stand a fast pace with half the wear and tear that large and strong ones do (even if they are speedy ones), coaches thus horsed might keep their present times* with perfect ease, without knocking the horses to pieces as they now do; and the cause of humanity and the interests of the proprietors be served at the same time.

Of course, when I say light horses, I mean well-bred horses at the same time, as in *pace* I am convinced *blood* is everything. I remember a proof of this in a very small pair of post horses which I met with some years ago on the Brighton road, which were nearly thorough-bred, and looked so slight as to induce me to ask the post-boy if his master found them to answer with the heavy carriages of the present day. His answer was, "*Better, Sir, than the larger ones*, as this stage is nearly free from hills, and they can stand the pace at which Gentlemen like to go now much better than stouter ones:"

* Assuming that *the fast coaches* now do nine miles an hour, as many certainly do — *Snow's Dart* for instance; and the *Age*, when poor Stephenson drove it, used to do that, and more sometimes. — I have only said as much as they do now, though with *well bred* horses I think they might do even more than nine miles an hour.

and they certainly went at a pace such as large ones seldom do.

I fear I have trespassed too long on your valuable pages; which, however, I can assure you I have only done in the hope that by calling the attention of your readers—who, I believe, are to be found in most parts of the world.....I always forward a copy of your Magazine to an old reader of yours in Bengal—to this subject, some abler pen than

mine may take it up—which it is really high time to do; as I have heard many say, that they would run the risk of being blown up on steam coaches (or *infernal machines* as they ought to be called), if they were established (which heaven avert their ever being!) to save the destruction of horses which takes place under the present system.—Yours, &c.

HIPPUS.

West Kent, Nov. 4, 1831.

MEDICAL TREATMENT OF ACCIDENTS IN THE FIELD.

SIR,
YOU will be doing a benefit to many of the readers of the *Sporting Magazine* if you will devote a page to a subject, which, though immediately connected with surgery, has also a very close connexion with the amusements of hunting and racing.—This subject is the immediate management of persons who have received *severe falls*. It must be well known to you, that if a Gentleman is thrown from his horse in the field, and the business of the chase leaves any of his brother sportsmen at liberty to attend to him, these Gentlemen, with the kindest intentions, constitute themselves parties in a consultation with the Surgeon, if it happens that a Surgeon is out with the hounds that day, or that one is within call. When an individual has received a severe and stunning fall, and is insensible, or just beginning to recover his sensibility, he is commonly cold and pale, and the pulse is low, weak, and sometimes irregular. In consequence of the violent shock which his nervous system has received, the action of the heart and ar-

teries is seriously disturbed, and the proper circulation of the blood materially interfered with: the blood in such cases hardly continues to circulate at all in the smaller vessels; and hence the coldness of the hands and feet and the general surface: hence too the lowness, faintness, and insensibility, the brain not receiving its usual supply of blood: hence also the weakness and irregularity of the pulse at the wrists. There is in fact a struggle going on between life and death: the blood is largely collected in the internal organs, but moves slowly, and therefore oppresses them. The heart cannot, for a time, recover the power to propel the blood more forcibly and put an end to this state: in the case of very violent falls it never does recover, and the unfortunate person dies without what is called reaction.

Now, Sir, I think it must be plain to you, although you may chance to know nothing of surgery, that the most sensible plan in such doubtful circumstances as these is to let the person who

has fallen be as little disturbed as possible, lest the little life left in him should be banished: the next best thing is obviously to give a little assistance to the heart, and enable it to propel the blood with more strength into the smaller vessels; and thus to relieve the internal organs which are oppressed, and to restore the warmth of the body, and to revive the energies of the brain.

This is exactly what an enlightened Surgeon, if left to himself, would do: he would guard his patient from too much disturbance, would wrap up his feet and legs, let him lie down in an easy posture, and give him, with much caution, some moderate stimulant: but, instead of this, what is usually done on these occasions?—The person who has received the hurt, and the Surgeon who is attending him, are surrounded by a crowd of Gentlemen besetting him, and loud in their entreaties that he should bleed the patient. At once the cries of “Bleed him, bleed him! he is a dead man if you do not bleed him!” are enough to bewilder the Surgeon altogether. Perhaps a Nobleman, or some Gentleman of great consequence, speaks to the Medical Man with still more authority, and expresses his grave surprise and displeasure that he does not at once open a vein. The Surgeon knows full well that bleeding would be the worst thing he could do; but if he is a young man, he is overpowered by the multitude of cries—he hesitates—begins to doubt whether what he has previously been taught be correct or not—and at length gives way. Fortunately it often happens, that when a vein is

opened the blood will not flow; but if there is yet strength enough left in the heart to propel the blood through the opened vein, every ounce that flows lessens the chance of recovery.

Even the old and experienced Surgeon is embarrassed by these circumstances. It is not pleasant to be surrounded by angry faces, and deafened by angry cries, and reproached too with timidity and ignorance; and that all this should be endured with firmness is more than we have generally reason to reckon upon. If the accident happens on a race-course, matters are still worse. The crowd is clamorous and less polished, and the Surgeon runs the risk of being absolutely mobbed for doing his duty. Sometimes it happens that a bold half-drunken person, not acquainted with the simplest elements of surgery, takes the case out of the Doctor's hands, and bleeds the patient at random. Now all this arises from a misunderstanding of the nature of the case. The practice laid down by the best Surgeons of the present day, including Sir Astley Cooper, and the reasons for it, are such as have been already stated—the time for bleeding has not yet arrived. There is nothing existing which bleeding could benefit, and it may greatly increase the danger. After a few hours, if the patient recovers the first shock, his state will be altogether different; his feet, his hands, and skin will generally be warm, or even very hot; his pulse will be quick, the heart beating vigorously, perhaps impetuously; he will be in a state of some excitement, and probably complain of pain in his head or elsewhere.

This is the stage of reaction. The heart has recovered, and, by a curious law of Nature, is earnestly endeavoring as it were to repair the mischief that has been done, and the blood is circulating freely and rapidly. In this state the danger is changed. We have now to apprehend inflammation—we have now too much action; whereas before we had too little. *Now*, therefore, and *now only*, we must give no stimulant, but must abstract stimuli: *now*, and *now only*, it is useful and even safe to bleed.

As never a season passes, Mr. Editor, without accidents of the

nature I have alluded to; as I am thoroughly convinced that a valuable life is sometimes sacrificed to the prejudice I have endeavored to combat; and as, lastly, I am myself sufficiently fond of the chase to wish to see any of its avoidable inconveniences removed, I shall be greatly obliged by your giving insertion to this communication, which I flatter myself may be read with advantage by many to whom hunting is of all recreations the most attractive and inspiring.—Yours, &c.

THOMAS HIRON.

Warwick, Nov. 5, 1831.

AMENDED RULES OF THE BIBURY CLUB.

THE importance of Bibury Races has very much increased of late years. Originally the horses were all the property of, and rode by, Members of the Club, no others being allowed: but latterly jockeys have been permitted to ride. Early in the present season several Members having suggested the propriety

of revising the Rules of the Club, a general Meeting of the Members was held at Stockbridge; when the following Rules were adopted, subject to confirmation at the Meeting next year, except the Sixth Rule, which was unanimously passed, and ordered to be acted on immediately:—

1. To meet annually to dine at Stockbridge on the day before the Races commence.
2. That the Steward fix the hour of starting for each race by ten o'clock the evening before running, allowing a quarter of an hour from one race to the time of saddling for the next, and a quarter of an hour from that time to the time of starting.
3. That every groom shall have his horse at the post ready to start within five minutes of the time appointed by the Steward. And every jockey is to be there ready to start within the same time. And every groom and jockey making default herein shall forfeit 5l., to be paid to Mr. Weatherby, and by him accounted for to the Club.
4. That every Member of the Club, excepting those abroad, subscribe Four Guineas annually; to be paid to Mr. Weatherby, in London, on the first of May.
5. That any person desirous of belonging to the Club must be proposed by a Member; and be ballotted for at an ensuing Meeting:—ten Members to make a ballot, and two black balls to exclude.

6. That a person, though chosen, shall not be considered as a Member of the Club, until he shall have paid the usual sum for the admission and subscription of a new Member. And the name of every Member whose subscription shall be in arrear at the time of the races shall, on the second day of the races, be placed over the chimney-piece at the place of Meeting, and afterwards in Mr. Weatherby's Office; and if such arrear be not paid by the end of the following meeting, he shall cease to be a Member, and shall not be again admitted as a Member until his arrears be paid, and until he be again chosen by ballot; but he shall always be considered liable for the arrears left unpaid at the time of his name being struck out.

7. That all new Members pay Five Guineas on their admission, exclusively of the subscription of Four Guineas for the year; and that they be requested to sign an order on their banker or agent, in London, for the annual payment of the subscription of Four Guineas to Mr. Weatherby.

8. That all horses, &c. that start for any of the Bibury Plates, Sweepstakes, or Subscriptions, be *bona fide* the property of the Members of the Club.

9. That no individual Member, or joint confederates, be allowed to start more than one horse, &c. for any of the Bibury Plates, Sweepstakes, or Subscriptions; and that, in case of confederacy, all the parties concerned be Members of the Club.

10. That all Stakes and Forfeits be paid to Mr. Weatherby before starting; and that they be made in Cash, Bank Bills, Bank Post Bills properly endorsed, Bankers' Notes payable to bearer, or Bankers' Notes payable to order, also properly endorsed; and for the due execution of this rule Mr. Weatherby be held responsible.

11. That no horse, &c. be allowed to start, either for Matches or Sweepstakes unless his owner shall have previously made his Stake.

12. That no person be allowed to start or ride any Horse, Mare, or Gelding, for Plate, Subscription, Match, or Sweepstakes, unless he shall have paid all former Subscriptions, Stakes, and Forfeits, by eight o'clock the evening before running.

13. That for all prizes, where particular qualifications are required, the Colour, Age, and Pedigree of the horses named be specified; and in case the Pedigree and Age cannot be ascertained, the person's name of whom the horse was bought be expressed.

14. That any Member who shall be discovered, though at any distance of time, to have started an unqualified horse, &c. for any Plate, Subscription, or Sweepstakes, shall forfeit Ten Guineas to the Club; and, if a winner, refund the Prize to the owner of the first horse duly qualified: but in case of such disqualification, all bets are to be paid as if the horse who went in first was entitled to the Prize.

15. That when any Match or Sweepstakes shall be made, and no weight specified, the horses, &c. shall carry, if Jockeys ride, 8st. 7lb., and, if Gentlemen ride, 11st. 7lb.; and if no distance be specified, they shall run two miles; and if weight is given, the highest weight shall be 8st. 7lb. or 11st. 7lb.

16. That no race be run with heats.

17. That Gen. Grosvenor, Lord Jersey, Mr. Dundas, Mr. Pryse, Mr. Rawlinson, Mr. Thornhill, and the Steward for the time being, be a Committee for managing the affairs of the Club.

18. That the Committee be responsible for all money collected (including the forfeits) for the use of the Club: that they annually appoint a Stew-

ard, not being one of their own body ; and that they, or any three of them, determine all disputes.

The following Noblemen and Gentlemen have recently become Members:—

Duke of Richmond
Marquis of Worcester
Lord Wilton
Lord Chesterfield
Lord Mountcharles
Lord Southampton
Lord Ranelagh
Hon. Capt. Rous
Sir Lewin Glyn
Sir Mark Wood

Col. Gilbert
Major Cosby
Mr. Farquharson
Mr. W. Wyndham
Mr. Knatchbull
Mr. Payne
Mr. C. W. Codrington
Mr. J. Bayley
Mr. H. Peyton.

A FEW LINES TO *NATIVE* ON HIS DORSETIAN SKETCH.

SIR,

ON reading the account given by A *NATIVE* of the Blandford Races in your Number for last month, I could not avoid being struck with the many errors perpetrated by him in his would-be witty "Dorsetian Sketch." I should imagine, instead of his being a thoroughbred "native" of that sporting county, Dorset, that he must be a "native" of *Greenlandshire*. His account of the races convinces me that he is no sporting man as far as racing goes ; and further, that he was no eye-witness of the running which took place among the "terrible high-bred cattle" that contended for the various prizes at the last Blandford Meeting. He makes a lame apology at the *finale* for the many mistakes which he *may* have committed in his "Sketch"—offering as an excuse that he had lost his *catalogue* ! This remark savours too shoplike, and, in my opinion, stamps this *NATIVE* as some auctioneer's clerk ; as I never before heard "a list of the running horses, with the names, weights, and colours of the riders," yclept "a catalogue."

I had no list ; yet, being a spectator, I have the running as firmly impressed on my memory as if it took place but yesterday. When a man makes an attempt, however humble or ambitious it may be, yet I like to see that man get through his task like a workman, and not flounder in the mud as *NATIVE* does at every stride. If *NATIVE* found his memory treacherous, why did he attempt the thing ? If he could not give a correct return of the running, wherefore was the necessity of his giving any—especially giving one calculated only to mislead ?

In the first place, he states that the race for the Gold Cup, between Wassailer, Terror, Cornelian, and Bacchanal, "*was not much of a race.*" What the devil does he call racing ? Wassailer won with the greatest difficulty by a nose, both horses (Wassailer and Terror) being neck and neck home from the distance post, and each at the top of his speed—having a *quantum sufficit* of whip and spur administered to make them do their utmost to win. In fact it was a tremendous race

between these two. Wassailer won, it is true ; but if we abide by Lord Nelson's motto, "*palma qui meruit ferat*," we must give the palm to John Day for winning this race out of the fire. Wassailer was dead beat more than a quarter of a mile from home ; and nothing but the exquisite riding and admirable judgment of John Day, coupled with Terror's jock not riding to orders, could have placed the Gold Cup in the possession of that veteran sportsman, Mr. Biggs. So much for NATIVE's judgment. With respect to this race, I can say that I have been in the habit of seeing most of the provincial meetings, coupled with the "top-sawyers" at Newmarket, Epsom, &c. from my youth up, and am now verging into the vale of years ; and although I have seen much quicker run races, yet I do not recollect having ever seen a more true or closer contested race than this.

In the next place, NATIVE states that the race for the Dorsetshire Stakes "was, perhaps, one of the most beautiful races, over the most splendid course in England, ever witnessed." This I cannot subscribe to: the race was won easily by Brownlock ; Coronet had no chance throughout. At starting, Coronet (and not Brownlock) went off, leading, with Brownlock in the rear, and so they continued until Tom Cowley thought fit to give Coronet a view of Brownlock's stern, and Coronet, spite of all Trenn's efforts, was unable to repay the compliment : Cowley had the race in hand from the beginning. Neither can I agree with NATIVE that Blandford is "*the most splendid course in England*." It

is a very pretty course for spectators to see a race, and strongly reminded me of the description given of it in one of your Numbers of "*auld lang syne*,"—viz. "that it is situated as it were in an amphitheatre." It is, however, a trying course for the legs of "holiday" horses, as Cornelian evinced in his race for the Gold Cup. I think the Dorsetians might make a much better course on other parts of these extensive downs, if they would take the trouble.

Again, he states that Firman beat *Whisk* and *Elspar* for the 50l. Plate: now the truth is, that *Whisk* did not happen to be in this race, but it was our old acquaintance Wassailer. NATIVE is right in stating it to have been a severe race.

After this comes a long cock and bull story about the Handicap, where Omen, Gilbert, and the Centaur filly ran the wrong side of the post. The fact is, that Cowley was making smart running on Omen, Gilbert and the Centaur filly following close behind, *Whisk* and *Bacchanal* lying by. The New Mile Course, over which they were then running, is a curved one ; and as the sun was then shining very strong in Cowley's eyes, he did not happen to see one of the posts in the bend of the course ; and instead of going round this post, he went straight on to the next ; and Gilbert and the Centaur filly, being too much in a hurry to notice the blunder, followed his example ; and consequently these three were distanced. John Day, on *Whisk*, as I said before, being behind with *Bacchanal*, observed the mistake, and profited by it accordingly. *Whisk* won in a

canter: so that I am unable to fathom NATIVE's meaning about John Day "*lifting* his horse," as he won too easy to have any occasion for lifting the mare. It was a horse to a hen affair—Bacchanal having had whatever running *might have been in him* taken out of his corpus long before this race; and no wonder! for the poor devil had been *only two or three months* before qualified to run for a gelding's plate; and yet, notwithstanding this, he was running in almost every race of the Meeting! If this was not enough to sour his temper, I don't know what is: and as to his bolting, perhaps it was a hint from the poor brute to his master that he had had enough for the day: and which hint his master would have done well to have taken, instead of exposing him in the way he was exposed, running three or four heats following without the shadow of a chance, and then brought out the next race against fresh horses, with less chance than he had for the previous race. This does not look like the judgment Mr. Farquharson has displayed in previous races with his other nags.

Pardon this digression, Mr. Editor, but I am a stickler for the rights of beasts; and it galls me to the quick to see such a generous and noble spirited animal as the horse abused. No blame can be attached to Cowley and his companions in ill-luck for running the wrong side of the post; it was entirely the fault of Sol's bright rays, which dazzled their eyes and cut them out of the race.

I coincide perfectly with NATIVE in his remarks on hurdle-racing, which I consider to be highly im-

proper and injudicial on a race-course. And, indeed, if we take notice, we never find these races got up by any of the racing men, but in general by a pack of would-be sporting characters—mere carpet knights—*anxious to show off a seat, with doe-skins and silk-jackets, before the eyes of some score of love-sick lackadaisical young ladies, who deem the heroes must be men of wondrous metal that can screw sufficient courage to the sticking place to canter gently up to a hurdle, and vault lightly over it on the back of a well-tutored hunter.* Why, Sir, such leaps are nothing more than we may see daily practised in the riding-schools in town; and as to racing, it's all my eye and Betty Martin. If these youths want to leap in downright earnest, let them go steeple-chasing, and not interrupt a race course with their buffoonery, where they have no business—for nine times out of ten their jumpings end in a wrangle.

Trusting that NATIVE will take this hint all in good part, and, ere he again attempts to give a returned list of a day's running, that he will not forget to qualify himself so as to perform his task faithfully and properly, I remain, Mr. Editor, wishing every success may still attend you,

Your constant reader, VIDI.

London, Nov. 7, 1831.

P. S. After concluding the above, I read the excellent observations of HIPPOS on Clipping; and I think it but just to state, that although once inimical to this practice, yet observation has convinced me of its utility.

Three winters ago, having read marvellous accounts of horses dying from lock-jaw that had been clipped, I was afraid to venture: however, having an old hack that I did not much value, I was prevailed on to allow of his undergoing the process, and from that time I became a convert to clipping. What is the consequence of this? Why, instead of having my nags come home now after a day's work with their long penfeather jackets as wet as if they had been dragged through a river, and in this state requiring the stable to be kept open, with the men at them for two or three hours to get them perfectly dry, to the annoyance of themselves in their wearied state, and disturbance of the other horses—now that clipping has been introduced, on a horse coming home after a long day, and receiving at the hands of the groom a common wisping and washing out of the feet, with the other little *et ceteras*, not occupying altogether half an hour, he is fit to be bedded up, fed, and left to his rest: and if this does not flog the old method I am mistaken. Added to this, horses work vastly better, and are not so quickly blown; and though last, not least, it adds considerably to their appearance—thus combining the *utile* with the *dulce*:

for how much better does a well clipped horse appear than one in his shaggy winter's coat? And as to their being more liable to take cold, it is no such thing, provided the stable men pay them but common attention. For myself, I think that he who has once had horses clipped will ever continue to do so.

One circumstance at Blandford Races, not a little singular, seems to have escaped the notice of NATIVE; and which I wonder at the more, as he appears to have paid greater attention to the Ladies than he did to the racing. The circumstance to which I allude is, that at Blandford Races they sport a *female Clerk of the Course*, and, above all other things, *an unmarried one*. I could not help thinking it rather *outré* to see a fair lady *weighing* the jocks; and when they came to change their jackets, or put on a flannel sweater or two to make them preponderate in the scale, to see them standing as cool as cucumbers before the fair damsel, or at least full in her view, with doekins all unbuttoned, I deemed it to be a pretty particular considerable tarnation queer sight I guess; but *prenez garde! prenez garde!* Mr. Editor; I must hold hard, and come to a conclusion, or you will think this a terrible *ouvrage de longue haleine*.

TARPORLEY HUNT MEETING.

SIR,

BEING present at Tarporley Hunt Races, I beg to send you an account of them in as good a way as I can. Having all my horses ill with distemper, prevented me from hunting with

them; accordingly, I cannot give you any information of the runs during the week, but I understand they have had some very good sport. Many anticipated that there would be a great deal

of company in the Forest, but the weather was so very bad it kept a great many away: there was, however, a very respectable attendance. Being only one day's race, the list shewed for five races. The first was a Two-year-old Stake of 20 sovs. each, for which five entered, and all came to the post—Sir T. Stanley's b. c. by Champion, Mr. Beardsworth's b. f. by Catton, Mr. Nanney's br. f. Kitty Fisher, Mr. Turner's ch. c. Scrivener, and Mr. Armistead's ch. f. by Teniers. They all came away at the first start (and a very good one it was), keeping all together until two distances from home, when the Teniers filly and Kitty Fisher shewed in front. The Teniers filly a little after got before Kitty, and looked like winning; when, within a few yards of the ending post, Calloway made a very good rush with Kitty, and it was declared a dead heat.—Morris Jones rode the filly by Teniers very well.—The next heat Darling was put on, but Kitty took the lead, made all the running, and won easy at last.

The next was a Match between Sir Richard Brooke's b. f. by General Mina and Sir H. Mainwaring's ch. h. Hawk's-eye. The latter took the lead, and won by a length, badly ridden by some Gentleman's hunting-groom; the latter in good style by Whitehouse.

All-Aged Stakes, 10 sovs. each,

two miles, 5 subscribers, of which three came to the post—Lord Derby's Roseleaf, Mr. Johnson's Jupiter, and Mr. Nanney's Georgiana. Jupiter went away at a rattling pace, closely followed by Roseleaf, Georgiana being about two lengths from them. In this way they kept until half a mile from home, when Roseleaf challenged Jupiter, and so they ran to near the distance: at this time Georgiana got close to them; she then went up to the other two, and they kept together for a short distance. Jupiter being beat off, Georgiana and Roseleaf ran a severe race home, which was won by Georgiana by half a neck—ridden by Calloway; Roseleaf by Spring, and Jupiter by Darling.

A Hunters' Stake of 5 sovs. each for horses not thorough-bred—Sir H. Mainwaring's Thimble and Mr. Walmsley's b. g. by Gulliver. Thimble made all the running and won cleverly—rode by Spring; the other by Darling.

The last race was for a Cup with 15 sovs. in it, for maiden horses not thorough-bred, the property of Cheshire Farmers.—Six came to the post, which, after a scrambling race and a great dispute, was given in favour of Mr. J. Cliffe. They were the very worst lot of race horses I ever saw come to a post.—The Meeting on the whole was very good.

BARABBAS.

November 7, 1831.

AMENDED RULES OF THE JOCKEY CLUB.

AT a meeting of the Stewards and Members of the Jockey Club, held at Newmarket on the 1st of November, it was stated

that much uncertainty had prevailed with regard to the operation of the Rules and Orders of the Jockey Club, and therefore it

was thought proper to declare that they apply to all races run at, and engagements made for, *Newmarket ONLY*—the Jockey Club having no authority to extend their Rules and Orders to any other place; although they have, for the sake of greater uniformity and certainty, recommended the adoption of the same Rules to the Stewards of other Races.—Also, that the Stewards of the Jockey Club will not receive any references of disputes from any places except those at which the Rules and Regulations of Newmarket shall have been declared to be in force in the printed articles of those Races.

It was also resolved, That from and after the last day of the present year, Rule 6 should be altered as follows:—

“If any dispute arising elsewhere than at Newmarket shall be referred to the Stewards of the Jockey Club, and they shall think fit to take it into consideration, the matter must relate to Horse Racing; the facts or points of difference be reduced into writing, and be sent by or with the sanction of the Stewards

where the matter in question occurred; and the parties must agree in writing to abide by the decision of the Stewards of the Jockey Club.”

And it was resolved, That from and after the last day of the present year the Rule 20 (relating to the validity of nominations) be void and of no effect—And that Rule 25 be altered as follows:—

“No person shall start any horse unless he shall have paid all former stakes and forfeits to the Keeper of the Match-book before the time fixed for starting the first race of each day on which he intends to start his horse.”

And it was further resolved, That at the expiration of each meeting a list of all Stakes and forfeits due at Newmarket shall be exhibited in the Coffee-room at Newmarket; and that a similar list, and also a list of all stakes and forfeits due elsewhere, which the persons claiming them shall transmit (free of postage), be posted at Mr. Weatherby's office in Oxendon Street.

For the Rules and Orders of the Jockey Club, we refer our readers to the *Sporting Magazine*, vol. xxiii. N.S. p. 297.

AN EPISTLE FROM LEICESTERSHIRE,

BY WILL CARELESS.

Contents:—He waxeth ambitious, and claimeth a high station.—Visit to Nottingham—The Castle and the Races.—Sir Harry Goodricke and his Establishment at Thrusington.—Cub-hunting.—Opening of the regular Season at Brookesby.—Advice to incipient Meltonians, with a moral and sententious Conclusion.

IN these tumultuous times, Mr. Editor, unless a man puts himself forward, he has but little chance to obtain preferment; and as every one seems anxious to

better his condition, I see no reason why WILL CARELESS should not get into office. With this view he solicits your suffrages, gentle readers; and as he is not

aware that he has any competitor, he trusts that his election will be carried unanimously. The high honour to which he aspires is to be Historiographer to Sir Harry Goodricke, late the Quorn Hunt. Fully aware of the arduous duties attached to this office, he is conscious that far superior abilities are requisite for their proper discharge; but he hopes to atone for any deficiency in this respect by fidelity, zeal, and attention: and should he receive an intimation that he is unequal to the task he has undertaken, or should any Gentleman better qualified come forward, he pledges himself to resign *instantly*—provided always that the said Gentleman be not a Gentleman by Act of Parliament. Flattering himself that he is by no means a second-rater on pig-skin, he hopes with practice to become a first-rate on paper.

Thus far had I written when my servant came to inform me that he had heard there was a mob out at Nottingham, and that half the town was on fire. Now a fire is an event to us chaw-bacons (though the Cockneys must be so used to them as to care nothing at being burnt alive—I have been in London a week, and there has been a fire every night); so jumping on my hack, spite of a tremendous rain, I cantered off quite ready for a row; and an hour and a quarter—I love to be exact—brought me to Nottingham. Before arriving there I perceived that the Castle, not the town, was on fire; and knowing it to be uninhabited except by rats, my admiration of the spectacle was unalloyed by any fear for its inmates. I have seen many fires, but never one so

truly grand—the Castle in a sheet of flame, the roof giving way, the molten lead streaming down into the fire—the dark rock below—the silver Trent had a red and fiery hue, while the green meadows over which I was galloping seemed scorched, and the country round was illuminated as if by a noon-day sun.

My horse was no sooner in the stable than I proceeded to the scene of action. The mob had made their entrance by forcing the gates; they then entered the Castle, setting fire to it story by story, from above downwards. At this time, 9 o'clock, any attempt to stop the conflagration would have been useless. The castle-yard was crowded with spectators, including many of the most respectable inhabitants, whose regrets, though not loud, were deep at this untoward event. Such feelings, I am sorry to say, did not pervade the great majority of the assembled multitude: many of the windows were still entire, and when one broke, or a bright flash of flame burst forth, it was hailed with loud huzzas, as if applauding a purposed display. A staid old fellow, dressed in decent black, long-visaged, and lank-haired, looking a good deal like a Methodist parson, hearing me observe to a friend that it was a most magnificent sight, turned round to me, and, after a preliminary *hem*, gravely said, “I think, Sir, this *business* seems to give very general satisfaction.” I could not forbear smiling, and therefore did not treat him with the rebuke he merited. The Duke of Newcastle’s name was in everybody’s mouth; and I heard a fellow remark, as if he thought he was uttering an indisputable

trium, "The Duke's ears must tingle finely to-night!"

The whole of the roof had fallen in a little after eleven, and when I left, shortly after, few people remained.

On passing out of the gate I met a party of the King's Hussars, the utility of whose presence I could not perceive. Indeed I recommended them to get to bed, as much more profitable than riding up and down empty streets in a rain which had sent all the mobocracy home. They did not follow my good councils, and looked terribly jaded next morning, having then been out two nights. Nothing could be more exemplary than the patience both men and officers displayed: not a shot was fired until Tuesday afternoon; when a crowd pressing on them as they were escorting some prisoners down a narrow street, and at the same time pelting them with stones, a single pistol was discharged: two men were wounded; and what then?—the valiant mob vanished. Groups of ten or a dozen might be found talking big of what they would do at night; but before dusk they slunk away, and the next morning the whole town could do nothing but express their wonder at their own folly in ever having allowed such a rabble to congregate for a single hour.

Tuesday was the first race day, but in consequence of these disturbances the races were adjourned *sine die*—a most praiseworthy resolution, and one which I trust will not be altered, unless better sport can be shewn than has been of late years. I am not aware that any one would miss Nottingham races except the Clerk of the Course; and as so paltry a

meeting can never recompense him for the loss of his valuable time, I trust he will *allow* the county Gentlemen to give up their annual pretence of being Turf-men.

Being heartily sick of contemptible mobs and imbecile Magistrates, I turned my horse's head to Widmerpool, and arrived there just as one pack was going home and another turning out for the afternoon's diversion. The coverts there are so full of foxes that they will require a good deal more working to induce pug to go well away. A fox was killed, and we had two or three skurries, but none of any length. I am, however, getting on too fast, as I have a description to give of the new establishment—an establishment which there is little doubt will eclipse even the glory of the Quorn.

Sir Harry Goodricke, our new master, is too well known as a Gentleman and a sportsman to need any adulation of mine; and were I only to write what I think of him, those to whom he is unknown would suspect me of gross flattery—he has the good wishes of every Leicestershire freeholder. The principal landed proprietors, upon Lord Southampton's resignation, held a meeting at Leicester, at which the Marquis of Hastings was Chairman, and offered the country to Sir Harry; and the farmers and freeholders had a dinner at Melton, very numerously attended, to celebrate his accession.

Leicestershire formerly had its fox-destroyers, and I purposed sketching one from the life; but on looking round for a sitter, I found the race had disappeared, and that the whole Squirearchy

were strict preservers of foxes, and as proud of a litter of cubs as if *battues* had never existed. In addition to these favorable auspices, may be mentioned the circumstance that Sir Harry is absolute ruler—a very desirable thing in the good government of fox-hunters, a lawless set, whose liberty degenerates into licentiousness when they have a chief with constituents in the form of subscribers.

The new establishment is not quite completed, the houses for the servants not being yet built: it is situate at Thrussington, a small village about eight miles N.N.E. from Leicester, and about six in an opposite direction from Melton, where Sir Harry still resides. Upon entering the field in which this little town is erected, you come first upon the hunting stables, an oblong building with a passage through the middle, having a stable right and left at both ends, each containing three boxes and five stalls, making room for thirty-two horses: there are besides saddle and servants' rooms. This stable was full when I was there, but the horses were not recovered from their journey, and, in addition, were suffering from the smell of paint and from the dampness of the walls. I have heard that this inconvenience is yet existing: indeed I never had a worse head-ache than making their tour brought on. The architect has spoiled the stables by an ill-judged economy; they are not deep enough to allow you to walk behind the horses in safety, and the stalls are too narrow; the boxes small, and the one at the entrance of the stable dark as a dungeon.

Passing directly through the

stables, you come to a covered ride, round a place for manure. Further on is a hack stable, containing six stalls and four boxes, a blacksmith's shop, house, &c. The granaries and hay-chambers are over the different stables. Several of the boxes are fitted up with stone troughs, four inches thick, so that a crib-biter cannot get hold. I saw several sorts of straps and muzzles used to prevent this practice, but understood they did not answer. The ventilation of the stables is extremely good.

To the left are the kennels, which I certainly admire more than any I have ever seen. They form a circle, having a rotunda in the centre, to which a passage leads north and south. Entering this passage from the south, you have on either hand three kennels with their corresponding yards. Every kennel has a door opening into the rotunda, which is the feeding place, and has a thatched roof or dome raised upon pillars some feet above that of the kennels: the space between the pillars is left open, so that a current of air is constantly insured. Leaving the rotunda through the northern passage, there is a kennel on each side with proper compartments for brood bitches. The rest of the building is taken up with huntsman and whips' rooms, boilers, &c.

To the left of the kennel is another building, containing forcing pump, boiling-house, and flesh-room. The huntsman's house is to be built facing the south entrance to the kennel, but he will, during the present season, reside in the village. The expense of the whole will be under 3000l.

And here I am sorry to ob-

serve that Mountford is so unwell that he will not be able to undergo the fatigue of hunting during the present winter: he will remain in Sir Harry's service; and I trust in the spring, if he takes care of himself, will be able to resume his station as huntsman. Will Derry, the first whip, at present hunts the hounds.

Thrussington is well worth a visit, and any Gentleman building or altering kennels may here get many a wrinkle. The hounds are now at Thrussington: I am fearful of their becoming lame from the newness of the kennels. When I saw them at Quorn Lodge they were looking extremely well, not too fleshy, but quite up to work, with very little lameness among them, though the ground for the first month of cub-hunting was as hard as iron. There were then eighty-seven and a half couples, of which a dozen or more were to be draughted, when there will remain three packs—one of dogs, another of bitches, and the third a mixed one. These have been selected from Lord Southampton's pack, and from draughts bought of the Duke of Rutland, Mr. Saville, and Lord Petre. There are also a few hounds which came from Lord Yarborough. Those from the Duke were, as usual, both good and handsome; Mr. Saville's entry was not so good as usual this year, and the draught but so-so; Lord Petre's are not handsome, but have turned out very good hunters. I am not sure that more than a stallion or two came from Lord Yarborough. The *tottle of the whole* it would be difficult to equal, impossible to surpass.

VOL. IV.—SECOND SERIES.—No. 20.

Cub-hunting commenced August 22d. The weather was far from propitious. The first morning meeting was near Markfield, where there was a good litter: a cub ran a pretty ring of twenty minutes, and succeeded in getting to ground. The second morning, on the Forest, only a brace of old foxes was found, and we were apprehensive that there would be a scarcity of foxes on the Charnwood hills. Such is not the case, there being good litters in most of the woods. The third morning was also on the Forest, and a brace of cubs was killed. Monday, August 29, the hounds met at Widmerpool at day-light, and by nine o'clock the slaughter of three cubs satisfied our appetite for blood.

During the continuance of the dry weather long runs were not desirable; but if my memory fail me not, one morning, after killing a cub at Braunston, an old fox was unkennelled, who got to ground after a fast thing over the open of nearly an hour. When the rain fell, the wholesome practice of meeting at daylight was abandoned, and the hour of nine substituted. We have had some runs which would have done honour to December, particularly from the Nottinghamshire country, where I am happy to say there is a greater number of foxes than has been for many years. The only place where foxes used to breed, void of a litter, is Gotham, the property of Earl Howe.

Wednesday, October 12, met at Barton, Notts; found a fox, who took a turn round Clifton gardens, down to the Trent, along the meadows up to Thrumpton, over Red Hill, crossed the Soar at Ratcliffe, went nearly to Keg-

R

worth wind-mill, turned to the right, and was killed between Lockington and Hemington, in an hour and thirty-five minutes—present, Sir Harry Goodricke, Lord Rancliffe, Mr. F. Foljambe, and two or three other Gentlemen.

October 17, met at Braunston; found between there and Enderby; ran an hour and forty minutes; killed between Evington and Staughton, having crossed the Soar and three turnpike-roads.

Up to the regular season ten brace of foxes were killed. During the week immediately preceding, two packs were frequently out.

It was usual for the Quorn hounds to commence hunting the first Monday in November, either at Kirby or Brookesby. In obedience to this custom, Sir H. Goodricke's hounds met at Brookesby, Monday, November, 7th. There was a brilliant muster of scarlet coats, among whom I noticed Lord Plymouth, Lord Kinnaird, Lord Gardner, Lord Rokeby, Sir James Boswell, Sir James Musgrave, Sir John Lister Kaye, Messrs. Moore, Maher, Gilmour, Stanley, Dixons, Ewart, Cradock, Farnham, Close, two Mr. Taylors from Oakham, Col. Cheny and his sons, &c. &c.; there were besides many respectable farmers. The morning was not propitious, being rough and stormy. Plenty of foxes were found at Cream-gorse, but they would not leave the covert, one of the largest and most difficult to work in Leicestershire. After being there above an hour, the hounds moved on to Ashby pasture; found a leash of foxes; one went away by Thorpe Satchville, bore to the right for Ashby Folville for ten minutes

very fast, and then ran to ground between Barkby and South Croxton. Afterwards drew Thorpe Thrussels; found a bad fox; ran him for a mile and a half; could do no good, and gave over.

As there are several seceders from Melton, and as it is desirable that vacancies should be filled up as speedily as possible by young Gentlemen of from five to fifty thousand a-year, I subjoin a few rules for their guidance; and, as they say lookers on see most of the game, they may perhaps be as useful as if from a Meltonian. It being morally impossible that any man can make the slightest pretensions to fashion without spending at least one year in Leicestershire, I trust to be the humble means of causing an influx of full pockets and empty heads into my native county; as I shall shortly shew that to be a distinguished fox-hunter, the only requisite is

“Almighty gold, whose magic charms
dispense
Worth to the worthless, to the graceless
grace:
To cowards valour, and to blockheads
sense;
And to the withered maid a Hebe's
face.”

Without this essential requisite it is useless to come; as *even a winter at Melton* will be dearly purchased by sacrificing your own character, and procuring that of a blackleg and horse-dealer.—Stay at home if you cannot conveniently spend four or five thousand pounds during the season.

Do not be so absurd as to imagine horses can be bought in Leicestershire. How should they? Gentlemen won't part with good ones; and as for farmers, in these bad times, a man

cannot keep too close to his business. Buying of them encourages the evil habit of keeping horses and neglecting their farms, as they cannot attend to them when out hunting. Besides, these fellows ride like devils. Only consider the bore of following the tail of an animal which has a brown coat on its back!—it is a nuisance, and ought to be abated. Therefore, I say, buy your horses in town, of Anderson, or any dealer who will give you a long pedigree, and ask a longer price. On your first appearance you will undergo criticism almost as keen as “from the awful bow at White’s.” How triumphantly then do you answer any idle remark about hollow backs, weak loins, or the like, with “Got by Longlegs, dam by Slug out of own Sister to Stick-in-the-mud, thorough-bred as Eclipse—bought him of Tom Chous’em—cost me three hundred!” A stud-groom is indispensable: choose one who will not injure your reputation by any ill-judged economy; as he will draw from your purveyor of horses on every deal. Never buy a horse without consulting him; in this way you put money into his pocket without offending his delicacy: a truly good servant cannot be too well paid. Don’t belong to the Old Club; they are all sportsmen, and would probably roast, and perhaps they would not have you—’twould be impossible to get on with such a slow set of musty old ones. Take a house by all means; the expense is nothing; and if your cook is really an artist, who dare refuse your dinners?

Having settled these preliminaries, let me give a few rules for your guidance in the field. Never

ride a hack to covert if you can go on wheels: if on a hack, go twenty miles an hour; anything under is deadly slow, and will destroy your reputation in the bud. When on your hunter, if a good jumper, lark him over the fences before finding; this will improve your own nerve, and make your horse quiet, during the run. If you get a fall, swear the man nearest, provided he be not “one of us,” crossed you and made your horse swerve: damn him a few if he seems a quiet fellow. If any unfortunate Leicestershire Squire, troubled with gout and good feeding, presume to come out on his sporting pony to see one of his own coverts drawn, mistake him for his gamekeeper, and tell him to get out of your way, or you will ride over him. Always push through a gate as soon as it is opened, but never endeavour to prevent its falling to; such a proceeding is derogatory to a Gentleman, who cannot be supposed ever to have opened a gate for himself. Ride over a man who is down whenever you have the chance, provided you do not dine with him or he with you: always hope he is not hurt: this way you establish your character as a hard rider and a good-natured fellow. When out with subscription hounds, ride among them at every check: if you kill a hound, add a fifty to your subscription. Sir Harry won’t stand this; so do not patronise him, unless on a horse you can manage. Sunday is a dull day at Melton, but with the help of bull-terriers and a badger, or a lark to Leicester, it may be got through. If your stud gets low, post to town on business. Enter a horse or two at Croxton

Park, and ride them yourself; you will lose, but will have the full enjoyment of a north-east wind in as bleak a place as England can produce, being duly attired in silk jacket, doe-skin breeches, &c. If your ambition soars yet higher, fight a main; and if you never back the birds your feeder says must win, you will not be a heavy loser.

Any young Gentleman who implicitly follows these directions must cut a distinguished figure; and I trust the New Club, when founded on these principles, will vote me a service of plate—an Honorary Member I shall be of course. If they do not, I shall not repine, being aware how seldom the best advice is duly appreciated.

Indeed I am one of those old

fashioned people who do not think that the introduction of all the vices of London into a country town is compensated by any expenditure how great so ever; nor can I conceive that Leicestershire is improved by an admixture of town-bred knavery with provincial cunning.

But hold hard! I am preaching, in place of getting over the country; and here is my friend, the curate of Diddle'm, with a mount for to-morrow he can't accept, the Squire's Lady being at home, and he not having a sermon but what she has heard half-a-dozen times: so when my discourse is a little amplified, with a text at one end and an amen at the other, I will relieve him from his dilemma.

Adieu! WILL CARELESS.

COURSING MEETINGS.

MALTON.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1831.

WARHAM.

FOR the Cup.—Mr. Swann's red and wh. d. Sailor, by Dart, out of Sontag, beat Mr. S. Fox's red d. Tickler, by Hercules, out of Gaylass; Mr. Best's red b. Gabrielle, by Streamer, out of Gratitude, beat Sir J. Johnstone's blk. and wh. p. d. Bolivar, by Balloon, out of a Derbyshire bitch; Mr. Lowther's blk. d. President, by Pelter, out of Violet, beat Mr. G. Bower's blk. and wh. p. b. Bobadilla, by Boaster, out of Blue Bobadilla; Mr. Lowther's blk. b. Vesta, by Phantom, out of Vesta, beat Mr. S. Fox's red and wh. d. Teazer, by Medlar, out of Glory; Major Bower's blk. d. Birmingham, by Wellington, out of Bobadilla, beat Sir J. Johnstone's blk. d. Rokeby, by Balloon, out of Rosebud; Mr. Best's red b. Mavia, by Hercules, out of Mite, beat Mr. W. Fox's f. d. Gunshot, by Hercules; Mr. G. Bower's brin. p. b. Brunette, by Leatham's Wellington, out of Young Elizabeth, beat Mr. Swann's blk. b. Rosalind, by Miller, out of Rosebud; Mr. Swann's blk. and wh. d. Saxon, by Miller, out of Sontag, beat Major Bower's f. b. Bluebonnet.

For the Gold Cup.—Mr. Best's blk. p. b. Butterfly, by Balloon, out of Brocard, beat Mr. G. Bower's d. d. Bonbon, by Belzoni, out of Bonini; Mr. Lowther's blk. d. Pilgrim, by Pelter, out of Violet, beat Mr. W. Fox's red and wh. b. Gazelle; Sir J. Johnstone's blk. and wh. p. d. Bertram, by Balloon, out of a Derbyshire bitch, beat Mr. S. Fox's red d. Tarquin, by Hercules, out of Minikin; Major Bower's d. d. Brunswick, by Belzoni, out of Bonini, beat Mr. Swann's bl. p. d. Junius, by Marmion, out of Jane.

First Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, for Aged Dogs.—Mr. Best's red and wh. b. Tibby, by Turk, out of Mr. Loft's Marcia, beat Mr. Swann's blk. d. Slim, by Dart, out of Sontag; Sir J. Johnstone's red d. Capsicum, by a Brother to Warwick, beat Mr. Lowther's f. d. Valiant, by Phantom, out of Vesta.

Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, for Bitch Puppies.—Mr. S. Fox's blk. and wh. b. Fly, by Ulster, out of Toso, beat Mr. Best's red and wh. b. Tiny, by Coxcomb, out of Tibby; Mr. Lowther's brin. b. Lisette, by Leatham's Wellington, out of Young Elizabeth, beat Sir J. Johnstone's blk. and wh. b. Blossom, by Balloon, out of a Derbyshire bitch.

First Sweepstakes of five sovs. each,

for Dog Puppies.—Mr. Best's wh. d. Transit, by Coxcomb, out of Tibby, beat Mr. Swann's bl. d. Midas, by Miller, out of Europe; Mr. G. Bower's brin. d. Bullet, by Leatham's Wellington, out of Young Elizabeth, beat Mr. Lowther's f. d. Priam, by Phaeton.

Second Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, for Dog Puppies.—Mr. Best's red d. Champion, by Gilder, out of Clari, beat Sir J. Johnstone's bl. d. Raby, by Balloon, out of Rosebud; Mr. Lowther's blk. d. Vampyre, by Dalton, out of Violet, beat Mr. S. Fox's red and wh. d. Raggman, by Ulster, out of Toso.

Match.—Sir J. Johnstone's Bittern beat Mr. Swann's Selima.

WEDNESDAY THE 9TH.

LANGTON WOLD.

FIRST TIES FOR THE CUP.

Gabrielle beat President.
Birmingham — Brunette.
Vesta — Sailor.
Mavis — Saxon.

FIRST TIES FOR THE GOLD CUP.

Butterfly beat Bertram.
Pilgrim — Brunswick.

First Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, for Puppies.—Mr. G. Bower's blk. and wh. b. Bobadilla beat Mr. Lowther's Varna, by Dalton, out of Violet; Sir J. Johnstone's blk. and wh. d. Bolivar beat Mr. Swann's wh. d. Justice, by Marmion, out of Jane.

Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, for All Ages.—Mr. Best's f. d. Malek, by Hercules, out of Modesty, beat Mr. Lowther's d. d. Virgil, by Phantom, out of Violet; Sir J. Johnstone's blk. d. Rokeby beat Mr. Lowther's f. d. Venture, by Phantom, out of Vesta.

Third Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, for Dog Puppies.—Mr. Best's red and wh. d. Tartar, by Coxcomb, out of Tibby, beat Mr. Lowther's f. d. Priam; Mr. Swann's bl. d. Junius beat Mr. S. Fox's blk. and wh. d. Granby, by Ulster, out of Toso.

Second Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, for Aged Dogs.—Mr. Lowther's blk. b. Pinwire, by Pelter, out of Violet, beat Mr. Best's wh. and f. b. Margery, by Hercules, out of Mite; Mr. S. Fox's red d. Tarquin, by Hercules, out of Minikin, beat Sir J. Johnstone's bl. d. Romulus, by Miller, out of Rosebud.

Third Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, for Aged Dogs.—Mr. S. Fox's red d. Tickler beat Major Bower's f. b. Bluebonnet; Mr. Lowther's f. d. Valiant beat Mr. W. Fox's red d. Tramp.

Second Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, for Puppies.—Sir J. Johnstone's blk. and wh. d. Vagrant, by Balloon, out of Violet, beat Mr. Best's wh. and red b. Milkmaid,

by Coxcomb, out of Minna; Mr. W. Fox's bl. and wh. d. Recruit beat Mr. S. Fox's blk. and wh. b. Tiny, by Ulster, out of Toso.

Matches.—Mr. S. Fox's Twister beat Mr. G. Bower's Bonbon; Mr. Swann's Maiden agat Mr. G. Bower's Boston—undecided.

THURSDAY THE 10TH.

SECOND TIES FOR THE CUP.

Gabrielle beat Birmingham.
Vesta — Mavis.

Deciding Course for First Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, for Aged Dogs.—Sir J. Johnstone's red d. Capsicum beat Mr. Best's red and wh. b. Tibby, and won the Stakes.

Deciding Course for Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, for Bitch Puppies.—Mr. Lowther's brin. b. Lisette beat Mr. S. Fox's blk. and wh. b. Fly, and won the Stakes.

Deciding Course for First Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, for Dog Puppies.—Mr. Best's wh. d. Transit beat Mr. G. Bower's brin. d. Bullet, and won the Stakes.

Deciding Course for Second Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, for Dog Puppies.—Mr. Best's red d. Champion beat Mr. Lowther's blk. d. Vampyre, and won the Stakes.

Fourth Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, for Aged Dogs.—Mr. Best's red b. Harpy beat Sir J. Johnstone's bl. d. Romulus; Mr. S. Fox's wh. d. Twister beat Mr. Swann's blk. b. Rosalind.

Third Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, for Puppies.—Mr. Swann's bl. d. Midas beat Mr. S. Fox's red and wh. d. Raggman; Mr. G. Bower's brin. b. Brunette beat Sir J. Johnstone's blk. and wh. b. Blossom.

Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, for All-Aged.—Mr. Swann's blk. d. Slim beat Sir J. Johnstone's bl. d. Raby; Mr. Lowther's f. d. Venture beat Major Bower's d. d. Brunswick.

Fifth Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, for Aged Dogs.—Mr. Fox's red d. Teazer beat Sir J. Johnstone's blk. and wh. d. Balloon; Mr. Best's wh. and f. b. Margery beat Mr. Lowther's d. d. Virgil.

Match.—Sir J. Johnstone's Bittern beat Mr. G. Bower's Boston.

FRIDAY THE 11TH.

WHARRAM.

Deciding Course for the Cup.—Mr. Best's red. b. Gabrielle beat Mr. Lowther's blk. b. Vesta, and won the Cup; Vesta the Sovereigns.

Deciding Course for the Gold Cup.—Mr. Best's blk. b. Butterfly beat Mr. Lowther's blk. d. Pilgrim, and won the Cup.

Deciding Course for First Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, for Puppies.—Sir J. Johnstone's blk. and wh. d. Bolivar beat Mr. G. Bower's wh. and blk. b. Bobadilla, and won the Stakes.

Deciding Course for Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, for All Ages.—Sir J. Johnstone's blk. p. d. Rokeby beat Mr. Best's f. d. Malek, and won the Stakes.

Deciding Course for Third Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, for Dog Puppies.—Mr. Best's red and wh. d. Tartar beat Mr. Swann's bl. d. Junius, and won the Stakes.

Deciding Course for Second Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, for Aged Dogs.—Mr. Lowther's blk. b. Pinwire beat Mr. S. Fox's red d. Tarquin, and won the Stakes.

Deciding Course for Third Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, for Aged Dogs.—Mr. Lowther's red d. Valiant beat Mr. S. Fox's red d. Tickler, and won the Stakes.

Deciding Course for Second Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, for Puppies.—Sir J. Johnstone's blk. and wh. d. Vagrant beat Mr. Wm. Fox's bl. and wh. d. Recruit, and won the Stakes.

Deciding Course for Fourth Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, for Aged Dogs.—Mr. Best's red b. Harpy beat Mr. S. Fox's wh. d. Twister, and won the Stakes.

Deciding Course for Third Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, for Puppies.—Mr. George Bower's brin. b. Brunette beat Mr. Swann's bl. d. Midas, and won the Stakes.

Deciding Course for Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, for All Aged.—Mr. Swann's blk. d. Slim beat Mr. Lowther's f. d. Venture, and won the Stakes.

Deciding Course for Fifth Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, for Aged Dogs.—Mr. Best's wh. and f. b. Margery beat Mr. Fox's red and wh. d. Teazer, and won the Stakes.

First Sweepstakes of five sovs. each.—Mr. Lowther's blk. d. President beat Mr. Swann's wh. and blk. d. Saxon; Mr. Best's red and wh. b. Tibby beat Sir J. Johnstone's red d. Capsicum.

Mr. Lowther and Mr. Best divided the Stakes.

Second Sweepstakes of five sovs. each.—Mr. Swann's red and wh. d. Sailor beat Mr. Lowther's d. d. Virgil; Mr. Best's red p. d. Champion beat Mr. George Bower's brin. b. p. Lisette.

Deciding Course for Second Sweepstakes of five sovs. each.—Mr. Swann's red and wh. d. Sailor beat Mr. Best's red p. d. Champion, and won the Stakes.

Matches.—Mr. Swann's Maiden beat Mr. Best's Milkmaid; Mr. S. Fox's Ragman beat Mr. Lowther's Priam; Sir J.

Johnstone's Varna beat Mr. G. Bower's Brandsby; Mr. S. Fox's Granby beat Sir J. Johnstone's Rosette; Sir J. Johnstone's Larkspur beat Major Bower's Blue Bonnet.

THE WENSLEYDALE.

John Hutton, Esq. of Marske, and John Booth, Esq. of Killerby, Stewards.

This Meeting took place on Thursday the 3d of November, on the grounds of the Right Hon. Lord Bolton, and the running for the Cup was decided as follows:—

For the Cup.—Mr. Chapman's Tramp beat Mr. C. Other's Rex; Mr. Pratt's Matilda beat Mr. Willis's Fly; Mr. Croft's Sam beat Master Powlett's Swallow; Mr. T. Hutton's Blue beat Mr. Maclellan's Peter; Mr. Wray's Ban beat Mr. J. B. Simpson's Nettle; Mr. Booth's Venus beat Mr. J. T. Wray's Shanker; Mr. Foster's Smart beat Mr. Hutton's Chance; Mr. W. W. Fisher's Rosabella beat Mr. T. Other's Venus.

FIRST TIES.

Matilda	beat	Tramp.
Sam	—	Blue.
Ban	—	Venus.
Rosabella	—	Smart.

SECOND TIES.

Sam beat Matilda.
Rosabella agst Ban—undecided.
Rosabella won the toss.

Deciding Course.—Mr. W. W. Fisher's Rosabella beat Mr. Croft's Sam, and won the Cup.

Owing to the kindness of the Hon. T. O. Powlett, in having the woods beaten by his gamekeepers for some nights previous to the meeting, the hares were plentiful on the coursing ground, but they did not run quite so stoutly as has been noticed on former occasions. In consequence of the great satisfaction which is given by the Trier (Mr. Terry, of Leyburn) in his decisions, and the excellent arrangements observed in beating the ground, the Club gains many new Members yearly, and may now compete with any in the kingdom in the number of its Members, and in their heartiness as supporters of the long-tails.

Timothy Hutton, Esq. of Clifton Castle, and George Wray, Esq. of Cleasby, were appointed Stewards for the next year.

THE AMESBURY.

This Meeting commenced on the 1st of November, and terminated on the following Thursday, after three days of good sport. The following was the result of the running:—

For the Cup.—Mr. H. Fleetwood's Fountain beat Mr. Biggs's Bluebird; Mr. Moore's Marygold beat Mr. Tunno's Tulip; Capt. Wyndham's Wasteful beat Mr. Heathcote's Handy; Hon. H. Moreton's Mayhap beat Mr. Shard's Seraph; Mr. Etwall's Europa beat Mr. Brouncker's Bill of Reform; Mr. Agg's Actress agst Mr. Lovell's Lavinia—undecided (the latter drawn); Mr. Astley's Ajax beat Mr. Astley's Aladdin; Mr. Brouncker's Blossom beat Mr. Agg's Admiral.

FIRST TIES FOR THE CUP.

Europa beat Ajax.
Mayhap — Marygold.
Blossom — Wasteful.
Actress — Fountain.

SECOND TIES FOR THE CUP.

Blossom beat Actress.
Europa — Mayhap.

Deciding Course for the Cup.—Blossom beat Europa, and won the Cup; Europa the Sovs.

Stonehenge Stakes of Three Sovs. each.—Mr. Biggs's Bird's-eye beat Mr. Shard's Spring; Mr. Etwall's Evenlegs beat Mr. Astley's Amelia; Mr. Heathcote's Hart beat Mr. H. Fleetwood's Furlong; and Mr. Brouncker's Bona beat Capt. Wyndham's Wilful.

TIES FOR THE STONEHENGE STAKES.

Bird's-eye beat Hart.
Bona — Evenlegs.

Deciding Course for the Stonehenge Stakes.—Bona beat Bird's-eye and won the Stakes.

Amesbury Puppy Stakes of Three Sovs. each (fourteen Subs.)—Mr. Morant's Mouse beat Mr. Heathcote's Horsefly; Mr. Astley's Alva beat Capt. Wyndham's Wildfire; Mr. Etwall's Evil-eye beat Mr. Tunno's Tidy; Mr. Agg's Autocrat beat Mr. Shard's Strike; Mr. H. Fleetwood's Fence beat Mr. Lovell's Leol-Cwrw; and Mr. Biggs's Bustard beat Mr. Brouncker's Bob.

FIRST TIES.

Mouse beat Buzzard.
Autocrat — Fence.
Evil-eye agst Alva—(the latter drawn).

SECOND TIES.

Evil-eye beat Autocrat.
Mouse ran a bye.

Deciding Course for the Amesbury Stakes.—Evil-eye beat Mouse, and won the Stakes.

Tedworth Stakes.—Mr. Agg's Adjutant beat Mr. Astley's Anna; Hon. Mr. Moreton's Mirth beat Capt. Wyndham's Witchcraft; Mr. Etwall's Eurys beat Mr.

Heathcote's Harebell; Mr. Biggs's Beverley beat Mr. Heathcote's Favour.

TIES.

Mirth beat Adjutant.
Beverley — Eurys.

Deciding Course for the Tedworth Stakes.—Beverley beat Mirth, and won the Stakes.

Dyke Puppy Stakes.—Mr. Shard's Sylph beat Mr. H. Fleetwood's Fugitive; Mr. Heathcote's Heroine beat Mr. Astley's Agnes; Captain Wyndham's Wittena beat Mr. Etwall's Emma; Mr. Biggs's Batswing beat Mr. Heathcote's Herald.

TIES FOR THE DYKE PUPPY STAKES.

Wittena beat Batswing.
Sylph — Heroine.

Deciding Course for the Dyke Puppy Stakes.—Wittena beat Sylph, and won the Stakes.

For the First Class of Druid Stakes.—Mr. Etwall's Eudora beat Mr. Biggs's Bittern; Mr. Brouncker's Broomstick beat Mr. Heathcote's Hermagild.

Deciding Course for the First Class of Druid Stakes.—Mr. Brouncker's Broomstick beat Mr. Etwall's Eudora, and won the Stakes.

For the Second Class of Druid Stakes.—Captain Wyndham's Wessex beat Mr. Heathcote's Halgow; Mr. Etwall's Esprit beat Captain Wyndham's Winifred.

Deciding Course for the Second Class of Druid Stakes.—Captain Wyndham's Wessex beat Mr. Etwall's Esprit, and won the Stakes.

The Figheldean Puppy Stakes.—Mr. Brouncker's Bob beat Mr. Tunno's Tulip; Mr. Astley's Albion beat Mr. Etwall's Energy; Captain Wyndham's Wilful beat Mr. Heathcote's Hassan; Captain Wyndham's Wildfire beat Mr. Heathcote's Hannibal.

TIES FOR THE FIGHELDEAN PUPPY STAKES.

Wilful beat Bob.
Wildfire — Albion.

Deciding Course for the Figheldean Puppy Stakes.—Captain Wyndham's Wilful beat Captain Wyndham's Wildfire, and won the Stakes.

Millston Stakes.—Captain Wyndham's Wasteful beat Mr. Biggs's Bustard; Mr. Brouncker's Bill of Reform beat Mr. Heathcote's Horsefly.

Deciding Course for the Millston Stakes.—Captain Wyndham's Wasteful beat Mr. Brouncker's Bill of Reform, and won the Stakes.

Wiltshire Stakes.—Captain Wynd-

ham's Witchcraft beat Mr. Astley's Anna; Mr. Etwall's Eurus beat Mr. Lovell's Lavinia.

Deciding Course for the Wiltshire Stakes.—Mr. Etwall's Eurus beat Captain Wyndham's Witchcraft, and won the Stakes.

The Durrington Stakes.—Mr. Shard's Spring beat Captain Wyndham's Wini-fred; Mr. Biggs's Bittern beat Mr. Heathcote's Harebell.

Bittern and Spring divided the Stakes.

wall's brin. d. Eurus; Mr. Slocock's bl. b. Souvenir beat Mr. Astley's blk. and wh. b. Annetta; Mr. Bull's bl. and wh. b. Betsey beat Mr. Moore's blk. b. Mary; Lord Carnarvon's red d. Cannon Ball beat Mr. Kingsmill's yel. and wh. d. Favor; Mr. Shard's brin. d. Sandal beat Mr. Lovell's red d. Loo; Mr. Hesketh Fleetwood's Fugitive beat the Honorable Mr. Moreton's bl. d. Mercury.

FIRST TIES.

Fence beat Sally.
Grace Cup — Souvenir.
Betsy — Cannon Ball.
Sandal — Fugitive.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER THE 26TH.

SECOND TIES.

Betsy beat Sandal.
Grace Cup — Fence.

Deciding Course.—Mr. Bull's bl. and wh. b. Betsey won the Tea Pot; Grace Cup the Currant Jelly Vase.

THE HIGHCLERE.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER THE 25TH.

For a Tea Pot and Currant Jelly Vase.—Mr. Long's blk. and wh. d. Fence beat Mr. Meyrick's bl. and wh. b. Maria; Mr. Shipperey's fawn b. Sally beat Mr. Plummer's wh. b. Playmate; Mr. Goodlake's blk. b. Grace Cup beat Mr. Et-

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF THE WINNING HORSES, &c. IN ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, AND WALES, 1831.

[The figure at the beginning of the paragraph denotes the age of the horse—that at the end the number of Prizes won.]

By ABJER (Son of Truffle).

2. **KITTUMS**, Lord Chesterfield's, 50 sovs., 100, and 50, at Newmarket—3.
3. Leander, Mr. Gardner's, 100 sovs. at Ascot; and 20, at Goodwood—3.
3. Sir Thomas, Mr. Sowerby's, 200 sovs. at Newmarket—1.
- a. The Palfrey, Mr. Sebright's, 40 sovs. at Tunbridge Wells—1.
2. Wolverhampton, Mr. Beardsworth's, 75 sovs. at Wolverhampton—1.

By AMBO (Son of Meteor or Diamond).

- a. Liston, Mr. J. Day's, the Gold Cup Stakes of 180 sovs. at Newport Pagnell; the Gold Cup, value 100, with 30 in specie, at Egham; and 125, at Abingdon—3.
5. Pluralist, Mr. Field's, 40 sovs. at Manchester; 50, at Buxton; a Silver Cup, value 50, with 100 in specie, at Oswestry; and 50, at Wrexham—4.
- a. Sampson, Mr. Giffard's, 80 sovs. at Wenlock—1.
5. Sir Walter, Sir W. Wynne's, 70 sovs. at Newcastle (Staffordshire); and 110, at Liverpool—2.

By ALDERMAN WOOD (Son of Truffle).

4. Fair Oak, Mr. Hampson's, 75 sovs. at Wolverhampton—1.

By AMADIS (Son of Don Quixote).

5. Renishaw, Mr. Somerville's, 50 sovs. at Rochdale—1.

By ANDREW (Son of Orville).

6. Cadland, Duke of Rutland's, 150 sovs. and Mr. C. Peel's, 50, at Newmarket; the Gold Cup Stakes of 50, at Burton-upon-Trent—3.

By ANACREON (Son of Walton).

9. Tom Moore, Mr. Sweete's, 30 sovs. at Tavistock—1.

By ANTICIPATION (Son of Hambletonian).

5. Dolly Spicer, Mr. Weeks's, 100 sovs. at Ascot—1.
3. My Cousin, Mr. Thornes's, 30 sovs. at Worcester—1.

By ANTONIO (Son of Octavian).

- a. Fylde, Mr. Clifton's, the Gold Cup, value 100 sovs. with 270 in specie, and 175, at Newton—2.

By APOLLO (Son of Selim).

5. Kitty Clover, Mr. Banks's, 45 sovs. at Stamford—1.

By ARDROSSAN (Son of John Bull).

- a. Captain, Mr. Isaac Scott's, 50 sovs. at Edinburgh—1.
6. Private, Mr. T. Wilson's, 50 sovs. at Edinburgh—1.
- a. Scarecrow, Capt. Elton's, 50 sovs. at Southampton—1.

By ASTROLOGER (Son of Sir Oliver).

2. Mystery, Mr. T. Evens's, 100 sovs. at Wolverhampton—1.

By BANKER (Son of Smolensko).

3. Bay Colt, out of Lark, Mr. Williams's, 48 sovs. at Stafford—1.
6. Halston, Mr. Beardsworth's, 125 sovs. at Chester; 415, at Manchester; the Gold Cup, value 100, with 105 in specie, at Buxton; and the Tradesmen's Cup, value 100, with 290 in specie, at Liverpool—4.
5. Needless, Mr. Chandler's, a Silver Cup, value 50 sovs. at Knutsford—1.
3. The Screw, Mr. Clifton's, 450 sovs. and 50, at Preston—2.

By BEDLAMITE (Son of Welbeck).

2. Blanche of Devon, Lord Chesterfield's, 50 sovs. at Newmarket—1.
2. Eccentricity, Colonel Peel's, 100 sovs. at Newmarket, and 50 at Huntingdon—2.
2. Non Compos, Colonel Peel's, 50 sovs. at Newmarket—1.

By BILLATON.

6. Little Boy-blue, Mr. J. Day's, 65 sovs. at Clifton and Bristol—1.

By BLACKLOCK (Son of Whitelock).

3. Adam Brock, Mr. Pettit's, 20 sovs. at Newmarket; and 50; and, Mr. Greville's, 140, at Goodwood—3.
4. Apuntador, Mr. Osbaldesten's, 100 sovs. at Ascot; the Gold Cup, value 50, with 60 in specie, at Hampton; 75, at Otland's Park; and 100, at Newmarket—4.
6. Betty Martin, Mr. Thompson's, 35 sovs. at Holderness Hunt—1.
3. Bildeston Lass, Mr. R. Wilson's, 50 sovs. at Newmarket—1.
- a. Brownlock, Mr. Radclyffe's, 100 sovs. at Exeter; 220, at Plymouth and Devonport; 60, at Winchester; and 85, at Blandford—4.
4. Bryan, Sir L. Glyn's, 25 sovs. at Blandford—1.
6. Clinton, Mr. R. Turner's, 50 sovs. at Wrexham—1.
6. Crescent, Mr. Houldsworth's, 442l. 10s. at Bath and Bristol; and 90, and 50, at Salisbury—3.
- a. Laurel, Major Yarburgh's, the Gold Cup, value 100 sovs. at Beverley—1.
4. Moss Rose, Mr. Clifton's, 50 sovs. at Knutsford—1.
6. Navarino, Mr. R. Turner's, 65gs. at Chester—1.
5. Pilgrim, Mr. Ramsay's, 58 sovs. at Edinburgh—1.
5. Thatcher, Mr. Loy's, 50 sovs. at Newcastle—1.
5. Tranby, Mr. Gully's, 70 sovs. at Pontefract; and 60, at Heaton Park—2.
3. Whiteboy, Mr. Mills's, 300 sovs. at Newmarket—1.

By BOBADIL (Son of Rubens).

4. Captain Arthur, Sir M. Wood's, 300 sovs. and 100, at Newmarket—2.
4. Jenny Vertpre, Mr. Corbet's, a Gold Tureen, value 100 sovs. at Bath and Bristol; 345, at Wells; Sir L. Glyn's, 165 sovs. and 50, at Exeter; 110, and the Gold Cup, value 100gs. at Plymouth and Davenport—6.
4. Lilla, Mr. Yates's, 80 sovs. at Bridgnorth; 60, and 50, at Lichfield—3.
3. Petticoats, Mr. Coleman's, 40 sovs. at Enfield; and 50, at Tunbridge Wells—2.

By BORODINO (Son of Smolensko).

5. Round Robin, Mr. Ramsay's, His Majesty's Purse of 100gs. at Edinburgh; the Gold Cup, value 100 sovs. and twice 50, at Fife Hunt; and the Gold Cup, value 100, with 50 in specie, at Caledonian Hunt—5.

By BRAVO (Son of Sir Oliver).

2. Kitty Fisher, Sir W. Wynne's, 80 sovs. at Tarporley Hunt—1.

By BRUTANDORF (Son of Blacklock).

2. Bay Colt, out of St. Patrick's dam, Sir E. Dodsworth's, 70 sovs. at Beverley; and 50, at Kendal—2.
2. Bay Colt, dam by Blucher, Mr. S. L. Fox's, 220 sovs. at Haigh Park—1.
2. Burgomaster, Mr. W. Ridsdale's, 115gs. at Pontefract; and 550 sovs. at Doncaster—2.

By BUFFALO (Son of Fyldener).

5. Chea. Gelding, Mr. Harris's, 50 sovs. at Pytchley Hunt; and Mr. Lovell's, 70, at Newport Pagnell—2.

By BUSTARD (Son of Castrel).

3. Joan of Arc, Mr. F. Richardson's, 175 sovs. at Newmarket—1.
4. Lady Bird, Mr. Payne's, 60 sovs. at St. Alban's—1.
4. Landrail, Mr. Chifney's, 175 sovs. and 80, at Newmarket—2.
4. Variation, Mr. S. Stonehewer's, 200 sovs. 900, the Garden Stakes of 800, and 200, at Newmarket—4.
6. Villager, Mr. S. Graham's, 200 sovs. at Newmarket—1.

By CAIN (Son of Paulowitz).

2. Sensative, Mr. Yates's, 50 sovs. at Buxton; and 175, at Burton-upon-Trent—2.

By CANNON BALL (Son of Sancho).

5. Admiral (late Post Captain), Mr. Burton's, 165, at Warwick; 95, at Croxton Park; and, Mr. Hobson's, 85 sovs. at Ludlow—3.
4. Bullet, Mr. Wormald's, 60 sovs. at Chesterfield—1.
- a. Bay Gelding, Mr. Hickling's, 50gs. at Leicester—1.
6. Camilla, Mr. Hungerford's, 62 sovs. at Pytchley Hunt; 60, and 40, at Croxton Park; 60, at Hampton; twice 50, at Brighton; His Majesty's Purse of 100gs. at Canterbury; and 50, at Dover—8.
- a. Ches. Mare, Mr. G. Ongley's, 80 sovs. and 60, at Bedford—2.
5. Flora, Mr. Reeves's, 45 sovs. at Wells; 40, and 50, at Taunton; 125, at Hereford; 230, at Abingdon; 65, at Burderop; and 50, at Monmouth—7.
- a. Harriet, Mr. Firth's, 55 sovs. at Tunbridge Wells—1.
5. Musket, Mr. Thompson's, 35 sovs. at Holderness Hunt—1.

By CANTEEN (Son of Waxy Pope).

2. Bay Colt (Vyvyan), Sir J. Boswell's, 150 sovs. at Edinburgh; and 195, at Western—2.

By CATTON (Son of Golumpus).

2. Bassethaw, Lord Mountcharles's, 50 sovs. and 30, at Newmarket—2.
3. Bay Colt, Brother to Homer, Col. Cradock's, 700 sovs. at York—1.
3. Bay Filly, out of Trulla, Mr. Gascoigne's, 175 sovs. at York—1.
3. Bay Filly, out of Miss Cantley, Lord Exeter's, 70 sovs. at Stamford; and 50, at Huntingdon—2.
3. Butcher Boy, Mr. Broomhead's, 50 sovs. at Rotherham; and 50, at Chesterfield—2.
6. Cambridge, Lord Scarbrough's, 150 sovs. at York—1.
2. Carlton, Mr. W. Scott's, 40 sovs. at Rotherham; and 80, at Northallerton—2.
4. Carolan, Sir D. Baird's, His Majesty's Purse of 100gs. and 50, at Newcastle; and the Gold Cup, value 100, at Edinburgh—3.
5. Catillus, Mr. Shipley's, 45 sovs. at Inglewood Hunt—1.
5. Cistercian, Lord Scarbrough's, 50 sovs. at Pontefract—1.
3. Contest, Mr. Houldsworth's, 60 sovs. and 120, at Manchester; 80, at Haigh Park; and 120, and 50, at Pontefract—5.
6. Coronet, Mr. Taunton's, 180 sovs. at Taunton; 60, and 100, at Plymouth and Devonport; 90, at Tavistock; and 42, at Dorchester—5.
2. Lady Barbara, Mr. Petre's, 100 sovs. at York—1.
2. Minster, Lord Mountcharles's, 30 sovs. at Newmarket—1.
4. Rolla, Mr. Moulson's, 40 sovs. and 50, at Bishop's Castle—2.

By CENTAUR (Son of Canopus).

4. Bay Filly, dam by Don Cossack, Mr. Pee's, 50 sovs. at Blandford—1.

By CERVANTES (Son of Don Quixote).

5. Lepanto, Lord Southampton's, 60 sovs. at Croxton Park—1.
- a. Medoro, Lord Fitzwilliam's, the Gold Cup, value 100gs. at Pontefract—1.
4. Pontefract, Lord Milton's, 350 sovs. at Doncaster—1.

By CHAMPIGNON (Son of Truffle).

3. Bay Filly, out of Lunaria's dam, Mr. Stones's, 45 sovs. at Chesterfield—1.
3. Frantic, Mr. W. Ellis's, 50 sovs. at Haigh Park, and 50, at Lincoln—2.
2. Soubadhar, Mr. Griffith's, 45, at Cheltenham—1.
4. Steamer, Mr. Pettit's, 170 sovs. at Newmarket—1.

By CHAMPION (Son of Selim).

3. Bay Colt (Donnington), Mr. Taylor's, the Donnington Park Stakes (disputed) of 75gs. at Derby; Mr. Brooks's, 50, at Worcester; Mr. Hobson's, 55, at Walsall; and 45, at Penkridge—4.
3. Master of the Ceremonies, Lord Westminster's, 50 sovs. at Holywell Hunt—1.

By COMUS (Son of Sorcerer).

2. Beaufort, Mr. Petre's, 150 sovs. and 250, at York—2.

4. Brown Colt, out of Rotterdam, Col. Wilson's, His Majesty's Purse of 100gs. at Ipswich; 50 sovs. at Newmarket; and the Gold Cup, value 100, and 100, at Leicester—4.

a. Brunswick, Lord Elcho's, 50 sovs. at Edinburgh; and 50, at Caledonian Hunt—2.

a. Carthusian, Lord Chesterfield's, 95 sovs. at Goodwood—1.

2. Clorinda, Mr. Walker's, 40 sovs. at Malton—1.

0. Comical, Mr. W. Maxwell's, 45 sovs. at Holderness Hunt—1.

0. Cruiser, Mr. E. Smith's, 20 sovs. at Holderness Hunt—1.

2. Lady Stafford, Mr. A. Bower's, 120 sovs. at Newton—1.

4. Slander, Mr. Jones's, 45 sovs. at Bath; and 50, at Winchester—2.

5. Watchman, Mr. Brown's, 50 sovs. at Guildford; and 50, at Lewes—2.

By CONDUCTOR (Son of Filho da Puta).

3. Caractacus, Lord Westminster's, 50 sovs. at Newton; 100, at Liverpool; 200, at Knutsford; 200, at Lichfield; and 150, and 100, at Shrewsbury—6.

3. Holiday, Lord Westminster's, 50 sovs. at Buxton—1.

By CONSTABLE (Son of Comus).

5. Cock Robin, Mr. Walker's, 50 sovs. at Inglewood Hunt—1.

By CORINTHIAN (Son of Comus).

5. Russell (late Wellington), Mr. Painter's, 100 sovs. at Liverpool; the Tradesmen's Purse of 100, with 240 in specie, at Wolverhampton; and the Gold Cup, value 100, at Stourbridge—3.

By COUNT PORRO (Son of Leopold).

3. Miss Maria (late Cat's-Meat), Sir R. W. Bulkeley's, 90 sovs. at Chester; 80, at Newton; 115, at Liverpool; and 275, 75, 50, and 40, at Holywell Hunt—7.

By CRECY (Son of Walton).

2. Agincourt, Mr. Greville's, 180 sovs. at Newmarket—1.

6. Countess, Mr. F. R. Price's, 70 sovs. at Worcester—1.

By CYDNUS (Son of Quiz).

3. Bay Colt, out of Monimia, Mr. Gardner's, 75 sovs. at Bedford—1.

By DER FREISCHUTZ.

3. Rodolph, Mr. J. Scott's, twice 50, at York; 70, at Doncaster; and 70gs. at Chesterfield—4.

By D I O (Son of Whitworth).

0. Zephyr, Mr. Dockeray's, 50 sovs. at Goodwood—1.

By DINMONT (Son of Orville).

5. Mercury, Mr. Standwell's, the Donation Cup, value 50, with 20 in specie; and 40, at Stamford—2.

a. William the Fourth, Mr. Griffiths's, 45 sovs. at Rotherham—1.

By DOCTOR SYNTAX (Son of Paynator).

4. Ches. Colt, out of Zodiac's dam, Mr. Riddell's, 45 sovs. at Durham; the Silver Cup, value 60, with 55 in specie, at Newcastle—2.

3. Gallopade, Mr. Riddell's, 50 sovs. at Catterick; and 225, at Newcastle—2.

5. Lawn Sleeves, Mr. Dickenson's, 50 sovs. at Rochester and Chatham—1.

3. Orangeman, Mr. Arrowsmith's, 50 sovs. at Stockton—1.

4. Penthesilea, Mr. Attwood's, 50 sovs. at Newcastle—1.

6. Prosody, Mr. Hudson's, a Purse at Newcastle—1.

5. Silk Sleeves, Sir J. Boswell's, the Gold Cup, value 100 sovs. at Dumfries—1.

3. The Serpent, Mr. Neville's, 60gs. at Derby; and 40 sovs. at Rugeley—2.

By DON COSSACK (Son of Haphazard).

a. Pigeon, Mr. Thewles's, 49 sovs. at Canterbury; 50, at Rochester and Chatham; and 55 at Hastings—3.

By DUPLICATE (Son of Williamson's Ditto).

4. Ches. Colt, out of Frances, Mr. Pryse's, 95 sovs. at Bibury; and 205, at Oxford—2.

By EMILIUS (Son of Orville).

4. Abbot, Duke of Grafton's, 100 sovs. at Newmarket—1.

3. Africanus, Mr. Thornhill's, 150 sovs. at Bibury—1.

4. Agreeable, Mr. Henry's, 150 sovs. and 200, at Newmarket; 472l. 10s. at Bath and Bristol; and 300, at Newmarket—4.

3. Ardelia, Mr. Watson's, 50 sovs. at Ascot; and 50, at Ashford—2.

3. Chapman, Colonel Wilson's, 100 sovs. at Newmarket—1.

3. Ciudad Rodrigo, Duke of Richmond's, 250, and twice 50, at Newmarket; the Gold Cup at Brighton; and, Captain Byng's, 100 sovs. at Goodwood—5.

70 sovs. and 80, at Newmarket—2.

's, 125 sovs. at Lichfield—1.

50 sovs. at Ascot; and 25, and 50, at Newmarket—2.

the Clearwell Stakes of 900 sovs. at Newmarket—1.

105 sovs. at Brighton—1.

1100 sovs. and the Underley Foal Stakes of 450, at

sovs. at Ascot; Mr. E. Peel's, a Stakes at Burton.

, 400 sovs. at Newmarket; the Oaks Stakes of 225, 50, at Newmarket—4.

40 sovs. at Bedford—1.

1 sovs., the Port Stakes of 500, 200, at Newmarket; Cup, value 300, with 440 in specie, at Goodwood; and 300, at Newmarket—6.

4. Queen of Hearts, Lord Ranelagh's, 25 sovs. at Bibury—1.

4. Recovery, Mr. Chapman's, 160 sovs. and the Stand Cup, value 100 sovs. with 200 in specie, at Liverpool—1.

3. Riddlesworth, Lord Jersey's, the Riddleworth Stakes of 1100 sovs., the Dinner Stakes of 1650, the 2000gs. Stakes of 1500, and 900, at Newmarket—4.

3. Serpedon, General Grosvenor's, 350 sovs., 300, and 200, at Newmarket; and 150, and 50, at Stamford—5.

2. Scipio, Duke of Grafton's, 50 sovs.; and, Mr. Henry's, 50, at Newmarket—2.

3. Shonin, Mr. Mostyn's, 50 sovs. at Preston; and 50, at Burton-upon-Trent—2.

3. The Whig (late Radical), Mr. Roberts's, 100 sovs., 40 sovs., and, Mr. S. Stanley's, 25, at Newmarket; and 45 sovs. at Bibury—4.

By EQUATOR (Son of Zodiac).

2. Grey Colt, Mr. Taylor's, 25 sovs. at Rotherham—1.

By ERYX (Son of Mylo).

3. Chas. Mare, out of Misery, Mr. Pearce's, 50 sovs. and the Gold Cup, value 100, at Canterbury—2.

4. Brown Filly, out of Coral, Mr. Pearce's, 50 sovs. at Rochester and Chatham—1.

By FIGARO (Son of Haphazard).

2. Bay Colt, out of Grecian Queen, Mr. Hope's, 45 sovs. at Carlisle—1.

3. Belmont, Sir W. Wynne's, 60 sovs. at Shrewsbury—1.

4. Brunswicker, Mr. Petre's, the Claret Stakes of 600, at York—1.

3. Faithless Billy, Mr. Giffard's, 50 sovs. at Wenlock—1.

2. Lunette, Mr. W. Ellis's, 50 sovs. at Haigh Park—1.

4. Rex, Sir J. Gerard's, 140 sovs. at Liverpool; and 65, at Haigh Park—2.

3. Rosa, Mr. Taylor's, 60 sovs. at Worcester—1.

3. Susanne, Mr. Radcliffe's, 125 sovs. at Blandford—1.

4. The Barber, Colonel Cradock's, 60 sovs. at Stockton—1.

3. Wedlock, Sir W. Wynne's, 70 sovs. at Newton; 40, at Knutsford; 45, at the Pottery; 45, at Shrewsbury; and 60, at Wrexham—5.

By FILHO DA PUTA (Son of Haphazard).

3. Abel, Mr. Dockravy's, 70 sovs. at Epsom; and His Majesty's Purse of 100gs. at Guildford—2.

3. Amelia (late Dudu), Mr. Davis's, 25 sovs. at Clifton and Bristol—1.

2. Bay Horse, Brother to Hexgrave, Mr. Hobson's, 60 sovs. at Newton—1.

4. Birmingham, Mr. Beardsworth's, 140 sovs. and the Stand Cup, value 100 sovs., with 120 in specie, at Chester; a Piece of Plate, of 150, at Knutsford; and 60, at Holywell Hunt—4.

3. Bradley, Mr. Houldsworth's, 150 sovs. at York—1.

2. Carwell, Lord Mountcharles's, a compromise of 40 sovs., and 50, at Newmarket; 110, at Newport Pagnell; and 60, and 25, at Newmarket—4½.

2. Chester, Mr. Beardsworth's, 200 sovs. at Chester; and 125, at Holywell Hunt—2.

4. Christiana, Mr. Houldsworth's, 300 sovs. at York—1.

2. Clara, Mr. Houldsworth's, 70 sovs. at Lincoln—1.

3. Colwick, Mr. Beardsworth's, 160 sovs. at Wolverhampton—1.

2. Dr. Faustus, Mr. Bristow's, 150 sovs. and 60, at Haverfordwest—2.

3. Douglas, Mr. Massey's, 50 sovs. at Stafford—1.

6. Fanny Kemble, Mr. S. Brookes's, 50 sovs. at Haigh Park—1.

2. Georgiouvanni, Mr. Roper's, 66 sovs. (disputed), at the Pottery—1.

2. Jocko, Mr. I. Sadler's, 45 sovs. at Stockbridge; 100, at Bath and Bristol; His Majesty's Purse of 100gs. at Salisbury; His Majesty's Purse of 100, at Weymouth; His Majesty's Purse of 100, at Winchester; His Majesty's Purse of 100, at Warwick;

His Majesty's Purse of 100, at Lichfield; and the Gold Cup, value 100 sovs., with 180 in specie, and 70, at Heaton Park—9.

5. Junior, Mr. Milward's, 67 sovs. at Rochdale—1.
3. Keepsake, Mr. I. Sadler's, 40 sovs. at Epsom; and 50, at Banbury—2.
- a. Leda, Lord Elcho's, 50 sovs. at Caledonian Hunt—1.
2. Ludlow, Mr. Beardsworth's, 250 sovs. at Ludlow; and 80gs. at Derby—2.
5. Meretrix, Sir J. Boswell's, 30 sovs. and 45, at Liverpool; 60, at Lancaster; 70, and 60, at Western; and 45, at Dumfries—6.
3. Metheglin, Lord Westminster's, 50 sovs. at Stockbridge—1.
5. Porkington, Mr. Ormsby Gore's, 50 sovs. at Knighton—1.
3. Roubillac, Mr. Walker's, 80 sovs. at York—1.
5. The Burgess, Mr. Tomes's, 40 sovs. at Ludlow; 50gs. and the Cup Stakes of 110, at Northampton—3.
3. Tiberius, Mr. Houldsworth's, 500 sovs. at Chester; 450, at Doncaster; and 50, at Lincoln—3.
3. Warwick, Mr. Beardsworth's, 120, at Warwick; 350, at Chester; 50gs. and 79gs. at Derby; 70, at Lichfield; and 145, at Walsall—6.

By FITZ-ORVILLE (Mr. West's).

5. Foxcote, Mr. M. Ongley's, 50 sovs. at Bedford; and 40, at St. Alban's—2.
4. Harlot, Mr. West's, 50 sovs. at Warwick—1.

By FITZ-ORVILLE (Sir A. Don's).

5. Gondolier, Lord Elcho's, 50 sovs. at Edinburgh; the Gold Cup, value 100, with 40l in specie, at Western; and the Caledonian Cup, value 100, at the Caledonian Hunt—3.

By FROLIC (Son of Hedley).

5. Perseverance (late Allerdale), Mr. Chapman's, 30 sovs. at Liverpool; 90, at Newcastle (Staffordshire); and 50, at Burton-upon-Trent—3.

By GAMBLER (Son of Haphazard).

4. Serina, Mr. Jacques's, 60 sovs. at Inglewood Hunt—1.
5. Sober Robin, Mr. Coleman's, 90 sovs. at Bedford—1.

By GODOLPHIN (Son of Partisan).

5. Anna, Mr. Blandy's, 170 sovs. at Clifton and Bristol—1.
5. Blinker, Mr. Thomas's, 50 sovs. at Lewes; 55, at Tonbridge Wells; and 100, at Canterbury—3.
4. Mazeppa (late Confederacy), Mr. Watts's, 140 sovs. at Bath and Bristol; 425, at Gloucester; the Gold Cup, value 140, with 40 in specie, at Oxford; and the Gold Cup, with 50 in specie, and 90, at Abingdon—5.

By GOLUMPUS (Son of Gohanna).

6. Bay Mare, Mr. Wildman's, 50 sovs. at Leicester—1.

By GREY MALTON (Son of Knowsley).

5. Flambeau, Mr. Healey's, 130 sovs. at Rochdale; 65, and 60, at Haigh Park; and 50, at Northallerton—4.

By GREY MIDDLEHAM (Son of Walton).

5. Ainderby, Mr. J. Scott's, the Silver Cup, at Malton; 40 sovs. at Stockton; and 40, at Richmond—3.

By GRAND DUKE (Son of Archduke).

4. Ches. Gelding, Mr. J. Cliffe's, a Cup, with 15 sovs. in specie, at Tarporley Hunt—1.

By GRIMALDI (Son of Delpini).

- a. Cholstrey Lass, Mr. Price's, 62 sovs. at Aberystwith—1.
- a. Harlequin, Mr. Tawney's, a Silver Cup, at Banbury—1.

By GUERRILLA (Son of Partisan).

4. Meg Merrilies, Mr. Fawcus's, 155 sovs. and 100, at Newcastle; 50, at Morpeth; and 40, at Caledonian Hunt—4.

By GULLIVER (Son of Orville).

3. Vanepa, Mr. Hunter's, 60 sovs. at Newmarket—1.

By GUSTAVUS (Son of Election).

4. Christiana, Mr. Hunter's, 60 sovs. at Chelmsford—1.

By HAMPDEN (Son of Rubens).

5. Guildford, Mr. Rush's, 83 sovs. at Ascot; and 35, at Rochester and Chatham—2.

By HARKAWAY.

7. Brilliant, Mr. J. Day's, the Silver Cup, with 80 sovs. in specie, at Bath—1.

By **HELWITH** (Son of Highlander).

3. Goldfinch, Mr. Westgarth's, 50 sovs. and 48, at Kendal; twice 50, at Carlisle; and 50, at Dumfries—5.

By **HOLLYHOCK** (Son of Master Bagot).

4. The Peacock, Mr. Lamb's, 50 sovs. at Merpeth—1.

By **JACK SPIGOT** (Son of Ardrossan).

2. Richmond, Mr. Edmundson's, 80 sovs. at Richmond—1.

By **THE JUGGLER** (Son of Comus).

a. Conjuror, Mr. Robb's, 50 sovs. at Caledonian Hunt—1.

By **JERRY** (Son of Smolensko).

2. Bay Colt, out of Georgiana, Lord Kelburne's, 200 sovs. at York—1.

2. Bay Filly (Lady Maud), Duke of Leeds's, 80 sovs. at Catterick, and 150 sovs. at York—2.

2. Julius, Mr. S. Fox's, 420 sovs. at York—1.

2. Miss Hawthorne, Mr. H. Edwards's, 100 sovs. at Carlisle—1.

By **JUNIPER** (Son of Whiskey).

3. Ches. Filly (Camarine), Col. Wilson's, 50 sovs.; and, Sir M. Wood's, 100, twice 50, and the St. Leger Stakes of 400, at Newmarket—5.

By **KING of DIAMONDS** (Son of Diamond).

6. Borderer, Mr. Grace's, 50 sovs. at Bath—1.

4. Brown Gelding, dam by All Dickey, Mr. Jones's, 50 sovs. at Bridgnorth; 50 at Wolverhampton; 50, at Walsall; and 40 at Rugeley—4.

6. Kate, Mr. Gold's, the Silver Cup, value 50, with 35 in specie, at Warwick—1.

By **LANGAR** (Son of Selim).

3. Bras de Fer, Lord Wilton's, 65 sovs., and 40, at Heaton Park—2.

2. Fang, Lord Sligo's, 100 sovs. at Pontefract; and 600, at Doncaster—2.

By **LITTLE JOHN** (Son of Octavius).

3. Crutch, Capt. Rous's, five 100 sovs., 25, twice 50, and 100, at Newmarket—4.

3. Runnymede, Mr. Gates's, 80 sovs. at Egham—1.

By **LOTTERY** (Son of Tramp).

3. Brown Filly, Mr. T. Gascoigne's, 90 sovs. at Haigh Park—1.

3. Chorister, Lord Cleveland's, 200 sovs. at York; the Great St. Leger Stakes of 2125, at Doncaster; and the Gold Cup, value 100, at Doncaster—3.

3. Cinderella, Mr. Bell's, 50 sovs. at Malton; 50, at Beverley; and 50, at Rotherham—3.

3. Crispin, Mr. Ridsdale's, 50 sovs. at Stamford; 50, and, Mr. G. Edwards's, 45, at Huntingdon; 70, at Bedford; and 50, at Beccles—5.

3. Lady Elizabeth, Mr. F. Richardson's, 120 sovs. at York; 800, at Doncaster; the Gold Cup, value 100, at Richmond; and 30 sovs. at Northallerton—4.

3. La Fille Mal Gardee, Mr. Golden's, 60 sovs. at Malton; 165, at Doncaster; and 70, and the Gold Cup with 40 in specie, at Lincoln—4.

3. Tetotum, Mr. Clifton's, 70 sovs. and 100, at Liverpool; and, Mr. Ferguson's, 300, at Preston—3.

3. Ticket, Mr. Ormsby Gore's, 50 sovs. at Warwick; and 50gs. at Oswestry—2.

By **MACDUFF** (Son of Macbeth).

3. Shrigley, Mr. W. Turner's, 50 sovs. at Chester—1.

By **MAGISTRATE** (Son of Camillus).

6. Coroner, Mr. Sowerby's, 45 sovs. and 50, at St. Alban's; 60, at Newport Pagnell; and 15, at Newmarket—4.

5. Kalmia, Mr. W. Charlton's, the Gold Cup, at Derby; 60, at Stourbridge; and 50, at Shrewsbury—3.

6. 'Terror, Mr. Hayward's, 50 sovs. at Wells; 50, at Bridgewater; and 130, and 50, at Dorchester—4.

By **MANFRED** (Son of Election).

3. Acco, Mr. George's, the Silver Cup, value 50, with 10 in specie, at Knighton; 50, at Ludlow; and 82, at Shrewsbury—2.

5. Falconbridge, Mr. F. Charlton's, His Majesty's Purse of 100gs. at Ascot—1.

2. Gnostic, Mr. L. Charlton's, 40 sovs. at Ludlow; 100, at Worcester; and 80, at Wolverhampton—3.

5. Harold, Mr. Cooke's, 150 sovs. at Newmarket—1.

3. Marston, Mr. Giffard's, 200 sovs. at Ludlow—1.

By **MASTER HENRY** (Son of Orville).

5. Armida, Mr. Thompson's, 50 sovs. at Rochdale—1.

5. Fag, Mr. F. R. Price's, 70 sovs. at Ludlow; 80, at Wolverhampton; 50, at Oswestry; and 50, at Holywell Hunt—4.

3. Harolda, Mr. Pickernell's, 275 sovs., and 50, at Wolverhampton—2.

4. Harry, Mr. Thorne's, 50 sovs., 45, and 50, at Breconshire—3.

3. Malwa, Mr. Matthews's, 50 sovs. at Worcester—1.

4. Miss Mary Ann of Dover, Mr. Back's, 47 sovs. at Ashford—1.

4. Peri, Mr. Matthews's, 50 sovs. at Bridgnorth—1.

4. Vigornia, Mr. Tongue's, 50 sovs. at Worcester—1.

By MERLIN (Son of Castrel).

a. Dandelion, Mr. Haddy's, 45 sovs. at Bath and Bristol—1.

a. Goshawk, Mr. H. Scott's, a compromise of 40 sovs. at Newmarket—4.

a. Hawk's-eye, Mr. Mainwaring's, 50 sovs. at Tarporley Hunt—1.

4. Paradox, Mr. Sowerby's, 450 sovs. at Newmarket; 100 sovs. at St. Alban's; and 90, at Bedford—3.

3. Red Rose, Lord Tavistock's, 200 sovs. at Newmarket—1.

4. Ringleader, Col. Wilson's, twice 50 sovs. at Ipswich; 50, at Yarmouth; and 50, at Beccles—4.

3. Titania, Lord Chesterfield's, 200 sovs., 50, 100, 300, and 50, at Newmarket—5.

By MIDDLETON (Son of Phantom).

3. Antigone, Mr. Maberly's, 200 sovs. at Epsom—1.

3. Blunderer, Lord Jersey's, 100 sovs. at Newmarket—1.

3. Ches. Colt out of Lynessa, Lord Tavistock's, 200 sovs. at Newmarket—1.

2. Eleanor, Mr. Sadler's, 225 sovs. at Warwick—1.

2. Gratis, Mr. S. Day's, 115 sovs., and 125, at Newmarket—2.

2. Mayfly, Mr. Shard's, 45 sovs. at Winchester—1.

3. Figarina, Mr. G. Edwards's, twice 50 sovs. at Enfield; 50 at Huntingdon; Mr. W. Smith's, 50, at Dover; and, Mr. Roberts's, twice 50 at Hastings; and 100 at Epsom—7.

By MINOS (Son of Camillus).

a. Barrister, Mr. Bower's, 50 sovs. at Richmond—1.

3. The Chancellor, Mr. Bower's, Jun. twice 50, at Beverley; the Gold Cup, value 100 sovs. at Stockton; and Lord Wilton's, 90, at Heaton Park—4.

Mr. LOWE (Son of Walton).

a. Miss Craven, Lord W. Lennox's, 100 sovs. at Epsom; and, Captain Byng's, 50, at Ascot—2.

By MONREITH (Son of Haphazard).

3. Cranberry, Lord Belhaven's, 150 sovs. at Edinburgh—1.

3. Mordelia, Sir J. Boswell's, 50 sovs. at Edinburgh—1.

By MORISCO (Son of Muley).

3. Bay Filly (Little Fanny), Mr. Batson's, 20 sovs., 70, and Sir S. Graham's, 90, and 100, at Newmarket—4.

3. Bay Filly out of Arathissa, Lord Stradbroke's, 100 sovs. at Newmarket; and 40, at Yarmouth—2.

3. Hamilcar, Lord Fitzwilliam's, 100 sovs. at Pontefract—1.

3. Zany, Mr. S. Stonehewer's, 79 sovs. at Newmarket—1.

By MOSES (Son of Whalebone or Seymour).

3. Conciliation, Duke of Richmond's, 805 sovs. at Goodwood; 295, at Egham; and 50, at Newmarket—3.

4. Erymus, Mr. Lumley's, 250 sovs. at Newmarket—1.

3. Her Highness, Mr. Mostyn's, 50 sovs. at Liverpool; 50, and 70, at Preston; 40, at Wolverhampton; 45, at Stourbridge; and the Gold Cup, value 100, at Oswestry—6.

3. Solicitor, Duke of Richmond's, 30 sovs. at Bibury—1.

2. Tarquin, Mr. Gardner's, 100 sovs. at Ascot—1.

By MOUNTEBANK (Son of Gohanna).

4. Haidee, Mr. Cox's, 50 sovs. at Pytchley Hunt—1.

By MULEY (Son of Orville).

6. Atlas, Mr. Brooke's, 50 sovs. at Stourbridge—1.

a. Columbus, Mr. Walker's, 70 sovs. and 90, at Warwick; 90, at Lichfield; and 80, at Burton-upon-Trent—4.

5. Gazelle, Mr. Morris's, 60 sovs. at Buxton; 20, at Newcastle (Staffordshire); and 50, at Lichfield—3.

5. Dandina, Mr. Applewhaite's, 90 sovs. at Chester; and the Gold Cup at Ludlow—2.

2. Margrave, Mr. Wreford's, 225, at Stockbridge; 75, at Winchester; and, Mr. Dilly's, the Criterion Stakes of 750, at Newmarket—3.

3. Marvel, Mr. Forth's, 170 sovs. at Newmarket—1.

a. Tommy Tickle, Mr. Henson's, the Billesdon Coplow Stakes of 312l. 10s., at Croxton Park; Mr. Jones's, 60 sovs. at Stafford; and 40, at Rotherham—3.

4. Winton, Mr. Hobson's, 100 sovs. and 50, at Heaton Park—1.

By NICOLO (Son of Selim).

5. Gambol, Mr. Bromley's, 50 sovs. at Chelmsford—1.

By OCTAVIAN (Son of Stripling).

5. Stotforth, Lord Cleveland's, 60 sovs. and the Gold Cup at Newcastle; and 85, at Doncaster—3.

By OCTAVIUS (Son of Orville).

3. Ches. Colt out of Lady of the Swale, Mr. Bradshaw's, 25 sovs. at Lancaster—1.

3. Paul Clifford, Mr. Hopkinson's, 50 sovs. at Northallerton—1.

By OISEAU (Son of Camillus).

5. Benefit, Mr. Finch's, the City Bowl at Salisbury; and 50 sovs. at Southampton—2.

4. Revolution, Mr. T. Peirse's, 70 sovs. at Catterick; a Piece of Plate at Malton; and 50, at York—3.

5. Rowton, Mr. Petre's, 150, at York; and 175, at Doncaster—2.

By ORION (Son of Phantom).

0. Melancholy, Mr. Haye's, 50 sovs. at Doncaster—1.

By ORVILLE (Son of Beninbrough).

5. Ofellus, Lord Fordwick's, 50 sovs. at Canterbury—1.

6. Omen, Mr. Ley's, 25 sovs. at Bibury; twice 50, at Salisbury; 86, at Winchester; and 50, at Dorchester—5.

By ORMOND (Son of Filho da Puta).

3. Fancy, Mr. Blakelock's, 162l. 10s., at Catterick; and 40 sovs. at Haigh Park—2.

By PALMERIN (Son of Amadis).

6. Rufus, Lord Chesterfield's, 125 sovs. at Lichfield; and 55, at Heaton Park—2.

By PARTISAN (Son of Walton).

2. Bay Colt out of Fawn, Mr. Rogers's, 80 sovs. at Stamford—1.

2. Bay Filly out of Bizarre, Lord Lowther's, 195 sovs. at Epsom—1.

2. Ches. Filly (Nannette), Mr. Maberly's, 40gs. at Lewes; 75, at Abingdon; and 100 at Epsom—3.

4. Bay Filly out of Chintz, Mr. Rush's, 85 sovs. at Hampton—1.

3. Ches. Filly out of Discord, Mr. Rush's, 50 sovs. at Chelmsford—1.

3. Caledonian (late Barabbas), Mr. S. Day's, 50 sovs. and 100, at Newmarket—2.

3. Clansman, Duke of Rutland's, 100 sovs. and 50, at Newmarket—2.

2. Filly out of Bravura, Mr. Pettit's, 50 sovs. at Newmarket—1.

3. Flourish, Mr. Rogers's, 150 sovs. at Newmarket—1.

2. Francesca, Mr. Walker's, the Champagne Stakes of 750, at Doncaster—1.

3. Grey Colt (Protocol), Mr. Henry's, 200 sovs., 50, and 100, at Newmarket—3.

By PAULOWITZ (Son of Sir Paul).

2. Archibald, General Yates's, 590 sovs. at Ascot; and 400, at Newmarket—2.

3. Linnet, General Yates's, 350 sovs. at Burton-upon-Trent—1.

4. Grumio, Mr. Morris's, 15 sovs. at Chester—1.

6. Little Boy-blue, Mr. J. Day's, 48 sovs. at Bath and Bristol; 50, at Hereford; 50, at Warwick; and 85, and 50, at Monmouth—5.

2. Rosalind, Mr. Morris's, 75 sovs. at Stourbridge—1.

4. Sappho, Mr. Twamley's, 65 sovs. at Stourbridge—1.

By PAUL POTTER (Son of Milo).

6. Bhurtpore, Mr. Cooke's, 35 sovs. at the Pottery; and 45, at Heaton Park—2.

By PERCHANCE (Son of Haphazard).

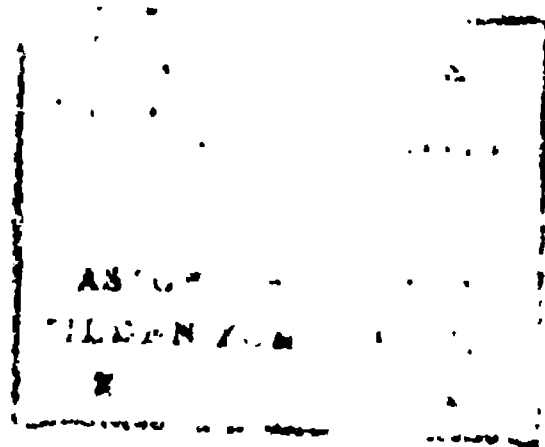
5. Chance, Mr. Price's, 19 sovs. at Clifton and Bristol; and, Mr. Haddy's, 45, at Wells—2.

By PERCY (Son of Walten).

a. Charley, Mr. Dick's, 50 sovs. and 45, at Fife Hunt; and twice 50, and His Majesty's Purse of 100gs. at Caledonian Hunt—5.

7. The Earl, Mr. R. Williamson's, His Majesty's Purse of 100gs. at Manchester; the Gold Cup, value 100gs. and 50 sovs. at Kendal; and His Majesty's Purse of 100gs. at Carlisle.

(To be continued.)



OLD BETTING ROOMS AT NEWMARKET.

Published by W. A. Johnson, Newmarket, Suffolk, 1851.

COFFEE-HOUSE GATES, NEWMARKET.

THIS entrance to the Rooms of the Jockey Club was built in the year 1772 by Johnson, on the property of Mr. Errat; but has been recently purchased by the Members of this ancient Institution, the Jockey Club, who are now rebuilding it in a style of magnificence worthy of their numbers and wealth, which we shall more particularize hereafter.

We are indebted to Mr. Rogers, the eminent bookseller and printer of Newmarket—an artist by art and nature, though not by profession—for the pretty little drawing from which this print was taken, and thus rescuing from oblivion a place the most *appalling* and the most *delightful* of any spot in Europe (with perhaps the exception of one). This is the place for settling accounts after each day's race; the place

where a man is sometimes made so *rich* that he thinks he shall never want money again, or so *poor* that a nation's revenue would scarcely save him from poverty.

There is a story told of a Gentleman, when this place was building, of his riding up to it, saying to a workman on the scaffold, "Here, fellow, come and hold my horse!"—"Yes Sir!" hastening down almost as quick as the sound of his voice, and cautiously approaching the steed, with something like "Wo, oh! poor fellow, that's all!" being quite ready at the time to spring back.—"Why, what are you afraid of?" said the Gentleman; "the horse is as quiet as a lamb."—"Is he, Sir," retorted the man; "can *one man* hold him, Sir?"—"Yes, to be sure, you booby!"—"Why, then just hold him yourself!"—This is not a new story.

GILBERT FORESTER'S TOUR IN THE WEST.

"The leaf is red, the leaf is scar,
The sunbeams early die;
The swallow leaves her dwelling here
To seek a warmer sky;
Then mount and away for the forest glen,
I hear its echoes ring;
When Winter falls on other men
It is the Hunter's Spring.—*Sporting Magazine.*

The West Countree—Taunton—A Varmint's Studio—Somerset Yeomanry—Old Foxbury—Hospitalities of Crowcombe Court—the Mansion—Philanthropy of Nell Gwynne—Eccentricities of Bampfylde Moore Carew—Somerset Subscription Hunt—Captain Luttrell and Will the Huntsman—Mr. Warrington Carew—The Kennel—The Stable—Fine Specimens of Ornithology—Dunster Castle and Hunting Establishment—Mr. Webb's Harriers—Reliques of Somerville, &c. interspersed with Anecdotes.

SIR,

I Think I once pledged myself to ascertain some season in *propria persona* what your brave subjects in the West Countree were about. That time has arrived. I am here in the good County of Zummerzet, where my campaign begins, and where

I must say I have already experienced all that hospitality so peculiarly the characteristic of the natives of the West. I will, therefore, redeem my gage, by at once commencing the pleasing task of informing you how and with whom my time is spent, what smart runs have been had, what are on the tapis, what kennels are worth seeing, and indeed every little scrap of news I may think interesting to that respected and respectable fraternity (which, thank God! is a pretty extensive one) who sport the scarlet. *A-propos des bottes.* Were I, like the tobacconist, about to choose my coat of arms, the motto should be fully as appropriate as his *quid rides*: it should be a fox's brush, surmounted with the words "I hunt." That is what I call *multum in parvo*. But to my tale.

I left that city of steam and reform (London) on the 18th or 19th of October, I won't be sure which day; the circumstance, all important as it is, has treacherously escaped my memory; and I fear, like many other fine things, will be for ever involved in doubt. Certain it is 'twas one or t'other, mounted on a steady going drag called the *North Devon*, a pretty girl beside me, flanked by a fat old fellow as deaf as a post (luckily), whom she honored with the endearing name of father. It is so much the fashion now-a-days to be circumstantial in one's account, that I beg to inform my readers my sacred person was shut up in a Brighton beaver, whose side-pocket was well stored with some of the best Havannahs I could procure from Fribourg's *boutique* (an article by-the-bye without which a man must be mad to

venture forth on a foggy day), and a small case of *eau de vie*, just to keep soul and body together. Those who have the fear of the *Cholera* before them cannot do better than puff away with all their might. There is wonderful virtue in this simple weed, which Byron thus apostrophizes:

"Divine in hookas, glorious in a pipe,
When tipp'd with amber, mellow, rich,
and ripe;
Like other charmers wooing the caress
More dazzlingly when dancing in full
dress;
Yet thy true lovers more admire by far
Thy naked beauties—give me a cigar."

Poor Raleigh! he "did the state some service" when he introduced this leaf, and should at least have been allowed to carry his head on his shoulders a few years longer as a reward; but 'tis vain to talk of the world's gratitude. Alas! there is none!

"Blow, blow thou wintry wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude."

These exquisite lines were written by one who knew human nature well (as his works can testify); with what *truth* the hearts of all who peruse them can best tell. But the *North Devon* is ready to start: coachee, with his broad-brimmed castor and coat of many capes, has his foot on the last step, and will in a moment be safely seated on his box. Hark! "All right!" shouts the guard, crack goes the whip, and away down Piccadilly tools another cargo of men, children, band-boxes, and fish-baskets.

I am ashamed to say our journey began and ended without a single adventure to dignify its progress. People were most provokingly civil; teas, breakfasts, and such like things, absolutely "not so bad;" everything seemed deter-

mined to go on smoothly ; and we hadn't so much as the satisfaction of losing a man off the coach, running down an old woman, or even scolding a waiter. Indeed, if it hadn't been rather considerably and unpleasantly cold, we might have positively arrived at Taunton without knowing we had been out of our bed. Spite, however of the cold, I *could* have slept soundly, had my companions been none but the fat old Gentleman as "deaf as a post;" but he had a *pretty daughter*, as I have before observed; and what mortal on earth, even when half-frozen, could resist turning towards a pair of bright eyes, sparkling most alluringly! Just the eyes too that I love, for they were neither black nor blue, but that colour, which, like the chameleon, is sometimes one, sometimes the other, always changing, but in all its changes beautiful—I mean the soft hazle.

"Pour moi ni noir, ni bleu, je dis,
Plutôt the hazle eye for me :
In these, je trouve assez de noir,
Pour bien souffrir in making war.
In these, je trouve assez de bleu,
Pour dire les mots, I will love you ;
Ainsi, the hazle eyes, if any,
Qui brulent au front de Mademoiselle."

'Twas with something like a sigh I bade adieu to my fair *compagnon de voyage*, as we descended from our high station at Taunton, after a most uninterestingly safe journey at nine miles an hour. By-the-bye, those who love break-neck adventures should have mounted the *Subscription* or *Defiance* coaches last summer, when I understand they did the distance from Exeter to town at the rate of fourteen miles the hour! and killed twenty horses in six weeks!! However, finding a most

beggarly account of empty seats, they left off their mad pace, and took to something reasonable. People don't like to be galloped to the Devil *quite* so fast!

At Taunton I was greeted with the warm welcome of the friend who had invited me down, and a dear friend he is, (and I trust ever will be,) the companion of my boyish days. We had graduated together at *Alma Mater*; and though I cannot, like an old soldier, boast of the fields we had won, or the dangers we had run, I could, if so inclined, tell of many a skirmish amongst the Snobs, full many a hair-breadth escape from Procutors vile. These and sundry other exploits had drawn us towards each other by the magic chord of *sympathy*, till we became sworn friends, and have never yet broken the league of amity thus formed. How delicious, after a long separation, is the meeting between two kindred souls! how much has each to ask, and hear, and impart! how forcibly are the scenes of former days recalled to the mind one after another in endless succession,

"Like the waves of the summer, as one dies away,
Another as bright and as shining comes on!"

and we lose in the happiness of the moment the painful recollection that we are not what we *were*; that the dark curtain once dividing us from the world has been withdrawn, and shewn us its hollowness and deceit. But soon is the illusion dispelled: the opening of a door or entrance of a servant will in a moment put to flight these blissful visions; and knock down castles upon whose erections much pains have been taken;

which, like waking out of a delightful dream to the cold realities of life, brings with it a sensation by no means pleasant. However, such things will be, and upon the whole, perhaps 'tis for the best; for in the pleasures of retrospection, great as I must think them, who has not tasted that bitter drop of gall which ever mingles with the honey? Memory, as she shines over the page of life thus opened to her view, will pause at some particular spot, will linger at the word regret, and make us feel there are some we can never *cease* to lament; some for whose loss the wide world cannot compensate. Thus did we feel as we sat by our cosey fire, running over every event of our youthful lives, sometimes smiling, much oftener sighing, as we remembered how many who had with us commenced the race of life, had been cut off in the midst of their career. Ah! that Death, he is an awful visitor, and not to be denied. There is no such thing as saying "not at home" to him.

Speaking of Death, I cannot but think our countrymen *are* alarming themselves just now *needlessly* about the Cholera: one really hears nothing else in the streets but the words Cholera and Reform; and it is an even bet which is to do the most mischief. "Sufficient to the day is the evil thereof!" I would, therefore, advise people to think as little as possible about it. Let them be cleanly and temperate, of course, because these are virtues at all times essential to happiness. For myself, I feel no extraordinary fear, knowing we shall not die a bit sooner than at the appointed time, and know-

ing too that death in many shapes hovers over us continually:

"Death distant? No, alas! he's ever
with us,
And shakes his dart at us, in all our doings."

And to order our lives so as to be ready at all times to obey his call, is the duty of every Christian.

Though I may be thought rather officious, I cannot refrain giving a short sketch of the study of my friend, who, although a reader of the *Word*, has a considerable share of the fox-hunting blood in his veins, of which passion his studio bore the most unequivocal signs. At the end of the room is a book-case well stored with ancient and modern works, amongst the latter of which the *Sporting Magazine* holds a distinguished place. Instead of a bust of Socrates, or any of the learned personages who are usually perched above their works, my friend has elevated a full-grown greyhound fox, looking most *extremely* nat'ral, and as if just about to break covert. The walls are hung with antlers of the red deer, and sundry fox-brushes earned by him in the honorable service of the field. Portraits of some of the varmint coursers of the Market, pictures illustrative of the chase, some proof prints of the Colleges at Cambridge, and a couple of views of his own church, complete the decorations. In the window stand the finest specimens of the Sheldrake duck and wild goose, stuffed (not with sage and onions) I ever saw, both captured by my friend. A weather glass — which by-the-by saved me one or two wet jackets — hangs behind the door; and every corner of the room is

occupied by fishing-rods, guns, and the numerous insignia of a sportsman; and I assure you this room, with its curtains closed, blazing fire, and nice little *tête-à-tête* table, with a bottle of *fifteen* vintage on it, drawn close up to it, was as pleasing a *coup d'œil* as I'd wish to see on a winter's evening. Surrounded by these comforts the wind *may* blow till he crack his cheeks—we heed it not.

And now that I have, unauthorized, described my friend and his apartment, let me beg of my readers not to think rashly of a sporting Parson. Remember, *Nature* gave him this taste; and circumstance, accident, or what you will, made him a preacher: remember too, that (to use a homely adage) what is bred in the bone will out in the flesh; and that sporting, above all other things, is not to be kept under even by a Parson's gown. One hears so much nonsense on this subject! but, for my own part, I never could find out that a man preached the worse on Sunday for having hunted on the Saturday; or tied a couple together in the holy bands of matrimony a bit less firmly for having coupled hounds. Out upon the morality that would deprive a man of the highest enjoyments of life! Such is not the meaning of the Great Creator. With Him

“To enjoy is to obey.”

But I must hark back, for what will the belles of Taunton say (and there are many), if I pass through their town without a single remark. What will those pretty girls I saw peeping over the window blinds in — street think of such conduct? I could weave a whole chapter out of

Taunton alone; but I must be contented at present with saying it is an exceedingly pretty town, and very ancient, particularly its church, which is a fine structure. It has the best market I ever saw in a provincial town, and more families of wealth and respectability residing in it; nor is it by any means deficient in female charms—witness the Misses C.'s, B. and others I could mention. The surrounding country is absolutely lovely, possessing all those beauties which a traveller once observed was all the country in France wanted to make it picturesque—viz. hill and dale, wood and water, and Gentlemen's seats.

From the fine specimens of horse flesh I saw among the yeomanry, I was led to expect the Gentlemen riders of the county (from having so good a choice) were rare clippers, in which expectation I was not disappointed. A few years since they bred a great deal from old Foxbury. I saw several of his get, for they have a great resemblance to their papa; and as the dames are generally good, there is some size about them; yet I never saw a very likely production of his. The best I can remember was a slapping nag ridden by the Squire of Mount Tavy in Devonshire, in the Farquharson Hunt; but then his owner, though a loose 'un, is a bruising rider, therefore the prad had every advantage. I purchased in the neighbourhood of Taunton a neat brown mare, bred at Enmore Castle, out of Brown Sally, by a son of Foxbury, a very bony wench, and shewing much breed, though but half-bred; and from her style of hunting, in which she was a per-

fect novice, I am inclined to think she will turn out a trump. I have some idea of trying her next summer at Cocktail Stakes, at which work I have a notion she will prove a knowing one.

I learned a few of the *on dits* of the place from Dunn the jarvey, a natty son of whipcord, who piloted us on the Minehead mail. From him I found I had some *out-and-outers* to deal with, and I became as anxious (as a school-boy for a half-holiday) for the day of my *debut*; and the Friday following, at Cottlestone Heath, twelve miles from our residence, were the appointed time and place I was to be thus gratified. We had been invited to spend the previous day at Crowcombe Court, the seat of Mr. Carew, and were therefore six miles on our road to the fixture. Here we were treated both by the host and hostess, and every part of the family, with that genuine old English hospitality and real kindness which I regret to say are too often exchanged for the frippery and deceitful politeness of the French. We were invited to shoot and sleep, but the rain, which will come whether called for or not, cut up the shooting most terribly, otherwise I intended to have done wonders in that way. *Mais une autrefois, nous verrons.*

Crowcombe Court is a roomy and ancient mansion, kept up in the true old English style. It is just such a place as an antiquary would like, with its oak staircase, black with age, and so highly polished as to put one's *hind part* in considerable danger; its large and lofty rooms, long galleries, and passages that lead to nothing: and then the pictures (what

is a house without them?) are really magnificent. Mrs. Carew was kind enough to *chaperone* me through the apartments in which they hung; and though I had certainly more time to observe them than one has at Hampton Court, Blenheim, or any of those show places, where some toothless old woman perambulates you quick as thought from one room to the other, mumbling her remarks in a tone scarcely above a whisper; yet I would gladly have devoted a few more hours to the contemplation of such gems.

There is a fine portrait of Rubens, taken by himself in his happiest style. The open brow, and thoughtful though benign expression of countenance, have the true marks of genius.

Sir Francis Drake in full-length (by what master I know not) is another picture well worth attention, being the portrait of one, who though not nobly born, contrived, by courage and perseverance, to mount step by step the ladder of Fame till seated firmly on the summit. The bold commanding countenance, the undaunted eye and bronzed cheek, tell at a glance, this was one of those who has helped to make England Queen of the Waves.

The humorous author of *Hudibras* hangs near these two, and could not have been placed in better company. It is nonsense for people to say there is nothing in the expression of a face. I never yet knew a cross sour-looking creature, upon whose countenance a smile never beamed, that was not as cross, ill-tempered, and disagreeable as he looked. I never knew a fool who looked wise; or *vice versa*. What is it

gives character to a face at all but the emotions of the mind or soul? and according as that soul is agitated by different passions, will the outward and visible signs be. Such being the case, it is no way surprising the phiz of Dr. Butler, whose *Hudibras* is perhaps one of the wittiest things ever perused, should be what is denominated humorous.

The lovely and celebrated foundress of the St. Alban's family, Nell Gwynne (by Kneller), hangs here, and beautiful indeed she is. There are the liquid eye, ruby lip, flowing hair (so much the fashion of that day), and snowy bosom in perfection; and I cannot wonder at a Monarch even condescending to notice so bewitching and lovely a little sinner as she must have been. But though frail, she had a heart full of the milk of human kindness, as the following fact will prove.—“Her solicitude to effect the institution of Chelsea Hospital was an act of generosity which raised the character of Nell Gwynne above every Courtesan of her own or other times; and the bend-sinister in the St. Alban arms, instead of being, as it is in ordinary circumstance, a badge of disgrace, becomes an honorable memento of having sprung from a source which alike reflects honour on her sex and the country which gave her birth. Of the origin of this celebrated Hospital it is said, one day as she was rolling about town in her coach, a poor man came to the coach door soliciting charity, who told her a story (whether true or false is immaterial) of his having been wounded in the Civil Wars in defence of the Royal cause. This circumstance greatly affected

her benevolent heart: she considered, that besides the hardships of their being exposed to beggary by wounds received in defence of their country, it seemed to be the most monstrous ingratitude in the Government to suffer those to perish who stood up in their defence, and screened them from the most hazardous attempts by their patriotism. Warm with these reflections and the overflow of pity, she besought the King, and represented to him the circumstance. Suffice it to say, she succeeded to her heart's wishes; and to Nell Gwynne is now owing the comfortable provision which is made for decayed soldiers, and that pleasant retreat they find at Chelsea. The edifice was begun in 1582, but not completed till 1690. The whole expense of the building is computed to have amounted to 150,000l.”

The famous Duchess of Portsmouth (by the same artist) is in company with Nell Gwynne. She is also a beautiful woman—no, not *beautiful*, *handsome*: without possessing half the charms of Nell, she has quite enough to entitle her to the honour of being a Court beauty. Her face is oval, hair and eyes light, which is not exactly the style I admire, but has nevertheless plenty of votaries. Charles, with all his faults, can never be accused of a want of taste in this respect. His Court has been more celebrated for its beauties than any, either before or since; and I question whether even those of George the Fourth could surpass them.

In the dining room hangs a portrait of as noted a character (in his way) as any I have mentioned. I mean *Bampfylde Moore*

Carew, an ancestor of the present family. It is well executed, and considered a striking likeness. One cannot help regretting that the great abilities this man unquestionably possessed should have been devoted to the low and abandoned pursuit of begging. Nothing could surpass his ingenuity in a pursuit, which requires more stratagems, lies, and disguises than even that of a lawyer — no offence I hope to that honorable body! It is said he could deceive his relations at this very mansion of Crowcombe three or four times running. There is a curious coincidence in the life of this hero with that of our immortal Shakespeare, but far different were the results. If Will Shakespeare hadn't stolen or shot a deer, we should, in all probability, never have had those divine and gifted effusions which will never die while there is a breast to feel or mind to appreciate such beauties. Bampfylde Moore Carew was at Tiverton School, and ran away from it in company with another boy, for having hunted down a favorite deer belonging to a neighbouring gentleman; and in the course of their wanderings, falling in with some beggars, by whom they were well treated (for, *entre nous*, those beggars live well), they became so enamoured with the life as to cut school entirely. I know not what became of his companion, but Carew continued firm to the trade till nearly the close of his life.—There are many amusing anecdotes related of him, one of which I must beg leave to introduce here. Squire Morris, who succeeded to the fine seat and estate of Sir William Morris, near Launceston,

Cornwall, hearing so much about this Prince of Beggars, became exceedingly anxious to see him. His servants, aware of this desire, took occasion to introduce him one day at a large party, when Mr. Morris examined his features so accurately as to declare he could not be deceived by him; and he would lay any wager, come in what shape he would, he should know him. One of the company took the wager, and it was agreed that Carew should do it in a limited time. He began immediately to try in several ways, but Mr. Morris was deaf to the most moving tales, fearing imposition. At last, hearing this Gentleman was to go out hunting one morning with several friends, he dressed himself like a neat old woman, and placing himself in the road Mr. Morris was coming along, suddenly fell down, and counterfeited all the distortions of the most violent fits in such a terrible manner, that Mr. Morris was greatly affected with the poor creature's condition, gave her money, and ordered his servants to conduct her to his house; but Carew, having obtained what he desired, flung off the old woman, and wished the company a good morning, much to the amusement of them all, Mr. Morris not excepted, although he had lost his wager.

The Falls of Tivoli, by *Poussin*, is a splendid picture. Nothing can be more true to Nature than the foam of the rushing waters, or more beautiful than the light and shade—here, the rocks and trees glowing with the last beams of the parting sun; there, the dark shadow veiling the spot in mystery. You might, in gazing on the scene, almost fancy you

heard the roar of the cascade, and the melody of the birds that flit about it, warbling their adieus to the glorious day. No sum hardly can be too much for this sweet landscape.

There is another magnificent picture in this collection, Saint Jerome at Prayer, and many more gems of the Flemish and Italian Schools, which I have now no time to mention; besides several fine portraits of the Carew family, by Kneller and Reynolds. I could not help thinking, as I sat at the dinner table, and gazed first at the living and animated forms around me, then at the canvas which seemed almost to speak, what a noble art is that which can rob death of some portion of its terrors, by thus preserving in the vivid and glowing colours of youth and beauty, loved forms over which the cold grave has long closed.

“That Art which baffles Time’s tyrannic claim.”

Being fond of everything antique (*except* women), I felt greatly obliged to the Lady of the house for the sight of her china, of which she has some very rare specimens. In this room I saw a splendid piece of tapestry, the Judgment of Solomon, a story that has given more employment to the pencil and needle than any other, from its singularly affecting circumstances. The figures are large as life, and beautifully worked, having all the merits of a picture; and the colours as bright as if used yesterday. I believe it is *mauvais ton* for Ladies to use their needles now-a-days, otherwise I would recommend embroidery as a very beautiful art, and capable of being carried to the highest perfec-

tion: witness Miss Linwood. In former times, no Lady’s education was considered perfect who could not boast of this accomplishment; and when *Chivalry* was at its height, what Lady fair had not worked a scarf for her true Knight! “*Mais nous avons changé tout cela.*”

I saw here some fine specimens of carved oak, blackened by time. One chair bore the arms of England, with a fine portrait of Harry the Eighth carved in its back; which we may, without any great stretch of the imagination, conclude once belonged to that despotic personage. By-the-by, this Harry, except for his nasty *à la Blue Beard* way of chopping off the women’s heads, was a good sort of a fellow enough, and a thorough sportsman.—Hunting he was fond of; but at that time the Royal and favorite sport was *Hawking*, in which I believe he excelled.

I must not omit the library, for it contains books I have not seen in the British Museum. A manuscript in Latin, which was found in the ruins of Glastonbury, is very curious, from the elegance of the writing, and its great age, the date being 408. It is bound in oak, and is said to have outlived four sets of these strong covers. Mr. Carew has an excellent collection of books, without which a house can hardly be said to be furnished. I am particularly fond of the company of books, because they will come and go whenever one pleases they should: no foggy night or muddy roads prevent their coming when you want them, and leaving you when they are done with: and surely a man can never be dull who has in his library such

spirits as Paley, Locke, Chesterfield, Byron, Shakspeare, *cum multis aliis*. For my part, the highest degree of luxurious ease my imagination can conceive, is to be shut up in a quiet room with a wood fire, a nice book, and a bottle of Burgundy.

“ The feast of reason, which from reason
springs,
To reasoning minds the highest solace
brings :
'Tis books a lasting pleasure can supply,
Charm while we live, and teach us how
to die.”

Well! on Friday the sun at last condescended to shine, and to horse was the word. Merrily did we ride to the fixture at Cottlestone Heath, the hounds before us drawing the deep covert under the hill. On arriving we found several Gentlemen waiting for a Tally-ho. We had not long to wait, for a brace of pugs were soon unkennelled, which separated the pack at first, but after ringing the changes awhile, they settled pretty steadily on one, and we were in hopes the fun would begin, when reynard, like an errant coward as he is, tipped us the go-by, and took shelter in a gutter on the lawn of Cottlestone House, the residence of Mr. Esdaile, and a very pretty place. Now we were fairly put to it. A conference was held, and it was carried *nem. con.* that my gentleman should be ousted, whilst we recruited our powers with a luncheon at Mr. Esdaile's expense. In the meantime spades and pick-axes went to work, but without success; when the novel idea of treating him to a cold bath was suggested; and accordingly a reservoir was turned upon him, which at last routed him, and he broke away with a fine start from the hounds; but

had not run five minutes before he again took refuge in a drain, and we were obliged to wish him good morning, with promises of an early call some other day when he might have a little more of the varmint in him. I suppose, on the present occasion, he had been supping over night too luxuriously at some farm-yard, and was consequently indisposed. An attempt was made to dislodge him a second time, but abandoned on finding a fellow of more game, which bolted away at a devil of a pace just under the other. In my opinion it was time and labour wasted to try for this hero at all; for depend on it, when once a fox runs to earth, it is all over with his courage, and, if ousted, he is fit for nothing that day at any rate but to blood the hounds. A fox, like a Frenchman (*pardonnez, mes amis*), is a very brave fellow as long as he has the whip hand, but if once his antagonist gets the mastery, 'tis astonishing what a coward it is.

Our drooping spirits, however, were revived by the sight of the gallant fellow above-named, which after making a double once round his accustomed walk, as if feeling a presentiment he was destined no more to return, charged the hills (which are cruel hard ones both for man and beast) in prime style, with five or six of the best of our workmen after him, who landed on the Quantock hills, above the clouds I was going to say, but certainly high above the level of the sea, which we saw from our elevated situation, rolling its eternal waves in majestic beauty. Down the hill scoured reynard, the hounds

running at a most terrific pace, and the scent famous. Go it, ye clippers! was the time of day;

“Charge, Luttrell, charge,
On, Esdaile, on;
Were the first words of brave Warrington!”

as we bowled down the hill after our cunning friend. Here we met with a temporary check, by reynard stepping into a hedge to take breath; but a happy cast being made, he was fain to step out again, and to fly to the tune of

“Over the hills and far away!”

which, to give the Devil his due, I must say he did in gallant style. And now his last hour was come: spite his bravery, spite his manoeuvring, he was compelled to die the death of the hunted, after a run of forty-five minutes at a rattling pace over a teasing, nasty country. The brush became the property of Mr. Warrington Carew, who with Captain Luttrell, my friend the Parson, and Will the huntsman, were the only ones in at the death. Upon the whole 'twas a very good run and the workmen well up to their business.

I hope to be excused giving the names of the country over which we passed, being a stranger in the land. I had a pleasant little ride of fourteen miles to take after the affair, which I accomplished after many a narrow escape of being lost in the wilds; and was not sorry to have my olfactory organs, which had all the morning snuffed the keen air of the hills, saluted by the odour of a famous piece of *rosbif* just ready for attack.

Captain Luttrell is the manager of this establishment, a gentleman *not* knows his business, and will possess by-and-bye a

a rare kennel, when wo betide the fox that's bold enough to face it! This is his second season—hardly time enough to know the names of his dogs, much less to have brought them to perfection, which time alone can effect. There is a fault in this pack too often found in subscription packs; which is, all who are subscribers imagine they are justified by that circumstance to make the greatest possible use of their lungs. Now, with deference to these good people, I would have them know they cannot do a more improper thing: nothing is more likely to spoil sport, or spoil hounds, than this foolish practice. No voice but the huntsman's should be heard, and his only when absolutely necessary. When dogs are high-bred and well trained, they require no interference, and if left to themselves will get out of a difficulty much better than with assistance. If, on the contrary, you accustom them to help at all times, they become careless in their work, knowing they can depend upon you for bringing them out of a dilemma. I applaud the Captain for his patience in bearing with what may certainly be called a nuisance. It is the wish of every man to keep on good terms with his field and neighbours; at the same time it is rather unfair of *them* to put him to so severe a trial. Hear what the author of *The Chase* says:

——“Let all be hushed,
No clamour loud nor frantic joy be heard;
Lest the wild hound run gadding o'er
the plain
Untractable, nor hear thy chiding voice.”

A friend of mine, who is a first-rater, and has a crack pack, met with this inconvenience when

first he hunted the country in which he resides. Resolving not to put up with it, he called all the Gentlemen together, and thus addressed them:—"Gentlemen, I come out for my own gratification, and, if you will join me, shall at all times be happy to have your company; but *by*—, if you whoop and halloo in the manner you do, I shall order my hounds back to kennel." One would have thought this speech would have put a stop to the annoyance. No such thing: they went on their way rejoicing till my friend put his threat into execution, and actually had his dogs whipped off several times when running, and marched home; since which I understand they have been *mute*.

Will, the huntsman, is a civil quiet fellow, up to his work, well mounted, and always with his dogs, which is quite *comme il faut*. Harry, the whip, plays second fiddle in time and tune. The costume of the Hunt is pink, a black collar, with a fox in full swing on the button, and white shorts—the country picturesque, but a devil of a rasping one both for man and beast. The hills, or coombs as they are called, are tremendous break-neck concerns, stiff and high, requiring a good pair of bellows to mount them. Few but those accustomed to the country can be with the hounds, and, to see the fun well, the best way in such a case is, to place yourself on the brow of the hill which they descend; for, in following, it sometimes happens the fox heads back, and it is then a trying game to retreat upon such rugged hillocks.

The varmint hereabout appear abundant; we unkennelled no

less than three in one morning. I had not the pleasure of seeing so many clippers out the day I mention as I expected. Mr. Warrington Carew and the Parson were about the two best I saw. The former was exceedingly well mounted for the business, and his very light weight (under ten stone) gives him a great advantage. This gentleman seems a good fellow, "a chip of the old block." Captain Luttrell, from an injury in his arm, is unable to fence much; but he rides with judgment, and is seldom on the wrong side of the post. He is one of the most Gentlemanlike masters of hounds I ever met with. Observing me scrutinising the pack, he very politely invited me to inspect his kennel—an invitation I was happy to receive, and of which I most gladly availed myself, as it is decidedly the best opportunity a man has of giving an opinion of the merits of hounds.

His kennel is of a pleasant warmth, and sufficiently ventilated for health; the benches are boarded with wide timber, and have spaces between to let off the water, which makes a much easier and smoother surface to repose on than those which have the narrow strips *generally* seen, for although straw makes a good bed, it is apt to get through those crevices and make the surface rugged and disagreeable. This appears to me an improvement.

The sleeping room can be closed at pleasure, which I also approve of; for I never could agree with sportsmen, at least the generality of them, in thinking wind and air in such quantities, with a mere shed for a dormitory, can be

healthful. Indeed I think, after hunting, when the whole system is in such a state of heat and excitement, and every pore open to receive the external air, no kennel can (in reason) be too warm to restore the blood to its proper tone, and get rid of the stiffness which must ever be the result of a hard day's run. The constitution of a dog cannot, I should imagine, so very materially differ from that of a Christian, as to make *that* good for one, which is productive of immediate death to the other. We all know a sudden transition from heat to cold, besides being most particularly disagreeable, affects the human frame to a fatal degree; and I should like to know where is the hunter who, after a severe day's work, wouldn't prefer taking his glass by a jolly fireside, in a comfortable dining room, to being perched upon a wild heath, where nothing of a deeper dye than *aqua pura* could be procured.

Some will say, that hounds kept so warm in the kennel must feel the cold more severely when taken into the field; but I say no: for the hard exercise they are obliged to endure, and the natural ardour of their disposition, concur most effectually to dispel all such chilly feelings. Besides, I would have the door closed *only* after a day's hunting; at other times let the winds of Heaven blow freely on them (always excepting night). A dog, if pinched with cold, cannot be in a state to perform works of difficulty or glory. Proper warmth and wholesome food are indispensable to the well-being of hounds; and without which their outward appearance will give pretty convincing proofs, by blotches on the surface, &c. In fine weather it

is a good plan, the day after hunting, to move your dogs into the court, particularly if it has grass, which is the case here, as essential to health; and if convenient to give them a walk for four or five miles, so much the better: it free's the legs from the stiffness incidental to the exertion of the foregoing day, combined with a recumbent position, and enables the huntsman to see if any dog has been lamed or otherwise injured—a thing he cannot so well do in a kennel, where they are huddled together.

I have presumed to offer these remarks, not because I consider myself a better judge than others, but because, from the observations I have made, I think people *bi-goted* to the *open* system, which, I repeat, cannot be so beneficial to that creature to which we are so much indebted, for whichever sportsman professes and must feel an attachment, and which therefore ought to receive every attention it is in a master's power to bestow.

I have also remarked, this is the Captain's second season with these hounds, and from the specimens he has entered I see he has judgment, and will ultimately make a slashing pack. He told me he made a point of visiting his *protégées* once or twice a-day. This is as it should be; for a careful and humane master will ever make an attentive servant.

The number he has is nineteen couple—quite sufficient for meeting twice a-week. Indeed I think twelve couple in the field would be found better than a larger number—they are more likely to pack well. There are many old dogs here, which might as well be allowed to depart in peace, for all they are worth, which I sup-

pose will next season be their lot, as I understand fourteen couples of youngsters are now at walk.

There is a fault in this pack that derogates much from their appearance in the field, which is, they are of unequal size; and I have yet to learn how a big and little hound can run together *well*. They are also, in my opinion, too big for their country; for I cannot but think a short-bodied, wide-loined, dwarf hound would do his day's work with more ease to himself, and make much more havoc amongst *the varmint*, than the large hounds used in this country. From the depth and strength of the coverts, the little muscular hound would prove more useful, as he could with greater facility climb the steeps, and take his game across the open; and in covert, where the varmint at unkennelling requires so much pushing, the large dog cannot be so quick as the smaller animal.

I hinted this to one of the members whilst hunting, but he seemed to be one of the racing advocates, and said, nothing but large sized dogs would do for the strong heather on the hills. By way of illustration, he instanced the harrier packs, which are puzzled by such ground: but be it remembered, one are Newmarket all over, and t'other fit only for M'Adamized roads. Blood will tell, and a moderate-sized hound that is fox-bred cannot have so much to carry, and must consequently be lighter in his gait. What good advice the Poet gives on this head:—

——“ But here a mean
Observe, nor the large hound prefer, of size
Gigantic; he in the thick woven covert
Painfully tugs, or in the thorny brake
Torn, and embarrass'd bleeds.”

For my own part I think the way to have a perfect pack for a country is to have the hounds of a peculiar blood, and to breed for that country alone. It would be in the highest degree unfair to criticise a pack *as yet* in its infancy with regard to its present Governor, particularly as it has seldom gone out without doing execution. If they would stick to some dogs I shall hereafter name, and which I particularly noticed for their mode of hunting (though *their* size is objectionable), I think few varmint would have a chance with them.

There are at present several drafts from other kennels, a thing I always deprecate: they may do well enough to cross the blood, but should seldom be used for work; and were I a master of hounds I should (uncourteous as it may appear) at all times decline such kind donations from my friends as these. Unfortunately, people are not in general so disinterested as to part with a thing that's of use to themselves; and a really good hound is too valuable a thing to be given away in a hurry: therefore, on such occasions, be wary, ye masters of packs; be cautious; distrust such seeming kindness; for believe me, a hound is offered to you in nine cases out of ten, not because he is too fast or too slow, too high or too low, but simply because he is a skirter, a babbler, weak and narrow loined, or malformed in some way; in fact, perfectly *useless*. A sportsman seldom parts with a good hound for such common defects as size or colour. Supposing this not to be the case—supposing every draft to be individually good, I can never think such variety of blood before being crossed can pack so well.

Nothing can be said against the speed of these hounds, except that they have *too much*, which with me is a fault; but as my opinion with regard to this point has been expressed in a former article, it would be superfluous to say anything now. Viewing the pack in the field, they have the appearance of being too highly fed, but I found, on inspecting them in the kennel, this was *not* the case; nor should it be: too much flesh is detrimental; and I would rather at all times be able to count four or five ribs in my hounds, than see them rolling in fat, and waddling along like an old maid's lap dog.

On inquiring what was their summer food, Captain Luttrell informed me he gave boiled potatoes with some flesh seasoned with salt, and upon this they seem to thrive. The Captain told me he had taken this hint from the *Sporting Magazine*. Brimstone once a week mixed with the food is a good thing.

The following are the hounds I remarked from their superiority to the rest. Anxious, a two-year-old bitch—dam Duke of Beaufort's Anxious, sire the Duke's Governor—is a very promising young hound. Careless, a badger-pied bitch, now five years old, and one of the smallest, I liked much, and would have more of her stock were I Captain Luttrell. She is a splendid gallopper, and extremely quick in her changes. Harlequin, a dog nearly white, with tanned head and ears, struck my eye as running straight and well. But the cream of the pack (though young) is in my opinion Marksman, a black-tanned hound, very handsome, and good in his work, has a fine broad chest, straight leg, and good head, not

too long, and superior over the loias. His only fault is being a *thought* too large. His sisters, Magic, Melody, and Matchless, are most promising young ones, and wo to the fox which has these three vixens at his brush: they were got out of a bitch of Mr. Saville's, by a sire from Mr. Farquharson's kennel, and do honour to their parentage. Rattler, now five years old, brother to Careless and Caroline, is well christened, for he is a *spinner*. Ranter, two years old, dam a Sister to Careless, by the Duke of Grafton's Roderick, is a superior gallopper, and close hunting hound. Sparkler, one year old, out of Careless by Screamer, whose grandsire was a crack one from the Fitzwilliam Hunt, will, I think, sparkle some day most brilliantly. Bluecap (also of the same age), out of Lovely, and one of the best in the kennel by the paternal side, being descended from Dr. Troyte's (no mean blood), promises to do great things.

The Captain's stabling is very excellent and well arranged. He has a show of well-stamped prads for the country he hunts, and gives each a turn once a week; so that he is always hearty and well up for the business. He has one mare, now sixteen years old, which her owner rode eleven years, and which shews in her legs and form the care of a good master. Among the horses running in the paddock and destined for the hounds, there was one which is almost a curiosity, having been used for the purposes of husbandry over a stiff estate for raising crops; and, although old and hard-worked, is as fine in his understanders as a kitten, without a windgall or single blemish of any

sort on either of his forkals. This is a convincing proof that *work* is not always the cause of those external blemishes which disfigure the legs of horses: of this I have seen several instances in my travels.

To those who go to Putsam (the parish in which the kennel is situate), and have a taste for ornithology, I would recommend a visit to mine host of the village, who is very clever in the art of preserving the feather tribe, and has a good collection of British birds and animals. He produced the head of the fox I had assisted in condemning to death, which was intended to grace the hall of Mr. Webb, of St. Audries, a gentleman of whom I shall speak anon. He was a fine large fellow, and from the saffron tint of his dominoes and profusion of grey whisker, I should think must have been one of the elders. Many a good goose, fowl, &c. had no doubt found its way down that capacious maw, and given occupation to those grinders that now shall grind no more.

Farewell, Mr. Fox,
To thy dominoe box,
It shall never more gobble my geese.
Thy labours are done,
Thy race it is run,

And my poultry may roost now in peace.

On the second instant I took an early breakfast, and mounted my horse for the purpose of taking a peep at the kennel of Dunster Castle. My ride was not a long one; but had it been fifty miles, I should have been well rewarded for the trouble of it by the beauty of the country through which I passed, and the sight of the Castle, which, I think I may venture to say, is one of the loveliest places in this or any part of England. It is the pro-

perty of Fownes Luttrell, Esq., who I understand enjoys the comfortable *little* income of 20,000l. a-year; and, much as I heard of its beauties, for once I was not disappointed in my high-raised expectations. It is exceedingly ancient, a part of it having been built during the Saxon Heptarchy, and the remainder in the reign of one of our first Harry's, and is erected on an eminence embosomed in the finest woods (now glowing in all the colours of the rainbow), and sheltered by lofty hills whose high heads appear to touch the sky. Nothing can exceed the beauty of the park, with its varied scenery of hill and dale, lowing herds, murmuring stream, and peaceful deer (with which it is plentifully studded), and which ever and anon, as the admiring traveller reins in his horse to gaze upon the scene, dart forward with an inquiring eye, and then retreat with the coquettish airs of a *demoiselle*. In front is the Bristol Channel, whose rolling waves, extending far as eye can reach, have a magnificent appearance here in the solitude of nature—very, very different to that which the same sea has at Brighton or Margate, with its crowd of cockneys paddling about it and dipping into it till it looks just like the New River at Islington, where little boys in the dog days are wont to shock the modesty of the ladies, by an exhibition which, though it may do very well for Mr. Achilles, in Hyde Park, becomes a *very serious thing* when real flesh and blood are in question. From the hills at the back of the Castle may be seen on a clear day the high lands around Plymouth, the Malvern Hills, the

mountains of South Wales, and the moor-land of Somerset, extending many miles away.

The family being at home, I had not the pleasure of seeing the interior of the Castle, which would have afforded me much gratification. As I stood on the terrace—now gazing on the magnificent scenery just faintly illumined by a November sun—anon glancing towards the Castle, whose aged walls seemed frowning on the intruder—imagination (that ready vehicle which travels faster than steam) transported me back to those days when England was the prey of every spoiler, and her children slaves—I thought of the generations that had sprung up, and been cut down since first its walls were raised—walls that had stood the shock of ages; whilst man, *immortal* man, had passed away; successively, like the leaves of autumn. I thought of the hope, the joy, the anguish that had been felt by its various inhabitants; the sighs that had been breathed, the tears shed, by

“ Eyes that shone,
Now dimmed and gone ;”

and I felt with the Author of *Cymodoce* and *Eudorus*, that “ nothing can be so interesting to the Antiquary as those plains whose furrows will breathe instruction, and where, mortal as I am, I may trace the blood, the tears, and sweat of human kind.”

I know not how long I indulged in these very sage, but at the same time useless reflections (for your day-dreamers and castle-builders are no calculators of time), when the loud notes of a horn (not of the most harmonious sound) roused me from my reverie, and reminded me I must condescend

to descend to the kennel, that being the motive for which I had taken my morning's ride.

In the first place then, I consider the kennel badly situated—a defect which nothing but the summary process of pulling down can remedy. It is on a hill overlooking the town of Dunster, and about the coldest place I ever saw. The yard, instead of being paved, is rugged, which is a certain disadvantage to the young 'uns in their gambols. The pack consists of sixteen couple, and are termed harriers, but the majority are in reality dwarf foxhounds: they are unsizeable, and have not a healthy look, owing no doubt to the coldness of their habitation. The sleeping room is much too small and narrow to please me. There are several badger-pied old dogs, which should be drafted, as the tediousness of climbing the hills has made a few rainbow legs. They hunt everything, which is also against them, for a Jack-of-all-trades can be *perfect* in none. There were two hounds I admired—a little bitch called Giddy, and a fine slapping broad-armed dog named Ruler, between which a good get might be had. I had not time to hunt with them whilst in the neighbourhood, nor did I much regret the circumstance, though the Minehead gentry spoke well of their performances.

The stables are on a splendid scale, but not well tenanted, by which I conclude the Squire (as he is called here) is more of a statesman than hunter.

On the 3d instant I met Mr. Webb's harriers, not far from the village of Willaton, in St. Decuman's parish. The game was almost too numerous for good sport;

however, we had two very good things of it, running up our hares. These dogs, twelve couple, are some of them the true-shaped beagle, partaking a good deal of the old Southern caste, and perform very prettily; indeed, they are as neat a kennel as I have seen in these parts. Many of them are black tans; and for hare-hunting I scarcely ever knew a bad one of that colour. The mellow and deep-toned music of this pack is very cheering heard from the top of the hills, and their speed sufficiently quick for any poor puss. Mr. Webb has not had them above a season, consequently there are as yet many drafts among them, and many to draft, as I saw in the neighbourhood several promising puppies, which will come in well next year. The pack will no doubt do well by and bye, if hunted with judgment, which I cannot say is the case at present; for I think the huntsman is, without exception, the most gawky knowing sort of a chap, for the line of life he has chosen, I ever saw, and seems to think all he has to do is to sound his horn, which he is continually doing, as if his intention was to qualify himself for guard to the Royal mail.

This *genius* put me in mind of a fellow, who having a pretty good opinion of himself, went one morning to old Colonel Kelly, of facetious memory, to be engaged as huntsman; saying, "I hears, Zur, as how you bez in want of a huntsman, and I comed up to your Honour in hopes your Honour would have no objections to take me."—"Pray whose hounds have you hunted?" said the Colonel.—"Why, Zur, I can't say as

how I have ever been a huntsman."—"You have been whipper-in then, I suppose?"—"No, Zur, not whipper-in."—"Whose kennel have you been feeder to, then?"—"Ees never been a veeder either, Zur," returned wiseacre.—"Then what the devil *have* you been?" says the Colonel, vexed with the clown's stupidity.—"Why, Zur, I'ze a beed out with the Werrington beagles when they comed over vather's ground, and I does dearly love the zound on 'em."—Down pops the Colonel in his chair, and, holding up his foot to the bumpkin, says, "Measure me for a pair of shoes, my man; and when you have made them I'll take you for a huntsman, for you appear just as capable of one as the other."—So saying Clodpole was dismissed, wondering, no doubt, that a person so eminently qualified for the situation shouldn't have been instantly secured.

Mr. Webb's huntsman has no excuse for not being with his dogs, for he has a rare bit of stuff under him—no other than the mare which so ungallantly gave My Lady Warwick a spill in Hyde Park. She is a very pretty bony prad, and does honour to her blood (the Orville).

On my noticing to Mr. Webb the ignorance of his major domo, he made this sensible reply:—"The mischief is, Sir, that when you engage servants, they appear from their answers capable of doing all you want; and when you get them into your establishment, you too often find they can do nothing. It is an unpleasant thing to be continually changing servants, and you therefore escape one evil by tolerating a greater."

This old buck is a thorough sportsman, and has a beautiful

place called Saint Audries, to which he removed from Warwickshire. He told me he intended adding about five hundred acres to his park, in order to increase his head of deer, and has some thoughts of breeding red game on the hills, which will, I hope and think, answer his expectations. When I say his sporting propensities were fostered and encouraged by the huntsman of the famous Somervile, it is not surprising he should be "nothing but a good one." He told me he had been a master of hounds fifty-one years, and in that time had had many rare packs. He has in his possession some reliques of the Bard, which he treasures as religiously as ever did Roman Catholic the most sacred emblem of his creed: these are, his whip, cap, and spurs, and, better than all, the *chair* in which he sat when occupied in writing that delightful of all Poems, *The Chase*, which, for truth and nature, cannot be excelled by anything in our language. In my next, I will give you a short biography of Somervile, as communicated by my kind entertainer, which is too interesting to be compressed in this already extended letter.

Mr. Webb detailed many entertaining stories illustrative of the ruling passion. I have already remarked that he is none of your half-and-half sort of gentlemen, your dandy sportsmen, who think hounds a necessary part of their establishment, and care as little for them as they do for their poultry, but a regular Son of the Chase, and will no doubt continue so long as life vibrates in his bosom. He told me, some two years since he found himself rather ailing; and after con-

sulting the Faculty in town without effect, he was advised to ride for his life. No sooner said than done: away he scoured on his best hunter (his wife accompanying him in a post-chaise), and stopped not till they had accomplished 800 miles, by which time the complaint (which was most likely a touch of the blue devils) had vanished, and "Cæsar was himself again."

During his journey he saw Saint Audries, his present residence, and admiring its situation, as one just calculated for his favorite pursuits, became purchaser of the estate, containing sixteen hundred acres of the best land for game in the kingdom. His habits are quite of the Old School, and he is fond of early hours, to which he attributes the health he enjoys at his time of life; and advises the young 'uns to adopt the same good practice. He is a fine old fellow; a worthy disciple of so excellent a master as Somervile; and that he may long live to chase the wily varmint, and delight his friends, must, I am sure, be the wish of all who know him.

"Longer than we have time to tell his
years,
Ever belov'd and loving may his rule be;
And when Old Time shall lead him to his
end,
Goodness and he fill up one monument!"

And now, Mr. Editor, having, I fear, made sad inroads on the Parson's paper, your pages, and my brethren's patience, I conclude, subscribing myself ever your dutiful and loving subject,

GILBERT FORESTER.

November 16, 1831.

P. S. My next move will be towards Sir Arthur Chichester's and Sir Walter Carew's country, and of which you shall in due season be informed.

A THOROUGH-BRED ONE FALLING AT HIS FENCE.

WE have the pleasure of submitting to the inspection of our Readers a subject from the pencil of LAPORTE, engraved by ROMNEY, which does both these eminent artists considerable credit. As all those sportsmen who so kindly honour us with their patronage will have an opportunity of forming their own opinion as to its merits or defects, it requires no comment from us: yet we cannot refrain expressing our own admiration of the performance, which is a combination of ease and nature. We won't believe any man could so well depict this very frequent *contresens* of the field, without having seen it exemplified in his own precious person. The broken rail, shattered by the impetus of the performers, and the position of the poor panting horse, evidently struggling not to injure his master, and the ludicrous phiz of the master, who seems to have been grassed before he could say "Jack Robinson," turned up towards his Bucephalus, as if entreating him not to crush himself and his hopes at once, are exceedingly well portrayed. The mortifying sight of a more fortunate

brother moving down the hill, and cruelly leaving the grassed one to his fate; and the cautious look of the other cove as he wheeled off for a bit of timber of easier manufacture; taking timely warning by the fate of our hero, that "he that exalts himself shall be abased," are natural incidents, and naturally expressed. The surrounding country is also in good keeping. The fate of our hero in being grassed is *la fortune de la guerre*, and what every trump must sooner or later expect to experience. Indeed a true Nimrod, whose heart and soul are in the chase, we are sure, so far from disliking such accidents, would be rather proud of them; for the service of the field is an honorable service, and a few wounds gathered in it, instead of being marks of disgrace, ought to be considered like the warrior's wreath, and should adorn the brow of every veteran, as so many proofs of enterprise and courage. That such little affairs, however, if they happen to our Readers, may end without the interposition of an Esculapius, is our ardent wish.

MR. OSBALDESTON'S MATCH—BY TASSEL.

To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,
And witch the world with noble horsemanship.—*Henry the Fourth.*

SIR,

I Am just returned from that great centre of attraction during last week—Newmarket; and as I believe that some account of Mr. Osbaldeston's great match may be interesting to most of your readers, even though the Daily Papers are already crammed with the description of it, I herewith transmit my version.

The day, which was originally fixed for Monday, was altered so suddenly and with so short a

notice to Saturday, that I, in common with hundreds more, was nearly prevented from witnessing this extraordinary undertaking: but as the articles of the match stated that it was to be done during the Houghton Meeting, I rather wonder that the first-mentioned day should ever have been proposed. No sooner did my eyes perceive the alteration than I placed myself by the side of our two-fisted rural wagoner, an *avroxbow* of a drags-

1. *Phragmites australis*

A TUTOR, LIB-BRED ONE FALLING AT HIS FENCE.

Dr. J. H. H. H.

Wegener, Eugene Simon, 1891-1965

13-1

man, equally ignorant of the use of gloves, whip, or pocket handkerchief; and being (thanks to the dice of fortune) safely landed in London, I shortly found myself on that first of coaches the Cambridge Star, at the shoulder of that first of coachmen Joe Walton. I have before, in the MEMORANDA CANTABRIGIENSIA, introduced the uninitiated of your readers to this artist; and I believe that that description might serve up to the present day: he is apparently not a month older than when I was last on the woolsack with him: the black boot is still pulled up to the knee; the coat is still of the same cut and cloth; the face as healthy, the form as wiry, the nerve as strong, the eye as clear—and why?.....it is wrapped up in a nutshell..... Walton is a sober man.

Not a hack, not a pair of posters (under three guineas) were to be procured in Cambridge for the Saturday: therefore, on the Friday evening, the old Bury Unicorn transplanted me to Newmarket, where, under the auspices of my old ally, Jack Merchant, the very *Lope Tocho* of landlords, a comfortable bed was shortly booked, and I was up before day-light, and off without breakfast, to see the most daring match that ever was undertaken against that treasure of senior wranglers and pest of *ennuyés*—TIME.

With regard to the completion of the match opinions varied: but, as a sporting friend (whose lot is fallen in that blest land where fox-hunting is known) wrote to me last week, "All those men who ride but little say he will lose; all those who

ride much say he must win easily: give me the opinion of the latter." The betting, however, was high in his favour at the Rooms on the Friday evening, and Mr. Osbaldeston himself went snacks in a bet of 1000 to 100 that he did it in nine hours. The betting changed very much in the morning, which was raw, wet, and miserable: and as our friends in the Rooms had the advantage of us quiet men who go to bed, they had the first information from the weather office, and exclaimed loudly against the completion of the match.

At seven o'clock Mr. Osbaldeston, accompanied by Mr. T. Thellusson, his umpire, and Colonel Charitté with Mr. Bowater on his behalf, appeared at the Ditch Stand, where a very thin sprinkling of company (although not of rain) awaited their arrival. The Stand was cleared, except of those intimate with the parties concerned in the match; and the watches of the umpires being set and locked up, at thirteen minutes past seven Mr. Osbaldeston mounted Emma (a winner at Bedford, *ni fallor*) and started. I had not seen the Squire since he hunted the Thurlow country, and whether I am grown eight years older myself, or whether it really was the case, he was not in the least altered, except having less colour and being a trifle lighter in weight. The dress was a black velvet cap, purple silk jacket, and doe-skins; and I was surprised, considering the wetness of the day, that he did not think flannel a necessary substratum. He wore a broad riding belt with whalebone round his waist, which, toward the end of the day, proved a great support

to his back: his saddles were covered with lambskin, and he rode remarkably snug and short. His leg, in which he received his dreadful accident, is not quite recovered, and he still laces his right boot; and the thought of losing his character for invincibility, or his 1000*l.* to Col. Charrité, never came across his brain.

A wooden horse-block turfed over was erected in front of the Stand, but owing to the impossibility of making the horses approach it, was not used, and he had a leg given him up each mount. He did not ride the exact Round Course, which is some furlongs under four miles; but by going outside it, getting into the Beacon about Choke Jade, touching on the Bunbury Mile, and coming home close to the Ditch, he made it a four mile course, and at the end of each round changed his horse.

On his second horse, Paradox, he nearly met with a serious accident: he started sulkily, and all but rubbed his leg against the wall of the Stand. This was, however, soon taken out of him, for the Squire, dropping himself into his seat, let the Latchfords well into him, and the horse finished his round admirably.

Now mark the effects of Condition. On Oberon, a little horse he bought of a farmer for *fourteen pounds*, he went round in eight minutes twenty seconds. Hear this, ye horse-masters, and remember the three indispensables towards a good horse—1st, Buy him: 2d, Put him in condition: 3d, Ride him.—He completed twenty-five and a half miles in the first hour.

In the tenth round the worst part of the day's work occurred.

The celebrated Clasher, the conqueror of Clinker and Captain Ross, broke down a short distance from home, and trotted in in a sad state.—In two hours forty-eight miles were completed.

With Coroner I feared a mischance, and perhaps an inquest: he is notoriously sulky, shook his head, said "no!" and evidently did not like the work cut out for him; but by starting several horses with him, he did his part honestly and well: still he was a dangerous horse to rely upon—a sort of Gentleman who shuts up if you spur him.

After the fourteenth Mr. Osbaldeston drank a mouthful of weak brandy-and-water, the first nourishment he had taken.

In the fifteenth Emma ran on the wrong side of a post coming down the Ditch, but the Squire, wide awake, turned her, and made his ground good.—He finished the eighteenth round (seventy-two miles) in three hours.

In the twentieth round he mounted the best horse he rode during the day, Mr. Gully's Tranby; and, before he finished his match, he gave him a good benefit, riding him four heats, and nobly was he carried by him.

The twenty-first round was the quickest hitherto performed, being completed on a little weedy mare, Fairy, in eight minutes eight seconds.—In four hours he completed ninety-two miles.

The twenty-fifth round was done by Lord Lowther's colt by Acorn, the neatest nag a man would desire to cross, although not of a racing cut; and his blooming condition does Mr. Rogers great credit.

At the close of the twenty-

fifth Mr. Osbaldeston took a little refreshment—a mouthful of bread, and some brandy-and-water a trifle *stiffer* than the last; but he was again upon Tranby and off in three minutes; and, whether owing to the spur in the head or the heel, did his work at the quickest pace during the day—eight minutes. This is great galloping; Mr. Osbaldeston rode 11st. 2lbs., and at racing weights, as is well known, Hambletonian and Diamond ran the B. C. in 8min. 25sec.; but we cannot judge from this, as of course this race was not run from end to end.—He completed the 30th round (120 miles) in five hours eight minutes.

He now came up into the stand, and lunched upon a cold partridge and brandy-and-water; and, although wet to the skin, he refused a change of clothes which was awaiting him before the fire, including his own favorite jacket, the old Lincoln green, which had arrived from the North too late to be sported on this occasion—the first time he ever rode out of his own colours. He stayed only six minutes and a half: for Harry England (bottle-holder *pro tempore*) was very anxious that he should not get stiff and cold, and brushed him off again as soon as he could.

In the thirty-second round, as he was going a slashing pace on Mr. Rush's Ikey Solomons, the horse made a flounder, and Mr. Osbaldeston, standing in his stirrups at the time, shot over his head*. The Papers stated he did not lose his horse; but this was not the case; the horse ran a hundred yards before he

was stopped, and when he came in (twelve minutes) his rider seemed a little distressed, and the opposite party once more had hopes, although the betting never recovered itself; and throughout the day it was a diamond to a dumpling, or the Lord Mayor's thumb to a tooth-pick, that the match was done, at least as far as related to the *ten* hours.

In the thirty-second round the horse El Dorado (a suspicious looking one in winkers) came in very lame, but nevertheless performed his distance in average time.

The thirty-sixth round (144 miles) was completed in six hours seventeen minutes, and the fortieth in seven hours.

In the forty-fifth the gallant Tranby went his last round with undiminished game and speed.

The forty-sixth completed the eighth hour.

In the forty-eighth a violent squall of rain and wind (the weather having before moderated) so disgusted Streamlet that he fairly turned round, afraid to meet it, just at the corner of the fir trees—but two powerful auxiliaries, Latchford and Crowther, soon convinced him of his absurdity; and the fiftieth round was performed by Skirmisher as the finale, at nine minutes before four, or in eight hours and 39 minutes: thus finishing the match with an hour and twenty-one minutes to spare.

Most uproarious salutations from all *grades* of sportsmen greeted Mr. Osbaldeston, who came in as gay as a lark, waving his whip over his head. Some shook hands with him, some patted him on the back, all

* Not the first throw over that has been perpetrated by the aforesaid Israelite.

shouted, and one old green-coated farmer, an importation I guess from Northamptonshire, gave him a view halloo which still rings in my ear. It was only by the shouldering of Gully, Tom Oliver, and Harry England that he could dismount at the Stand, on ascending which he was honored by the congratulations of the beautiful Lady Chesterfield and her fair sister Mrs. G. Anson, who had driven from the race-course to witness the close of this extraordinary performance. There was no wrapping up in blankets, no carrying to a post-chaise, no salts, smelling bottles, or lancets. The Squire jumped on his favorite hack Cannon Ball, and, followed by every horseman on the ground, led them at a slapping pace to his lodgings at Perrin's in Newmarket; where he got into a warm bath, took a nap, and in a couple of hours was wide awake, and enjoying himself at a good dinner, to which I doubt not he did ample justice; particularly if he kept in mind his reply to Harry England, who wanted to prescribe a less palatable, though more salutary regimen....." D—n your salts and senna! I am so hungry I could eat an old woman."

Thus ended this wondrous undertaking*. Mr. Osbaldeston had been in close training at Newmarket, and riding most of his horses, for a week previously; but his constant severe exercise rendered more unnecessary, if not impossible. The manner of his arrival at Newmarket bears me out in this assertion. He hunted his hounds in Northamptonshire, and afterwards, with

the help of two hacks, he dined in Newmarket—*sixty-one miles!* I thought he was rather weak towards the thirty-sixth round, and one horse nearly ran him amongst the crowd before he could stop him: but if this were the case, he very shortly recovered his second wind; and never throughout the match did "his eye lose its accustomed lustre," his voice sink from its natural pitch, or his hand tremble. Game as a flint he must be, for forty-four years of age are (or seem to be) twenty years too many to undertake such a frolic.

I cannot bear to see a man placed upon another's knee for rest: it is the most uneasy seat possible, and with hot breath blowing upon him by no means a refreshing one: a chair would be worth fifty knees. Gully generally met him at coming in during the last few rounds, and assisted in stopping his horse; but in the instance above-mentioned he missed the bridle: "why the devil do not you lay hold of his tail?" sung out a spectator; "you're strong enough!"

The stable was not managed with that regularity which one might expect to see; and at one period of the match there was great uncertainty as to horses arriving in time: neither until after some rounds were any persons sent to look out for squalls, with spare hacks, to different parts of the course.

Many people (myself among the rest) wondered why Mr. Osbaldeston rode his own good quiet light-mouthed horses in the morning, and delayed mounting the raw, raking, half-broken

* I have no hesitation in saying, had it been a fine day, the ground less deep, and had no fall occurred, the match would have been done in a quarter of an hour less.

racers until late in the day, when he might naturally be expected to be weaker. The answer must be this: *Mr. Osbaldeston never expected to be weak or fatigued*—and it was this impression, favored by natural power, *mens sana in corpore sano*, that brought this Crichton of the day to the triumphant conclusion of a match without parallel in the annals of the Sporting World.

LIST OF HORSES,

AND THE TIME IN WHICH THEY PERFORMED THE SEVERAL ROUNDS.

	M. S.
1. Emma	9 0
2. Paradox by Merlin.....	9 20
3. Liberty by Buffalo	9 25
4. Coroner by Magistrate	9 15
5. Oberon	9 44
6. Don Juan.....	9 0
7. Morgan Rattler	9 13
8. Paradox (2d time)	9 6
9. Cannon Ball	9 23
10. Clasher	9 25
11. Ultima	9 10
12. Fairy	9 5
13. Coroner (2d time)	8 40
14. Liberty (ditto).....	9 21
15. Emma (ditto)	9 21
16. Don Juan (ditto).....	9 8
17. Oberon (ditto).....	8 20
18. Cannon Ball (ditto).....	9 45
19. Ultima (ditto).....	9 0
20. Tranby by Blacklock.....	8 10
21. Fairy (2d time)	8 8
22. Morgan Rattler (2d time)	9 28
23. Colt by Tramp	8 58
24. *Dolly by Figaro	8 58
25. *Colt by Acorn	9 2
26. *Colt by Smolensko	8 52
27. Tranby (2d time)	8 0
28. *Skirmisher by Smolensko	9 25
29. Guildford by Hampden ...	8 25
30. Dolly (2d time)	8 45
31. Ikey Solomons	12 0
32. Tam o'Shanter	9 40
33. El Dorado	9 20
34. *Coventry by Tramp.....	9 0
35. Ringleader by Merlin	8 42
36. Tranby (3d time)	8 15
37. *Ipsala by Sultan	8 20
38. Skirmisher (2d time)	8 45
39. Guildford (2d time)	9 10
40. *Streamlet by Tiresias	8 50
41. *Donegani by Tramp	9 12
42. Hassan by Whisker	9 0
43. Filly by Emilius—Surprise	9 10
44. Ringleader (2d time).....	9 30

45. Tranby (4th time)	8 50
46. Coventry (2d time)	9 30
47. Ipsala (2d time)	9 0
48. Streamlet (ditto)	9 0
49. Donegani (ditto).....	10 15
50. Skirmisher (3d time)	9 40

Mr. Osbaldeston at the close of the day expressed his determination of giving a Plate of 50l. to be run for by the horses he had ridden on the Monday following the Houghton Meeting. As, however, your friend OBSERVATOR will no doubt send you the result, I willingly leave the particulars to his more powerful pen. —Those horses to whose names an asterisk is prefixed started for this prize.

Yours, &c.

TASSEL.

Nov. 9, 1831.

P.S. I cannot allow this opportunity to pass without recommending my sporting University friends to take a look at the splendid new range of stabling which Humfrey, the builder, has run up at the corner of Christ's Pieces. On a cursory view they appear all that they ought to be; with plenty of room behind the horses, loose boxes or gig houses, cast-iron racks, a covered ride for exercise, separate dung pits, convenience for saddlery, hot water, &c. I can assure both my readers and Mr. Humfrey that my praise of them is quite disinterested, although I think for so good a puff I richly deserve a three-stall *gratis* when next I appear at Cambridge.—T.

By way of Addenda to this great undertaking, we give a summary of the most memorable equestrian feats of the last two centuries, with the comments of men well calculated to judge

on the several performances—all shewing the extraordinary nerve of the individuals engaged in them, and at the same time exhibiting the stoutness, the speed, and *continuance* of our Native breed of horses, of which we are so justly proud, and which has of late years excited the admiration of Foreigners. Most of these events have already been recorded in our pages; but a recapitulation will doubtless prove highly interesting to our readers at the present moment.

1604. In the reign of King James, John Lepton, of Kepwick in the county of York, Esq., a Gentleman of an ancient family and of good reputation, His Majestie's servant and one of the Grooms of His Most Honorable Privy Chamber, performed so memorable a journey as deserves to be recorded to future ages; because many Gentlemen who were good horsemen, and divers Physicians, did affirm it was impossible for him to do without apparent danger of his life. He undertook to ride five several times between London and York in six days, to be taken in one week, betwixt Monday morning and Saturday night. He began his journey upon Monday the 20th of May in the year aforesaid, betwixt two and three of the clock in the morning forth of St. Martin's, near Alderagate, within the City of London, and came to York the same day betwixt the hours of five and six in the afternoon, where he rested that night:—the next morning, being Tuesday, about three of the clock, he took his journey forth of York, and came to his lodgings in Saint Martin's aforesaid betwixt the hours of six and seven in the afternoon, where he rested that night:—the next morning, being Wednesday, betwixt two and three of the clock he took his journey forth of London, and came into York about seven of the clock the same day, where he rested that night:—the next morning, being Thursday, be-

twixt two and three of the clock, he took his journey forth of York, and came to London the same day betwixt seven and eight of the clock, where he rested that night:—the next morning, being Friday, betwixt two and three of the clock he took his journey towards York, and came thither the same day betwixt the hours of seven and eight in the afternoon:—so as he finished his appointed journey to the admiration of all men, in five days, according to his promise.—And upon Monday, the seven and twentieth of the same month, he went from York, and came to the Court at Greenwich upon Tuesday the 28th to His Majestie, in as fresh and cheerful manner as when he first began.

July 17th, 1720, Mr. Bernard Calvert, of Andover, started at three o'clock in the morning from St. George's Church, Southwark, and rode to Dover; thence crossed the Channel to Calais; returned to Dover; and thence back to St. George's Church, where he arrived about eight the same evening, fresh and hearty.

April 1745. Mr. Cooper Thornhill rode three times between Stilton and London (distance 213 miles) in 11h. 33m. 52sec.—The Count de Buffon informs us, on the authority of a letter from the Earl of Morton, that Mr. Thornhill used eight different horses in the first heat; in the second, six only; and that in the third he made use of the same horses which had already served him, riding only seven of the fourteen.

	h. m. sec.		
From Stilton to London (71 miles).....	3	52	59
From London to Stilton.....	3	50	57
From Stilton to London.....	3	49	56

The match was made for a considerable sum. He was allowed as many horses as he pleased, and to perform the task in fifteen hours. "I question," adds Buffon, "whether any race at the Olympic Games ever equalled the rapidity of Mr. Thornhill's performance."

A brown mare, thirteen hands three inches high only, the property

of Mr. Daniel Corker, was backed to do three hundred miles, on Newmarket Heath, in seventy-two successive hours, which she completed April 24th, 1754, and had seven hours and forty minutes to spare. The match was for 100gs. P. P. The mare was rode by one boy all the way, weight 4st. 1lb., exclusively of saddle and bridle. She went backward and forward from the Six Mile House to the Ending Post of the B.C., and did not gallop more than six miles during the match.

Monday, April 22. — Twenty-four miles, and baited; 24, and baited; 48 without baiting 96
 Tuesday. — Twenty-four miles, and baited; 24, and baited; 24, and baited; 36 without baiting 108
 Wednesday. — Twenty-four miles, and baited; 24, and baited; and 48 without baiting 96
 (Total...300 miles.)

In April and May 1758, at Newmarket, Miss Pond rode one horse 1000 miles in 1000 successive hours for a wager of 200gs. — In a few weeks afterwards, Mr. P. rode the same horse 1000 miles in two thirds of the time.

June 27, 1759. Jenison Shafto, Esq. performed a match against time on Newmarket Heath; the conditions of which were, he was to ride fifty miles (having as many horses as he pleased) in two successive hours, which he accomplished in 1h. 49m. 17sec., with ten horses only, viz.—

1. Merry Bachelor, by Tartarmiles 4
 2. Wildair, by Cade, dam by Steady, 4
 3. Juggler, by Rib, dam, Sister to Regulus..... 4
 4. Forester, by Croft's Forester, dam by Lasby 3
 5. Rover, by Bolton's Brother..... 4
 6. Jack o'Newbury, by Babraham, dam by Lord Halifax's Justice... 4
 7. Adolphus, by Regulus out of Miss Layton, Lodge's roan mare..... 3
 8. Jessamy, by Hutton's Spot out of Bay Brocklesby 3
 9. Prince T'Quassaw, by Snip out of Dairy Maid..... 3
 - Merry Bachelor, second time..... 3
 - Wildair ditto..... 3
 - Juggler ditto..... 3
 - Rover..... ditto..... 3
 10. Hambleton, by Snip 3
 - Adolphus, second time..... 3½
- (Total...50½ miles.)

In 1761 a match was made between Jenison Shafto and Hugo Meynell, Esqrs. for 2000gs., Mr. Shafto to find a person to ride one hundred miles a-day (on any one horse each day) for twenty-nine successive days; to have any number of horses not exceeding twenty-nine. The person chosen by Mr. Shafto was Mr. John Woodcock, who started on Newmarket Heath, May 4th, 1761, at one o'clock in the morning, and finished his arduous task on the 1st of June about six in the evening, having used fourteen horses only: viz.—

Mr. Shafto's b. h. once.
 Lord Chedworth's ch. m. thrice.
 Capt. Windyard's ch. h. twice.
 Mr. Thistlethwayte's gr. h. thrice.
 Mr. Wildman's bl. m. thrice.
 Mr. Woodcock's b. m. twice.
 Mr. Scott's b. m. twice.
 Lord Montfort's b. h. twice.
 Mr. Surrecolt's ch. h. once.
 Mr. Shafto's roan h. twice.
 Mr. Calcraft's ch. h. once.
 Mr. Rudd's ch. m. once.
 Mr. Welch's b. h. thrice.
 Mr. Major's b. m. thrice.

Mr. Major's mare did not begin one day till ten o'clock, Mr. Woodcock having failed to bring in a horse called Quidnunc, after it had done sixty miles by nine o'clock, and then tired; so that he rode one hundred and sixty miles that day, finishing at about eleven o'clock at night, which was the latest hour during the whole performance. Indeed the undertaking was a much more difficult one for the rider than for the horses. The course was from the Hare-park to the Ditch, making three miles; thence he went a three-mile course round the Flat, on that side the Ditch next Newmarket. There were posts and lamps fixed, Mr. W. choosing to start very early in the mornings, to avoid the heat of the day.

September 4, 1780.—Giles Hoyle rode from Ipswich to Tiptree and back again, for the purpose of obtaining leave of absence for Major Clayton to attend the election at Clitheroe from General Parker, being sixty-six miles in six hours.—On the following day he rode with his master from

Ipswich to Gisburne Park: they started at six o'clock in the morning, and arrived at their destination at two o'clock in the afternoon of the day following, 230 miles. This was performed in thirty-two hours.—On the 7th, dined at Browsholme, 12 miles.—On the 8th, returned to Clitheroe, five miles, and at ten o'clock that night he took horse for Lulworth Castle in Dorsetshire, with conveyance—deeds of some borough houses in Clitheroe, for the signature of Mr. Weld. He arrived at Lulworth between nine and ten o'clock on Monday morning the 10th; transacted his business, and returned to Clitheroe on the following evening at seven o'clock; the whole being 540 miles. This he performed in sixty-nine hours. The weather was very wet and stormy through the whole journey.

1791. At the Curragh Meeting in Ireland, Mr. Wilde made a bet of 2000gs. to ride against time, viz. 127 English miles in nine hours. On the 6th of October he started, in a valley near the Curragh Course, where two miles were measured in a circular direction: each time he encompassed the course it was regularly marked. During the interval of changing horses, he refreshed himself with a mouthful of brandy-and-water, and was no more than 6h. 21m. in completing the 127 miles—of course he had 2h. 35m. to spare. The horses, ten in number, all thoroughbred, were the property of D. B. Daly, Esq. Mr. W. was so little fatigued that he shewed at the Turf Club House the same evening.

On Tuesday, April 20, 1802, Mr. Shaw left Barton on the Humber at 5 A.M. to ride to London, 172 miles, which he was engaged to do in twelve hours. Mr. Shaw arrived at the Vine Inn, Bishopsgate-street, having changed horses fourteen times, at 33 minutes after three o'clock, in good health and spirits, being 1h. 27m. within the time.—The first 84 miles he rode in four hours, and 112 miles in six hours. At one stage the horse intended for him not being ready, he

continued his journey, six miles further, making 21 miles, which he accomplished two minutes within the hour. Mr. Shaw reached Lincoln on Thursday night on his return home, and arrived at Hull the day following. He weighed about 10 stone.—In June following the parties paid forfeit who betted that Mr. Shaw could not ride from Barton to London in ten hours, using the same number of horses as in the above performance.—The original wager was for 100gs. but bets to a very considerable amount were depending.

In December 1810, Mr. Mat. Milton rode from London to Stamford, exceeding ninety miles, in 4h. 25m. using eighteen horses. Mr. Milton weighed fifteen stone.

In May 1819, Mr. W. Hutchinson undertook for a wager of 600gs. to ride from Canterbury to London Bridge in three successive hours, and completed the distance (55½ miles) in 2h. 25m. 51sec.

Mr. Lipscomb started from Hyde Park Corner early on Saturday morning, November 6, 1824, to go ninety miles in five hours upon eight horses. It was a heavy betting match at 6 to 4 on time, but it was a propitious day for the undertaking. The stake was for 500sovs., and the ground was to the sixty-four mile-stone on the Bath road, and twenty-six miles back, a mile on the London side of Reading.

	miles.	m.	sec.
The First horse did.....	12	in 38	14
Second	929	33
Third	1341	27
Fourth	1237	29
Fifth	1341	57
Sixth	828	14
Seventh.....	1344	37
Last.....	1032	0
	90	293	31

(Total time, 4h. 53m. 31sec.)

The last horse, and the fastest of the eight, had only to perform ten miles in 38min. 29sec., which he completed cleverly in 32min., winning by 6min. 29sec.

Captain Polhill, of the 1st King's Dragoon Guards, stationed at Leeds Barracks, having undertaken for a

match of 100 sovereigns to walk fifty miles, to drive fifty, and to ride fifty, in the space of twenty-four hours, commenced his arduous task on Monday morning at one o'clock, April 17, 1826, on Haigh Park Race Course. As this feat had excited much interest in the town, it occasioned the attendance of a numerous and respectable concourse of equestrians and pedestrians. At five minutes past 8 P.M. the Captain completed his undertaking, having four hours and fifty-five minutes to spare. He immediately stepped into a coach, and, amidst repeated cheers, was drawn to the Barracks (a distance of upwards of four miles) by the assembled multitude. Upon arriving at the Barracks, the coach was drawn up to the Officers' door, and after the Captain had alighted, the company sang the National Anthem. The following is a return of the times and distances as completed:

	rounds.	miles.	h.	m.
Walk	24	19½	3	19
Drive	13	10½	0	54
Walk	7	5½	1	8
Ride	10	8	0	23
Ride	30	24½	1	12
Drive	13	10½	0	46
Walk	15	12	2	49
Drive	12	9½	0	49
Ride	10	8	0	26
Drive	13	10½	0	54
Drive	7	5½	0	24
Walk	8	6½	1	34
Drive	4	3½	0	17
Ride	12	9½	0	41
Walk	8	6½	1	31

	miles.	h.	m.
Walk	50	10	21
Drive	50	4	24
Ride	50	2	42
		17	27
Rest		1	38
		19	5

Total, 186 rounds, of three-quarters of a mile and 104 yards each. In the last round Captain P. finished his arduous task by running, at the conclusion of which he appeared very little worse for the exertion.

On Thursday November 9th, 1826, the same Gentleman undertook for a considerable wager to ride ninety-five

miles in five successive hours, on Haigh Park Race Course. The Captain started at nine o'clock, and accomplished his arduous task in 4h. 7m., being 53 minutes less than the time allowed. Many bets were depending on the event, which, as may naturally be imagined, excited much public interest. The Captain had relays of nineteen horses, but he only rode thirteen of them.

NEW CHALLENGE BY MR. OSBALDESTON.

Mr. Osbaldeston has published a letter correcting some inaccuracies in the account of his Match as given by the Daily Journals; but as they do not in any material degree apply to, or invalidate, the statement of our valued Correspondent TASSEL, we refrain from noticing them. The completion of the performance, however, in the time in which it was accomplished, having given rise to various contradictory opinions, and having in consequence produced a *fresh challenge from the Squire*, "unparalleled in the history of any Sporting, and hardly to be believed," he shall speak for himself, and also give his own explanation why *he did not put so much money in his pocket as Rumour with her hundred tongues has given to him* :—

"There are men, I have no doubt," says Mr. O., "can do it (the match) in the time I did it, and in much less, who only ride 7 stone, if *they* are to be called men. Many fox-hunters and even jockeys, *before* the performance, thought it impossible to do it in nine hours, but *now* the very same men say any *fool* can do it. If they are correct, pray what can a wise man do? Double at least; but perhaps no *wise* man will be fool enough *to try*!—400 miles in 17 successive hours and 12 minutes will puzzle all the Wise Men of the East! It is *the pace* which a man is obliged to maintain, with such short intervals between every four miles, that distresses him, from which the muscles have not time to recover. Two hundred miles in 10 hours would

be no performance to talk of—putting on the extra steam of six miles an hour tries the wind and strength. A man riding 14 stone could do it in 10 hours if a good horseman, sound wind and limb, and with good pluck. Whoever accomplishes it in 8 hours and 42 minutes, riding 11st. 3lbs., will find ‘his stockings tied up tighter than he ever had them tied up before,’ to make use of a waterman’s phrase.

“Various rumours have gone abroad as to the sum I won, and great exaggerations exist: some say 10,000l.; some, 20,000l.; and some even, 36,000l. After deducting all expenses, I shall not net more than 1800l., owing to the supineness and bad advice of my friends. They would not exert themselves for me, nor would they allow me to back myself ‘in the Ring;’ because, they said, I should spoil the betting, and, if I would only be quiet, they would get plenty on for me. I followed their advice, but they never bet a shilling for me, but kept *humbugging* me to the last, ‘It was all right!’ They knew I would have betted 3, 4, and even 5 to 1 on the match two nights before, and kept me quiet to fill their own pockets at 6 to 4, which they did pretty handsomely at my expense. I never was afraid of anything but sudden indisposition, and at no one period of the match would I have taken 10 to 1 about the nine hours; I had time enough to dine with the Lord Mayor of London, and do it in ten. My friends’ advice to keep quiet was something like the advice given to Dawson, who was executed for poisoning the horses at Newmarket. They persuaded him a pardon was close at hand, even up to the moment of his execution, merely to keep his mouth shut, as ‘dead men tell no tales,’ they say.

• • • • •

“Having been pestered to death by so many inquiries about the match, and having been chaffed so much about a jockey doing it in eight hours, I thought it best to put a complete state-

ment in the paper, and also to add the following challenges *to the whole world*, but of which one at least, I should imagine, may be selected for their adoption. I have named large sums, because, in my attempting or accomplishing any of them, I should incur a great expense, and risk my health and stamina, and it is not worth my notice for less. I address myself to *all the sporting men in England*, and surely as a body *they* can ‘stump the ready’ against *me alone* if they think it a good ‘catch.’ Should no man or body of men come forward to take up any one of my offers, I trust I shall not be bothered with ‘It is nothing to do—an old woman can do it—and a jockey can do it in eight hours,’ and so on. I merely back myself on my own stamina and *determination*; and a man of my age challenging all the world to back a man of any age against me is unparalleled in the history of any Sporting, and hardly to be believed. I will, however, appear at the scratch whenever called upon, both with the needful and *my own* carcass ready for the ‘fray.’

“The following are my offers:—

THE CHALLENGE.

“I challenge any man in the world, of any age, weighing or carrying my weight, to ride any distance he prefers from 200 to 500 miles, for 20,000l.; but if he will only ride 200 or 250 miles, I will ride for 10,000l. Or I will ride against the jockey of seven stone whom they talk of backing, to ride 200 miles in eight hours, receiving 30 minutes for the difference between seven stone and eleven stone; or I will take 10,000l. to 3000l. or 20,000l. to 6000l. that I ride 200 miles in eight hours, which, it must be allowed, would be a wonderful performance for eleven stone odd; and I think almost impossible—at least, a single accident would lose the match, and I should scarcely have time to mount and dismount. I am always to be heard of at Pitsford, near Northampton. GEORGE OSBALDESTON.

“Pitsford, Wednesday, Nov. 16.”

CHALLENGE TO MR. OSBALDESTON.

SIR,
AS Mr. Osbaldeston has accomplished his last great match at Newmarket, it very justly places him at the head of all extraordinary performers as a rider: and no doubt can be entertained, after all the various matches he has won, that he is so without any exception (as far as has been yet proved); and that we have never met with his equal. It would, therefore, be no small feather in the cap of any one who could be found to vanquish him in a great number of performances, all of which I should justly consider are precisely what he *most excels in*. If, therefore, he should be disposed to accept the following Challenge, he has nothing to do but to apply to you for my terms and address.

Yours, &c. A. B.

THE CHALLENGE.

To run him a mile across the course:

To run him four miles across the country:

To run him a hundred miles along the road:

To walk, trot, and gallop him three miles each:

To ride him over the highest leap:

Each party to ride but one horse, and to be the property of the owner at this time—November 8th, 1831.

To walk him a mile.

To walk him ten miles.

To run him a hundred yards.

To run him a mile.

To hop him a hundred yards.

To jump him one standing jump.

To jump him one running jump.

To jump him in height.

To jump him—hop, step, and jump.

To play him a game at Quoits.

To play him a game at Billiards.

To play him a game at Fives.

To play him a game at Cricket.

And, to wind up, I will produce a cart-horse not more than 14 hands high that shall walk, trot, and gallop any cart horse he can produce of whatever age and size he may be.

P. S. Should the above be accepted Mr. O. will find my age, weight, and size very nearly his own.

NEWMARKET THIRD OCTOBER OR HOUGHTON MEETING.

SIR,
THE weather still continues fine for the season, the course quite beautiful, and the company numerous, having nearly all its old supporters present, with many new ones: yet over the whole hangs a particular gloom which I cannot define or describe, unless it is the want of money. At the same time a horse with anything like pretensions, or a young one with fashion in his pedigree or promise in his appearance, fetches prices hitherto unknown. It cannot be the political state of the country, for here you see Whig and Tory, Reformer and Anti-reformer, "hand and glove" together, and almost hand in pocket. Plenty of horses in good health, and plenty of races on paper, and on some particular races plenty of betting; but on the

whole there is a foreboding something—a seriousness like Captain Hunter's face after losing his money: it may be a sort of *happy indifference*, but I am afraid it is something more awful.

MONDAY—The Rural Sweepstakes of 100 sovs. each, for colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 3lb., then three years old, D.I.—To this there were five subscribers, but three only came to the post: the Duke of Richmond's Elvas won it quite easy, rode by Boyce; Lord Lowther's Smolensko colt second; Lord Exeter's Tramp colt, his dam Augusta, third, not near enough for a fine race.

The Criterion Stakes followed, one of great interest, as it is supposed to open a sort of "book of fate" of what is to happen for the Derby and

Oaks next year. To this there were thirty-six subscribers of 30 sovs. each, 20 forfeit: nine started, and the rest paid. As soon as they formed the line after starting, they came well together to within 200 yards of home: the two favorites then singled themselves out, and made a most beautiful struggle, whipping to within thirty yards of the end; when George Edwards again took his horse, *The Margrave*, by the head, and sent him in a decided winner after a severe race. Colonel Peel's Archibald ran a good second: he is a most beautiful horse, but his vanquisher had too much stride for him when in difficulties. Boyce was his jockey, and had it not in his power, I believe, whatever losers might think, to make any change whereby to better his condition. The rest exhibited very slender qualifications.

Handicap Plate of 100l. for four, five, six years old, and aged horses, D. I.—For this we had a long list of great names, and eight actually started. They came Across the Flat very well together; but as soon as anything like difficulties were met on the way, the pretty arrangement became distorted, and terminated in as ugly a race as ever was seen, proving at the same time to every capacity that the Handicap was one of the worst ever made. Bustle, named by Lord Lowther, won by a neck, rode by Chapple; Mr. Rush's Guildford, rode by Tom Robinson, second. These horses would not have suffered much in character if they had been last instead of first; neither have they added to it by winning, in consequence of the light weights they carried. The great dons got bad places, and filled them worse. Poor Erymus again pulled up very lame.

Lord Mountcharles's Basset'aw, 8st. 4lb. rode by Robinson, beat easy at the last Mr. Thornhill's Earwig, 9st. (Connolly). This race ought not to be called a match.

Capt. Rous's Crutch, at the great weight of 9st. 7lb. (Robinson), beat Lord Mountcharles's Brutandorf colt, 7st. (Pavis), in the words of a great

Lord on the occasion, with "not the ghost of a chance!" Let Captain Rous after this use his Crutch how he may, he is no longer an object of pity.

Sir M. Wood's Louisa colt, 7st. beat Mr. Thornhill's Cavenham, 8st., 200 sovs. T.Y.C. Chapple on the winner, Connolly on the loser—fine riding on both sides, and won by a head only.

Lord Chesterfield's pretty Titania beat the pretty Mr. Wagstaff out of 300 sovs. by beating his Streamlet, Across the Flat, at 8st. 7lb. each—Connolly on the successful one, and Robinson on the beaten one—occasioned, no doubt, from being the worst mounted.

Lord Exeter pocketed the Pocket Stakes of 150 sovs. each, h. ft. five subs., for merely cantering his Miss Catton filly over the Ditch Mile.

Sir M. Wood won One-third of a Subscription of 25 sovs. each, the Beacon Course, beating Varna with his Lucetta. The latter had the lead Across the Flat, at a moderate pace to all appearance; still it is one that oftener places her first than in any other.

TUESDAY, we had a list of five races. The first for Fifty Pounds, for horses of all ages, beginning at two years, a feather, the last three miles of B. C., the winner to be sold with his engagements, if demanded, for 300gs. —Twelve started, principally those of tender years; and as the distance was great, they were obliged to be wise with their mirth. Scipio ran in first by a length, rode by Chapple; Mr. Ongley's Pandora second (G. Edwards), who claimed the winner. The other ten went where they could, and though many of them ungovernable, still not exactly where they liked.

Mr. Henry's Agreeable, with the greatest good nature, beat Mr. Chifney's Pigmy colt, the T. Y. C. for 300 sovs.: but why Pigmy, being only three years old, should carry equal weights with Agreeable, who is four, we cannot imagine, unless Mr. Chifney, who is one of the most agreeable men living, was determined not to be outdone in playing the *agreeable* by either Mr. Henry or his horse.—G.

Edwards rode Agreeable, and appeared always to be first. S. Chifney, on Pigmy, tried every effort of his experienced mind, and "made believe" *more than once* that he was coming up with one of his mighty rushes: George, however, would neither be diverted nor frightened from his purpose, but kept steadily on as he was to the end, and made *himself agreeable*:—if not to all, he did to Mr. Henry.

Handicap Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, for three-year-olds and upwards, T.Y.C., for which eight started. It was given a length to Mr. W. Chifney's Landrail; Robinson rode her. These united names of course made her the favorite. Edgar Pavis tried with all his *honest* means and those of Barab-bas, but could only come off second best—a pretty race, but rather easy at the last.

Lord Lichfield's Terry Alt, by Sligo, beat Lord Exeter's Trick, by Mountebank, 8st. 5lb. each, T.Y.C. for 50 sovs. This was not only a shameful beating as to running, but equally so in a *political point of view*! What could be more galling to the Noble Marquis than to have his *Trick discovered* and *defeated* by an Irish Rebel?

Handicap Sweepstakes of 25 sovs. each, 10 ft. R. M. (Rowley Mile). Nine subscribers to this race, and the weights so fairly distributed that seven came to the post, and out of the two that paid forfeit Blunderer must have made a great one not to have started and come in first. *As it was*, Mr. Forth's Muley colt, 7st. 10lb., was a handsome winner, patiently rode by Buckle, jun.; Lord Warwick's Water Witch second. Vestris and Clansman had their followers; but giving a stone to the winner, and 17 pounds to the second, there was nothing left for them, although fine horses, but to submit to defeat.

Handicap Sweepstakes of 30 sovs. each, 20 ft. for three-year-olds, Last mile and a distance of B. C., six subs.—This Mr. Payne's Lisette colt won, rode by Natty; the Duke of Grafton's Æneas a good second, nicely rode by Pavis. The Saddler, to his credit, ran

forward in the race; but it was evident the *saddle* was put upon the wrong horse, being made to give 2st. 3lbs. to what have been thought *decent horses* of his own year. We do not know how to blame those who put on this enormous weight, but it does not say much in favour of Mr. Wagstaff's fine feelings in suffering it to remain there.

WEDNESDAY.—A Handicap Sweepstakes of 30 sovs. each, 20 ft., for three-year-olds, T. Y. C., made expressly for the benefit of those poor *harmless creatures* who are not blessed with the gift of picking out winners. Five decent-looking prads came to the post (none so bad as to be friendless), and placed as follows:—Mr. Cooke's Incubus first, carrying the highest weight (8st. 12lb.), and winning by a length; Whiteboy second, Pigmy colt third, Rattler fourth, and Muff last—a *delightful favorite*, but too far behind to look *pretty*, or inspire confidence *another time*.

A Plate of 50l., for two and three-year-olds, T. Y. C., was the cause of a motley group of seven meeting at the post; and, when off, looked well to those who admire the *straight line*: but Kitty Fisher, *despising all order*, and having an honest master, and an innocent boy for a jockey (Parkinson), went by the post a length first; Sister to Pinwire second, with the Discord filly and Carwell well up.

For a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each—two-year-olds 7st., three 8st. 7lb.—T.Y.C., the winner to be sold for 80 sovs., seven started.—They were no sooner off than Lioness *darted* by the post in a minute, a length first, finely managed, as a matter of course, by Robinson: and in two minutes more the Lioness belonged to the *menage* of Mr. Mills, being claimed for that purpose by Colonel Peel. Pavis rode Whiteboy, and was second by *good riding*. This brought about the above transfer, which must be an advantageous one to his employers.

Sir M. Wood's Galantine (Robinson) soon lowered the crest of Lord Orford's Grand Duke, by beating him over the R. M. for 100 sovs. This

Prince, in his pride, tried to give 8lbs. in weight; by which arrogance he has raised the Galantine to greatness, and debased his own name: Arnull upon him never had but one chance, and that was to be a humble follower.

Handicap Plate of 50l. for three-year-olds and upwards, A. F.—There were twelve names to this, but, in consequence of the severity of the handicappers, five dared not shew, but if they had been less so, others would have been as much afraid from a different cause. As it was, the race was a very interesting one; and no sooner did the contest begin than discomfiture became visible, and the *stout* Lucetta one of the first to shew it: towards the end, Zucharelli, who had never done anything before (except make a fool of himself and master), came away in a most extraordinary hurry: judges of *pace* (the finest part of the science of riding) said it was *never equalled*, except by Sir Charles Wetherell when the colliers were after him at Bristol. This made Greatorex immediately purchase him for 200gs., to prove (if there should unfortunately be any commotion at Nottingham) that a horse is *not* “a vain thing for safety.” Pavis rode the wonderful animal, and won by two lengths. Glenartney was second. It would be wonderful that Lord Jersey should persevere so long with this horse, did not his Lordship wish to ascertain how far this handsome creature can carry his roguery. The same distance from each other (two lengths) ran through the whole lot.

THURSDAY, a fine day's sport, principally Matches—where every man has a fair chance of trying the real qualities of his horse and his own abilities as a sportsman.

Lord Mountcharles's Carwell, 8st. 7lb. and Mr. S. Day's Barabbas, 8st. 4lb. ran a dead heat. This makes the judgment and the horses nearly equal—the jockeys, Robinson and Arnull, some thought, and even said, were not so nicely weighed.

Captain Byng's Dryad, 8st. 3lb. (Pavis), beat a length Lord Mount-

charles's Bassetlaw, 8st. 4lb. Robinson's great powers could not save it.

Lord Worcester's Coulon, 8st. 10lb. (Robinson), beat I don't know who's Landrail, 8st. as she runs under a fresh name almost every day. Buckle, sen. rode her: there was great betting both ways, as money came into the Ring.

Lord Worcester's Haymaker (Robinson) beat Mr. Greville's Agincourt (Connolly) for 50 sovs. Criterion Course. Haymaker made play, as *haymakers generally do*, and won by a length.

Lord Mountcharles's Clio, 8st. 7lb. beat by a good length, *with ease*, Lord Jersey's Alea, 8st. 1lb. T.Y.C. for 25 sovereigns.

The Duke of Rutland's Clansman (a Clansman is but of little use in these days), at 8st. 12lb. (Robinson), got beat by Sir Sandford Graham's Little Fanny, 8st. 3lb. (Pavis), the T.Y.C. 100 sovs. a head only.

Captain Rous's Crutch, 9st. beat Lord Mountcharles's Minster, 7st. for 50 sovs. Ab. M.—a remarkably easy race. It really seemed as if no weight could have brought them together. Robinson and Pavis riders.

Mr. Scott Stonehewer's Variation, 8st. 7lb. beat Lord Wilton's Rough Robin, 8st. 4lb. Across the Flat, 200 sovs. They ran to a head—Robinson on the winner, Arnull on the loser.

A Fifty Pound Plate (Handicap) finished the day. Nine came to the post to run Ditch In—as far as a horse ought to go if the pace is a consideration. They came well Across the Flat, and, to the credit of those who fixed the weights, even to the distance; when five of them came out a little in advance, and really looked as if the whole five were going to make a dead heat of it; but in the last few strides Pavis just won on the Duke of Richmond's Conciliation; Hon. Mr. Ongley's Pandora (Connolly), second; Glenartney third (Robinson), with several others well up. This was altogether one of the best handicaps I ever saw, and the day's sport both extensive and excellent.

FRIDAY, a good day's sport of

eight races, and all run. The first was a Match for 25 sovs. T.Y.C. between Mr. Pettit's Ipsala, 8st. 7lb. (Robinson), an easy winner, and Mr. Wagstaff's Streamlet, 8st. Wakefield rode the loser, who whipped severely, when he must have known that he had no earthly chance of winning:—perhaps he did it to convince his *master* and the *public* that he was in earnest.

Lord Mountcharles's Minster, 8st. 2lb. (Pavis), beat Mr. Henry's Muff, 8st. 7lb. (G. Edwards), T.Y.C. 30 sovs.—good riding on both sides.

Lord Mountcharles's Bassetlaw, 8st. beat Mr. Cosby's Adam Brock, 8st. 7lb. First Half of Ab. M. Robinson on the loser; Wright on the winner—quite a canter. It really seems "let what will come what may" that his Lordship will do very well at *making matches*.

Handicap Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, D. M. Nine started, and won by Lord Warwick's Water Witch in *charming* style by nearly a length; Lord Burlington's Mouse colt second: he looked very much like a winner, but a false step or stumble seemed to alter his action for the worse; and a deficient stride or two made all the difference. There was an extraordinary space between these two and the seven followers; but whether this was unavoidable, or done to get into another handicap on better terms, as I cannot *see*, I will not *say*.

The Nursery Stakes of 25 sovs. each. What a pretty stakes for children! and how funny that three such leading Anti-Reformers should belong to it as the Duke of Rutland, Lord Jersey, and Lord Chesterfield, and, as if it were ominous, *neither of them to win it!* These three and three others started. Mr. Sam. Day's Grattis came in first at the last moment, finely rode by Connolly, beating Sir R. K. Dick's Miss Mary Ann, by half a length only, and well contested.

Mr. J. Day's Caledonian (late Barabbas), 9st. beat Mr. Forth's chesnut Emilius colt, 7st. 7lb. T.Y.C. 100 sovs. There never was an easier race

than this. Arnall rode the winner, Pavis the loser, who would have been, no doubt, most happy to have done better for an old master, and I believe the first he ever had.

The Cavenham Stakes of 100 sovs. each, for colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb. T.Y.C.—Four started, and one paid h. ft. Sir M. Wood's filly by Truffle won it, after a severe contest, by a neck; Mr. Cook's Bedouin second. These were all good ones, or otherwise, as the last was not a length from the first.

The Audley End Stakes of 30 each, for horses of all ages (two-year-olds excepted). To this there were sixteen subscribers, Audley End Course. In this affair, which is annual, many of the best horses are named, and for which ten started and six declined; not that they save anything by it but the disgrace of defeat, as it is for all the money. Sir M. Wood's Lucetta—having 8st. 5lb. upon her back, her favorite weight, Robinson her favorite jockey, and the course she likes—won it; the Cardinal, rather heavily laden, 8st. 7lb., and a year younger, second; Sarpedon third, and Anthony fourth. It was a pretty race to see, but the winner had decidedly the best of it.

SATURDAY, eleven races in the list, and ten of them actually run. The first, Mr. Dilly's Lioness, 8st. 7lb. (Robinson), beat Captain Bulkeley's Sister, to Pinwire (Chapple), Ab. M., for 50 sovs. Pinwire bolted in all directions, and nothing short of making her *into pins* could make her go straight.

Sweepstakes of 30 sovs. each, First Half of Ab. M. four started, and won handsomely by a clever little creature of Captain Byng's, named Dryad, two years old, carrying more than her share of weight, but well rode by Pavis. Though she is small in size, she is great in promise. Colonel Peel's Eccentricity was second, Conservator third, and Bartolozzi last, and least in merit.

Lord Chesterfield's Titania, 9st. (Connolly), beat Lord Worcester's Haymaker, 6st. 12lb. T.Y.C. for 50

sovs. In spite of the weight, Titania was first to begin the fight, and the last to decline it, and, by her abilities to *carry weight*, won by half a length.

Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each—colts, 8st. 7lb. ; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—the First Half of Ab. M. the winner to be sold, if demanded, for 60 sovs.—Jno. Day, upon the Duke of Grafton's black colt *Ebony*, polished them off neatly in quick time ; Mr. Gratwicke's Grey Middleton filly second, who claimed the winner, it is said, for Mr. Scott, and as far as the eye goes must be a cheap bargain. There were two others in the race, neither good enough to claim nor be claimed.

Mr. Henry, with his Agreeable, at 8st. 7lb. (G. Edwards), undertook to beat Captain Rous's Crutch, 8st. 2lb., and with such a rider as Robinson too ! Reverse the weights, and then he *could not do it*. No, no ! let those beware how they despise a *Crutch*, as they may in a little while require a prop themselves.

Mr. Henry's Margaret, 8st. 5lb., beat Mr. Greville's Landgravine, 8st. 3lb. T.Y.C. for 100 sovs.—G. Edwards on the winner, Connolly on the beaten one.

Mr. Pettit's Bravura filly, 8st. 3lb. T.Y.C. beat very easy Mr. Osbaldeston's Peter Pindar, 8st. 5lb. for 50 sovs. Thus, while Mr. Osbaldeston was winning, by *puff* and his *great match*, his thousands on one side of the Ditch, his horse Peter was losing by fifties on the other.

Lord Jersey's Blunderer (called so from himself or master always making them) beat Lord Orford's Grand Duke, for 50 sovs. The Grand Duke would have no cloak for his shame, only that he carried six pounds more than his opponent, he never having won before.

Mr. Henry's Protocol, 8st. 1lb. beat Sir M. Wood's Captain Arthur, 8st. 12lb. Across the Flat, 100 sovs. From the weight, the pace, and the wet state of the ground, the Captain became heartily tired of it towards the last, hung considerably to the left ; and Protocol, having no better reason

for liking it, and having such an example, did the very same thing, although a winner by half a length. The last strides of these horses were measured, and, under all the disadvantages, amounted to twenty-one feet each stride, and ending against a hill ! Connolly rode Protocol, Robinson the other.

Mr. Chapman's The Cardinal, 8st. 2lb. beat Lord Worcester's Coulon, 8st. 11lb. A. F. for 100 sovs. Wright rode The Cardinal, and won by more than twenty yards.

These last two races and the week's *legitimate* sport ended in the midst of thunder, lightning, hail, and rain. Osbaldeston's match finished nearly at the same time ; so that we had nothing but confusion, " hurly burly," and the Devil's Ditch between us the whole day. This scampering work was so delightful to those " wot won " that four other races were got up for the Monday, after the regular October and Houghton Meetings had finished.

The first, Captain Rous's Earwig, 8st. 13lb. (Robinson), beat by a length Mr. Greville's Agincourt, 7st. 13lb. (Pavis). Poor Agincourt had seen so much of racing that he sought rest on every part of the course, but could find none.

Lord Portarlington's Bedouin, 8st. (Wright), beat Mr. Pettit's Bravura, 8st. 7lb. (Robinson), T.Y.C. 50 sovs. Bravura had so much the best of it that at one hundred and fifty yards from home, 50 to 1 was offered as a bet upon her. Here the extra seven pounds, however, operated so powerfully upon her, that she could bear it no longer, and stopped as if shot.

Captain Rous's Earwig, 7st. 4lb. T. M. M. (Pavis), beat Lord Lowther's Bustle, 9st. (Wheatley), a Match for 50 sovs. This was a beautiful race, the riding fine, and the finish a neck only.

A Fifty Pound Plate, given by Mr. Osbaldeston, to be run for by horses that had contributed to his gratification by winning his Match on the Saturday previous.—At the post they were, from various causes, a miserably

looking set ; but as it was handicap, the worst of them thought they had a chance to win, and but few of the best came to the post. Lord Lowther's Smolensko colt, three years old, 7st. 10lb. (Chapple), was the fortunate

winner ; Donegani second (Connolly). These made a smart race, but there were some very sorrowful-looking nags in those that came after.

OBSERVATOR.

Norfolk, November 10, 1831.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

The Turf.

INTELLIGENCE EXTRA.

NEWMARKET Craven Meeting 1832.—Wednesday: Mr. Wagstaff's br. c. The Saddler, by Waverley, 8st. 12lb. against Mr. Henry's gr. c. Protocol, by Partisan, 8st. 11lb. A. F. 500 sovs.—Sir M. Wood's b. f. Galantine, by Reveller, 8st. 5lb. agst Lord Chesterfield's b. f. Titania, by Merlin, 8st. 4lb. R.M. 100 sovs. h. ft.

First Spring Meeting 1832.—Monday: Lord Chesterfield's br. f. Kittums, by Abjer, 8st. 7lb. agst Gen. Grosvenor's b. f. Kitty Fisher, by Smyrna, 7st. 9lb. D. M. 100 sovs. h. ft.—Lord Wilton's c. by Waterloo out of Gavotte, 8st. 4lb. agst Lord Lowther's f. by Partisan out of Scratch, 8st. 2lb. First Half of Ab. M. 100 sovs. h. ft.

Second Spring Meeting 1832.—Monday: Lord Chesterfield's f. by Woful, dam by Cervantes out of Gadabout, 8st. 6lb. agst Sir M. Wood's f. by Buckfoot Arabian out of Scarpa, 8st. 2lb. First Half of Ab. M. 50 sovs.

DECISION OF THE JOCKEY CLUB.

The owner of the horse that ran second for the Cup at Egham this year claimed the Cup, alleging that Pilgrim, who came in first, was wrongly and unfairly described. The matter having been referred to the Stewards of the Jockey Club, they, after an examination of such witnesses as were produced before them, were of opinion that Pilgrim was proved to be 4 yrs old, and consequently was not entitled to any of the stakes for which, when 4 yrs old, he had been entered as a 3 yrs old, and that he must be considered as distanced in every race for which he had been so wrongfully entered.

In consequence of this decision, it is understood that the bets will go to the second horses, except in the case of the Surrey and Middlesex Stakes at Egham (*See our Racing Calendar*, p. 49), where it was agreed by the betting men the bets should stand as the horses came in.—By this decision the stakes won by Pilgrim at St. Alban's go to Mr. Gardnor as owner of King William ; the Egham Cup, to Mr. Day's Liston ; and the Surrey and Middlesex Stakes, to the Duke of Richmond's Conciliation.

The history of the case is shortly as follows:—In 1829 Mr. John Scott, the trainer, sold a black colt by Waverley to Mr. Drage, of Northampton, for 25l., the colt then rising 2 yrs old, and standing in the Hougomont Stakes for two-year-olds at Pontefract 1829, in Lord Hawke's name. Mr. Drage then transferred him to Messer (Mr. Theobald's trainer), who is stated to have locked him up in the stable for several months, brought out with a rough coat, with breaking-tackle on him, and then represented him as a yearling got by Don Cossack. Subsequently he ran as a two-year-old, being then a year older ; and this year as a three-year-old, of course carrying weight accordingly, and running at a great advantage. Mr. John Scott gave evidence before the Club, that the horse was foaled in 1827, and that his sire is Waverley, not Don Cossack, who had no blood mares sent to him that year. It is clear that Mr. Drage had a perfect knowledge that the horse was running under false colours ; but it is not proved that Mr. Theobald participated in the deception. It is curious that, in all the races won by Pilgrim, Pavis rode the second horse.

HORSES PURCHASED TO GO ABROAD.

Goshawk, ch. g. by Merlin out of Coquette; to Baron Lowenberg, at Florence.

Paradox, 4 yrs old, by Merlin out of Pawn; to Count de Demidoff, Florence.

Bay colt, 2 yrs old, by Emilius out of Barton, and ch. f. 2 yrs old, by Merlin, out of Elizabeth, by Rainbow; to Mr. Palmer, Florence.

The members of the Royal Caledonian Hunt, before leaving Kelso, placed 50l. in the hands of the Baillie of that town to be applied to charitable purposes.

Lord Chesterfield has purchased Non Compos, by Bedlamite out of Zora by Selim, of Colonel Peel, for 2000gs.

The veteran jockey Buckle has declared his intention not to ride after the present season. He has served an apprenticeship to the turf of nearly fifty years.

THE SPORTSMAN'S CYCLOPEDIA.

Mr. Johnson, of Liverpool, has just published a valuable and useful work, intitled "The Sportsman's Cyclopedia, being an Elucidation of the Science and Practice of the Field, the Turf, and the Sod." Mr. Johnson is well known in the sporting hemisphere, not only as a writer, but as an ardent follower of the Chase in Lancashire and Cheshire. From such a man, therefore, the reader expects real information; nor will he be disappointed, as the Sportsman's Cyclopedia develops much practical intelligence of paramount consequence to the Sportsman, the Naturalist, and the Country Gentleman. The subjects, alphabetically arranged, are treated in a pleasing and familiar manner: the work contains copious essays upon the principles and practice of all field sports, together with the natural history of those animals which are more particularly the object of the British Sportsman. The volume contains nearly one thousand closely printed pages, and is embellished with numerous well-executed engravings and wood-cuts illustrative of its diversified contents.

SPORTING LITIGATION.

In the Court of King's Bench in Michaelmas Term, Sir J. Scarlett moved for a Rule to shew cause why a criminal information should not be filed against Mr. Henry Jadis, for sending a challenge to the Marquis of Blandford. It appeared that the Marquis of Blandford made a bet with the defendant at Doncaster races, which he contended that he had won, and the defendant disputed. The dispute was submitted to the Jockey Club (of which they were both members), who decided that the Marquis had won; and he therefore wrote to the defendant, stating that he was entitled to receive. Mr. Weatherby, Clerk to the Stewards, also wrote to the defendant, intimating their decision, and stating that if he refused to pay, it would be submitted to the whole of the Club to decide whether his name should be allowed to continue on the list. The defendant, on the 9th of October, wrote to the Marquis, to the effect that he had received a letter from the Stewards, to whom the Marquis had written for the purpose of getting his (Mr. Jadis's) name struck off the list—that such conduct divested the Marquis of any pretensions to the conduct of a Gentleman—that, notwithstanding his having resorted to so base a method of extorting money, by representing him as a defaulter, he should wave every consideration, and require satisfaction. The Marquis, on receiving this letter, wrote to remove the erroneous impression under which Mr. Jadis appeared to labour, and stated that he had not written to the Stewards to have his name erased from the list, nor had he stated that he was a defaulter. Since then he had heard nothing from Mr. Jadis. The only communication upon the subject which the Marquis had received was from Mr. Weatherby, in which he intimated that Mr. Jadis had withdrawn from the Club, and that the Stewards therefore could have no power over him.—Lord Tenterden said the letter was a direct challenge, and immediately granted the Rule.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE favours of our Correspondents have so increased, that, though this is the Double Number of the Volume, we have been obliged to *give an additional half sheet*, as well as to print some articles in smaller type in the hope of clearing our table. We are, however, still under the necessity of apologising for the omission of several communications, many of which, indeed (particularly some Coursing Meetings), came too late to insure their insertion in the current Number.

We have also received several letters requesting information on various subjects. Instead of inserting these, we take leave to reply to them, for two reasons: the first, that the questions would have occupied a considerable portion of our pages, for which we could not find room in the present Number; and the second, that our Correspondents may be furnished with immediate answers (where in our power to give them), instead of waiting, as they otherwise would do, at least two months for their solution.

In justice to Mr. Wilkinson, of Pall Mall, and following up our universal maxim, of *Audi alteram partem*, we insert a letter from that Gentleman, in reply to the communication in our last from A MEMBER OF THE BURTON HUNT.

"SIR—Permit me to assure A MEMBER OF THE BURTON HUNT, that, so far from feeling injured by his observations, I have already derived some advantage from them, in consequence of Gentlemen having called who might not otherwise; and as I fortunately am enabled to shew many letters from sportsmen who have used the breeching in question more than one season, whose opinions are in direct opposition to those of your Correspondent, the effect has always been beneficial. Even this Gentleman may, perhaps, admit that those who have *tried* any new invention are as capable of judging as *one* who has not; but I fear he may be offended that a gun maker should presume to answer what he no doubt considered unanswerable. If, however, he wishes any person to imagine he understands the subject he attempts to criticise, he should not assert, that with this breeching 'you are absolutely *compelled* to shoot always at the same distance,' and without increasing or diminishing the charge; nor insinuate that there is any probability of bursting—both being so void of all foundation that it is perfectly astonishing how he should so far misconceive the nature of the invention, whether old or new. An absence of his former courtesy being the only novelty I can discover in this Gentleman's last composition, I shall content myself with merely requesting those who may feel sufficiently interested to read the original letter, and reply, in your Numbers for July and September. I will not again trouble your readers on this subject, but leave the MEMBER OF THE BURTON HUNT in undisturbed possession of the field, should he favour you with a continuation; by doing which he will confer additional obligation on, Sir, &c.—HENRY WILKINSON."

Immediately on receiving the above letter, we forwarded it to our valued Correspondent, who requests us to say, that "notwithstanding what is therein contained, his opinion, which was not expressed without some thought, remains fixed. Once more, he begs to assure Mr. W. his intention in thus openly expressing his opinion was very far from the wish of doing that gentleman an injury; and he is excessively sorry it should have been taken in that light."

"J. S." is informed, that *Chateau Margaux* ran a dead heat with *Lamplighter* for the King's Plate at Newmarket in October 1827. After the dead heat Col. Wilson and the Hon. Chas. Wyndham compromised.

In reply to "W. D."—Sultan is the first produce of his dam: he was foaled in 1816. Centaur and Godolphin were both of the same year, 1818.—Godolphin, 8st. 10lb. beat Centaur, 8st. 3lb. in a Sweepstakes at Newmarket First Spring Meeting 1822, Across the Flat.—Sultan beat Godolphin, Craven Meeting 1823, Across the Flat, a Match, even weights, 8st. 4lb. each.—Centaur, 9st., beat Sultan, 9st. 3lb. over the B. C. Nov. 1st, 1824: 7 to 4 on Sultan.

In answer to a Correspondent in Norfolk respecting the Quagga, or Wild Horse, announced for Sale on the 21st at the "Corner," we can only say *it was not sold*, though money was bid for it. We may add, a "right good 'un" said, there were but two fools in earnest about the animal—the one, who offered to purchase; and the other, for refusing to touch the penny.—The Quagga is thus described in the *London Ency-*

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Encyclopedia :—"The Quagga, or Quacha, is striped like the Zebra on the head and body, but with fewer lines. The flanks are spotted; the rump is plain; the ground colour of the head, neck, body, and rump, a bright bay: the belly, thighs, and legs are white, free from all marks. This species, till latterly, was supposed to be the female of the Zebra; but recent observations prove that the male and female Zebra are marked alike. The Quagga differs likewise in being thicker and stronger made, and in being more tractable, one having been broken in by a Dutch Colonist at the Cape to draw in a cart. The Hottentots also distinguish them from the former by the names of *Quagga* and *Opeasha*."

We have made inquiries on the subject of INVESTIGATOR's letter, and we find, on looking into Pratt's "Supplementary Gleanings," that Bury-farm, in the neighbourhood of Southampton, was formerly the property of Sir Charles Mill, Bart. The manor is held by an ancient grant of the Crown, on condition of its possessor's presenting to the reigning Monarch, on his entering New Forest, a pair of white greyhounds. This custom was observed when His Majesty Geo. III. visited the New Forest in 1789, and the late Rev. Sir Charles Mill presented them to him on the King's alighting from his carriage at Lyndhurst. The family, it is said, still preserve a brood of these animals for this purpose.

We cannot undertake precisely to answer A YOUNG SPORTSMAN's queries; but we have heard Fawsley Park, in Northamptonshire, named as possessing the heaviest deer of any Park in England. Stanstead Park is celebrated for small deer and the finest-flavored venison, which is ascribed to the excellent quality of the herbage. Another cause also contributes to this reputation: the animals are in the habit of feeding much upon wild thyme, which abounds there. Forest deer, at seven years old, will weigh from 9 to 10 stone—the skin about 9lbs. The rutting season generally commences about the middle of October, and lasts three weeks or a month.

The letter of a TRAINING GROOM contains little that is not familiar to every lover of field sports; and while we thank him for his communication, we may be permitted to differ from him in his mode of treating Craving Horses. Water should never be given to craving horses in training, immediately before their food, nor immediately after: for this reason, that they are known to eat a great quantity of food; and that water given to them directly after, occasions the grain to swell: this produces a distension of the stomach, weakens its contracting powers, and consequently retards the process of digestion.

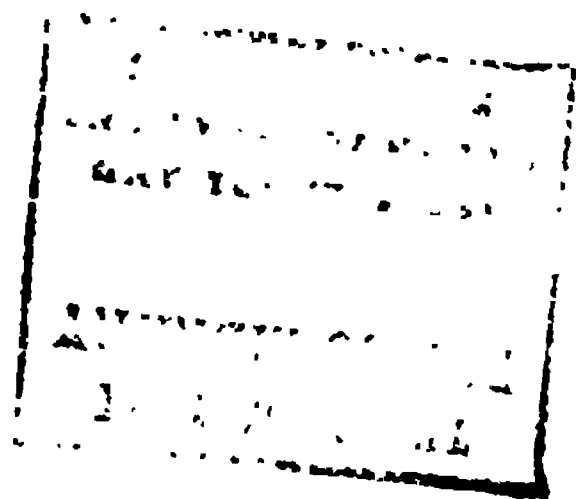
To "T. S."—The Lammergeyer is a species of Vulture: these destructive birds abound in Switzerland, near the Lakes.

We thank AN ANTIQUARIAN for his many interesting anecdotes touching the sporting localities of former times. Our readers in Lincolnshire will be pleased to read the following notice (from Camden) of that county, written more than two centuries ago :—"At certain seasons of the year, not to mention fish, amazing flights of fowl are found all over this part of the country: not the common ones, which are in great esteem in other places, such as teal, quails, woodcocks, pheasants, partridges, &c., but such as have no Latin names—the delicacies of tables, and the food of heroes, fit for the palates of the Great; *Puittes*, *Godwittes*, *Knots*, which I take to mean *Canute's birds*, for they are supposed to come hither from Denmark; *Dotterella*, so called from their extravagant doatishness, which occasions these imitative birds to be caught by the fowler's gestures by candle-light: if he only puts out his arm, they put out a wing; and if his leg, they do the same: in short, whatever the fowler does, the bird does the same till the net is drawn over it."

ONE OF THE LINE AND ROD desires information on the Antiquity of Angling. There can be little doubt that it was coeval with the earliest periods. It has been asserted by some writers that it was first found out by Deucalion and Pyrrha (his wife) after the Flood: others state that it was the invention of Saturn, after the peace concluded between him and his brother Titan: others again, that it came from Belus, the son of Nimrod, who first invented all holy and virtuous recreations. And all these, though they savour of fiction, yet are not materially at variance with truth; for it is certain that Deucalion, Saturn, and Belus, are taken for figures of Noah, and his family; and the invention of the Art of Angling is truly said to come from the sons of Seth, of whom Noah was the principal.

"T. S." is informed that the River Lea was first made navigable in the reign of Henry V.

We have to apologise to "X. Y. Z." for having mislaid his communication. There was nothing new in his "Hints;" and we must repeat that when letters are once laid aside we cannot undertake to be responsible for their recovery.



SEARACIN

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THE SPORTING MAGAZINE.

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JANUARY, 1832.

No. XXI.

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Embellished with,

I. PORTRAIT OF SMARAGDINE.—II. JOCKEY CLUB NEW SUBSCRIPTION
ROOMS AT NEWMARKET.

SMARAGDINE,

Engraved by ROMNEY, from a Painting by MARSHALL, Jun.

SMARAGDINE, a bay mare, thirteen hands high, with uncommon strength and symmetry, is the property of William Ramsay, Esq. of Barnton, M. P. She is by the Arabian Borack (late Pet), out of Blinker, a blood mare that was never beat by anything of her size. Smaragdine, a short while ago, challenged any pony of her size in Scotland for 100 sovs.

November, 1831.

We should have considered this beautiful pony, which does so much credit to both painter and

engraver, as rather too large according to the above statement of measure and challenge, were we not well acquainted with it, and therefore fully competent to speak as to the likeness, which we have no hesitation in pronouncing as *quite perfect*. MARSHALL, the father of this promising young artist, assures us, that "of all animals in the creation the most difficult to describe on canvas is a *little horse*; for (says he) every pony is a little horse, but every little horse is not a pony: a horse in miniature, he ought to be

called, as he has *all* the just proportions of a horse of fifteen hands ; whereas a real pony has *not one* of them." Marshall further says, that he once met with one of these difficult rarities at Carlton Palace, in a little beautiful creature named Sancho, and was employed to paint him for His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, as a present to Miss Seymour. It was a small picture : but whether the picture be twenty inches or twenty feet high, it has no effect, and is no assistance in describing the difference between a large and a small horse ; *i. e.* if the proportions are perfect, like Smaragdine, the one before us. When His Royal Highness first saw his picture, he pronounced it very like, but thought it might be taken for Sancho the Great, or Sancho the Little ; to which the painter re-

plied, " If I had the aid of that dog (a large one running about at the time, and the picture only half done), I could make it plain to every eye, and understood by every capacity." The Prince, with his usual good nature, said, " Use him as you like ; only remember he is a great favorite : " and on his return was astonished to find Sancho and Comus in the picture, side by side, the dog making the little horse a pony, and the little horse making the dog a great beast ; at which His Royal Highness was pleased to say it was now decidedly perfect, and that he thought nothing short of magic could have wrought so great a change.

This hint is kindly intended for those young artists who may one day or other meet the difficulty.

A DORSETIAN SKETCH.—No. X.

" Veni, VIDI, vici ! "

" I too can hunt a *would-be Critic* down ! "

MR. EDITOR,

ON first taking up

" My gray goose quill,

Slave of my thoughts, obedient to my will,"

as a contributor to your Magazine, it was with the intention of taking no notice of any *attempt* at critical comment that might cross my epistolary path, simply deeming it not worth the trouble. The morning, however, proving a wet one, and having nothing better just now to occupy my attention, I am induced, *pour passer le temps*, to make an exception to my rule, by proceeding without farther ceremony to the dissection

of VIDI and his witticisms, with the least possible delay, coupled at the same time with the greatest possible placidity : and should he, during the run, by chance encounter " A Roland for an Oliver," (lamenting, as I do, that there should be no *Maria Darlington* with " wakening harmony" and " bewitching smile" to act the part of peace-maker to the contending parties,) he will, I am quite sure, have the candour (the *organ* of which is so strongly developed throughout his letter) to bear in mind that it was entirely of his own seeking ; and, as such,

I trust will prove entirely to his own taste. But to the "point!" "nothing (said the late Mr. Hope) being so entertaining as to hear what people say of one."

The uncourteous and (in my opinion, although perhaps a partial one) the uncalled-for asperity wherewith VIDI's remarks are served up, leads me at once to the conclusion of his being one of those unfortunate individuals whose "pocket-convenience" got so thoroughly "cleaned out" on the Blandford Race-course—this being the only way I can account for that "spirit of cayenne" with which his dish of "trifle" seems seasoned: but then you know, Sir, it was not my fault if the *asses* he chose to back did not choose to come in first.....far from it.....he should have betted on the ones that did, and then probably he would have won. You see, Mr. Editor, I do know *something* about racing—Q. E. D.

When individuals, Sir, rail about "auctioneer's clerks," they should first of all ascertain whether or not an "auctioneer's clerk" cannot in an hand canter, or may-be in a jog-trot, give them the go-by in point of *pedigree*. Neither is it because VIDI has never heard of a "catalogue of the running horses," that at all convinces me, Sir, that such is not a very correct and orthodox term, any more than that I doubt the existence of an Egyptian Pyramid, or the source of the Niger, or the Falls of Niagara, or the North Pole, because *he* perhaps has never *seen* them! It was not the two-penny half-penny lists he alludes to that are bought for three-pence, and which, like the "pretty moth" of that lyrical lover Bayly,

"Only *dash* to lead us astray,"

that I meant: but a "correct list" of the running horses, with their pedigrees and performances: and if VIDI has never heard this "sort of thing" termed a "catalogue," it is not my fault. I am only astonished that any one who likes to "see a man get through his task like a workman, and not flounder in the mud," should himself *attempt* what in every way he is so little capable of teaching: but this is human nature all the world over—so much easier is it to behold the mote in the eyes of others than to discover the beam so plainly perceivable to all beside in our own.

The next lot, gentlemen sportsmen, of critical comment that I shall have the pleasure of offering to your inspection is a short and concise treatise on the infallibility of VIDI's anti-knock-me-down ideas with regard to racing; still retaining my former opinion, although not verging "on the vale of years," that the running for the Gold Cup "was not much of a race." True, to all appearance it might have been; but in reality it was not. I am quite sure Wassailer might have won easier had *he* chosen it; and as to his being dead beat a *quarter of a mile* from home, that, after all, is a mere matter of opinion. If he had been, not even John Day, with all his ingenuity and mechanism, could have brought him in first, unless the other horses had been dead beat too; and then they would have *stood* an equal chance of a "dead heat" perhaps. Mr. Biggs knew well enough that Wassailer *could* win, and John Day still better that Wassailer (in his own way) *should* win; and I, even I, Sir, a native of Green-landshire! (*shades* of the immortal Joe! where are ye?) and an

auctioneer's clerk *to boot*, not only knew that he *would* win, but actually went so far as to name him at the starting post as the winner; and everybody knew (except VIDI) who knows anything about it that he *must* win. Now I defy VIDI, with all his vigilance, to tell what a horse is with John Day upon his back; for he possesses so many *winning ways* (I mean John Day, Sir), and such a magical sway over the animal, that he has been known, for the fun of the thing, to bring him up to the scratch dead lame, when there was nothing on earth the matter with him. At other times, just as the whim takes him, he may be seen starting him on three legs, for all the world like a sheep-dog with one foot in a sling; taking care, however, on these occasions always to come in on "all fours" first. But probably some of your readers, Sir, have never seen anything half so rural as a sheep-dog in that interesting attitude—and "attitude is everything," as Mademoiselle *Quelquechose*, of the King's Theatre, says to her patrician pupils when studying the *light fantastic*, by standing for the hour together with one foot resting on the floor, the other reclining on the marble mantel-piece! And this is what Ma'm'selle calls "displaying their agility!".....exactly what I should call it too!.....and it is surprising, Mr. Editor, how much "agility" all this "quelquechoosing" instils into the minds and motions of those beauteous beings who are destined to adorn that world wherein the "light fantastic" is so often followed—nay more, so often felt!.....I could not resist introducing the above-named Lady to yourself and readers, she being so "*fair a subject*"

for so doing. But pardon the digression!

The next "point" on which I must express my *deep* regret is, that VIDI and myself should have differed as to the running for the Dorsetshire Stakes—still conceiving it to have been a *beautiful* race. I have seen many a beautiful run race won without any great difficulty; not that Cowley had the race *quite so much* in hand as VIDI insinuates. And I am more than ever confirmed as to Blandford being the most splendid course in England; for, if other proof than that I have were wanting, it is supplied in VIDI's own words.....because "it is a trying course for the legs of *holiday* horses!" the next great essential, in my opinion, to the state of the turf, than which at Blandford none can be better.

One word here of Mr. Farquharson, whose object in starting Bacchanal so frequently is referred to by VIDI, *I will answer for it* (in total ignorance as I am of the real cause), was not from any *unfeeling motive*, but solely, I should imagine, by way of *experiment*, whether or not severe discipline might cure him of his fault—many a horse having been effectually broke of *bolting* by riding him *at the time* to a standstill. Nothing evidently can be so prejudicial as a jockey (as many do), on his horse bolting much out of the course, pulling him up, and walking him quietly in—a horse possessing sufficient sagacity to know what's what. Had Bacchanal been my property, he should have encountered such a "gruelling" at his first bolt, as he would not have *forgot-ten* on the second day. He would never, I think, have bolted again; or if (as mine) he did, but *once*.

"My long cock-and-bull story" will require but a few words to be easily converted into VIDI's long "cock-and-bull excuse:" for who ever heard of such an one for a jockey's going the wrong side of the post as because the sun shone? He would have been far more likely to have gone than if it had not shone. Many a man has run his head against, or gone the wrong side of, a post in the dark, but I seldom have heard of a jockey's doing it because Sol dazzled his optics..... the more especially when the post they missed was half as near again I take it as the one they did *not*. Besides, Sol shone equally on both sides the post; so they might as well have gone to the *right* as to the *left* hand side of it! And pray did not "Sol's perpendicular rays" dazzle John Day's optics as well? But John can see a step or two farther than most men, and by this means saved his distance, though the last but one in. Now, Sir, I never dreamt of attaching any particular blame (and certainly not praise) on Cowley for doing this; in fact never mentioned his name in it, which he may thank VIDI for. He, Cowley, did what we are *all* liable to do, made a mistake; and I dare say is sorry for it: but, rely on it, he is far too good a jockey, and has been too often on the right side, ever I should hope to make such an excuse. All I can say, if he did, he should never ride for me *while* the sun shone! As to my remarks about lifting, they referred to John Day's mode of lifting his *horse*—I said not a word about lifting the *mare*!

The next thing whereof I am accused by VIDI, is in the sus-

picion of my "paying greater attention to the ladies than to the racing"—a point (being a modest man) I must leave to the fair sex to determine—merely surmising, that it is an act, which from the tenor of his remarks I never should have accused him of doing!

And, Mr. Editor, if I did *not* allude to the circumstance of Blandford possessing a "female clerk of the races".....if I did *not* mention the fact of that responsible situation being most ably and satisfactorily filled by a highly-respectable individual, less you may be assured from choice than necessity, who within the last few years has, I understand, had the misfortune of witnessing that office vacated by her *father* and *brothers*, who each in turn, till summoned to that last account—which, this life's racing ended, even VIDI himself will one day have to give—performed the part which the daughter and sister is now performing with so much credit to herself, and so much to the satisfaction of all parties concerned.....if I did *not* before allude to this circumstance, it was *because* I was unwilling, by so doing, to wound in the slightest way the feelings of a human being—the more especially that individual being A WOMAN!..... it was *because* I felt loath to add an additional pang to a bosom which has already known and felt what sorrow is, by wishing to excite a smile at circumstances over which misfortune seems hitherto to have held chief control!.....it was *because* I did not wish to offer remarks, that would, I conceive, have reflected as little credit on my head, as I earnestly hope and trust would have been reflected on my heart,

by attempting a display of wit at the expense of feeling.....that I forbore in any way to allude to a subject which seems to have called forth VIDI's peculiar astonishment at my keeping silence on. I trust, however, he is now enabled sufficiently to appreciate *my* motives for so doing.

The *ne plus ultra* then of the many errors said to have been "perpetrated" by me in my would-be witty Sketch, is reduced to the solitary mistake of stating that Whisk (instead of Wassailer) started for the Fifty Pound Plate. Now, as Wassailer did not happen to win, and both these horses belong to the same owner, I am inclined to think that your many courteous readers will deem my lame apology at the *finale* of my former Sketch as a sufficient atonement for so doing: and I have only to regret that VIDI should have given himself so much trouble on my account in writing, and your readers so much trouble in perusing, his very erudite and edifying remarks, after all about nothing, or certainly not much! I do not for a moment doubt VIDI's extensive knowledge of the Turf.....only it's a pity he doesn't transfer a little of it to his "Treatise;" for, for the life and soul of me, I can discover none of it there. This he will doubtless attribute to my stupidity: but as there may be two opinions on this point elsewhere, we will leave it for the present *sub judice*, only hoping his next performance will be more worthy of his master-pen!

As to my statement being "calculated to mislead," it is as evident as the *Pons Asinorum* of that old beast Euclid, that none but a Tom-fool of the first class could

possibly have been mis-led by it; because none but a Tom-fool would have placed implicit reliance where forewarned of probable inaccuracy:—*ergo*, the charge of misleading applies not to *me*.

I think myself the most fortunate of men, Sir, in having at last hit on one topic whereon we are mutually agreed—hurdle-racing!—not that that I should have broken either my head or my heart had it been otherwise.

And now, Mr. Editor, unto VIDI, who has needlessly courted it, would I fain offer one piece of parting advice in return for what he has so kindly and gratuitously bestowed on me. Ere he again attempts to enter the arena of public discussion, by undertaking the censorship of the Sporting Press.....ere he again dips "his most potent pen into the most omnipotent of all fluids," in a vain endeavour to act the monitor to motives and measures he knows little about.....ere he again attempts to cauterize, where he evidently possesses so small a portion of skill to better, and still less to cure.....let me earnestly recommend him, first of all, to qualify himself likewise for the task he would fain teach others; for then, and not till then, shall I be induced to extend that faith to his doctrine which I deny it now.

And here let me turn to another and far pleasanter subject to such of your readers and correspondents as have been pleased to express themselves in praise of my humble efforts—brought forward more with a view of breaking in a little on the monotony of your more sporting pages, than of shedding any new light over that world those pages so truly and so ably describe. To them my ac-

knowledgments are now offered: and, if I have been fortunate enough occasionally to call forth a sigh.....or still more frequently, I would hope, create a smile.....my object will have been fully realised: and it remains for me but to express my fervent wishes, that each revolving Christmas may witness an increase of happiness through this life's wanderings—hastening onward to that intermediate state, that “Half-way House” (though not of *entertainment*) ‘twixt Time and Eternity—the tomb!

In conclusion—nothing, I conceive, can more fully “prove the good part” in which I have taken VIDI’s reminiscences and remarks, than the deeming them worth the time and trouble of so long an answer.....and leaving mine for the future, to be taken

in whatever way he in his critical wisdom may think proper, I remain, Sir, yours obediently,

A NATIVE.

December 9, 1831.

P. S. It was not my intention to have occupied a place in your Periodical this month, had VIDI not afforded me a subject for a Sketch; and feeling assured your readers must be as heartily tired of it as myself, I shall not again trespass on your pages, Mr. Editor, with my remarks on the subject matter before us. I trust I am as open as my neighbours to conviction; but it must be founded on rational grounds—a mere “difference of opinion” not carrying to my mind or judgment conviction in its course.....it being one thing to *attempt*, and another to *be* a critic!

NOTICE EXTRAORDINARY FROM SOMERSET.

To all true Sportsmen, but not to the hard-riding Marmions in the West.

SHOULD any one, who has a *keen eye* to a good bit of stuff, see a Gipsy, or any other *suspicious* person, or extraordinary-looking *vagabond* or *coen*, riding a Coal Black Galloway, verging on fourteen hands, and which is well up in the crest, has a prominent eye, small head, and when roused and in action shews pretty much his Arabian descent; and that moreover *can beat Tom Thumb*, or any other American galloway *into fits*, over any country after hounds, with two stone heavier on his back than Mr. Osbaldeston; upon giving notice of the same (so that he shall be re-

covered), either to Mr. J. Mureless, Thorn Falcon, near Taunton, Somerset; or to the Proprietor of the Creech St. Michael Harriers, shall receive, as a Reward, a fine Black Game Cock, of the true Somerset strain of blood; or a handsome young Pointer of the right Sniping breed.

N. B. The Pony was stolen from a stable in Thorn Falcon, on Sunday the 12th instant. He is blemished on both knees, is vicious to clean, and is a *bad roadster*.

Dec. 23, 1831.

BETTINGS AT TATTERSALL'S.

THE Marquis of Exeter's stable still maintains the lead for the DERBY, Beiram keeping his place at 9 to 1 : and his Dulcinea colt now stands second at 10 to 1, and is in great demand at that figure. Margrave and Non Compos are equal, at 11 to 1. Minster has come forward with many friends, at 20 to 1 (taken), which is an advance of five points since our last. Folly has also got up, and is backed freely at 20 to 1. On the whole, however, the betting has been very slack during the month.—On the 5th, 1000 to 20 was taken against Mr. Maberly's colt, Count Robert, by Muley out of Eliza.

200 even has been laid, Beiram agst Non Compos, in the Sweepstakes on Tuesday in the Newmarket First Spring Meeting, six subscribers, 150 sovs. each, h. ft. Ditch Mile.

In the OAKS two fresh ones have come forward—the Duke of Richmond's Dryad, by Whalebone out of Harpalice, and the Duke of Grafton's Ruth, by Merlin out of Prudence—but Mr. Chifney's Emiliana continues at the top of the tree.

Sporting Men are still divided in opinion as to the policy of the alteration in the long-established conditions of the LEGGER. On the whole it may be considered rather unpopular than otherwise : but in this case, as in that on the contagious nature of the cholera, "doctors differ."—All we hope is, that the result may prove advantageous to the general interests of the Turf. The nominations for this interesting Stake will be

made known on Monday the 2d of January.

Among the double events, 1000 to 25 has been taken agst Margrave winning the Derby and Emiliana the Oaks ; 5 to 1 the field against Beiram and Dulcinea colt ; and 12 to 1 agst Mr. Ridsdale's lot. Beiram is also backed at 500 to 400 agst Dulcinea.—12 to 1 agst either of the Duke of Grafton's for the Oaks.

The state of the odds may be quoted as follows :—

DERBY.

- 9 to 1 agst Beiram.
- 10 to 1 agst Dulcinea colt.
- 11 to 1 agst Margrave (taken).
- 11 to 1 agst Non Compos.
- 16 to 1 agst Darioletta.
- 20 to 1 agst Minster (taken).
- 20 to 1 agst Folly (taken).
- 20 to 1 agst Emiliana.
- 22 to 1 agst Pastille colt.
- 30 to 1 agst Bugle.
- 30 to 1 agst Ernest.
- 40 to 1 agst Count Robert.
- 50 to 1 agst Count Robinson (taken).

OAKS.

- 13 to 2 agst Emiliana.
- 10 to 1 agst Dryad.
- 13 to 1 agst Ruth.

At Manchester, Beiram is done at 8 to 1, and that freely, and Non Compos at 10 to 1 for the Derby.

For the Manchester Cup, 5 to 1 agst Guido, 6 to 1 agst Contest, P. P. entered or not entered.

For the Chester Cup 8 to 1 on the field, P. P.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF THE WINNING HORSES, &c.

(Concluded from page 140 last Number.)

[The figure at the beginning of the paragraph denotes the age of the horse—that at the end the number of Prizes won.]

By PETER LELY (Son of Rubens).

3. Caro Dolci, Mr. Alexander's, 60 sovs. at Western—1.
3. Balloch Myle, Mr. Wilkins's, 100 sovs. at Liverpool; 60, at Haigh Park; the Gold Cup, value 100gs., and 50, at Carlisle; and twice 50, at Dumfries—6.
5. Guido, Mr. Clifton's, the Gold Cup, value 100 sovs. with 100 in specie, at Manchester; and 110, at Knutsford—2.
5. Lely, Mr. Clifton's, the Tradesmen's Cup, value 100, with 400 sovs. in specie, and 110, at Liverpool; 150, and the Gold Cup, value 100, with 140 in specie, at Newton—4.
3. Perlet, Gen. Sharpe's, 100 sovs. at Dumfries—1.

By PHANTOM (Son of Walton).

3. Incubus, Mr. Cooke's, 150 sovs. at Warwick; and 160, at Newmarket—2.
2. The Marshal, Sir M. Wood's, 200 sovs. at Newmarket—1.
6. Vanish, Mr. Houldsworth's, 70 sovs. at Newton; 70, and 100, at Liverpool; 70, at Doncaster; and the Gold Cup, value 200, with 210 in specie, at Heaton Park—5.

By YOUNG PHANTOM.

4. Lady Emmeline, Mr. T. O. Powlett's, a compromise of the Constitution Stakes of 55 sovs. at York— $\frac{1}{2}$.

By PIONEER (Son of Whisky).

- a. Carthago, Lord Worcester's, 85 sovs. and 50, at Ascot; and 40, at Goodwood—3.

By POLYGAR (Son of Walton).

6. Twin, Mr. Moreton's, 40 sovs. at Banbury—1.

By POPE (Son of Waxy).

4. All's Well (late Canker), Mr. Carter's, 50 at Durham; and 50, at Rugeley—2.
4. The Cardinal, Mr. Chapman's, 150 sovs. and 100, at Manchester; 140, at Worcester; the Leamington Stakes of 620, at Warwick; 60, at Leicester; and 100, at Newmarket—6.

By PRIME MINISTER (Son of Sancho).

5. Bay Mare (Queen Bathsheba), Sir D. H. Blair's, 70 sovs., and, Lord Eglington's, 70, at Western—2.

By PYRAMUS (Son of Benningbrough).

4. Scrub, Mr. Dundas's, 50 sovs. at Bath and Bristol; 56, at Southampton; 60, at Abingdon; 50, at Burderop; and 50, at Monmouth—5.

By RASPING (Son of Brown Bread).

2. Schoolmaster, Lord Tavistock's, 80 sovs. at Bedford—1.

By REVELLER (Son of Comus).

4. Ches. Gelding (Little Joey), Mrs. Day's, a compromise of the Lansdown Stakes of 120, at Bath— $\frac{1}{2}$.
6. Ches. Horse, Mr. G. Lee's, 80 sovs. and a Cup, at Holderness Hunt; and 40, at Beverley—3.
3. Delight, Mr. Sadler's, 750 sovs. at Stockbridge; 150, at Bath and Bristol; the Drawing Room Stakes of 1005, at Goodwood; 275, at Winchester; and 350, at Warwick—6.
3. Euryone, Mr. Sadler's, 85 sovs. at Cottisford Hunt; 150, 125, 85, and 50, at Abingdon—5.
3. Galantine, Sir M. Wood's, Renewal of 1000gs. Stakes of 1550 sovs., 200, thrice 100, and 50, at Newmarket—6.
5. Gallopade, Lord Stradbroke's, 50 sovs. at Ipswich; 70, at Lewes; and 50, at Beccles—3.
4. Harmony, Mr. Scaith's, 65 sovs. at Hampton; 50, at Brighton; 45, at Egham, and 50, at Rochester and Chatham—4.
5. Lucetta, Sir M. Wood's, His Majesty's Purse of 100gs., 100 sovs., 150, and 300, at Newmarket—4.
6. Souter Johnny, Mr. Simpson's, 50 sovs. at the Hoo—1.
4. Wassailer, Mr. Biggs's, 25 sovs., and 100, at Bibury; the Gold Cup, value 100, and 45, at Blandford; and 130, at Dorchester—5.
5. Windfall, Mr. Cavell's, 45 sovs. at Enfield—1.

By RICHARD (Son of Orville).

3. Miss Dulwich, Mr. Ramsay's, 50 sovs. at Caledonian Hunt—1.

By ROBIN ADAIR (Son of Walton).

5. Honest Robin, Mr. Dundas's, 225 sovs. at Clifton and Bristol; 140, and 125, at Southampton—3.

By ROWLSTON (Son of Camillus).

4. Penrhos, Sir W. Wynne's, a Cup, value 70, at Chester; 95 sovs. at Shrewsbury; and the Gold Cup, value 100 (disputed), at Wrexham—3.

By RUBENS (Son of Buzzard).

own Stakes of 120 sovs. at

va. at Shrewsbury—1.

at Salisbury—2.

. Alban's—2.

Purse of 100gn., 350 sovs.,
at Ascot—5.

ol; 45, and, Mr. Cosby's,

at Hastings—2.

By ST. PATRICK (Son of Walton).

3. Braithwaite, Mr. Harrison's, 70 sovs. at Doncaster—1.
3. Ches. Colt (Paddy), Lord Tavistock's, 75 sovs., and, Mr. Payne's, 50, 140, and 100, at Newmarket—4.
2. Pickpocket, Sir R. W. Bulkeley's, 250 sovs., 75, and 100, at Holywell Hunt—3.
3. Rubini, Mr. Vansittart's, 850 sovs. at Ascot; and 100, at Newmarket—2.

By SCARECROW (Son of Canopus).

4. Fright, Sir L. Glyn's, the Silver Cup, with 40 sovs. in specie, at Wells; and 20, at Bridgewater—2.

By SHERWOOD (Son of Filho da Puta).

3. Ches. Gelding (dam by Castrel), Mr. Baillie's, 50 sovs. at Chester—1.
4. Gilbert, Mr. E. Fox's, 50 sovs. at Clifton and Bristol; 105, at Bridgewater; 63, at Taunton; and 60, at Southampton—4.

By SIR GILBERT (Son of Young Alexander).

5. Bay Mare, Mr. Jones's, a Purse, with 23 sovs. in specie, at Oswestry—1.

By SKIM (Son of Gohanna).

2. Archdeacon, Mr. C. Wright's, the Kentish Hunters' Stakes, at Canterbury—1.

By SLIGO (Son of Waxy Pope).

2. Ches. Filly (out of Ima), Lord Lichfield's, 100 sovs. at Newmarket—1.
2. Terry Alt, Lord Lichfield's, 50 sovs. at Newmarket—1.

By SMOLENSKO (Son of Sorcerer).

3. Black Filly (dam by Don Cossack), Mr. Theobald's, 50 sovs. at the Hoo—1.
3. Brown Colt (out of Abigail's dam), Lord Lowther's, 50 sovs. at Newmarket—1.
3. Dora, Mr. Crouch's, 95 sovs. at Burderop—1.
2. Naughty Tommy, Mr. Bouverie's, 50 sovs., and 120, at Pychley Hunt—2.
4. Thoringrove, Mr. Griffiths's, 50 sovs. at Cheltenham; 65, at Hereford; 70, at Worcester; and 30, and 50, at Gloucester—5.
3. Wilna, Mr. S. Worsford's, 95 sovs. at Exeter; and 45, at Plymouth and Devonport—2.

By SOVEREIGN (Son of Bigot).

4. Splendour, Lord Chesterfield's, 150 sovs. at Newmarket; 50, at Ascot; and 40, at Stourbridge—3.

By SMYRNA (Son of Selim).

2. Kitty Fisher, Gen. Grosvenor's, 250 sovs., and 50, at Newmarket—2.

By SOBER ROBIN (Son of Orville).

6. Rough Robin, Lord Wilton's, 90 sovs. at Stockbridge; and the Cup Stakes of 20, at Bibury—2.

By SOOTHSAYER (Son of Sorcerer).

- a. Promise, Mr. H. Thomas's, the Silver Cup, value 50 sovs. at Newmarket—1.
a. Rigmarole, Mr. Smith's, 30 sovs. at Bath; and 50, at Burderop—2.

By SPEUTRE (Son of Phantom).

- 5 Bay Mare (out of Off-sho-goss), Mr. Davis's, 50 sovs. at Bath; Mr. Mayrick's, 57, and 35, at Haverfordwest; 60, at Aberystwith; and 50, at Carmarthen—5.
- a. Granby, Mr. Davis's, 45 sovs., and 50, at Leominster—2.
- 6 Forester, Mr. H. Hudson's, the Gold Cup, value 100 sovs., and 90, at Holderness Hunt—2.
- 4 Jasper, Mr. Ormsby Gore's, 60gs. at Chester; 50 sovs. at Oswestry; and 50, at Holywell Hunt—3.
- a. Jerry, Mr. Milner's, 65 sovs. at Bridgenorth; Mr. Hickman's, 37, at Bishop's Castle; and, Mr. George's, twice 50, at Aberystwith; and 60, at Carmarthen—4.
- 3 Nenenty, Mr. Parker's, 45 sovs. at Bedford—1.
- 5 Royal Radnor, Mr. Jones's, 47 sovs. at Knighton—1.

By SPORTSMAN (Son of Acastus).

- 4 Brown Gelding (dam by Snap), Mr. Withnall's, 50, at Lichfield—1.

By STRAITWAIST (Son of Interpreter).

- 2 Grey Colt (out of Fair Helen), Sir J. Roswell's, 100 sovs. at Ascot—1.

By STREPHON (Son of Rubens).

- 5 Bay Mare (dam by Camillus), Mr. Painter's, 50 sovs. at Rugeley; 45, at Peckridge; and 45, at Worcester—3.

By SULTAN (Son of Selim).

- 4 Augustus, Lord Exeter's, 150 sovs. at Newmarket; 50, at Ascot; and 150, at Newmarket—2.
- 2 Beiram, Lord Exeter's, 250 sovs. at Ascot; the July Stakes of 930, and the Prudergat Stakes of 540, at Newmarket—2.
- 3 Circassian, Mr. Houldsworth's, 400 sovs. at Newmarket; and 120, and 170, at Heaton Park—2.
- 4 Firman, Mr. Gould's, 50 sovs. at Tavistock; and 50, at Blandford—2.
- 3 Frederica, Mr. Houldsworth's, 200 sovs., and 150, at Manchester—2.
- 3 Hæmus, Lord Exeter's, 600 sovs. at Newmarket; and 100, and 400, at Ascot—3.
- 4 Ipsala, Mr. S. Stonehewer's, 50 sovs. at Lewes; Mr. Pettit's, 50, at Yarmouth; and 25, at Newmarket—2.
- 4 Mahmoud, Lord Exeter's, 200 sovs. at Newmarket; the Gold Cup, value 100 sovs., with 70 in specie, at Brighton; and His Majesty's Purse of 100gs. at Lewes—3.
- 3 Marmora, Lord Exeter's, 75 sovs. at Ascot; and 300, at Newmarket—2.
- 4 Shumla, Lord Exeter's, His Majesty's Purse of 100gs., and the Cup Stakes of 40, at Chelmsford; the Cup Stakes of 80, at Huntingdon; the Cup Stakes of 90, at Yarmouth; and His Majesty's Purse of 100gs., at Newmarket—5.
- 5 Varna, Lord Exeter's, 475 sovs., and 100, at Newmarket—2.

By SWAP (Son of Catton).

- 3 Gab, Mr. Yates's, 120 sovs. at Cheltenham; and 55, at Gloucester—2.
- 3 Lochinvar, Col. Peel's, 80 sovs., 150, and 100, at Newmarket—3.
- 3 Sinbad, Mr. E. Peel's, 50 sovs. at Newcastle (Staff.); and 50, at Oxford—2.
- 3 Sylph, Mr. E. Yates's, 50 sovs. at Stafford; 65, at Newcastle (Staff.); and 70, at Bridgnorth—3.
- 5 The Asp, Sir E. Smythe's, 50 sovs. at Warwick—1.
- 6 The Flyer, Mr. Ongley's, 50 sovs. at St. Alban's; 50, at Oatlands Park; twice 40, at Cheltenham; and 50, at Hereford—5.

By SWISS (Son of Whisker).

- 3 Brown Filly (Margaret), Mr. Jacques's, 50 sovs. at Lancaster; and 51, at Stockton—2.
- 3 Farce, Mr. Maberly's, 150, at Egham; and 40, at Epsom—2.
- 4 Miss Georgiana, Sir G. Pigot's, 45 sovs. at Tenbury—1.
- 3 Syma, Duke of Richmond's, 60 sovs. at Epsom—1.
- 3 The Golden Pippin, Mr. Serjeantson's, 50 sovs., and 70, at Lancaster—2.

By TIRESIAS (Son of Soothsayer).

- 4 Amphiarus, Duke of Portland's, the Claret Stakes of 1000 sovs., and 200, at Newmarket—2.
- 3 Amphyction, Duke of Portland's, 200 sovs. at Newmarket—1.
- 5 Augur, Mr. Day's, 140 sovs. at St. Alban's; and 100, at Ascot—2.
- 3 Lioness, Mr. S. Stonehewer's, 150, 70, and, Mr. Dilly's, 50, at Newmarket—3.
- Oatlands, Mr. Rush's, the Gold Cup at Oatlands Park—1.
- Streamlet, Mr. Wagstaff's, 250 sovs. at Newmarket—1.
- 3 Tam o'Shanter, Mr. Henry's, 50 sovs., and 100, at Newmarket—2.
- 3 Whisker, Col. Wilson's, 50 sovs. at Southwold—1.
- 4 Zucharelli, Mr. Ramsbottom's, 65 sovs. at Egham; and 50 at Newmarket—2.

By THORNTON (Son of Cornus).

5. Grey Mare, Mr. R. Jackson's, 50 sovs. at Holderness Hunt—1.

By TRAMP (Son of Dick Andrews).

3. Anthony, Lord Exeter's, 375 sovs. at Newmarket ; 50, at Brighton ; and 100, at Goodwood—3.
 4. Augustina, Sir T. Stanley's, 70 sovs. at Liverpool ; and 85, at Knutsford—2.
 3. Bay Gelding (out of Rebecca), Mr. Charlton's, 50 sovs. at Leominster—1.
 2. Bedouin, Lord Portarlington's, 50 sovs. at Newmarket—1.
 3. Brown Filly (Sister to Ballad Singer), Lord Milton's, 85 sovs. at York—1.
 5. Bunter, Mr. Meyrick's, 50 sovs., 75, and 35, at Haverfordwest ; and 75, at Carmarthen—4.
 3. Buskin, Mr. Ormsby Gore's, 50 sovs., and 60, at Chester—2.
 4. Conservator, Capt. Rous's, 50 sovs. at Newmarket—1.
 4. Cupid, Sir G. Pigot's, His Majesty's Purse of 100gs. at Chester ; and the Gold Cup at Shrewsbury—2.
 4. Design, Mr. Sadler's, 45 sovs. at Oxford ; and 80, at Banbury—2.
 5. Device, Mr. Sadler's, 80 sovs. at Clifton and Bristol ; 55, at Oxford ; and 75, at Warwick—3.
 3. Dolly Mop, Mr. Goodlake's, 50 sovs. at Oxford ; and 50, at Burderop—2.
 4. Donegani, Lord Ranelagh's, a Cup at Ascot ; and 240 sovs. at Bibury—2.
 a. Jupiter, Mr. Johnson's, 130 sovs. at Heaton Park—1.
 5. Lady Sarah, Mr. F. Richardson's, His Majesty's Purse of 100gs. at Richmond—1.
 3. Liverpool, Mr. J. Robinson's, 950 sovs. at York ; and 370, at Doncaster—2.
 4. Little Red Rover, Mr. Gully's, 50 sovs. at Newmarket ; and, Mr. Biggs's, 120, at Stockbridge—2.
 5. Lucy, Mr. Dickenson's, 50 sovs. at Durham ; and 50, at Northallerton—2.
 4. Pedestrian, Sir T. Stanley's, 110 sovs. at Liverpool—1.
 3. Sir John, Mr. Bower's, the St. Leger Stakes of 160 sovs. at Newton ; and the St. Leger Stakes of 475, at Liverpool—2.
 6. Thimble, Sir H. Mainwaring's, a Stakes at Tarporley Hunt—1.
 3. Filcher, Lord Derby's, 550, at Chester ; and 250, at Liverpool—2.
 3. Traveller, Mr. Giffard's, the St. Leger Stakes of 175 sovs. at Manchester—1.
 3. Turk, Sir S. Graham's, 50 sovs. at Goodwood—1.

By TRISSY (Son of Remembrancer).

0. Tally-ho, Mr. Campbell's, 15 sovs. at Western—1.

By TRISTRAM (Son of Teddy the Grinder).

- a. Tristram, Mr. Peirson's, a Stakes at Beccles—1.
 a. Brother to Tristram, Mr. Peirson's, a Stakes at Beccles—1.

By TRUFFLE (Son of Sorcerer).

2. Bay Filly, dam by Blacklock, Sir M. Wood's, 400 sovs. at Newmarket—1.
 2. Brown Colt (dam by W.'s Ditto), Duke of Rutland's, 100 sovs. at Newmarket—1.
 2. Ebony, Duke of Grafton's, 30 sovs. at Newmarket—1.
 2. Miss Mary Ann, Sir R. K. Dick's, 90 sovs. at Catterick ; 140, at Liverpool ; and 50 sovs. at Newmarket—3.

By VANLOO (Son of Rubens).

4. Duc de Reichstadt, Mr. T. Pickernell's, 60 sovs. at Worcester—1.

By WALTHAMSTOW (Son of Soothsayer).

- a. Moses, Mr. J. E. Baillie's, 160 sovs. at Clifton and Bristol—1.

By WALTON (Son of Sir Peter).

6. Bay Horse, Mr. Nowell's, the Stand Cup, value 100 sovs., with 190 in specie, at Liverpool—1.

By WANDERER (Son of Gohanna).

3. Brown Filly, Mr. Hoyles's, 15 sovs. at Manchester—1.
 a. Doubtful, Mr. King's, a Silver Cup, with 107 in specie, at East Sussex—1.
 3. Fawn, Mr. Brown's, 50 sovs. at Brighton—1.
 4. Refugee, Duke of Richmond's, 50 sovs. at Newmarket—1.
 5. Tom Tit, Mr. W. Richardson's, 45 sovs. at East Sussex—1.

By WANTON (Son of Woful).

3. Bay Filly (out of Lady of the Vale), Duke of Leeds's, 20 sovs. at Catterick—1.
 2. Myrtle, Mr. Metcalfe's, 125 sovs. at Newcastle ; and 140, at Richmond—2.

By WARKWORTH (Son of Filho da Puta).

3. Fair Witherington, Lord Elcho's, 95 sovs. at Edinburgh—1.

By WATERLOO (Son of Walton).

3. Caleb, Mr. S. Day's, 45 sovs. at Winchester—1.
3. Mary, Mr. Shard's, 100 sovs. at Newmarket—1.
6. Victory, Mr. Davidson's, 45 sovs. at Morpeth; and 50, at Inglewood Hunt—2.

By WAVERLEY (Son of Whalebone).

5. Hazard, Mr. Jackson's, 60 sovs. at Knutsford; 60gs. at Derby; 60 sovs., and 66, at the Pottery; and His Majesty's Purse of 100gs. at Shrewsbury—6.
3. The Saddler, Mr. Skipsey's, twice 150 sovs., and 290, at York; and, Mr. Wagstaff's, the Gold Cup, and 300, at Doncaster—5.
4. Windcliffe, Lord Scarbrough's, 60 sovs. at Preston; His Majesty's Purse of 100gs. at York; and His Majesty's Purse of 100gs., and 100 sovs. at Doncaster—4.
4. Volage, Lord Scarbrough's, 50 sovs. at Haigh Park; and 85, at Doncaster—2.

By WELBECK (Son of Soothsayer).

3. Barkston, Mr. Rowe's, 50 sovs. at Pontefract—1.
4. Bay Colt (dam by Comus), Mr. Weatherill's, twice 100 sovs. at Liverpool—2.
4. Georgiana, Sir W. Wynne's, 50 sovs. at Chester; Gold Cup, value 100, with 35 in specie, at the Pottery; 115, at Oswestry; 60, at Wrexham; and 40, at Tarporley Hunt—5.

By WHALEBONE (Son of Waxy).

3. Bay Filly (out of Harpalice), Lord Egremont's, 60 sovs. at Lewes—1.
3. Bay Filly (out of Sloe's dam), Mr. J. Day's, 45 sovs. at Cheltenham; 70, at Abingdon; and 45, at Gloucester—3.
3. Black Filly (Ida), Lord Egremont's, 50 sovs. at Brighton; and, Mr. Gardnor's, 75, and 25, at Epsom—3.
2. Brown Filly (Dryad), Duke of Richmond's, 140 sovs. at Egham; and, Captain Byng's, thrice 50, and 90, at Newmarket—4.
2. Brown Filly (out of Elfrid), Lord Egremont's, 75 sovs. at Brighton—1.
3. Brown Filly (out of Phantom), Mr. Poyntz's, 100 sovs. at Newmarket—1.
4. Beagle, Mr. Houldsworth's, 140 sovs. at Newton; the Gold Tureen, value 100 sovs., and the Gold Cup, value 100, at Haigh Park; and 70, and 60, at Chesterfield—5.
- a. Busk, Mr. J. Day's, 50 sovs. at St. Alban's—1.
4. Bustle, Mr. G. Bulkeley's, His Majesty's Purse of 100gs. at Hampton; and 50, and 100, at Newmarket—3.
4. Cetus, Sir M. Wood's, 100 sovs., 150, and 100, at Newmarket; and the Gold Cup, value 100, at Ascot—4.
2. Corset, Mr. Houldsworth's, 120 sovs. at Manchester; and 210, at Liverpool—2.
3. Elvas, Duke of Richmond's, 100 sovs., and 300, at Newmarket—2.
3. Midhurst, Lord Lowther's, His Majesty's Purse of 100gs. at Goodwood—1.
5. Roundwaist, Mr. Nowell's, 60 sovs. at Newton; 130, at Liverpool; and 41, at Kendal—3.
2. Runnymede, Mr. Deckeray's, 70 sovs. at Egham—1.
4. Shark, Mr. Watts's, 50 sovs. at Cheltenham; and the Gold Cup, value 100, at Hereford—2.
3. Spaniel, Lord Lowther's, 150 sovs. at Newmarket; and 150, and the Derby Stakes of 2950, at Epsom—3.
3. Vestris, Lord Verulam's, 500 sovs., and the Column Stakes of 575, at Newmarket; 700, and 100, at Ascot; and 650, at Goodwood—5.
3. Walter, Mr. Deckeray's, 45 sovs. at Hampton; and, Mr. Roberts's, 50 sovs. at Northampton; and 50, at Ashford—3.
3. Water Witch, Lord Warwick's, 50 sovs. at Lichfield; 50, at Cheltenham; 60, at Warwick; 50, at Walsall; and 90, at Newmarket—5.
8. Whalebone, Capt. Bulkeley's, 100 sovs. at Egham—1.
4. Whip, Lord Verulam's, twice 40 sovs. at the Hoo—2.

By WHISKER (Son of Waxy).

3. Bluebeard, Mr. J. Morris's, 70, and 40, at Ludlow; and 70, at Walsall—3.
3. Brown Colt (Speculation), Mr. Russell's, the Gold Cup, value 100gs., at Durham; Mr. Smith's, the Gold Cup, value 100gs., with 100 in specie, at Lancaster; and the St. Leger Stakes of 250, and 80, at Caledonian Hunt—4.
4. Clio, Lord Mountcharles's, 25 sovs. at Newmarket—1.
6. Coulon, Lord Worcester's, 140 sovs., and 100, at Newmarket—2.
4. Emancipation, Mr. Riddell's, 90 sovs., and the Gold Cup, value 100 sovs., with 150, in specie, at Preston; 120, at Doncaster; and, Lord Cleveland's, 40 sovs. at Northallerton—4.
6. Jenny Mills, Duke of Leeds's, 50 sovs. at Stockton; and 50, at Northallerton—2.
4. Kangaroo, Mr. Ferguson's, 50 sovs. at Shrewsbury; and 75, at Heaton Park—2.

5. Rough Robin, Mr. Cox's, 50 sovs. at Leicester—1.
5. Sailor, Mr. B. Spriggs's, 40 sovs. at Bedford—1.
4. St. Govin's, Mr. Henderson's, 45 sovs. (disputed) at Carmarthen—1.
- a. Sportsman, Mr. Smith's, 50 sovs. at Yarmouth—1.
5. Short-legged Nancy, Mr. Brinsden's, a Silver Cup, value 50 sovs., at But-
derop—1.
5. Stapleton, Mr. Bowyer's, 35 sovs. at Breconshire—1.
- a. Surveyor, Mr. T. F. Dearden's, 45 sovs. at Rochdale—1.
0. The Caliph, Mr. Mansfield's, 40 sovs. at Dorchester—1.
0. The Hertfordshire Mare, Gen. Grosvenor's, 25 sovs. at Newmarket—1.
3. Toad, Mr. S. Trelawny's, a Cup at Tavistock—1.
6. Topsy, Mr. Freeston's, 50 sovs. at Bath and Bristol—1.
0. Ultima, Mr. Shingaley's, 50 sovs. at Newmarket—1.
5. Wellington, Mr. Herring's, 40 sovs. at Bedford—1.
3. Virgin, Mr. Freakes's, 50 sovs. at Salisbury—1.
0. Whitelegs, Mr. Wetherhead's, 70 sovs. at Weymouth—1.
6. West Briton, Mr. Legg's, 50 sovs. at Weymouth—1.
5. Witchett, Mr. Perry's, a Stakes at Stourbridge—1.

WINNERS OF ROYAL PURSES, AND GOLD AND SILVER CUPS—1881.

WINNERS OF ROYAL PURSES.

Ascot Heath	Oppidan, by Rubens.
Ditto (for hunters) ...	Falconbridge, by Manfred.
Caledonian Hunt	Charley, by Percy.
Canterbury	Camillus, by Cannon Ball.
Carlisle	The Earl, by Percy.
Chelmsford	Shumla, by Sultan.
Chester	Cupid, by Tramp.
Doncaster	Windcliffe, by Waverley.
Edinburgh	Round Robin, by Borodino.
Goodwood	Midhurst, by Whalebone.
Guildford	Abel, by Filho da Puta.
Hampton	Bustle, by Whalebone.
Ipswich	Col. Wilson's br. c. by Cemus.
Lewes	Mahmoud, by Sultan.
Lichfield	Jocko, by Filho da Puta.
Lincoln	Maria, by Whisker.
Manchester	The Earl, by Percy.
Newcastle	Carolan, by Catton.
Newmarket	Lucetta, by Reveller.
Ditto	Oppidan, by Rubens.
Ditto	Shumla, by Sultan.
Richmond	Lady Sarah, by Tramp.
Salisbury	Jocko, by Filho da Puta.
Shrewsbury	Hazard, by Waverley.
Warwick	Jocko, by Filho da Puta.
Weymouth	Jocko, by Filho da Puta.
Winchester	Jocko, by Filho da Puta.
York	Windcliffe, by Waverley.

WINNERS OF GOLD CUPS.

Abingdon	Mazeppa, by Godolphin.
Ascot Heath	Denegani, by Tramp.
Ditto	Cetus, by Whalebone.
Ayr	Gondolier, by Fitz-Orville.
Bath	Jenny Vertpre, by Bobadil.
Beverley	Laurel, by Blacklock.
Bibury	Rough Robin, by Rough Robin.
Blandford	Wassailer, by Reveller.
Brighton	Mahmoud, by Sultan.

Burton-on-Trent	Cadland, by Andrew.
Buxton	Halston, by Banker.
Caledonian Hunt....	Gondolier, by Fitz-Orville.
Canterbury	Mr. Pearce's ch. m. by Eryn.
Carlisle	Balloch Myle, by Peter Lely.
Chebmsford	Shumla, by Sultan.
Chester	Independence, by Filho da Puta or Sherwood.
Ditto	Birmingham, by Filho da Puta.
Derby	Kalinia, by Magistrate.
Doncaster	The Saddler, by Waverley.
Durham	Speculation, by Whisker.
Dumfries	Silk Sleeves, by Dr. Syntax.
Edinburgh	Carolus, by Catten.
Egham	Liston, by Ambo.
Epsom	Suffolk Punch, by Wrangler.
Exeter	Whisk, by Whisker.
Goodwood	Friam, by Emilius.
Hampton	Apuntador, by Blacklock.
Heaton Park	Jocko, by Filho da Puta.
Ditto	Vanish, by Phantom.
Hereford	Shark, by Whalebone.
Holywell Hunt	Laurie Todd, by Whisker.
Huntingdon	Shumla, by Sultan.
Kendal	The Earl, by Percy.
Knutsford	Birmingham, by Filho da Puta.
Lancaster	Speculation, by Whisker.
Leeds	Beagle, by Whalebone.
Ditto	Beagle, by Whalebone.
Leicester	Col. Wilson's br. c. Comus.
Lichfield	Independence, by Filho da Puta or Sherwood.
Lincoln	La Fille Mal Gardée, by Lottery.
Liverpool	Lely, by Peter Lely.
Ditto	Mr. Nowell's b. h. by Walton.
Ditto	Halston, by Banker.
Ditto	Recovery, by Emilius.
Ludlow	Dandina, by Muley.
Manchester	Guido, by Peter Lely.
Newcastle	Stotforth, by Octavian.
Newport Pagnell	Liston, by Ambo.
Newton	Fylde, by Antonio.
Ditto	Guido, by Peter Lely.
Northallerton	Chorister, by Lottery.
Northampton	The Burgess, by Filho da Puta.
Oatlands Park	Oatlands, by Tiresias.
Oawcatry	Her Highness, by Tiresias.
Oxford	Maseppa, by Godolphin.
Pontefract	Medora, by Cervantes.
Preston	Emancipation, by Whisker.
Plymouth	J
Patteries, The	C
Richmond	I
St. Alban's	C
Salisbury	C
Shrewsbury	C
Stamford	therpe.
Stockton	nos.
Stourbridge	I
Walsall	I
Warwick	I
Winchester	I
Wolverhampton	I
Worcester	Independence, by Filho da Puta or Sherwood.
Wrexham	Penrhos, by Rowiston.
Yarmouth	Shumla, by Sultan.
York	Maria, by Whisker

WINNERS OF TWO-YEAR-OLD STAKES.

[Those marked (*) were for two-year-olds and upwards.]

		No. started.
Abingdon	Nannette, by Partisan	3
Ascot Heath	Archibald, by Paulowitz... ..	8
Ditto	Beiram, by Sultan	8
Ayr	Vyvyan, by Canteen	6
Banbury	Swing, by Young Fitz-Walton.....	3
Bedford	Schoolmaster, by Rasping	2
Beverley	Sir E. Dodsworth's b. c. by Brutandorf out of St. Patrick's dam.....	4
Brighton	Lord Egremont's br. f. by Whalebone out of Elfrid.....	2
Burton-on-Trent	Sensitive, by Cain	3
Buxton	Sensitive, by Cain—walked over.	
Carlisle	Miss Hawthorne, by Jerry.....	5
*Ditto	Mr. Hope's b. c. by Figaro, out of Grecian Queen.....	4
Catterick Bridge	Lady Maud, by Jerry.....	4
Ditto	Miss Mary Ann, by Truffle	7
Cheltenham	Soubadhar, by Champignon	2
Chester	Chester, by Filho da Puta	8
Derby	Ludlow, by Filho da Puta	4
Doncaster	Francisca, by Partisan	10
Ditto	Burgomaster, by Brutandorf	3
Ditto	Fang, by Langar	11
Edinburgh.....	Vyvyan, by Canteen.....	2
Egham	Rannymede, by Whalebone	6
Ditto	Dryad, by Whalebone	3
Epsom	Lord Lowther's b. f. by Partisan out of Bizarre	7
Ditto	Nannette, by Partisan	6
Goodwood	Landgravine, by Smolensko or Waterloo.....	5
Hampton	His Majesty's ch. c. by Waterloo or Middleton out of Electress.....	3
Holywell Hunt.....	Chester, by Filho da Puta.....	3
Huntingdon	Eccentricity, by Bedlamite	2
Kendal	Sir E. Dodsworth's b. c. by Brutandorf out of St. Patrick's dam	2
Leeds	Lunette, by Figaro.....	5
Ditto	Mr. S. L. Fox's b. c. by Brutandorf, dam by Blucher.....	8
Lewes	Nannette, by Partisan	3
Lichfield.....	Dissolution, by Emilius	6
Lincoln	Clara, by Filho da Puta.....	2
Liverpool	Corset, by Whalebone	4
Ditto	Miss Mary Ann, by Truffle.....	6
Ludlow	Ludlow, by Filho da Puta	8
Ditto	Gnostic, by Manfred.....	4
Malton	Chorinda, by Comus	2
Manchester	Corset, by Whalebone	5
Newcastle	Myrtle, by Wanton	4
Newmarket	Margaret, by Wrangler	8
Ditto	Beiram, by Sultan.....	7
Ditto	Eccentricity, by Bedlamite—walked over.	
Ditto	Gratis, by Middleton	8
Ditto	Archibald, by Paulowitz	5
Ditto	Kitty Fisher, by Smyrna	5
Ditto	Miss Mary Ann, by Truffle	10
Ditto	Non Compos, by Bedlamite.....	9
Ditto	Emiliana, by Emilius	13
Ditto	Beiram, by Sultan	4
Ditto	Margrave, by Muley.....	9
Ditto	Kitty Fisher, by Smyrna	7
Ditto	Gratis, by Middleton.....	6
Ditto	Sir M. Wood's b. f. by Truffle, dam by Blacklock	4
*Ditto	Dryad, by Whalebone.....	4
Ditto	Ebony, by Truffle.....	4

Newton	Lady Stafford, by Comus.....	6
Northallerton.....	Carlton, by Catton.....	5
Pontefract	Burgomaster, by Brutanderf	3
Ditto	Fang, by Langer	4
Richmond	Myrtle, by Wanton	3
Ditto	Richmond, by Jack Spigot	5
Rotherham.....	Carlton, by Catton.....	3
Stamford	Lord Exeter's b. c. by Partisan out of Fawn	3
Stockbridge	Margrave, by Muley	4
Stourbridge	Rosalind, by Paulowitz.....	3
Tarporley Hunt	Kitty Fisher, by Bravo.....	5
Warwick	Eleanor, by Middleton	6
Winchester	Margrave, by Muley—walked over.	
Ditto	Mayfly, by Middleton—walked over.	
Wolverhampton	Gnostic, by Manfred.....	4
Ditto	Mystery, by Astrologer.....	2
Ditto	Wolverhampton, by Filho da Puta	3
Worcester	Gnostic, by Manfred.....	5
York	Lady Maud, by Jerry	4
Ditto	Lord Kelburne's b. c. by Jerry out of Georgiana	6
Ditto	Julius, by Jerry.....	8
Ditto	Beaufort, by Comus	2
Ditto	Beaufort, by Comus	2

COMMENCEMENT OF COCK SHOOTING.

THE last time I had the pleasure of addressing you, Sir, was on my favorite topics of cock-shooting, and the migration of some of the most interesting of the feathered tribe—the *Scolopax* genus. I had hoped that some of your more able correspondents would have taken up the latter subject, and have endeavored to throw more light on the annual migration of birds—a subject alike interesting both to the Naturalist and Sportsman; for the more I observe the habits and wonderful instinct displayed by these “pretty denizens of the forest,” the more I find my reason stands “confest as nothing.” But yet, so far as I have been able to explore, every step is marked with pleasantness; and it gives a charm to those who live in the country which none else can experience. Perhaps, however, this enthusiastic love of Nature, and all her productions, may not be so interesting to many of your readers: I shall therefore

for the present confine my remarks to subjects more immediately connected with sporting.

As cock shooting has not only begun, but in many places a considerable number of the long-bill'd gentry have already been brought to bag, I may venture to say, with some few exceptions, there never was so scarce a season. It will be said that the great flight do not arrive before Christmas; but I much fear *that* Christmas will not come this year; and it is to be sadly lamented that this delicious bird annually decreases in numbers. Various causes are assigned for this; but the chief one, I believe, is the almost total destruction that takes place previous to their final departure for Norway, Sweden, and America, to all of which countries they resort to breed. But still we must not complain: independently of Ireland, which is by far the first place for both cock and snipe shooting, there are a sufficient number throughout North

and South Wales, and on unreserved lands, to afford a gentleman and a true sportsman one of the most delightful, exhilarating, and something more than satisfactory amusements that can be followed. I cannot but think there is more real pleasure in hunting down a cock, if I may use such an expression (for many a persevering sportsman knows what I mean), than killing a dozen tame pheasants, driven into a corner by a set of lazy "liveriesmen in velvet clad." The bird, however beautiful, is scarcely seen till heaped together in such numbers and confusion that you become palled at the sight of them. (I ask any of my brother sportsmen, whether old or young, if there is not much pleasure in handling, smoothing, and putting nicely into the bag a bird when killed.) He does not even lie on the ground till your gun is loaded: a fresh one is given by the servant into your hands, and fresh slaughter ensues. A notch is made on a stick carried by one of the keepers for the purpose, and your only remark is "a good shot!"—but an extra half-crown to the account of your friend who keeps the tally. I say the birds are only seen either on the wing, or stretched in numbers "heaped upon the plain:" for if you were to ask your host for a few brace to take home for your friends, a stare of astonishment, with an order for a brace to be put in your dog-cart, is more than you can expect.

I recollect once staying in Wiltshire, where game was very abundant. I killed my share; but, to the best of my recollection, my hand was never soiled by the blood of a single head: no nice

feather was plucked from the tail or hackle of the partridge for fishing: it was our business to knock them down, and it was somebody else's business to carry them away, like the bullocks in London, to the Lord knows where. There be very few, as old Izaak says, who can afford to kill pheasants. A considerable game preserver in Norfolk declared to me that every head which came on table cost him half a guinea. I wonder what it costs many "who live in and about Cheapside, who ofttime take a quiet ride" for the express purpose of shooting, accompanied by a brace of *valuable pointers* bought at Tattersall's, a Joe Manton, and a dog-cart to make the turn-out complete! And, after all, they generally buy—which, thanks to the New Game Bill, they can now do without risk—a few small presents for their friends and brother sportsmen in the City..... "O, my Antonio, I do know many of those who are reputed good shots, not for saying nothing, but for saying too much." Sportsmen, however, and particularly of that class, are privileged to enlarge a little on their own prowess, and all add much to the good of trade.

But methinks I hear some exclaim, "What a sportsman he must be not to be fond of pheasant shooting!" I like it; but I like not the over-refinement of *battue* shooting, and all the paraphernalia of keepers in attendance with loaded guns, &c. And these men, forsooth, must be tipp'd, and that right well too!I would not, however, deprive them of their rights: "let all things be done in moderation." Probably "those who go down in

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ASTOR LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATION
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THE JOCKEY CLUB NEW ROOMS, NEWMARKET.

Designed by W. A. Pittman, Architect, London, Jan. 11, 1887

barouches to shoot pheasants, and on their business at *battues*, with extra big guns," would feel disgusted at the noise of a team of Welsh Spaniels, or shudder with apprehension at the unpleasant quaking of a mountain bog; but happily we are differently constituted. I love to be up by the gray tint of the morning enjoying the exquisite scenery (of many parts of Wales), variegated by every autumnal tint, and constantly diversified by mountainous torrents, glades, and dingles, where yourself and man (a good marker is indispensable), with from two to three couple of good spaniels (not very easy articles to obtain by the way), keep you constantly on the *qui vive*. Mark! a cock to you, or from you. These sounds induce you to look out, as if two eyes were scarcely enough. I have often thought one behind would be very handy in cock-shooting. And then when he falls.....what a magnificent bird! (scarcely inferior to the pheasant), with his large prominent and lustrous eyes—bright only for the last time—and his variegated plumage, which soon loses much of its beauty and delicacy when once ruffled. Perhaps (which must often be the case with the best shots) he is missed: then comes the sagacity of your spaniels, and your own knowledge and perseverance, which in nine cases out of ten meets with its reward. With a proper *workman* and good spaniels, a cock

ought not to be lost, more than a hare with a good huntsman (who will hold his tongue) before a good pack of harriers on a good scenting day. But it is the uncertainty of meeting with cocks when you most expect it, and the surprise of finding them when least thought of, combined with the fine bold scenery which generally accompanies their haunts, which makes it, next to grouse-shooting, the most delightful of all sports (where the gun is concerned). Whenever you find walking particularly bad, then be sure there are cocks to be found, although, singular as it may appear, I have generally met with a flight of cocks on dry ground, particularly in fir-groves by the side of a hill, near a swampy place, where they can retire at dusk, or "cock-shut time," to feed. But I fear I have tired out your patience, Mr. Editor. I might go on another evening talking of the dear delightful creatures, as the canibals say previous to sacrificing their dainty morsel.

Of course I can say nothing new on a subject which has been talked of by abler sportsmen and much abler writers than myself. I come home from shooting, and, instead of going to sleep, I like to "fight my battles o'er again:" and I purpose, in my next, saying a few words on Spaniels best adapted to the sport; also giving you a detail of a short tour lately made through Wales. A. H.

Nov. 28, 1831.

THE NEW SUBSCRIPTION ROOMS, NEWMARKET.

A Correspondent in our November Number expressed a favorable opinion of the improvements which the Members

of the Jockey Club had so liberally directed to be made in their Subscription Rooms at Newmarket. As the works were at that

time in an unfinished state, we wished to suspend our own judgment until their completion, which has now realised our expectations. On reference to our last Number, which was accompanied by a view of the old Screen and Betting Court, we are much struck with the contrast afforded by the new structure, which by its increased length, and correct and elegant proportions, has a very pleasing effect.

The Betting Court has been considerably enlarged, and two new Arcades, or more correctly speaking Piazzas, have been constructed. A new and distinct entrance has been provided for the Members of the Upper Rooms. The removal of the old house, part of which may be seen in the view abovementioned, to the right, has been necessary for these purposes. The merit of the design is due to Mr. C. H. Day, architect. The whole of the decorations of the interior, which has been thoroughly repaired and newly embellished, particularly in the large dining room, display considerable taste, and have given general satisfaction.

The engraving which accompanies this Number is a faithful representation of a pleasing and correct sketch of the building, taken on the opposite side of the street. It will be necessary to

state, that, in consequence of the old Coffee Room, with its unsightly projecting chimney, not being allowed by those Members of the Club—whom our Correspondent above alluded to has so humorously designated as a Committee of Taste—to be removed, a great obstacle presented itself to the perfect arrangement and harmony of the design: this has, however, been skilfully surmounted. The former harsh and conspicuous features of this portion of the building, which by a stranger has often been mistaken for a chapel or parish school, has been entirely changed, and in its new dress cannot be recognised by its oldest acquaintances. The objects with which it is now associated, like all other good company, has entirely altered its character.

We cannot conclude our observations without expressing a hope, that the splendid example afforded by the Members of the Jockey Club will be followed by individuals equally spirited, and that the renovating skill of the Architect, so advantageously displayed in this handsome structure, and so much needed, will be employed in this town, occupying so important a station in the Sporting World, and visited by its noblest and most respectable patrons,

KING OF OUDE, AND INDIAN WILD BEAST FIGHTS,

Being an Extract from an Indian Correspondent's Letter, dated Seetapore, 26th March 1831.

BY the heading of this you will see that we are now at our new station, where we arrived on the 26th of January last. We marched from Keitch on the 27th

of December, as the escort of the Governor General, and a monstrous pleasant trip we had. At Lucknow, the capital of Oude, we halted for a week, Lord Wil-

liam Bentinck having business to transact with the King. His Majesty gave a dinner to the Governor General on the third day after his arrival, to which I was invited. The Palace is splendid, and nothing could exceed the magnificence of the suite of apartments in which the feast was served. The arrival of the Lord was announced by a Royal salute of twenty-one guns, when the King came forth, accompanied by a host of attendants, to embrace and welcome him as he entered. His Majesty's dress was prodigiously gorgeous: he wore his crown, which is amazingly rich, and round his neck a diamond necklace of almost incalculable value. The dinner was, if possible, superior to anything that Beauvillier could have turned out, and all served up on massive silver plate. At that part of the table occupied by the King and Governor General, the plate was of pure gold. The wines were excellent, and of every variety—Champagne, Burgundy, Hock, Claret, Port, Sherry, and Madeira, besides every description of *liqueurs*. This was the first time I had ever seen Natives sit down to table and eat of the same dishes with the European Infidels (as Blackey calls us behind our backs), and splendid appetites the true-believers had: nothing seemed to come amiss to them. Of course there was no unclean meat, such as pork, on the table; neither did any of them touch wine, although report says that the "Juhanpunnah" (asylum of the world), as the King is denominated, is very fond of tipping cherry-bounce in private. I was a good deal amused at the awkward manner in which the Black Nobility handled their knives and

forks, but they fought through wonderfully well. After dinner there was a grand display of fireworks, in which the Natives beat us out and out. The King afterwards presented attar of roses to most of his guests, and flung large wreaths made of gold and silver round their necks; on which ceremony being concluded we took our departure.

Two days after this the Governor General gave a splendid dinner to Juhanpunnah at the Residence. The morning before we left we breakfasted at the Palace; and, after grubbing to our heart's content of Eastern luxuries, we were entertained with wild beast fights. The first encounter was between two elephants: the charge they made as soon as they saw each other was magnificent. Their mode of fighting was, first, a charge with their tusks, which nearly threw both back on their haunches: they then dug away at each other with the utmost fury, hitting at the same time terrific blows with their trunks. They were separated by means of fireworks. The *mohouts* (drivers) remained on their necks during the combat. These unfortunate fellows are not unfrequently killed by a blow from a trunk, but on this occasion no such accident occurred.

The next fight was between two rhinoceroses, who ran at each other, and bored away like a couple of pigs. They shewed uncommon pluck, and were parted with the utmost difficulty, being a pair of regular gluttons. One of them was severely wounded, and I had no idea that the horn on their noses could have proved half so effective a weapon.

The last go took place in a pit,

into which were let loose at once six wild buffaloes, three tigers, two wolves, a bear, and a hyena. The buffaloes had it all their own way, and one of them mortally wounded a fine tiger by sending one of his immense horns right through his body. There was a capital scene between one of the tigers and the bear. The former had laid himself down snugly in a corner (after finding that he had no chance with the buffaloes), where his formidable opponents could not touch him with their horns. Bruin thought, that, under the circumstances, he could not do better than take possession of this peaceable quarter, and accordingly walked up to the tiger, seized him with his forepaws, and gave him a villanous squeeze. This embrace the tiger

did not quite relish, and returned the compliment by taking half of the poor bear's head into his mouth. After about a minute's hugging on the one side and biting on the other, the bear yielded the palm to his adversary, and scrambled away in a cruelly mangled condition.

We were afterwards to have had a fight between a wild horse and a tiger, but Lady William Bentinck requested that it should not take place. The horse had, I was informed, fought twice before with tigers, and, you will hardly credit it, on each occasion killed his opponent. I went to look at him in his den. He was a good looking beast enough, with a most vicious eye.—So much for our Lucknow sights!

HUNTING IN SHROPSHIRE.

SIR,

IN a former letter to you I promised to send an account of the first run that was worth noticing with the Shropshire Hounds. They met at the Twemlows on Friday the 2d of December, and, it being a favorite fixture, there was a good field out, all very well mounted. The huntsman's horse was taken very ill just before we began hunting, but Sir Rowland Hill was so kind as to mount him on one of his stud, and a good hunter he was. The hounds were looking very nice and clean, and in beautiful condition. As soon as they were thrown into covert they found three foxes, and the pack divided; but after a short time they all got settled to one. He made his way for Ash, then for Cona, Eight-

field, and Cloverley, as if he was going to Shavington; but finding himself pressed, he turned to the right, and was bending his course for Hawkstone, when he was fairly run in to in an open field, after a run of thirty-three minutes without a single check.

On the 5th met at Witheford Wood—a good field, and well mounted. The hounds were soon thrown into covert, and found immediately: they ran him in the wood for some time, but he was obliged to face the open. Not knowing the ground we run over, I am unable to give you the exact particulars: suffice it to say, the pack stuck to their fox like bricks and mortar, and after a chase of forty-six minutes they ran in to him in gallant style.

I have hunted with a great many packs of hounds, but I never saw any better managed in my life. Great praise is due to Will Staples the huntsman, and also to Jack Wickelsworth and Tom Flint, the two whips; and this being a close country, it calls their best powers into action.

On the 6th I met Sir Richard Puleston's hounds at Petton, but it was a blank day. There was a man there with a fox, which he had taken the night before out of the Shropshire Hunt. He asked Sir Richard to buy him; but, I am proud to say, the high-spirited Baronet refused. I much admired the appearance of the hounds, but they do not quite draw to please me.

During the last snow I employed myself in going to see some of the stallions in Shropshire—viz., Strephon, Sir Edward, Snowdon, Jupiter, Cham-

pion, Ludford, &c. The horse which I most admired was Champion: he is a fine old fellow—and pity it is that such a horse should ever grow old—equal to sixteen stone with hounds; and I have seen some of his get very good, and the best hunters I ever saw. There are more valuable horses in this county (for the quantity kept) than in any other I know of. I am not surprised at Mr. Anderson coming and giving long prices for them. I should also say, it is the best county for good living in England, as the farmers live equal to people of independent fortunes in some other counties.

I must now conclude; but you shall again hear with regard to hunting and hunting men in Shropshire whenever anything occurs worth the notice of your readers, from

BARABBAS,

Dec. 10, 1831.

REMINISCENCES OF AN OLD SPORTSMAN,

Interspersed with Anecdotes.

TOGETHER WITH A DISMOUNTED SPORTSMAN, OR NOT BEING ABLE TO LIVE UPON LITTLE—TRANSLATION OF A VERY OLD FRENCH HUNTING SONG—AND ANECDOTES OF THEIR LATE MAJESTIES GEORGE THE THIRD AND GEORGE THE FOURTH.

BY THE HERMIT IN LONDON,

SIR

I Promised in my last to meet your readers on the Plains of Roscommon; and I do so accordingly: but as I have a few other documents, which I venture to hope will prove generally interesting, I have mixed them into a kind of *olla podrida*. The Hunting Song is a great curiosity from its antiquity; the Dismounted Sportsman is well known on the *Pavé*; and the Anecdotes of

their late Majesties have never to my knowledge been in print.—The first dish I serve up is

THE PLAINS OF ROSCOMMON:

but the reader must take with him that this was the hunting of the olden times; that things have changed in the Emerald Isle, as elsewhere, with the March of Intellect and the March of Time; and, as they observe in Paris

since the long peace, that as there is a great difference between *les Anglais d'autrefois* and *les Anglais d'à-présent*, so may the same apply to other countries and to other men. I am of the same opinion as a brogueneering cousin of mine, John Count o'Rourke, of gallant memory was, namely, "that there are a great many improvements for the better, and a great many more for the worse." The French complain that *les Anglais d'aujourd'hui* are all economy and suspicion; whereas *les Anglais d'autrefois* scattered their money *en Milord*: and it may be said in Ireland, that where claret used to flow in streams, the tide of events has turned its course, and reserve and moderation, in everything, reign, where, in the olden time, it was

"Hospitality, no formality,

No frugality, here you'll ever see;"

with which nationalities the hunting has assumed the imitative features of our chase in England. In the days of yore, the days to which I allude, in this wild part of the Sister Kingdom it was the noisiest, most rattling, merry, break-neck scene that ever presented itself to a travelling sportsman. The pack of hounds was packed—troth they were packed, little and big—but all, as Pat said, game to the backbone; and so was some of Paddy's cattle, and the *marks* of their high breeding were scored upon them. The gentlemen sportsmen of the country were well mounted and high couraged, horse and man, as I was told by one of the numerous field; but these were only a small portion of that field; for we had horse and foot, boy and man, regular and irregular sportsmen of all grades and appearances; some mounted on saddle horses

without saddles, and some on draught horses with saddles; whilst boots, shoes, and hay-bands protected these Nimrods' sinewy legs according to the means of purchasing either. Then there was such emulation in the field either to gain the brush, or to brush before a rival hunter; such galloping and leaping, such shouting and authoritative commands from patrician to plebeian, or rather from Squire to cotter and labourer, to "howld his tongue, and be d—d to him!"—it was really like a galloping masquerade, or a carnival on horseback. Pity that such a treat should be lost!—and then Pat's humour, which made all things pleasant!

On one of these health-inspiring (barring accidents when it was neck or nothing with us) occasions, a certain Lord B. was in the field, riding at everything, and sometimes over everything. He came into the Plain with a *big-coat*, as the Connations call it, but, being too hot, he gave it to some stranger on a garran to throw across his horse and keep for him, promising to remember him for it: but the stranger, thinking that one bird in the hand was worth two in the bush—and having no cha-rac-ter to lose, he not living amongst his own people—disappeared with the garment. It now came on to rain, and the Peer wanted his coat, but could find it nowhere. In vain was every one interrogated about it, pumbers sent off in all directions, man and garran described, and the hue and cry literally was after him, for it was "gone away" with a vengeance. Exasperated greatly at this, his Lordship, who was surrounded by *de boys*, said, "I would give two

guineas to any fellow who would find my coat for me, or tell me where it is to be found. "Done," said a wag of the lowest order. "Well, done!" said my Lord, "now where?"—"Troth, my Lord, you will find it in your tailor's books."—At this a screech of applause ensued, and as the Peer was not particularly popular in the country, his *friends* decided that it was not a bubble bet.

The leaping this day was desperate. I had, to use Paddy's words again, "two as nice set-downs as any private jontleman could wish for;" but I had a light weight, as well as a light heart, in those days, and I was soon on and off again.

We had another humorous adventure here—the Plains of Roscommon abound with them. A cockney sportsman was amongst us, who had bought *an oss* two days previous to the hunt. There was as bad a speculation in the animal's eye, as there was in the purchaser's bargain; and he had a trifling thickness of breath, that the dealer said was only a *comld*, and that he required a good breathing to get in tune and upon the top of his speed. He had also a bit of a blemish on one knee, but the horse-jockey assured the cockney that it was only a mark in his coat. In short the *oss* was a rip, and at the first stiff leap he came to, he shot his rider over his head, broke the other knee, girths and bridle all together. The cockney was much bruised, and threatened the seller with a law-suit, appealing at the same time to his conscience, how he could sell such a horse as sound, and how he could praise him up as he did. "Upon my word," says Pat, "and that's as

good as my bond, he is as sound as a bell, for he'll go whenever you touch him; and as for his cha-rac-ter, all I said was, that he would *run against* any horse or mare you could bring into the field; and as for a leaper—let him alone for that!"—The case was hopeless.

And now, ere I conclude this part of my letter, I must mention another kind of hunting in those days and in those parts, namely, *husband hunting*, which the following anecdote will illustrate.

There is an Irish story of the days of yore, which relates that you could not look at a lady across a table, in Ireland, without her saying, "Port, if you please, Sir:" but this is not founded in fact, and there are no more reserved or modest women in Europe than on the sanctified sod. This, however, is true. At the time and near the place in question, a man could scarcely say a civil thing to a prolific country gentleman's or apothecary's daughter without being called upon to explain his intentions; and if he prevaricated, or had none at all of a serious and uxorious nature, he might as well make his will on the spot. I remember a poor half-witted Subaltern of mine, after I had exchanged from Cavalry to Infantry, running his head into the noose of matrimony in a very strange way. He was invited to an old Half-pay Officer's, who had three sons and five daughters—the attraction a shooting party. The eldest son was a Subaltern in the Militia, but nevertheless a regular fighting man, and in his village passed for a complete fire-eater. My Sub, aware of this, and that the practice of getting off sisters

prevailed in this part of the country, was very much on his guard. He could not, however, help shewing the sisters some little civilities, such as dancing with them, and giving them his arm across the bog facing the old Officer's house. This service he performed with fear and trembling. One day, after a long walk, the elder brother came in heated with whiskey punch, and too late for dinner, after having had a bad day's shooting. My Sub thought that he looked drily at him, so proposed (for the family had dined) a glass of cold punch made with raspberry whiskey. This lit up the eyes of the youth more fiercely than before: he joined his hand to his bumper glass, and was about to propose a toast, which he prefaced in a very vehement tone by "*Misther* Johnson, I'll tell you what".....the latter replied, with much hesitation in his speech, "Captain, I understand you; do not be angry—which of your sisters do you wish me to marry?" and Paddy O'Bralaghan, who was a great politician in these matters, replied, "my sister Onor, because it will be a great *honor* to you, and because she is the eldest and the plainest: so, *brother*, here is towards your good health! I wish you joy of getting into one of the first families in Ireland!"

"Success, also," say I, "to the land that gave Paddy his birth!" where a man may have a *shooting* match and a matrimonial one—a hunt and a wedding—both together.

THE DISMOUNTED SPORTSMAN,
Or not being able to live upon little.

At an early period of life, when I used to scour the counties of Oxford, Buckingham, Berks, and

Surrey, following different packs of hounds, and waging war on foot with hares, pheasants, and partridges, I got acquainted with SAM SELFLOVE, a bold rider, although a half dandy, a half insipid in his habits and appearance. I lost sight of him for a long time, but understood that he had entered the Dragoons, and had changed the sporting field for that of Mars. At length I met him one day in the shady side of Pall Mall—in whose shades I delight to dwell, winter and summer—and he appeared to me less of the sportsman than usual, nothing of the Dragoon, and quite *desœuvré*; i. e. an idle walking gentleman. It was the first time I ever saw him taking his exercise on foot, which I remarked on accosting him. "How do you do, my good fellow?" said I; "and what are your pursuits?"—"D—d bad, and none at all!" replied he; "I have neither horse nor dog; 'cause why?—'cause I can't afford to keep one: and this is all owing to my selfish old father, a shabby dog, who won't allow me enough to live upon. I could not stay in the Dragoons, because three hundred a-year and my pay would not above half keep me; so I sold out: and now that the money is spent, I have been obliged to sell my stud and my dogs, and am getting in debt again, although I live as miserably as I can at an obscure coffee-house."

Now it struck me that three hundred a-year was not so much amiss, and that a man might exist at his regiment on that sum; and as I knew Sam to be very fond of self, no gambler, and unincumbered by any female drawback, I was rather curious to learn what were the reasons for his not being

able to keep out of debt, living, as he said he did, in an obscure coffee-house. "How do you live, Sam?" said I, "to require so much more than your allowance?"—"Oh! very plainly, very miserably. In the morning, my breakfast costs me four or five shillings: I have only a *cotelette*, or some kidneys, shrimps, an egg or two, and a glass of brandy after my green tea: then I get tired with walking about on foot, and I look in and take a sandwich and a couple of glasses of dry Sherry; that is two shillings more: if it is hot, I take an ice before that. I dine as plain as a man can—some soup, a bit of fish, a chop or steak, a fowl or duck, three kinds of vegetables, a tart, some Stilton, a few nuts or a bit of fruit, a pint of Madeira, or Moselle, or Bucellas, a bottle of Port, a cup of coffee, and a dram well, one can't have less, and that will dip into a pound. And then there is half-play—I can't afford any more: and then a fellow is as hungry as a hawk at eleven o'clock, and must have a broiled chicken, a lobster, or a devil, or broiled ham, and a drop of Scotch ale, and a brace of tumblers of punch: and then there's the bed to pay for, and corrective medicine occasionally, and attendants, and the devil knows what."

"The devil knows what, indeed!" quoth I to myself: here is a neat article of a fellow living all for self, alone as it were in a crowd, born to consume the fruits of the earth, with one vice of sensual selfishness enough to ruin him! What a fortune it takes to keep such a mass of useless clay—the consumer of provisions, and the absorber of stimulating liquors—a mere worm gliding over the earth, and defiling it—lost to

sympathies, deaf to the voice of sacred Charity, all filial feeling blunted and deformed, and, like the minor and more abject animals, only awake to a sense of personal gratification and of personal danger—thirst and hunger being the prevalent ideas of his brains, self-preservation the only counteractor to his supineness, so as to induce him to remedy the bile which high-feeding might produce, and to keep out of the way of the coaches, or aught else which might endanger his precious body!

This picture may appear overdrawn, but it is only a faithful delineation; and I am sorry to say that the original does not stand alone on life's canvas. There are others, who, with ample means, add to the vices of selfishness and gluttony, pampered habits, and a useless life, a long list of other evil customs, inexcusable from their motives, which mingle not in their excesses any one generous feeling, any one disposition of leaning towards sympathy, any momentary self-sacrifice for love or friendship's sake, but which have all *self*, and nothing but self, at bottom. There are animals in human form, whose orgies would maintain a vast number of the children of adversity; whose very hookah and smoking expenses and establishment would support the widow and her orphan; whose toilets would clothe many indigent families; and whose cosmetics, drugs, and false embellishments, would rescue from despair the naked and hungry, raise up the dejected and sick, and shed comfort over their brethren in distress.

I parted from my old quondam brother sportsman with disgust: but our meeting not only pro-

duced one reflection of contempt for men whose lives are as if they were *fruges consumere nati*; but it likewise brought with it a conviction that the sports of the field not only tend to invigorate the body; to promote health; to improve the breed of horses; and to form hardy equestrians for our cavalry—giving to the men of the trigger dexterity in that art, and inspiring courage in all ways to become the defenders of the country; and, even to those who do not go abroad, nerve to fight *pro aris et focis*; as well as furnishing them with that knowledge of the nature and geography of countries, as will be found most valuable in a campaign—but that it occupies that time which might, to say the least of it, be spent in idleness, and generally tends to make the sons of the sporting field hearty good fellows, detaching them from vicious and enervating pursuits.

TRANSLATION OF AN
OLD FRENCH HUNTING SONG.

Friend! why so drowsy?
I pri'thee arouse thee, [the horn;
The woods now ring with the sound of
Off Soninus shaking,
Arise—awaken, [thorn.
The dew-drop sparkles and hangs on the

His mistress grieving,
With bosom heaving,
The hunter leaving,
Through forests will roam;
But ere returning,
His warm bosom burning,
With ardour increasing he seeks his home.
Friend! why so drowsy? &c.

His perils telling,
He seeks his loved dwelling,
And frowns now dispelling,
He flies to her arms:
With added graces
Her love she embraces,
And banishes sorrow's and love's alarms.
Friend! why so drowsy? &c.

ANECDOTE OF GEORGE III.

AT a Review of a very large body of Volunteers, one corps of which was commanded by the late Lord Erskine, and was generally called the "Lawyers' Corps," His Majesty, passing along the line, seemed to examine it very attentively. "Very steady under arms!" said Lord Erskine to the King.—"Yes," retorted His Majesty, with a smile; "a very fine corps! and I will answer for it they would be good at a *charge*! hey, Mr. Erskine!—they have great practice at that!"

ANECDOTES OF GEORGE IV.

THOSE alone who have had both the honor and pleasure (and these feelings are commensurate) to see our late beloved Monarch for a day, at a dinner, or for an evening, can duly appreciate the flowers of his mind, which expanded from the warmest and most kind heart that ever existed: he only wanted the excitement of good fellowship—the participation in conviviality—the glow which Nature, satisfied and animated, requires—to be the most harmonious member of society, had his rank been what it might: a fine taste, a fine person, a playful voice, and young (to his latest hour) expressions of countenance, marked him to be alternately the Monarch of a great nation, or *l'ami du genre humain*; and he could act both in a royal and masterly manner. His condescensions were the productions of suavity the most sublimated and refined; his displeasure was dignity without malice, and controul without invective. Little things, from a professor of the Graces, become captivating, which

from an ordinary being might pass almost unobserved ; but THAT Sovereign was *all* a King—in deportment, appearance, heart, and intellect ; and his perfections were so divided, that the scholar was a Bacchanalian, the wit a benevolent table companion, the jester a man of humanity, and the Prince a private Gentleman to his circle. These remarks will give a true colouring to the following (*otherwise*) immaterial scene in one day at Brighton.

The Prince rose with a smile, which was George the Fourth's *only*—his mind was sportive to a degree. All those who frequented the Pavilion are aware of the friendship which His late Majesty had for Admiral Sir Edmund Nagle, and the jokes which familiarity gave rise to, and justified, connected with that gallant Hibernian. The painting of his horse, which he rode and did not recognise ; the sewing up of his waistcoat ; and other funny and fanciful tricks, stand on record. On this day the worthy Admiral, anxious to follow his Royal Master briskly up the steps, stumbled, upon which the (then) Prince said, " My dear Nagle, I did not think that at your time of life you would have been guilty of a *faux pas* ! " After dinner the Prince—who, from a kindly disposition, which made him the Sovereign and Father of his household and guests—addressed two or three about him by their Christian names and surnames together, as Tommy Tyrwhitt, &c., which alliteration pleased him mightily. A Nobleman of his household (who ought to love and regret him) observ-

ed that His Royal Highness never named Sir Edmund in that way ; upon which the late King replied, " No, *Neddy Nagle* would never do ! " and then, fearful that the joke should embarrass his friend, pledged him in a bumper ; and then, to divert the attention quite another way, turned to a servant in waiting, and said, " give me a glass of water to *surprise* my stomach. " This was the first time that throwing cold water on a subject gave it additional warmth. But of these pleasing and warm-hearted trifles was his life made up ; and in instancing this last anecdote we may say—*ab uno disce omnes*.

In one of His late Majesty's excursions, accompanied by the Lady Fatima—*id est*, the Marchioness of Conyngham—in his pony-chaise, the two beautiful Highland animals, overpowered by the weight of Royalty, turned restive, and would not stir an inch. In vain did the Sovereign apply the lash ; in vain did the attendants pull at them ; even the soft and rosy palm of her Ladyship—which could do wonders in the coaxing and persuasive line—had no effect ; the attendants were out of breath, and the lady was out of patience ; but the merry Monarch lost not his temper, but coolly ordered one of his servants to fetch a carriage. " It would require an Act of Parliament," said he, " to move these Northern rebels ; but I must say one thing in their favour—they are true game, for they seem as if they would rather die than run. "

THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

Dec. 10, 1831.

ENTRE NOUS—A BAGATELLE.

Scene—MAY FAIR, and Parts adjacent.

THOUGH Ladies ride upon a hack,
And Lords upon a screw,
Which, like their riders! *metal* lack,
Who cares? it's "Entre Nous!"

Tho' H—I and J—s their coffers fill
With *some things!* not a few.....
N'importe who pays the leetle bill;
Mais donc—it's "Entre Nous!"

Though *Wards* in Chancery can tell
Not always P from Q!
(The *cap* may 'nt *suit* the reigning *Bell*,)
The *key* is "Entre Nous."

While *fishmongers* are paid with "game,"
And tailors not a *sous*,
Poor milliners fare much the same.....
All's fair that's "Entre Nous."

While Gunters of their dinners boast,
Which puts Ude in a stew,
It matters not who "rules the roast,"
So it be "Entre Nous."

The Horticulturals' "heavy wet"
Soon cuts the tender crew;
Tho' clogs may stick, *three* shoes can yet
Be numbered "Entre Nous*."

Tho' *nightly* servants let on hire,
And *weakly* horses too,
It matters not how much they tire,
The "job" is "Entre Nous."

While husbands oft at hazard clash,
Their "spare ribs" play at loo.....
The Dons for promissory cash.....
The Dames for "Entre Nous."

Tho' "Clubs" are now the *last* resource,
And lead to something new.....
Vingt-un, *Ecarté*, Whist—of course
The trick is "Entre Nous."

"The Season" lasts but for a day.....
We'll do as *Romans* do.....
When over—then's the time to pay,
Or practise "Entre Nous."

Dorsetshire.

A NATIVE.

* St. Swithin, if I recollect right, was not at the last Horticultural, nor did any Lady even tumble into the water on her return home.....how stupid!

COURSING MEETINGS.

THE CHESTERFORD.

Nov. 9, 10, AND 11.

FOR the Cup.—Mr. Perkins's Potiphar beat Mr. Fryer's Catherine; Mr. Searle's Snake beat Captain Perkins's Bung; Mr. Dobede's Deptford beat Mr. Fyson's Faithful; Mr. J. King's Reuben beat Mr. Fisher's Minna; Mr. Vipan's Vulcan beat Mr. Dobede's Diamond; Mr. Finch's Gift beat Mr. King's Rhoda; Mr. Layton's Lincoln beat Mr. Gillett's Gay-hurst; Mr. Edwards's Asmodeus beat Mr. Smale's Specie.

FIRST TIES.

Gift beat Asmodeus.
Snake — Vulcan.
Reuben — Lincoln—drawn, disabled.
Deptford — Potiphar.

SECOND TIES.

Snake beat Gift.
Deptford — Reuben.

Deciding Course.—Snake beat Deptford, and won the Cup; Deptford the Goblet.

Allington Hill Stakes, for Dog Puppies.—Mr. Searle's Sovereign rec. from Mr. Perkins's Priam; Mr. Dobede's Dick beat Mr. Perkins's Patch; Capt. Perkins's Blunder agst Mr. King's Ruler—undecided—Blunder drawn; Mr. Vipan's Victor beat Mr. Fryer's Cato; Mr. J. King's Rodney beat Mr. Gillett's Goshawk; Mr. Fyson's Farmer ran a bye.

FIRST TIES.

Dick beat Victor.
Ruler — Sovereign.
Farmer — Rodney.

SECOND TIES.

Dick beat Ruler.
Farmer ran a bye.

Deciding Course.—Messrs. Dobede and Fyson divided the Stakes.

Elvedon Stakes, for Bitch Puppies.—Mr. Vipan's Victorine beat Mr. King's Ruby; Mr. King's Ruth agst Mr. Fyson's Funny—undecided, Funny drawn; Mr. Dobede's Darling beat Mr. Fryer's Caradori; Mr. Fyson's Fury beat Mr. Layton's Lively; Mr. Dobede's Dryad beat Mr. Smale's Souvenir; Mr. Layton's Lucy beat Mr. Finch's Gallopade.

FIRST TIES.

Darling beat Victorine.
Funny — Lucy.
Fury — Dryad.

SECOND TIES.

Funny beat Darling.
Fury ran a bye.

Deciding Course.—Funny beat Fury, and won the Stakes.

Several Matches were run. The Coursing was in Bottesham Field the first and second days, and in Elvedon Field the third.

THE ALTAR.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1831.

For the Cup.—Mr. E. Allison's r. and wh. d. Agitator, by Rector out of Lunaria, beat Mr. Lloyd's blk. d. Libertine, by Lucius out of Sir H. Vivian's Volage; Mr. E. Hornby's brin. d. Hearsay, by Hawkeye out of Windlass, beat the Hon. R. Wilbraham's blk. b. Wonderful, by Ultimo out of Harry Percy's dam; Mr. Tollemache's brin. d. Turpin beat Mr. E. Allison's brin. d. Anglesca, by Rector out of Lunaria; Mr. Tollemache's bl. d. Trimmer beat Mr. H. Hornby's blk. b. Hopeful, by Merlin out of Leaf; Mr. Fleetwood's bl. and wh. b. Fairy Queen, by Mr. Bradshaw's Driver out of Sister to Hetman, beat Mr. Lloyd's blk. d. Leo, by Milo out of Linnet; Mr. Unsworth's bl. d. Uncle, by Merlin out of Leaf, beat Mr. Towneley's brin. d. Tippler; Lord Molyneux's r. b. Maiden, by Meteor out of May, beat the Hon. R. Wilbraham's yel. and wh. d. Weatherbeaten, by Hawkeye out of Windlass; Mr. Brockholes' brin. d. Bolivar, by Filho da Puta out of Nettle, beat Mr. E. Hornby's brin. and wh. d. Hemlock, by Hawkeye out of Helen.

The Sefton Stakes.—Mr. E. Allison's brin. d. Rector, by Mentor out of Effie, beat Mr. Brockholes's r. and wh. d. Big Ben, by Barry; Mr. E. Hornby's blk. and wh. d. Helenus, by Turk out of Helen, beat Mr. Tollemache's wh. d. Miller; Mr. Lloyd's blk. d. Longwaist, by Lottery out of Dian, beat Mr. Fleetwood's r. d. Hotspur, by Hotspur out of Busy; Mr. H. Hornby's r. d. Higgler, by Highlander out of Heedless, beat Mr. Unsworth's blk. and wh. d. Ultimo, by Turk out of Love.

The Croxteth Stakes.—Mr. Lloyd's blk. b. Letitia, by Lunardi out of Lettice, beat Lord Molyneux's wh. b. Moggy, by Senator out of Nettle; Mr. Tollemache's blk. and wh. b. Malice, by Mr. Lloyd's Brutus, beat Mr. H. Hornby's f. b. Handy, by Herod out of Duchess.

The West Derby Stakes.—Mr. Tollemache's blk. and wh. b. Fly beat Mr.

E

Lloyd's blk. and wh. d. Locksley, by Mr. Heathcote's Hal Gow out of Sir H. Vivian's Volage; Lord Molyneux's blk. b. Midnight, by Milo out of Merry, beat Mr. H. Hornby's r. d. Hazard, by Driver out of Beauty; Mr. Brockholes's blk. d. Bowbearer, by Stretch out of Blush, beat Mr. E. Alison's blk. and wh. d. Augustus, by Mentor out of Lunaria; Mr. E. Hornby's brin. b. Humming Bird, by Harry Percy out of Hopeful, beat the Hon. R. Wilbraham's brin. d. Whizz, by Hawkeye.

FIRST TIES FOR THE CUP.

Hearsay beat Agitator.
 Trimmer — Turpin.
 Fairy Queen — Uncle.
 Maiden — Bolivar.

TIES FOR THE SEFTON STAKES.

Helenus beat Rector.
 Longwaist — Higgler.

Deciding Course for the Croxteth Stakes.—Malice beat Moggy, and won the Stakes.

Matches.—Mr. E. Hornby's Hellebore, by Hawkeye out of Helen, beat Mr. Towneley's Tapster; Mr. Lloyd's Levite, by Mr. Longden's Grasper out of Hecla, beat Mr. Brockholes's Bashful, by Stretch out of Blush; Mr. Tollemache's Twig'em beat Mr. Lloyd's Lindamira, by Lunardi out of Lettice; Mr. Unsworth's Ultra beat Mr. Towneley's Tell-tale; Mr. E. Hornby's Handel, by Harry Percy out of Hopeful, beat Lord Molyneux's Mufti, by Merlin out of Leaf; Mr. Brockholes's Betsy, by Blue Dart, beat Mr. Lloyd's blk. b. Levity, by Mr. Heathcote's Hal Gow out of Sir H. Vivian's Volage.

SATURDAY THE 29TH.

SECOND TIES FOR THE CUP.

Trimmer beat Hearsay.
 Maiden — Fairy Queen.

Deciding Course for the Sefton Stakes.—Helenus beat Longwaist, and won the Stakes.

Deciding Course for the West Derby Stakes.—Bowbearer beat Fly, and won the Stakes.

The Ditch-In Stakes.—Mr. E. Hornby's brin. and wh. d. Hemlock beat Lord Molyneux's blk. d. Midnight; Mr. Lloyd's blk. d. Leo beat Mr. Tollemache's brin. d. Turpin; Mr. E. Alison's brin. d. Anglesea beat Mr. Unsworth's bl. d. Uncle; the Hon. R. Wilbraham's yel. and wh. d. Weatherbeaten beat Mr. Towneley's brin. d. Tippler.

The Altcar Stakes.—Mr. E. Alison's brin. d. Rector beat Mr. Lloyd's blk. b. Letitia; Mr. Fleetwood's r. d. Hotspur

beat Mr. Tollemache's blk. b. Malice; Mr. Brockholes's r. and wh. d. Big Ben beat the Hon. R. Wilbraham's brin. d. Whizz; Mr. H. Hornby's r. d. Hazard beat Mr. Unsworth's blk. and wh. d. Ultimo.

Deciding Course for the Cup.—Maiden beat Trimmer, and won the Cup; Trimmer, the Guineas.

TIES FOR THE DITCH-IN STAKES.

Leo beat Hemlock.
 Anglesea — Weatherbeaten.

TIES FOR THE ALT CAR STAKES.

Rector beat Hotspur.
 Big Ben — Hazard.

Deciding Course for the Ditch-In Stakes.—Anglesea beat Leo, and won the Stakes.

Deciding Course for the Altcar Stakes.—Rector beat Big Ben, and won the Stakes.

Matches.—Mr. Brockholes's Betsy beat Mr. Towneley's Tell-tale; Mr. Unsworth's Ultra beat Mr. Towneley's Tapster; Mr. E. Alison's Agitator beat Mr. Brockholes's Bellona; Mr. Lloyd's r. d. Levite beat Mr. Tollemache's w. d. Miller; Mr. E. Hornby's Humming Bird beat Lord Molyneux's Moggy; the Hon. R. Wilbraham's Wamba, by Merlin, beat Mr. H. Hornby's Harper, by Driver; Mr. Tollemache's Twig'em beat Mr. Lloyd's Locksley; Mr. Lloyd's Libertine beat Lord Molyneux's Mufti.

THE NORTH MEOLS.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 4TH, 1831.

For the Cup.—Mr. Fleetwood's bl. and wh. b. Fairy Queen, by Mr. Bradshaw's Driver out of Sister to Hetman, beat Mr. E. Hornby's brin. and wh. d. Hemlock, by Hawkeye out of Helen; Mr. Unsworth's bl. d. Uncle, by Merlin out of Leaf, ran a bye; Mr. H. Hornby's f. b. Handy, by Herod out of Duchess, beat the Hon. R. Wilbraham's yel. and wh. d. Weatherbeaten, by Hawkeye out of Windlass; Mr. E. Alison's brin. d. Anglesey, by Rector out of Lunario, beat Mr. T. Alison's f. b. Adelaide.

The Bold Stakes.—Mr. T. Alison's r. d. Colonel, by Turk out of Lunaria, beat Mr. E. Hornby's blk. and wh. d. Helenus, by Turk out of Helen; Mr. Brockholes's blk. d. Bowbearer, by Stretch out of Blush, beat Mr. Yates's brin. d. Frolic; the Hon. R. Wilbraham's f. d. Wamba, by Merlin, beat Mr. Fleetwood's r. d. Hotspur, by Hotspur out of Busy; Mr. E. Alison's brin. d. Rector, by Mentor out of Effie, beat Mr. H. Hornby's r. d. Hazard, by Driver out of Beauty.

The Southport Stakes.—Mr. Brock-

holes's brin. d. Bolivar, by Filho da Puta out of Nettle, beat Mr. Knowlys' blk. d. Kremlin; Mr. E. Alison's r. and wh. d. Agitator, by Rector out of Lunario, beat Mr. E. Hornby's brin. d. Hearsay, by Hawkeye out of Windlass.

The Fleetwood Stakes.—Mr. H. Hornby's blk. b. Hopeful, by Merlin out of Leaf, beat Mr. Fleetwood's blk. b. Fly-away; Mr. Brockholes' blk. and wh. b. Bellona, by Shamrock, beat Mr. E. Hornby's brin. b. Humming Bird, by Harry Percy out of Hopeful.

The North Meols Stakes.—The Hon. R. Wilbraham's brin. d. Whizz, by Hawkeye, beat Mr. Brockholes's r. and wh. d. Big Ben, by Barry; Mr. E. Alison's blk. and wh. d. Augustus, by Mentor out of Lunaria, beat Mr. H. Hornby's r. d. Higgler, by Highlander, out of Heedless.

TIES FOR THE CUP.

Fairy Queen beat Uncle.
Anglesea — Handy.

TIES FOR THE BOLD STAKES.

Colonel beat Bowbearer.
Rector — Wamba.

Deciding Course for the Southport Stakes.—Bolivar beat Agitator, and won the Stakes.

Deciding Course for the Fleetwood Stakes.—Hopeful beat Bellona, and won the Stakes.

Deciding Course for the North Meols Stakes.—Whizz beat Augustus, and won the Stakes.

Matches.—Mr. E. Hornby's Hellebore, by Hawkeye out of Helen, beat Mr. Brockholes's Bullet, by Hawkeye out of Helen; Mr. H. Hornby's Harper, by Driver, beat Mr. T. Alison's Albion, by Rector out of Lunaria; Mr. Yates's Edgar beat Mr. Unsworth's Ultra; Mr. E. Hornby's Handel, by Harry Percy out of Hopeful, beat Mr. Fleetwood's Felt.

SATURDAY THE 5TH.

Deciding Course for the Cup.—Fairy Queen beat Anglesea, and won the Cup; Anglesea, the Guineas.

Deciding Course for the Bold Stakes.—Rector beat Colonel, and won the Stakes.

The Church Town Stakes.—Mr. T. Alison's f. b. Adelaide beat Mr. Unsworth's bl. d. Uncle; Mr. E. Hornby's brin. d. Hearsay beat Hon. R. Wilbraham's yel. and wh. d. Weatherbeaten.

The Crossens Stakes.—Mr. H. Hornby's r. d. Hazard beat Mr. Brockholes's wh. b. Bellona; Mr. E. Hornby's blk. and wh. d. Helenus beat Mr. Brockholes's blk. d. Bowbearer.

The Bank Stakes.—The Hon. R. Wilbraham's f. d. Wamba beat Mr. Know-

lys' blk. d. Kremlin; Mr. Fleetwood's r. d. Hotspur beat Mr. Unsworth's blk. and wh. d. Ultimo, by Turk out of Love.

Deciding Course for the Church Town Stakes.—Hearsay beat Adelaide, and won the Stakes.

Deciding Course for the Crossens Stakes.—Hazard beat Helenus, and won the Stakes.

Deciding Course for the Bank Stakes.—Hotspur beat Wamba, and won the Stakes.

Matches.—Mr. E. Hornby's Humming Bird beat Mr. T. Alison's Albion; Mr. H. Hornby's Harper beat Mr. Brockholes's Betsy, by Blue Dart; Mr. T. Alison's Colonel beat Mr. Brockholes's Big Ben; Mr. H. Hornby's Hopeful beat Mr. E. Hornby's Hellebore.

THE SWAFFHAM.

This meeting commenced on Tuesday the 15th of November, but on account of the severe state of the weather it was adjourned till the 29th, and continued the two succeeding days, as follows:—

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 15TH, 1831.

FIRST WESTACRE FIELD.

For the Cup.—Mr. D. Tyssen's Gift beat Mr. Hammond's Pilot; Mr. Buckworth's Bess beat the Earl of Stradbroke's Mouse; Mr. Chute's Hannibal beat Lord C. Townshend's Sybil; Mr. Caldwell's Roadster beat Sir C. Clarke's Oliver; Mr. Redhead's Lara beat Mr. Gurney's Ambiguity; Mr. Wilkinson's Cozey beat Mr. H. Villebois's Indigo.

The Ladies' Plate.—Miss Villebois's Archer beat Lady Sykes's Fly; Mrs. Buckworth's Blush beat Mrs. Edwards's Hotspur; Mrs. Loftus's Reel beat Mrs. Marcon's Sweep; Lady Clarke's Oyster beat Lady C. Townshend's Souvenir; Mr. Caldwell's Regulator beat Mr. Wilkinson's Clarence; Mr. Redhead's Lady-Fly beat Mr. Chute's Hylas; Earl of Stradbroke's Marchioness beat Mr. Buckworth's Bell; Mr. Gurney's Agnes beat Mr. H. Villebois's Ida.

Matches.—Mr. Hamond's Publican agst Mr. Buckworth's Baron—undecided; Mr. Redhead's Leaders agst Lord C. Townshend's Sultan—undecided.

TUESDAY THE 29TH.

CLEY FIELD.

FIRST TIES FOR THE CUP.

Gift beat Lara.
Cozey — Roadster.
Hannibal — Bess.

FIRST TIES FOR THE PLATE.

Oyster beat Blush.
 Reel — Archer.
 Agnes — Marchioness.
 Regulator rec. ft. from Lady-Fly.

Matches.—Mr. Gurney's Aimwell beat Mr. Redhead's Leo; Mr. Gurney's Atalanta beat Mr. Caldwell's Racer; Earl of Stradbroke's Major agst Mr. Buckworth's Bumper—undecided; Earl of Stradbroke's Merrylass beat Mr. Redhead's Lucilla; Mr. Buckworth's Bashful beat Mr. Chute's Hironnelle; Earl of Stradbroke's Midnight agst Mr. Chute's Harmony—undecided; Mr. Gurney's Asp beat Mr. Caldwell's Regent; Mr. Caldwell's Riddle beat Mr. Chute's Harebell; Earl of Stradbroke's Mountain agst Mr. Buckworth's Baker—undecided; Mr. Gurney's Ajax beat Mr. Chute's Hornet; Mr. Buckworth's Black Rose beat Mr. Chute's Harpalice.

WEDNESDAY THE 30TH.

NARBOROUGH FIELD.

SECOND TIES FOR THE CUP.

Cozey beat Gift.
 Hannibal ran a bye.

SECOND TIES FOR THE PLATE.

Oyster beat Reel.
 Agnes — Regulator.

Matches.—Lord C. Townshend's Soso beat Earl of Stradbroke's Merrylass; Mr. Gurney's Ajax beat Mr. Redhead's Leader; Lord C. Townshend's Slate beat Mr. Buckworth's Bell; Mr. Buckworth's Bolter beat Colonel Wilson's No Name; Mr. Buckworth's Blush beat Mr. Tyssen's Zachariah; Mr. Redhead's Lucius beat Mr. Chute's Hylas; Mr. Gurney's Aimwell beat Mr. Redhead's Leo; Mr. Caldwell's Romulus received—the Earl of Stradbroke's Margaret withdrew her stakes; Lord C. Townshend's Sophia beat Mr. Caldwell's (Mr. B. Pollen's) Phoenix; Sir C. Clarke's Oglander beat Mr. Gurney's Atalanta; Mr. Gurney's Ambiguity beat Mr. Chute's Hornet; Mr. Buckworth's Bacchus beat Mr. Chute's Houri; Mr. Buckworth's Bachelor beat Mr. Caldwell's Rebus; Earl of Stradbroke's Major beat Mr. Caldwell's Remus; Earl of Stradbroke's Mortimer beat Mr. Redhead's Lucilla; Earl of Stradbroke's Midnight agst Lord C. Townshend's Sybil—undecided.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 1.

SECOND WESTACRE FIELD.

Deciding Course for the Cup.—Mr. Chute's Hannibal beat Mr. Wilkinson's Cozey, and won the Cup.

Deciding Course for the Plate.—Mr.

Gurney's Agnes beat Lady Clarke's Oyster, and won the Plate.

Matches.—Mr. Hammond's Publican beat Mr. Gurney's Aimwell; Mr. Chute's Harpalice beat Mr. Caldwell's Rebus; Mr. Redhead's Lara beat Mr. Caldwell's Ruby; Mr. Redhead's Lucius agst Mr. Buckworth's Bolter—undecided; Mr. Buckworth's Black Rose beat Lord C. Townshend's Soso; Mr. Buckworth's Blush beat Mr. Redhead's Lofty; Lord C. Townshend's Sybil agst Mr. Gurney's Asp—undecided; Lord C. Townshend's Sophia agst Mr. Caldwell's Romulus—no course.

THE HAREWOOD.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1831.

WHEAT CROFT.

For the Cup.—Mr. Anderton's blk. d. Spring, by his Nimrod out of his Duchess, beat Mr. Teal's bl. and w. b. Violet; Mr. S. L. Fox's red d. Tickler, by Hercules out of Gaylass, beat Sir C. Ibbetson's bl. and wh. b. Io, bred by Sir John Johnson; Mr. W. L. Fox's f. d. Gunshot, by Hercules out of Gaylass, beat Mr. Benn's Lightfoot by Lord Rivers' Regulus; Mr. Bingley's bl. b. Myrtle beat the Hon. E. Lascelles' wh. d. Hailstone, by Hercules out of Spy; Mr. W. L. Fox's red d. Tramp, by Mr. Swann's Miller, beat Mr. Jowitt's blk. and wh. b. Bellona, by Dancer out of Brunette; the Hon. W. S. Lascelles' blk. and wh. p. d. Bittern beat the Hon. H. Lascelles' red p. d. Doctor, by Memnon; Mr. Lacy's blk. d. Glider, by Mr. Gurney's Aaren out of an Iago b. beat Mr. T. O. Gascoigne's Symmetry, bred by Mr. Lowther; Mr. Harrison's blk. and wh. b. Romp, by Lothario out of Wanton, beat Mr. Hargreaves' red b. Swallow.

All-Age Stakes of two sovs. each.—Mr. Bingley's bl. and wh. d. Bullet, by Clemishaw's Hector, beat Mr. S. L. Fox's blk. and wh. d. Granby, by Ulster out of Toso; Mr. Hargreaves' br. d. Phantom, by Clemishaw's Hector, beat Mr. Benn's f. d. Sweepstakes; Mr. Gibbes' red d. Dart, by Dancer out of Brunette, beat Mr. Lacy's blk. b. Lady, by Lincoln out of Fly; Mr. Anderton's br. d. Rocket, by Nimrod out of a b. of Mr. Chews', beat Mr. W. L. Fox's f. and wh. b. Gazelle, by Medlar out of Glory.

First Puppy Stakes of two sovs. each.—Sir C. Ibbetson's red and wh. d. Priam beat Mr. Benn's blk. and wh. d. Troy, by Regent; Mr. Gibbes' blk. d. Caoutchouc, by Clemishaw's Hector, beat Mr. S. L. Fox's blk. b. Fly, by Ulster out of Toso.

Matches.—Mr. Benn's Topper beat Mr. S. L. Fox's Wonder; Mr. Benn's

Warwick agst Mr. S. L. Fox's Teazer—
undecided.

WEDNESDAY THE 16TH.

SAND BEDS.

FIRST TIES FOR THE CUP.

Tickler beat Spring.
Gunshot — Myrtle.
Tramp — Bittern.
Romp — Glider.

TIES FOR THE ALL-AGE STAKES.

Bullet beat Phantom.
Dart — Rocket.

Second Puppy Stakes of two sovs. each.
—Mr. Benn's blk. and wh. d. Spring beat
Mr. S. L. Fox's blk. and wh. d. Granby, by
Ulster out of Toso; Mr. Anderton's bl.
and wh. d. Dart, by Gradus out of Miss,
beat Mr. W. L. Fox's blk. p. d. Comus,
by Streamer out of Cora.

Match.—Mr. Jowett's Tinker beat
Hon. H. Lascelles' Sack.

*Deciding Course for First Puppy
Stakes of two sovs. each.*—Mr. Gibbes'
blk. d. Caoutchouc beat Sir C. Ibbetson's
red and wh. d. Priam, and won the Stakes.

For the Silver Claret Pitcher.—Mr.
Benn's red d. Warwick, by Wonder out
of Queen, beat Mr. S. L. Fox's wh. d.
'Twister, by Medlar out of Glory; Mr.
Jowett's br. b. Fly beat Mr. W. L. Fox's
f. and wh. b. Gazelle; Mr. Lacy's blk. b.
Lady beat Hon. A. Lascelles' bl. and wh.
b. Cutty Sark; Mr. S. L. Fox's f. and
wh. d. Teazer, by Medlar out of Glory,
beat Mr. Benn's f. d. Lightfoot.

THURSDAY THE 17TH.

WHEAT CROFT AND SAND BEDS.

SECOND TIES FOR THE CUP.

Gunshot beat Tickler.
Tramp — Romp.

Deciding Course for the Cup.—Mr.
W. L. Fox's f. d. Gunshot and red. d.
Tramp, being left alone, the Cup was
won by Mr. W. L. Fox, but not run out.

*Deciding Course for the All-Age
Stakes.*—Mr. Gibbes's red d. Dart beat
Mr. Bingley's bl. and wh. d. Bullet
(drawn lame), and won the Stakes.

Match.—Mr. Lacy's Lazy beat Mr.
Gibbes's Dart.

*Deciding Course for Second Puppy
Stakes of two sovs. each.*—Mr. Benn's
blk. and wh. d. Spring beat Mr. Ander-
ton's bl. and wh. d. Dart, and won the
Stakes.

TIES FOR THE CLARET PITCHER.

Warwick beat Fly.

FRIDAY THE 18TH.

THE PARK.

TIES FOR THE CLARET PITCHER

CONTINUED

Teazer beat Lady.

Sweepstakes of one sov. each.—Mr.
S. L. Fox's blk. and wh. b. Fly beat Mr.
Gibbes's Hailstone; Mr. Benn's f. d.
Lightfoot beat Mr. Lacy's blk. b. Lady—
after two undecided courses.

Deciding Course for the Claret Pitcher.
—Mr. S. L. Fox's f. and wh. d. Teazer
beat Mr. Benn's red d. Warwick, and
won the Claret Pitcher.

*Deciding Course for Sweepstakes of
one sov. each.*—Mr. Benn's f. d. Light-
foot beat Mr. S. L. Fox's blk. and wh. b.
Fly, and won the Stakes.

Match.—Mr. Benn's Cutty Sark beat
Mr. Gibbes's Souter Johnny.

THE DRAYTON.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1831.

For the Cup and Goblet.—Mr. Reeves's
Ruby beat Mr. Sanders's Myrtle; Mr.
Lucas's Lady beat Mr. Sanford's Bellona;
Mr. Chamberlin's Monarch beat Mr.
Birch's Fly; Mr. Umbers's Hecuba beat
Mr. Harries's Hybla.

Puppy Stakes.—Mr. Umbers's Hamlet
beat Mr. Collins's Dart; Mr. Chamber-
lin's Major beat Mr. Birch's Crack; Mr.
Chamberlin's Charlotte beat Mr. Lucas's
Lucifer; Mr. Lucas's Topper beat Mr.
Umbers's Wonder.

Drayton Stakes.—Mr. Sanders's Major
beat Mr. Umbers's Eleanor; Mr. Harries's
Trimmer beat Mr. Birch's Minister.

Deciding Course.—Major beat Trim-
mer, and won the Stakes.

Caldecote Stakes.—Mr. Sanford's Dri-
ver beat Mr. Chamberlin's Muslin; Mr.
Birch's Ruby beat Mr. Collins's Rival.

Deciding Course.—Ruby beat Driver,
and won the Stakes.

Matches.—Mr. Chamberlin's Comus
beat Mr. Collins's Vulgar; Mr. Sanders's
Spring beat Mr. Reeves's Driver; Mr.
Sanford's Swift beat Mr. Collins's Fear-
nought; Mr. Collins's Smoker beat Mr.
Reeves's Rosamond; Mr. Collins's Mouse
beat Mr. Umbers's Fly.

THURSDAY, THE 24TH.

TIES FOR THE CUP.

Hecuba beat Lady.

Ruby — Monarch—sell.

Deciding Course.—Ruby beat Hecuba,
and won the Cup; Hecuba, the Goblet.

TIES FOR THE PUPPY STAKES.

Topper beat Major.

Charlotte — Hamlet.

Deciding Course.—Topper was drawn lame, and *Charlotte* received the Stakes.

Matches.—Mr. Umbers's Fly beat Mr. Sanders's Myrtle; Mr. Umbers's Merry Andrew beat Mr. Sanders's Major; Mr. Umbers's Chorister beat Mr. Collins's Mouse; Mr. Sanford's Driver beat Mr. Birch's Minister; Mr. Sanford's Bellona beat Mr. Birch's Gaiety; Mr. Harries's Hybla beat Mr. Umbers's Eleanor; Mr. Collins's Dart agst Mr. Chamberlin's Ruby—undecided.

THE ASHDOWN PARK.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1831.

For the Cup and Sovereigns.—Mr. Cripps's blk. d. Charcoal beat Mr. Blythe Harries's brin. b. Humble Bee; Mr. Pettat's blk. d. Phlegan beat Mr. Etwall's blk. b. Erinny's; Mr. Peter Hesketh Fleetwood's red and wh. d. Favour (late Honour) beat Mr. Goddard's blk. d.; Mr. Shard's brin. d. Sandall beat Mr. Capel's f. and wh. d. Juan; Mr. Goodlake's blk. b. Gewgaw beat Mr. Browne's blk. b. Bona; Mr. Pettat's bl. d. Pegasus beat Mr. E. Cripps's blk. and wh. b. Emilia; Mr. Cripps's blk. and wh. b. Calista beat Mr. P. Hesketh Fleetwood's wh. d. Furlong; Mr. Etwall's brin. d. Eurys beat Mr. Capel's blk. and wh. b. Index.

The Derby Stakes, three sovs. each.—Mr. Cripps's brin. b. Cruiser beat Mr. E. Cripps's wh. d. Escape; the Hon. Mr. Moreton's wh. d. Minotaur won a bye; Mr. B. Harries's red d. Honour beat Mr. Brown's blk. d. Balloon; Mr. P. Hesketh Fleetwood's blk. and wh. d. Fence beat Mr. Shard's blk. and wh. d. Slate; Col. Newport's red d. The Nab beat Mr. Etwall's red and wh. d. Earwig; Mr. Goodlake's bl. d. Gnat won a bye, Mr. Goddard's blk. d. Ginger being absent.

The Oaks Stakes, three sovs. each.—Mr. Etwall's f. b. Evil-eye beat Mr. Browne's blk. b. Bustle; Mr. Harries's bl. b. Housemaid beat Mr. P. H. Fleetwood's blk. b. Fountain; Mr. Goodlake's blk. b. Guinea Fowl won a bye and beat Mr. Capel's f. b. Janet; Col. Newport's f. b. No No beat Mr. Cripps's yel. and wh. b. Camomile; Mr. Shard's wh. b. Shadow beat the Hon. Mr. Moreton's red b. Mayhap; Mr. Cripps's wh. b. Cobweb beat Mr. E. Cripps's blk. b. Empress; Mr. Goodlake's bl. b. Galina beat Mr. P. H. Fleetwood's brin. b. Femina; Mr. Etwall's wh. b. Europa beat Mr. E. Cripps's wh. b. Evelina.

WEDNESDAY THE 16TH.

FIRST TIES FOR THE CUP.

Charcoal beat Phlegan.
Pegasus — Calista.
Sandall — Eurys.
Gewgaw — Favour.

FIRST TIES FOR THE DERBY STAKES.

Fence beat Minotaur.
Cruiser — Honour.
The Nab won a bye—Gnat drawn ill.

FIRST TIES FOR THE OAKS STAKES.

Europa beat Cobweb.
Shadow — No No.
Evil Eye — Housemaid.
Guinea Fowl — Galina.

St. Leger Stakes, five sovs. each.—

Mr. Shard's wh. b. Skylark (late Bird's-eye) beat Mr. B. Harries's brin. b. Humble Bee; Hon. Mr. Moreton's blk. b. Mirthbeat Col. Newport's brin. b. Nebula; Mr. Browne's blk. b. Bugle beat Mr. Etwall's blk. b. Erinny's; Mr. Cripps's blk. and wh. d. Crusader beat Mr. Capel's blk. b. Juanna; Mr. E. Cripps's blk. b. Eyebright beat Mr. P. H. Fleetwood's brin. d. Firebrand.

Craven Stakes.—Mr. Pettat's blk. b. Pussey beat Mr. Shard's f. b. Seraph; Mr. Etwall's yel. and wh. d. Earwig beat Mr. Cripps's blk. and wh. b. Cassandra; Mr. Goodlake's blk. b. Gracecup beat Mr. E. Cripps's blk. d. Envoy; Mr. Browne's blk. b. Bona beat Col. Newport's blk. tick. d. Neck-ho.

THURSDAY THE 17TH.

SECOND TIES FOR THE CUP.

Gewgaw beat Pegasus.
Sandall — Charcoal.

SECOND TIES FOR THE DERBY STAKES.

Cruiser beat Fence.
The Nab won a bye.

SECOND TIES FOR THE OAKS STAKES.

Guinea Fowl beat Europa.
Evil Eye — Shadow.

Ashdown Puppy Stakes.—Mr. Moreton's red b. Mayhap beat Mr. Etwall's Eye Sore; Mr. Cripps's bl. d. Elector beat Mr. P. H. Fleetwood's blk. b. Fugitive; Mr. Goddard's wh. d. Gammon beat Mr. Goodlake's yel. b. Gong; Colonel Newport's wh. d. Narcissus beat Mr. P. H. Fleetwood's brin. b. Femina.

FIRST TIES FOR THE ST. LEGER.

Crusader beat Bugle.
Mirth — Eyebright.
Skylark won a bye.

TIES FOR THE CRAVEN.

Bona beat Pussey.
Gracecup — Earwig.

Lamborn Stakes.—Mr. Shard's blk. d. Spring beat Mr. E. Cripps's blk. d. Envoy; Mr. Capel's blk. b. Juanna beat Mr. B. Harries's red d. Honour; Mr. Pettat's blk. d. Phlegan beat Mr. Browne's

blk. d. Balloon; Mr. Etwall's blk. b. Erinnys beat Mr. Goddard's yel. d. Gander.

Matches.—Mr. Pettat's Pasta beat Mr. Shard's St. Leger; Mr. Capel's Janet beat Mr. Browne's Bustle.

FRIDAY THE 18TH.

Deciding Course for the Cup and Sovereigns.—Mr. Shard's Sandal beat Mr. Goodlake's Gewgaw, and won the Cup; Gewgaw the Sovereigns.

Deciding Course for the Derby Stakes.—Mr. Cripps's Cruiser won the Stakes—Colonel Newport's yel. d. The Nab drawn (lame).

Deciding Course for the Oaks Stakes.—Mr. Goodlake's Guinea Fowl beat Mr. Etwall's Evil Eye, and won the Stakes.

TIES FOR THE ASHDOWN STAKES.

Elector beat Narcissus.
Mayhap — Gammon.

SECOND TIES FOR THE ST. LEGER.

Crusader beat Skylark.
Mirth won a bye.

Deciding Course for the Craven Stakes.—Mr. Goodlake's Gracecup beat Mr. Browne's Bona, and won the Stakes.

TIES FOR THE LAMBORN STAKES.

Juanna beat Spring.
Phlegan — Erinnys.

Deciding Course for the Ashdown Stakes.—Mr. Moreton's Mayhap beat Mr. E. Cripps's Elector, and won the Stakes.

Deciding Course for the St. Leger Stakes.—Mr. Moreton's Mirth beat Mr. Cripps's Crusader, and won the Stakes.

Deciding Course for the Lamborn Stakes.—Mr. Pettat's Phlegan beat Mr. Capel's Juanna, and won the Stakes.

The hares were abundant, and the sport good.

LOWTHER.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 24TH, 1831.

For the Cup.—Mr. Piper's Fly beat Mr. R. Atkinson's Shirk; Mr. Atkinson's Rolla beat Mr. Alison's Clio; Mr. Fell's Lottery beat Mr. Knubley's Clickem; Mr. Jefferson's Clyde beat Mr. Partridge's Lofty; Mr. Benn's Spring beat Mr. Hammond's Neptune; Mr. Park's Tramp ran a bye; Mr. Preston's Frisk beat Mr. E. Atkinson's Birkby; Mr. Hodgson's Burke beat Captain Buchanan's Major.

FIRST TIES FOR THE CUP.

Rolla beat Fly.
Spring — Tramp.
Burke — Frisk.
Lottery ran a bye, Clyde being lame.

SECOND TIES FOR THE CUP.

Lottery beat Rolla.
Burke — Spring.

Deciding Course.—After two excellent courses Lottery beat Burke, and won the Cup.

MORFE (SALOP).

THURSDAY, NOV. 24TH, AND FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 25TH, 1831.

For the Puppy Cup and Goblet.—Mr. H. Campbell's Hæmus beat Mr. Bates's Bellona; Mr. Clarke's Coburg beat Mr. Lyster's Lowry; Mr. Best's Bramble beat Mr. Stokes's Snake; Mr. Harris's Housemaid beat Mr. Hinckman's Smoker; Mr. Vickers's Venus beat Mr. Davenport's Drake; Mr. Bache's Bracelet beat Mr. Parr's Prunella; Sir H. Edwardes's Emma beat Mr. Harris's Hairbrain; Mr. Rose's Roderic beat Mr. H. Campbell's Zulicha.

FIRST TIES.

Hæmus beat Coburg.
Housemaid — Bramble.
Bracelet — Venus.
Emma — Roderic.

SECOND TIES.

Hæmus beat Housemaid.
Bracelet — Emma.

Deciding Course.—Bracelet, by Volunteer out of Phæbe, beat Hæmus, by the Newmarket Baron out of Zante, and won the Cup; Hæmus the Goblet.

First Sweepstakes for Aged Dogs.—Mr. H. Hill's Housekeeper beat Mr. Lyster's Grandison; Mr. M. Campbell's Zamora beat Colonel Hodge's dog; Sir H. Edwardes's Ellen beat Mr. Stokes's Snowball; Mr. Vickers's Visit beat Mr. H. Campbell's Hellebore.

TIES.

Housekeeper beat Ellen.
Visit — Zamora.

Deciding Course.—Ellen, by Gasper out of Clara, beat Visit, and won the Stakes.

Second Sweepstakes for Aged Dogs.—Mr. Rose's Rolla beat Mr. Bache's Belzoni; Mr. Clarke's Comical beat the Hon. R. Hill's Bacchus.

Deciding Course.—Comical beat Rolla, and won the Stakes.

The Puppy Stakes.—Mr. Davenport's Dairymaid beat Mr. Smith's Sprightly; Mr. Lyster's Lilla beat Mr. Best's Bridget; Mr. Purton's Phæbe beat the Hon. H. Hill's Hostess; Mr. Parr's Pastime beat Mr. Vickers's Vaultor.

TIES.

Dairymaid beat Lilla.
Pastime — Phoebe.

Deciding Course.—Pastime, by Weber, beat Dairymaid, and won the Stakes.

Match.—Mr. Bates's Burgundy beat Mr. Davenport's Defiance.

THE LOUTH.

This Meeting, which is perhaps not to be equalled by any other in England for its sport and the number of its Members, commenced under very favorable auspices immediately on the breaking up of the storm, on Tuesday, Nov. 22, and continued during the week to afford increased diversion to that of any other season. The hares, generally, were strong and in abundance, for which the Society must feel greatly indebted to Mr. Dawson (of Withcall), upon whose ground they ran, and by whom they had been preserved for the amusement of the Club. The dogs mostly appeared in excellent condition for running, and we never remember a greater number at any previous Meeting.

Days of running.—Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday, the 22d, 23d, 24th, and 26th of November.

The Cup, with 10 sovs. added.—Mr. Bartholomew's blk. tick. d. Barefoot, by Mr. Cartwright's Regent out of Fly, beat Mr. G. Heneage's brin. d. Lamplighter, by Selim out of Lark; Mr. Hassall's f. b. Harpalyse, by Hercules, out of Handy, beat Sir J. Johnstone's blk. d. Rokeby, by Balloon out of Rose-bud; Mr. W. Loft's f. p. d. Mack, by Mr. Best's Monarch out of Marcia, beat Mr. Clarke's blk. d. Sultan, by Mr. Heneage's Lancer out of Fly; Mr. Booth's blk. d. Ramrod, by Mr. Bartholomew's Mellish out of Fly won—Colonel Elmhirst's red p. d. Victor by Blue-ruin, out of Vesta, forfeited; Mr. Best's red b. Mavis, by Hercules out of Mite, beat Mr. Hoskins's red and wh. b. Hermia, by Manfred (Son of Bergami) out of Clara; Mr. E. Heneage's blk. p. d. Loadstone, by Lancer out of Lark, beat Mr. G. Alington's bl. d. Buzzard, by Balloon out of a bitch bred by Lord Rivers; Mr. Dawson's f. b. Myrtle, by his Hector out of Myrtle, beat Mr. Beridge's bl. p. b. Violet, by Blue-ruin out of Mr. Cotton's Cora; Mr. Golden's red b. Lady, by Capt. Searank's Tip out of Fly, beat Mr. Harneis's wh. d. Reformer, by Humphrey Clinker, out of —.

FIRST TIES.

Lady beat Mack.
Myrtle — Barefoot.
Loadstone — Ramrod.
Mavis — Harpalyse.

SECOND TIES.

Loadstone beat Mavis.
Lady — Myrtle.

Deciding Course.—Mr. Golden's red b. Lady beat Mr. E. Heneage's blk. p. d. Loadstone, and won the Cup: Loadstone the Sovereigns.

Louth St. Leger Stakes of eighty sovs. (sixteen subs.), fifteen sovs. to the second best dog.—Mr. Best's wh. p. d. Transit, by Coxcomb out of Tibby, beat Mr. Booth's red p. d. Bustler, by Mr. Chaplin's Gincrack out of his Sylph; Sir J. Johnstone's blk. and wh. d. Vagrant, by Balloon out of Violet, beat Mr. Wing's brin. and wh. d. Retriever; Mr. Golden's blk. b. Pessima, by Mr. Clarke's Banker out of Lady, beat Mr. Dawson's f. p. b. Fly, by Lancer out of Fly; Mr. G. Heneage's blk. b. Lady-bird, by Lancer out of Duchess, beat Mr. Chaplin's wh. d. Racer, by Mr. Booth's Stretcher out of Blue-bell; Mr. W. Loft's f. and wh. b. p. Mantle, by Mr. Best's Monarch out of Marcia, beat Mr. G. Alington's blk. and wh. b. Bride's-maid, by Balloon out of a bitch bred by Lord Rivers; Mr. E. Heneage's brin. b. Lapwing, by Selim out of Lark won—Col. Elmhirst's blk. tick. d. Bugle, by Balloon out of —, forfeited; Mr. Hoskins's blk. d. Helenus, by Dancer out of Hermione, beat Mr. Hassall's f. b. Hermitess, by Mr. Hoskins's Marmion out of Dr. Terry's Fly; Mr. Beridge's f. and wh. d. Wonder, by Dancer out of Fly, beat Mr. Bartholomew's dun. and wh. d. Clinker, by Humphrey Clinker, out of Old Sally.

FIRST TIES.

Mantle beat Helenus.
Lapwing — Lady-bird.
Transit — Wonder.
Vagrant — Pessima.

SECOND TIES.

Vagrant beat Transit.
Mantle — Lapwing.

Deciding Course.—Mr. W. Loft's f. and wh. b. Mantle beat Sir J. Johnstone's blk. and wh. d. Vagrant, and won the Stakes: Vagrant the Sovereigns.

Oaks Stakes of sixteen sovs., for Puppy Bitches.—Mr. Hoskins's red and wh. b. Hermione, by Dancer out of Bella, daughter of Blast, beat Mr. Beridge's bl. b. Blue-bell, by Blue-ruin out of Mr. Cotton's Cora; Mr. Hassall's blk. b. Haroldina, by Harold out of Harpalyse, beat Mr. Bartholomew's blk. and wh. tick. b. Nonsuch, by Blucher out of Fly; Mr. G. Heneage's f. b. Lilac, by Lancer out of Lark, won—Col. Elmhirst's bl. b. Moonshine, by Blue-ruin out of Matilda, forfeited; Sir J. Johnstone's blk. and wh. b.

Blossom, by Balloon out of a Derbyshire bitch, beat Mr. W. Loft's b. Fancy, by Mr. Nicholson's Menarch out of Duchess.

TIES.

Hermione beat Lilac.
Haroldina — Blossom.

Deciding Course.—Mr. Hassall's blk. b. *Haroldina* beat Mr. Hoskins's red and wh. b. *Hermione*, and won the Stakes.

Derby Stakes of sixteen sovs. for Puppy Dogs.—Mr. Golden's bl. and wh. d. *Rocket*, by Sir F. Boynton's Spring out of his bitch *Ruby*, beat Mr. E. Heneage's blk. d. *Larder*, by Lancer out of Lark; Mr. Hassall's red d. *Humphrey Clinker*, jun. by *Humphrey Clinker* out of *Handy*, beat Mr. Berridge's blk. d. *Balloon*, by *Blue-ruin* out of *Cora*; Mr. G. Alington's red tick. d. *Harlequin*, by his Champion out of a Milton bitch, beat Mr. Hoskins's brin. d. *Herdsmen*, by Spring out of *Herminia*; Mr. Best's red d. *Champion*, by *Gilder* out of *Clari*, beat Mr. Bartholomew's yel. and wh. d. *Balloon*, by *Melish* out of Mr. Loft's Fly.

TIES.

Humphrey Clinker, jun. beat *Rocket*.
Harlequin — *Champion*.

Deciding Course.—Mr. Hassall's red d. *Humphrey Clinker*, jun. beat Mr. G. Alington's red tick. d. *Harlequin*, and won the Stakes.

Tathwell All-age Stakes of sixteen sovs.—Mr. Golden's red d. *The Colonel*, by Major Bower's *Berry* out of Mr. Hassall's *Wildfire*, beat Sir J. Johnstone's blk. and wh. p. d. *Bolivar*, by *Balloon* out of a Derbyshire bitch; Mr. Best's red b. *Tibby*, by *Turk* out of Mr. Loft's *Marcia*, beat Mr. Hoskins's blk. d. *Herbert*, by *Grasper* out of *Harebell*; Mr. Chaplin's dun d. *Hamlet*, by *Manfred*, Son of *Bergami*, out of *Clara*, beat Mr. Bartholomew's red and wh. b. *Sylph*, by *Humphrey Clinker* out of *Old Sally*; Mr. Berridge's bl. b. *Blue-bell*, by *Blue-ruin* out of *Cora*, beat Mr. Chaplin's red b. *Minnikin*, by Mr. Best's *Streamer* out of his *Nell*.

TIES.

Tibby beat *The Colonel*.
Hamlet — *Blue-bell*.

Deciding Course.—Mr. Best's red and wh. b. *Tibby* beat Mr. Chaplin's dun d. *Hamlet*, and won the Stakes.

Witheall All-Age Stakes of sixteen sovs.—Mr. Hoskins's red and wh. b. *Hecuba*, by *Manfred*, Son of *Bergami*, out of *Clara*, beat Mr. G. Heneage's blk. d. *Lightfoot*, by Lancer out of *Venus*; Mr. Golden's red d. *Regent*, by Mr. Cartwright's *Regent*, out of —, beat Mr. Chaplin's wh. d. *Racer*, by *Stretcher* out

of Mr. Booth's *Blue-bell*; Mr. Best's f. d. *Malek*, by *Hercules* out of *Modesty*, beat Sir J. Johnstone's blk. d. *Rokeby*, by *Balloon* out of *Rose-bud*; Mr. Bartholomew's dun and wh. d. *Clinker*, by *Humphrey Clinker* out of *Old Sally*, beat Mr. E. Heneage's brin. b. *Lydia*, by *Lancer* out of *Levity*.

TIES.

Regent beat *Malek*.
Clinker — *Hecuba*.

Deciding Course.—Mr. Golden's red d. *Regent* beat Mr. Bartholomew's dun and wh. d. *Clinker*, and won the Stakes.

Puppy Stakes of eight sovs. for bitches.—Mr. Hoskins's blk. b. *Helena*, by *Dancer* out of *Bella*, daughter of *Blast*, beat Mr. Golden's bl. b. *Ruby*, by Sir F. Boynton's Spring out of his *Ruby*; Mr. Berridge's blk. tick. *Minna*, by Lancer out of Mr. Chaplin's *Minnikin*, beat Mr. Hassall's blk. and wh. b. *Herring*, by *Harold*, out of —.

Deciding Course.—Mr. Hoskins's blk. b. *Helena* beat Mr. Berridge's blk. b. *Minnikin*, and won the Stakes.

Puppy Stakes of eight sovs. for dogs.—Mr. Hoskins's bl. d. *Hazard*, by Mr. Holbrook's *Marquis* out of a *Bergami* bitch, beat Mr. E. Heneage's blk. d. *Larder*, by Lancer out of Lark; Sir J. Johnstone's blk. and wh. d. *Bolivar*, by *Balloon* out of a Derbyshire bitch, beat Mr. Best's blk. and wh. d. *Briton*, by *Balloon*, out of *Brocard*.

Deciding Course.—Sir J. Johnstone's blk. and wh. d. *Bolivar* beat Mr. Hoskins's bl. d. *Hazard*, and won the Stakes.

Puppy Stakes of eight sovs.—Mr. Best's red and wh. b. *Milkmaid*, by *Comb* out of his *Minna*, beat Sir J. Johnstone's blk. b. *Rosette*, by *Balloon* out of *Rosebud*; Mr. E. Heneage's red b. *Lilac*, by Lancer out of Lark, beat Mr. Berridge's blk. d. *Balloon*, by *Blue-ruin* out of *Cora*.

Deciding Course.—Mr. Best's red and wh. d. *Milkmaid* beat Mr. E. Heneage's red b. *Lilac*, and won the Stakes.

Louth All-Age Stakes of eight sovs.—Mr. Hoskins's red. d. *Hermes*, by *Dancer* out of *Hermione*, beat Mr. Bartholomew's blk. and wh. b. *Clara*, by Mr. Swan's *Marmaduke* out of *Careless*; Mr. Best's red b. *Harpy*, by *Hercules* out of *Clari*, beat Sir J. Johnstone's blk. and wh. d. *Bertram*, by *Balloon* out of a Derbyshire bitch.

Deciding Course.—Mr. Hoskins's red d. *Hermes* beat Mr. Best's red b. *Harpy*, and won the Stakes.

Tathwell Grange Puppy Stakes of eight sovs.—Sir J. Johnstone's blk. b. *Varna*, by *Balloon* out of *Violet*, beat Mr. Hoskins's brin. d. *Herdsmen*, by Spring out of *Herminia*; Mr. Best's bl. d. *Ge-*

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hawk, by Gilder out of Clari, beat Mr. W. Loft's blk. b. Fancy, by Mr. Nicholson's Monarch out of Duchess.

Deciding Course.—Mr. Best's bl. d. *Goshawk* beat Sir J. Johnstone's blk. b. Varna, and won the Stakes.

Matches.—Col. Elmhirst's Victor beat Mr. Berridge's (Mr. Ffarmerie's) Hero; Mr. Berridge's (Mr. Ffarmerie's) Gipsy beat Col. Elmhirst's Moonshine; Col. Elmhirst's Blowsy beat Mr. Chaplin's Lily; Col. Elmhirst's Bugle beat Mr. R. Chaplin's Highland Laddie; Mr. Hoskins's Hecuba beat Mr. Berridge's (Mr. Maxwell's) Lady; Mr. Hoskins's Hermes beat Mr. Chaplin's Guy; Mr. Hoskins's Highland Laddie beat Mr. G. Heneage's Lady-bird; Mr. Booth's Bustler beat Mr. E. Heneage's Lamplighter.

It would be a task of too great a magnitude to attempt to give an outline of every course run at this Meeting: therefore we shall suffice it by remarks on the deciding courses of some of the principal Stakes. Mr. Golden's Lady, the winner of the Cup, is evidently a very superior little bitch and mistress (with apparent ease) of all her opponents. The next and most important of all Stakes run at this Meeting is the Louth St. Leger, where the most celebrated dogs of the Members from different counties are here placed together to contend for this prize, undoubtedly on the best ground and against the strongest hares that all England can produce; and after one of the prettiest courses perhaps ever seen, was won in fine style by Mr. W. Loft's Mantle beating Sir J. Johnstone's Vagrant, whose running, as well as his more successful opponent, obtained the admiration of all present; and these are without exception two of the prettiest and most compact greyhounds ever slipped. The Louth St. Leger Stake has now been established three years, and won twice by puppies out of Mr. W. Loft's Marcia, as follows:—

1829, Mr. Best's Tibby, by his Turk, out of Mr. Loft's Marcia.

1830, Mr. Berridge's Wonder, by Mr. Hoskins's Dancer, out of Mr. Milward's Fly.

1831, Mr. W. Loft's Mantle, by Mr. Best's Monarch, out of his Marcia.

The Oaks and Derby Stakes were both won by Mr. Hassall's dogs, whose celebrity has been proved at previous Meetings of this Society. Tibby (winner of the St. Leger in 1829), in a most tremendous course with Mr. Chaplin's Hamlet, carried off the Tathwell All-Age Stakes. The six other Stakes were won, after excellent courses, by dogs belonging to Mr. Golden, Mr. Hoskins, Sir J. Johnstone, and Mr. Best.

THE ILSLEY.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 7TH.

For the Cup and Sovereigns.—Mr. Webb's bl. d. Worst beat Mr. Williams's (of Denchworth) bl. and wh. b. Willing; Mr. Bowles's bl. b. Esther beat Mr. Anderson's f. b. Mouse; Mr. West's yel. and wh. b. Venus beat Mr. Alder's f. d. Alacrity; Mr. Dundas's yel. d. Dictator beat Mr. Williams's (of Ilsley) blk. b. Wireworm; Mr. Bennett's f. d. Buxton beat Mr. Alnutt's yel. d. Albert; Mr. Arundell's bl. d. Anthony beat Mr. Clarke's wh. b. Cloe; Mr. Elmore's f. b. Gem beat Dr. Mitford's blk. b. Murphy; Mr. Ensworth's blk. b. Earwig beat Captain Lidderdale's (Mr. Dundas's Duke) blk. puppy d. Liberator.

FIRST TIES FOR THE CUP AND SOVEREIGNS.

Worst beat Esther.
Buxton — Anthony.
Venus — Dictator.
Earwig — Gem.

The Ilsley Stakes of one sovereign each.—Mr. Bennett's yel. d. Beverley beat Mr. Bowles's blk. b. Ebony; Mr. Arundell's bl. and wh. b. Anne beat Mr. Williams's (of Ilsley) r. b. Wildfire; Captain Lidderdale's f. and wh. p. b. Come-again beat Mr. Williams's (of Denchworth) bl. b. Willing; Dr. Mitford's brin. d. Myrtle beat Mr. Ensworth's blk. d. Euston.

THURSDAY THE 8TH.

SECOND TIES FOR THE CUP AND SOVEREIGNS.

Venus beat Worst.
Earwig — Buxton.

Deciding Course for the Cup.—Venus beat Earwig and won the Cup; Earwig the Sovereigns.—Venus was got by Mr. Best's Turk out of Mr. W. Loft's Marcia; Mr. West's Wasp that won the Bowers Cup, and Mr. Best's Tibby that won the Malton Cup; were sisters to Venus.

TIES FOR THE STAKES.

Beverley beat Anne.
Come-again — Myrtle.

Deciding Course for the Stakes.—Come-again beat Beverley, and won the Stakes. She was got by Dictator (son of Senator) out of Mr. Dundas's Darling, by the late Mr. Northby's Negro out of Nettle by Newby (winner of the Newmarket Cup) out of Nun. Negro was by Reserve out of Nankeen; Nettle was also the dam of Dictator.

Hares were plenty and good sport, although the weather was so unfavorable.

THE BOWERS.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1831.

For the Cup, Goblet, and Gravy Spoons.

—Mr. Ormond's cream b. Ophelia (Shippery's Silverlocks) beat Mr. Gering's yel. b. Gaylass; Mr. West's red and wh. b. Venus beat Mr. Ensworth's blk. b. Ebony; Mr. Warman's yel. d. Wagstaff beat Mr. Goodlake's yel. and wh. d. Gos-hawke; Mr. Wayne's bl. b. Windrush beat Mr. Shippery's yel. b. Spring; Mr. Godfrey's blk. b. Gossip (Shippery's Shute) beat Mr. Williams's (Ilseley) wh. b. Wildflower; Mr. Cowdry's blk. b. Cholera beat Mr. Bush's blk. b. Bess; Mr. Tarrant's blk. b. True beat Mr. King's f. d. Knighton; Mr. Nash's blk. d. Nectar beat Mr. Trinder's bl. d. Towser; Mr. Bennett's yel. and wh. d. Beverley beat Mr. Allnutt's yel. d. Albert; Mr. Hains's f. d. Wallace beat Mr. Williams's (Denchworth) bl. b. Willing; Mr. West's red b. Vesta beat Mr. Tuckey's blk. and wh. b. Tiptoe; Mr. Bowles's bl. b. Esther (Mr. Ensworth's) beat Mr. Evans's blk. b. Witch.

FIRST TIES FOR THE CUP.

Ophelia	beat	Venus.
Wagstaff	—	Windrush.
Gossip	—	Cholera.
Beverley	—	Wallace.
Esther	—	Vesta.

True ran a bye—Nectar drawn lame.

Lambourn Stakes of two sovs. each.

Mr. Trinder's blk. and wh. b. Tulip beat Mr. Williams's f. d. Witchcraft; Mr. West's f. and wh. d. Wagoner beat Mr. Allnutt's blk. b. Adelaide; Mr. Bennett's f. and wh. p. d. Buxton, by Snail, beat Mr. Tarrant's blk. b. Truelove; Mr. Ensworth's blk. b. Earwig beat Mr. Ormond's bl. d. Omnibus.

TIES FOR THE LAMBOURN STAKES.

Wagoner	beat	Tulip.
Buxton	—	Earwig.

FRIDAY THE 25TH.

SECOND TIES FOR THE CUP.

Gossip	beat	Ophelia.
Esther	—	Beverley.

Deciding Course for the Cup.—Gossip won the Cup, Truelove the Goblet, and Esther the Gravy Spoons.

Gossip was got by Black Rector out of Sprite (winner of the Goblet at Ilseley), by Whisker out of Strider, by Gelart out of Skilful (winner of the Bowers Cup), by Capt. Lidderdale's celebrated dog Champion out of a daughter of Snowball, purchased by Mr. Isherwood of Major Topham. Sprite was also the dam of Sybilla by Senator.

Deciding Course for the Lambourn Stakes.—Buxton beat Wagoner, and won the Stakes, after a long and severe course.

Unluckily for Wagoner, after his running with Tulip, before he could be taken into couples, he ran two courses single handed, by hares jumping up before him; the second a long one, up a severe hill and back to the hare warren.

Buxton is only a puppy, got by Capt. Lidderdale's bl. d. Snail out of an own Sister to Mr. Goodlake's Goldmine. Buxton is own Brother to Mr. Goodlake's Great Ben, but a little younger.

THE EPSOM.

The Cup was won by Mr. Pouche's Ploughboy beating in the deciding course Mr. Bolland's Banker, who won the Goblet.

The Headley Stakes was won by Mr. Knight's Adelaide beating Mr. Reid's Rainbow; the Union Stakes by Mr. Reid's Reticule beating Mr. Floud's Major; the Ewell Stakes by Mr. Bolland's Rufus beating Mr. Collins's Spring; the Ashted Stakes by Mr. Wells's Ned beating Mr. Bolland's Nisus; the Woodmansterne Stakes by Mr. Bolland's Rhoda beating Mr. Reeve's Rodney; and the Woodcote Park Stakes by Mr. Knight's Adelaide beating Mr. Wells's Waxy.

The meeting was well attended, the hares were numerous, and ran remarkably well, especially at Mr. Howard's, at Ashted, on Tuesday. The coursing on Wednesday was on Epsom Downs, and on Thursday on Leatherhead Downs.

THE DEPTFORD.

The Cup was won by Mr. Goodlake's Gewgaw, and the Sovereigns by Mr. Goodlake's Great Ben.

The Derby Stakes, 10 subs. of three sovs. each, was won by Mr. Etwall's Encore beating Captain Wyndham's Wood; the Oaks, 11 subs. three sovs. each, by Sir J. Hawkins's Blue-bird beating Mr. Goodlake's Guinea-fowl; the Fisher-ton Stakes, by Mr. Etwall's Eurys beating Mr. Brouncker's Bona; and the Deptford Stakes, by Mr. Brouncker's Bob beating Captain Wyndham's Wildfire.

Several Matches were run. The hares were strong, and the sport excellent.

THE COCKNEY.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 21ST, 1831.

AT NETHERHAVEN (WILTS).

For the Puppy Cup.—Mr. Bailly's f. b. Baronet beat Mr. Rice's red d. Rufus; Mr. Elmore's b. b. Ellen beat Mr. Tilbury's b. b. Trinket; Mr. Elmore's brn. b. Ene-

Emerald beat Mr. Clarke's red d. Clown; Mr. Clarke's bl. and wh. b. Columbine beat Mr. Bailly's red b. Blanche.

The Netherhaven Stakes.—Mr. Elmore's wh. b. Belle beat Mr. Anderson's brin. b. Lark; Mr. Elmore's f. b. Mouse beat Mr. Clarke's blue b. Crutch; Mr. Bailly's bl. d. Bustard beat Mr. Patient's f. d. Hector; Mr. Rice's f. b. Rhoda beat Mr. Bailly's b. b. Bella.

FIRST TIES FOR THE CUP.

Baronet beat Ellen.
Columbine against Emerald.

The tie between Columbine and Emerald could not be decided this day in consequence of a bad slip, when both were unsighted, and Columbine, before she could be taken up, ran a single-handed course against a fresh hare, and it was consequently agreed to postpone the tie till the next day.

The Jenner Stakes.—Mr. Elmore's f. b. Gem beat Mr. Anderson's f. d. Baron; Mr. Clarke's b. and wh. b. Cora beat Mr. Rivers's b. d. Bertram; Mr. Patient's r. and wh. d. Pilot beat Mr. Clarke's r. d. Caspar; Mr. Bailly's b. b. Bashful beat Mr. Rice's b. d. Rush.

Matches.—Mr. Rice's Ruby against Mr. Tilbury's Tib (no course); Mr. Rivers's Bess beat Mr. Elmore's Eagle.

TUESDAY THE 22D.

AT ENFORD.

TIE FOR THE CUP

Columbine beat Emerald.

TIES FOR THE NETHERHAVEN STAKES.

Belle beat Bustard.
Mouse — Rhoda.

TIES FOR THE JENNER STAKES.

Pilot beat Bashful.
Gem — Cora.

The Enford Stakes.—Mr. Anderson's brin. b. Lark beat Mr. Tilbury's red b. Tib; Mr. Bailly's r. b. Blanche beat Mr. Rice's bl. d. Rush; Mr. Bailly's b. b. Blarney beat Mr. Elmore's bl. b. Ellen; Mr. Elmore's b. d. Eagle beat Mr. Rice's red d. Rufus.

Matches.—Mr. Clarke's Crutch beat Mr. Rivers's Bertram; Mr. Patient's Hector beat Mr. Anderson's Baron; Mr. Clarke's Caspar beat Mr. Anderson's Alert; Mr. Bailly's Bella beat Mr. Rice's Ruby; Mr. Patient's Hector beat Mr. Clarke's Clown.

WEDNESDAY THE 23D.

AT NETHERHAVEN.

TIES FOR THE ENFORD STAKES.

Blanche beat Lark.
Blarney — Eagle.

Deciding Course for the Cup.—Mr. Bailly's f. d. *Baronet*, by Belcher out of Rosemary, beat Mr. Clarke's b. and wh. b. Columbine, by Essex out of Miss, and won the Cup.

Deciding Course for the Netherhaven Stakes.—Mr. Elmore's f. b. *Mouse* beat Mr. Elmore's wh. b. Belle, and won the Stakes.

Deciding Course for the Jenner Stakes.—Mr. Elmore's f. b. *Gem* beat Mr. Patient's r. and wh. d. Pilot, and won the Stakes.

Deciding Course for the Enford Stakes.—Mr. Bailly's r. b. *Blanche* beat Mr. Bailly's h. b. Blarney, and won the Stakes.

Matches.—Mr. Clarke's Cora beat Mr. Rice's Rhoda; Mr. Clarke's Crutch beat Mr. Rivers's Bertram; Mr. Bailly's Bustard beat Mr. Elmore's Belle; Mr. Rice's Rush beat Mr. Rivers's Bess; Mr. Rice's Rhoda beat Mr. Patient's Hector; Mr. Clarke's Crutch beat Mr. Bailly's Bashful; Mr. Bailly's Bustard beat Mr. Clarke's Cora; Mr. Elmore's Emerald beat Mr. Rice's Rush.

The Club is greatly indebted to the friendly judgment of Mr. Ackerman, whose decision on every course gave perfect satisfaction to all parties.

THE ABERYSTWYTH.

THURSDAY, NOV. 9TH, 1831.

For the All-aged Cup.—Mr. Harris's br. b. Hybla beat Mr. J. Hughes's r. d. Mabus; Mr. Hunt's wh. b. Laura beat Mr. Morgan's r. and wh. b. Tweed; Mr. Richardes's r. d. Nollekens beat Mr. Parry's blk. d. Rocket; Mr. Williams's b. and wh. d. Welsh Rabbit beat Colonel Phillipps's r. b. Primrose; Mr. Evans's blk. d. Ebony beat Mr. Powell's br. d. Popgun; Mr. Hughes's blk. and wh. d. Magpie beat Mr. Morgan's r. d. Idris; Mr. Harries's r. d. Honour beat Mr. Powell's br. d. Ploughboy; Mr. Evans's blk. d. Phantom beat Mr. Williams's b. and wh. d. William Tell.

FIRST TIES.

Nollekens beat Magpie.
Laura — Welsh Rabbit.
Phantom — Honour.
Hybla — Ebony.

SECOND TIES.

Nollekens beat Laura.
Hybla — Phantom.

Mr. Richardes's *Nollekens* beat Mr. Harries's Hybla, and won the Cup; Hybla the *Sovereigns*.—Nollekens was bred by Colonel Newport Charlott.

THE NEWMARKET.

This Meeting commenced on the 13th December, and continued four days, the sport affording much gratification to a numerous company. The Cup was won by Mr. S. Tharp's Nelson beating in the deciding course Mr. Caldwell's Roadster; the Chippenham Puppy Stakes, by Mr. Wilkinson's Clipper beating Duke of Gordon's Vestris; and the Newmarket Puppy Stakes, by Mr. Gent's Gaza beating Mr. Buckworth's Kneller.—A great many matches were run.

THE LANARKSHIRE AND RENFREWSHIRE.

This Club held their Meeting on the estate of Sir John Maxwell, of Pollok, near Glasgow, on the 24th, 26th, and 28th of November. The following was the result of the sport :—

The Sweepstakes for Dogs of All Ages, 34 subs., was won by Mr. W. G. Borron's Lancashire Witch. It is worthy of remark that Lancashire Witch is not less than seven years of age, and is well known in the neighbourhood of Manchester. The style of her present performance, in beating some of the very best dogs in Scotland, furnishes another instance of the decided superiority of the English over the Scotch greyhounds.—The Cup for young dogs, 14 competitors, was won in a most superior manner by Mr. W. Geddes's Go; and the Young Stakes, 12 subs., by Mr. G. H. Dundas's Dummkopf.

THE SUTHERLAND.

This Coursing Meeting was held in Ross-shire upon the 30th November, and 1st and 2d December. The hares ran uncommonly strong, the weather was beautiful, and the sport excellent, and was not a little enhanced by the kindness of Mr. Davidson, of Tulloch, M.P., bringing his harriers to the ground upon the third day

of the Meeting after the ties were run off, which afforded capital sport. The Cup was presented to the Meeting by R. M'Leod, Esq. M.P. for Sutherland.

For the Cup and Sweepstakes.—Mr. S. M'K. Ross's r. and w. b. Village Maid beat Mr. Houston's b. d. Lepus; Mr. Sinclair's b. and w. d. Careless beat Mr. Reid's b. b. Fairy; Mr. Gilchrist's b. d. Reveler beat Mr. S. M'K. Ross's b. d. Vulcan; Mr. Sinclair's b. d. The Banker beat Mr. Houston's b. b. Fly; Mr. Rose's y. b. Favourite beat Mr. G. Murray's b. and w. d. Victor; Mr. Craig's b. b. Rose beat Mr. Guthrie's r. d. Ludd; Major Mackay's r. d. Violence beat Mr. Murray's r. b. Fanny; Mr. Guthrie's b. b. Louisa beat Mr. Craig's b. d. Acton; Mr. Craig's b. d. Ryno beat Mr. M'K. Ross's y. b. Violet; Mr. M'K. Ross's f. b. Vanity beat Mr. Reid's br. d. Magnus; Mr. Williamson's w. d. Oscar beat Mr. Bander's w. d. Swift.

FIRST TIES.

Careless beat Village Maid,
Banker — Reveler.
Favourite — Rose.
Vanity — Violence.
Ryno beat Oscar.
(Louisa drawn lame.)

SECOND TIES.

Favourite beat Careless.
Vanity — Banker.
Ryno, a bye.

THIRD TIES.

Favourite beat Vanity.
Ryno, a bye.

Deciding Course.—Mr. Craig's Ryno beat Mr. Rose's Favourite, and won the Cup; Favourite the Sovereigns.

Match.—Mr. Sinclair of Foras's b. d. The Banker beat Mr. M'K. Ross of Aldie's f. b. Vanity.

Among the above 22 dogs eight are winners of Cups or Sweepstakes.

ON CLIPPING THE HUNTER,

If I had a hunter wot was very rough,
Do'st think I'd clip him?—No, no, no!

SUA cuique voluptas! "everyone to his liking," as the Devil said when he painted himself pea-green: but Fashion is everything in these days; and who will be so rash as to disregard the opinions

of the "fast ones" and the elite? Strange, Mr. Editor, as it may appear, I rank amongst the few, the very few of those who are not afraid of thinking, yes and acting for themselves. I am one of

those ignorant and vulgar beings, who, although fond of chasing the fox or hare, am not accustomed to chase my fish around the persecuted platter*, but always set to work (*Deo volente*) with *knife* and *fork*; so, likewise, although it is now the fashion to clip the hunter, I fear not to dissent from public opinion, although backed, I allow, by many of the "right sort:" and against the voice of Fashion, and, as most of my readers will probably think, of reason also, I leave my generous slave in full possession of the covering which all-considerate Nature has provided for him. Proceed we now to my reasons for so acting.

The general argument in favour of clipping the hunter is this—viz. that after a long day he will dry the sooner, and consequently not be detained so long under the hands of the groom; he will therefore experience the advantage of more rest and quiet. The truth of this statement I do not deny; but, on the same principle, we might as well argue that it would be expedient to ride hunting *sine* shirt, ah! and *sine* inexpressibles, if decency would allow, in order that on our return home, drenched perhaps to the skin, we might not have the trouble of changing, and consequently would get beneath the mahogany the sooner. I am fain to break out in the following soliloquy—

"Pity the sorrows of a poor clipp'd steed,
Who shivering stands beside the covert
side;
Gaily my master puffs the fragrant weed,
Regardless of my cold and naked hide!"

If a horse be in good condition—and no one can deny but

that with hard strapping and due attention a rough-coated animal even may be brought into tip-top trim—if a horse, I say, be in good condition, he will, after a sharp burst and quick, with sharp and quick hounds (it is the *pace* that kills), dry in a few minutes. I speak not from theory, but *practice*, for I myself have known this to be the case. Again, the clipped horse takes away all credit from the groom; for, as amongst a clipped stud there is no hard labour required, it remains in doubt whether the groom be an honest hard-working man or not: and, in truth, if it were not for the leathers, which are now so much in vogue, and which must cost nearly as much labour as the clipped hunter, I conjecture that the stableman would not know how to pass the time profitably—he would be troubled with *ennui*. Hence, probably, would arise sundry mishaps amongst the *female* department: John would get into trouble: for when one is idle and has nothing to do, then is it that human frailty yieldeth to enticement. Thus was it with David, and such will be the case *ad infinitum*, until fox-hunting shall come to an end, and all other joys. The only colour that will look to advantage under the operation of the scissors is the grey: all other clipped horses assume a non-descript appearance, and "*qui color pulcher fuit, nunc est contrarius pulchro.*" I am inclined to believe that the custom of clipping arises more from a subservience to the fashion of the day than from any other motive. I am one of those unnatural beings

* The present fashionable mode of discussing fish is in my opinion perfectly ridiculous. The practice is copied from the French. Doubtless, in some matters they surpass us, but I like most things à l'Anglaise.

who prefer to follow the bent of my own inclination (provided it be not contrary to the law of God or man), rather than the domineering law of Fashion; and, although *corduroys* and unclipped nags are now considered dead slow, I am content to be ranked amongst the vulgar.

I trust, Mr. Editor, that no reader of your pages will be offended at this my candour, for British blood floweth in my veins; and it is the characteristic of an Englishman to speak his mind. I quarrel with no one; "*Sua cuique voluptas*" is my motto.

A BRITON.

THE LAMBTON HOUNDS.

SIR,

I Sent you a Song describing a brilliant chase with the Lambton Hounds two or three years ago, and if you consider the following worthy of a niche in your Magazine it is much at your service.

Yours, &c.

A SUBSCRIBER.

Elton, Dec. 6, 1831.

THOUGH Midnight her dark frowning mantle is spreading,
 Yet Time flies unheeded when Bacchus presides:
 Fill, fill then your glasses, his power never dreading,
 And drink to the hounds o'er which LAMBTON presides.
 Though toast after toast with great glee we have given,
 The highest top-sparkling bumper decides,
 That for *bottom, pace, beauty*—on this side of Heaven—
 Unrival'd the hounds o'er which LAMBTON presides!
 Let Uckerby* boast of the feats of the *Raby*,
 And Ravenscarr† tell what the *Hurworth* have done;
 But the wide-spreading pastures of Sadberge can swear to
 The brushes our fleet pack of fox-hounds have won.
 Then that Sedgefield, our country, all countries outvies, Sir,
 The highest top-sparkling bumper decides;
 That we've foxes can fly, Sir.....or sinking, must die, Sir,
 When press'd by the hounds o'er which LAMBTON presides.
 Of their heart-bursting *flights* let the *Leicestershire* tell us,
 Their burning-scent pastures, and that sort of stuff;
 But give me a day with the Sedgefield brave fellows,
 Where horses nor men ever cry "hold—enough!"
 Whilst the blood of old *Cæsar* our foxes can boast, Sir,
 May LAMBTON their *only stern enemy* be!
 And the green waving gorse of our coverts, my toast, Sir—
 Oh! the *Dog* and *Bitch* packs of the LAMBTON for me!

* A celebrated covert in the Raby Hunt.

† Ditto in the Hurworth.

SYMPTOMS OF CHOLERA MORBUS.

"I don't think," says Bill, "them 'ere chaps, with their splees,
 Wot attack'd us just now, had a notion to rob us."
 "No," says Tom; "but I think they have catch'd the disease,
 Which seem'd strongly inclining to *Collar* or *mob* us."

FOX-HUNTING *versus* WALTZING.

Go ! let that lovely form be clasp'd
By him of lighter brow,
The waltz can have few charms for one
As tired as I am now.

But when thy steps are gliding o'er
The spot I've traced with thee,
Then let one moment's thought recal
One moment's throb for me.

The latest sigh is said to be
The prelude to a dream.....
And next to a fond waking thought
I'd be.....a sleeping theme!

Now go ; no longer linger here ;
Beam thou where *all* are bright ;
And may thy spirit's smile illumine
Life's gloomy sigh.....Good night !

Dorsetshire.

A NATIVE.

THE ITALIAN BOY.

CHILD of Misfortune ! from thy birth
Bereft of every social joy,
Exiled from thy loved home on earth,
Thou wandered here THE ITALIAN BOY !

With patient perseverance thou
Toil'd on amid life's dull employ,
And oft I hear thy accents now—
“ Pity the poor ITALIAN BOY ! ”

What pen can paint thy parents' state
Of suffering, grief—of deep alloy,
When made acquainted with the fate
Of thee, their lost ITALIAN BOY !

Entrusted to a stranger-land,
Whose flattering hopes too oft decoy,
While roving on a foreign strand,
Thou still wert *their* ITALIAN BOY.

The demon came ! fell fiends of hell
In human garb, but to destroy ;
On thee their dire destruction fell,
The murderers of THE ITALIAN BOY.

Oh ! may thy *unburied* spirit glide
To realms where care can ne'er annoy,
And Heaven afford what *earth* denied,
A refuge to THE ITALIAN BOY !

A NATIVE.

ANACREON—ODE XIII.

If treasures could to mortals give
A longer term of years to live,
Who would not take the utmost care
To hoard his gold and slowly spare ;
And when stern Death approach'd would say,
“ *Hoicks! hoicks! old Stormer—gone away!* ”

But since those riches cannot save
Frail mortals from a ruthless grave,
Why vainly sigh—why vainly grieve?
Ourselves 'tis fruitless to deceive:
For Death will come, nor will he spare
The man who charges fence or bar.

Give us then freely while we live,
The mantling bowl.....those bright joys give
Which the most rugged path can cheer—
Beauty kind, and our friends sincere.
Happy could we always find
Friends were sincere, and Beauty kind!

HAFIZ.

INSCRIPTION NEAR A WATERFALL,

DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY OF LORD BYRON.

BREATH to the leafy woods the spell of Fame,
And teach the murmuring waters BYRON's name:
So shall the soft wings of the coming breeze
People with glowing forms the cloister'd trees,
And o'er yon wave beneath the willow shine
The scenes of Lemane and the hues of Rhine!

HAFIZ.

GILBERT FORESTER'S TOUR IN THE WEST, CONTINUED.

“ Hilliho—hilliho! the steed neighs in the stall,
A challenge as gay as the war-trumpet's call;
And the splendour of spirit, the sinew of fame,
Lights up his dark eye, and his nostril of flame.
Hilliho—hilliho! press his sleek sides, and ride
Where the glad hearts are met by the bonny brake side.”

ALTHOUGH, Mr. Editor, I have but little to detail this month, that little (rather than that the thread of my story should be broken) you shall have; and, should it prove insignificant and of little interest, though I shall ever deplore such a result to my labours, I must entreat you and my worthy friends will, in this particular instance, take the will for the deed—as I assure them, if this dish (as is likely) be wanting in flavour, the next I have the honour of serving up shall be *piquant* and well seasoned. I would spin out my yarn by a copious and pathetic introduc-

tion, but I have just caught sight of the groom in his top-boots and spurs looking the very picture of bustle and departure; and, as if that were not enough to hurry my movements, the clock, with its everlasting tic-tic, keeps reminding me I have to ride to Sir Arthur Chichester's to-day. So to the point at once.

Being resolved to have another shy with Captain Luttrell's pack ere I left his country, in order to observe more closely their style of working in different countries and with different scent, I embraced the opportunity on the 6th inst. The distance to the fixture (Coombe Wood) was rather formidable, being some dozen miles; but what *out-and-outer* cares for, or reckons, miles? With me 'twas a mere bagatelle; so, after strengthening my inward man by the application of a good breakfast (a thing *entre nous* never to be sneezed at), I mounted my steed, and trotted off with sanguine expectations of pleasure. On my way I overtook the brave Captain and his family, *i. e.* his pack, both, I am happy to say, looking in good condition and quite ready for the fray. The hounds have been gaining honors in the field since last I followed them, and it has improved their appearance; for they are now *tip-top* sawyers as to condition. We had seventeen couples out, and as they paced before me I felt assured this kennel would ere long be a slap up one. We had to pass under Crowcombe Heath in our way, where old Archer hit a drag; yet, being assured our fox was close at hand (for the old dog is no disciple of Munchausen), we kept steadily on to the point where we expected some regular

ones might be waiting for us, it being but five miles from Taunton. I confess I expected from this circumstance a large field would have mustered, and that some clipping work would be done. Imagine, then, my surprise at seeing merely a few of the country gentlemen I have before mentioned, and not a Tauntonian amongst them. I had heard there were some of the true breed in this town—some who, next to a pretty woman, love the sight of a fox's brush. If such there are, *this* was not one of their hunting days. I am not at all times an advocate for a numerous field, being selfish enough to think more enjoyment may be had with a select few. The former frequently occasions so much riding, scrambling, jostling, and hallooing as to disturb the dogs, and prevent them keeping to their business; but, if men will be *quiet*, a good sprinkling of red coats is unquestionably an animating and agreeable sight; and particularly so to the *Master* of the hounds, who must feel, by such attendance, that his efforts are appreciated and acknowledged. "*Chacun à son gout, sa folie!*" and if (as I suppose) the bucks of Taunton find more charms in accompanying the pretty girls in their shopping or morning calls, or lounging over the last new novel at the reading-rooms, than they do in a smart burst across country, *il n'y a rien à dire.*" I can only say what the wisest man said... "there is a time for everything;" and in spite of all that has been uttered by *cadaverous*-looking cockney dandies, and even pretty little mouths too, about a fox-hunter being good for nothing in the evening, I can

safely declare, a fox-hunter, if he is good for anything at all, can flirt with a lady, glide through a quadrille, or join in a game of blind man's buff, quite as gaily after a day's sport, as any of your pale-faced fellows who have never moved from the fire-side, and seem made for nothing but

"To caper nimbly in a lady's chamber
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute."

For my part, I think it advisable to let no opportunity of enjoyment escape, and to seize Pleasure in whatever shape the capricious deity may present herself; for

"Who would live but just to breathe
This idle air, and indolently run,
Day after day, the still returning round
Of life's dull offices and sickly joys?"

Walking with a pretty girl and whispering soft nothings is very agreeable, that's certain; but I should take care to make my assignation when there was no chance of the scent being good. Lounging over a newspaper or a novel is also agreeable; but that can be done as well on a rainy day when no fox would venture from his hiding place, or hound be seen out of his kennel: but to waste in idle and feminine enjoyments a day that might be spent in doing the brilliant across country, breathing the pure air of heaven, and hearing the deep music of the baying hound, is what I call a wilful expenditure of that article more precious than the richest diamonds of Golconda. In defending the hunter (if indeed he wants defence), I speak not of such characters as *Squire Western*, who I believe is the only model people who so indiscriminately launch their thunders at the species have to go by: I speak of sportsmen of the present

day; among whom you will certainly find many a convivial soul, but *never* characters unfit to enter a lady's presence: and if any fair one should honour *the Magazine* by a perusal, let me beg of her to look upon us in future rather more tenderly, and to feel assured, notwithstanding the sneers of the ill-natured, and the *libels of the Caricaturist* (who has, wittily enough, in representing the capsize of a lady in the field, chosen to make the man more solicitous for his horse than his fair companion), that we really *do* love them better than our steeds. What more can they wish for?

We pushed into covert in a very pretty part of the country, close to Sir Thomas Lethbridge's seat, Sandhill Park—a beautiful spot, and a good mansion, though seldom, I am informed, honored with its master's presence. Common chit-chat, which can never rest till it has found a cause for an effect, or *made one*, attributes this desertion to the political state of the horizon (and, to say truth, it is dark enough), which obliges its owner to seek a more quiet shelter in the Halls of Basildon Park, Hants. Though I am, without doubt, a staunch *Reformer*, and true to the cause in which our Noble King has shewn such firmness and energy, I may be allowed, I trust, as a sportsman, to regret the scenes that have been acted by its *soi-disant* upholders—the desolation created in our once smiling land. In every county are to be seen smoking farm-yards, squalid and houseless groups; and a foreigner would now in vain look for that contentment and plenty so peculiarly the boast and inheritance of the English peasantry. How-

ever, *nous verrons encore luire de beaux jours*, it is to be hoped, England be herself again, and the county of Somerset once more have its sporting Representative.

After feathering two or three coverts without success, sly-boots "being not at home," a solemn conclave was held, in which it was ordered, without a dissentient voice, that we should trot away to the spot where we had scented in the morning, and lose no more precious time in fruitless search. Having arrived, and our dogs laid on, soon were pug's footsteps descried leading into a fir plantation—an exceedingly fine covert for our game, thanks to the Squire of Crowcombe Court, whose property it is. The music now began to flow more pleasantly on the ear, and I felt assured we should have a glorious find, in which idea I was not disappointed; for soon was Will's cheerful voice heard encouraging his troops to do their duty, and run like devils; and "Go to him, Marksman!.....onwards, sweet Melody!" were the inspiring tones that greeted my ear—tones which, *pour dire la vérité*, I was savage enough at the moment to think sweeter than the Pasta's divinest outpourings. Pug took a full circuit round the hill, ran through an adjacent covert twice or thrice, but shewed a decided dislike to face the open, which I attributed either to his being a rank cur, or a very young one—the latter I believe was the case. The weather having been very unsettled, and the previous night stormy, the scent, as I fully expected, was not good; for, though we were in high and dry land, the thickets were so close and sedgy as to make the underlying tedious for

the hounds to carry a-head the varmint, which consequently gained much foot, and we were unable to put him to his heels across country: smaller hounds would have done the business better. Once or twice, after a run of about thirty minutes, he seemed inclined to do the thing handsomely, and face the open; but the death-breathing notes of his unyielding pursuers stifled the feeling in its birth; for, after trying it on a mile or two, and finding his enemies staunch, he paused a moment in bitter contemplation, put his best foot foremost, and beat a retreat at a swinging pace back to his stronghold. But sure enough there is no "rest for the wicked;" and soon was our hero glad to scour away again over hill and dale, keeping us, in consequence of the coldness of the scent, at a most respectable distance, till the inviting appearance of a farmstead in Stogumber parish induced him to end his labours for that day, and wish his kind attendants a good evening, and better sport next time.

I dare say my gentleman was no stranger to the farm, and knew some snug out-house in which to recruit his exhausted power. I regretted much this white-livered rascal got off so easily, and would have searched for him myself; but, remembering I had no *warrant*, Master Reynard received that mercy which otherwise would have been denied; and once more enjoyed the satisfaction of travelling back to his forest glen, and detailing to his admiring auditors the dangers he had passed.

The business of the day concluded, I turned my thoughts towards home, being anxious to

enjoy the comforts of a clean shirt and a good dinner; but my appetite, always very good, and now quickened by the air of the hills (which of all stimulants is the very best an epicure could choose), began to make such urgent calls as could not be resisted. I hungered, and I thirsted, not, alas! for the water of life, but for a drop of good malt; so (having heard much of the hospitality of the country people), despite my formidable appearance, in scarlet coat and broad-brimmed castor, I walked boldly up to a cottage, and backing my solicitations with the irresistible influence of a half-crown, entreated the accommodation of a rasher and a mug of ale. The cottage was clean, the woman active, and moreover pretty, with an eye of darkest blue, and golden hair braided over as fair a brow as ever shone in lady's bower. Her beauty was of that soft and gentle kind one does not expect to see in a cottage.....I don't know why; for how often do we see in the humblest walks of life faces that want but *soul* to make them perfect! To return: in ten minutes the bacon was toasted, the cloth laid, a brown loaf and a mug of ale placed on the table, and myself seated at it, doing ample justice to the delicious fare; for delicious it really was, and I pity the man whose appetite is so vitiated as not to think so.

Relating this little adventure has brought to my recollection an anecdote, which, as it amused me highly, may perhaps be equally acceptable to my readers:—A son of *Granta*, whose delight was rather in the sports of the field than in strutting about the streets of the University à la *Cantab*,

had been out very early one morning at a fox-chase; from which returning at a late hour, his appetite became so excessively keen that it was not to be resisted, and accordingly he resolved to beg alms at the first farm-house he might light on: his sight rendered keener by the cravings of his stomach, he soon espied a small house at some distance, which having gained, he offered his humble petition to mine hostess. The old dame curtsied, begged our hero would alight, and regretted she had no better cheer to offer him than the remnant of a *meat pie*, [the remains of their own frugal meal. "Anything is better than nothing!" cried the *Cantab*, at the same time entreating she would not delay a moment in placing it before him, for he already devoured it in imagination, so keen was his hunger. "Here it is," said the dame, producing it at the same instant from a small cupboard near the elbow of our sportsman, who turned round as she spoke. "Here it is, Sir; it is only made of the *odds* and *ends*, but mayhap your Honor would like it, though it has mutton and beef, and all that in it."—"Charming! my good woman, it needs no apology: I never tasted a more delicious morsel in my life!" continued the *Cantab*, as he swallowed or rather devoured mouthful after mouthful. "But there is *fish* in it too," said he, as he greedily sucked what he supposed to be a bone.—"Fish!" exclaimed the old dame, looking intently on what the Sportsman had got in his hand: "fish!—nae, Sir..... why lack-a-day (cried she), if that be'ant our Billy's *comb*!"

And now a word for the pack. I took care to keep close to the

hunter and his hounds all day, and had therefore the best opportunity of observing the conduct and deportment of each ; and I am bound in justice to say, though the scent was anything but good, no pack could perform their duties better. Will, the hunter, evinced much steadiness and patience in his department—qualities not to be dispensed with, and without which no hounds can attain perfection. His casts (a grand point with me) were well made, and the recoveries of his varmint would have pleased even that trump and connoisseur, George Osbaldeston. Will has an *ear* as well as an eye to business ; for, in riding on the turnpike road around a wood into which we had brought our game, but could not successfully carry him away over the open, the hounds suddenly caught scent, and broke furiously into covert. This I felt sure was the heel of sly-boots ; but I kept my own counsel. In an instant Will found out the secret, and Harry the whip was after the pack laying on vigorously with his bit of Crowther's best, and thus prevented our having half-an-hour's useless dodge. This is a point very little attended to by hunters generally, though it is so essential to giving sport, and making young hounds know their duty, and carry on a true scent with their heads set forward. All men may ride to hounds ; but it is not all can hunt with judgment, or who *will* perfect themselves by practice. The true Sportsman, like the true soldier, will ever be seen in the thickest of the fight ; and where difficulties are to be found, there will he be also ; and it is here, in danger

and in difficulty, that his tact and discernment are best displayed. At the same time he acts quietly and with firmness, without which farewell to the hope of reigning peaceably over such noisy subjects as a pack of hounds. The most loquacious barrister is not always the best pleader ; indeed I have an instinctive horror of those bustling personages who imagine noise will carry the day ; and would much rather entrust a cause of vital import to the man who says little, but says that little well. A single word in a Court, a single call in the field, if given with judgment, and applied to the weak point, will do more for your cause than all the eloquence of a Cicero or a Demosthenes at an ill-chosen time.

I must now bid adieu to the Somerset Subscription Park, with many thanks to them for the kind entertainment they afforded me : yet, like a person who is always going, but never gone, I must have one more word on the subject before I quite leave it. It is rumored there will be some *seceders* next year, but I do hope my informant was on a wrong scent. Should any gentleman have such an intention, I, as a well-wisher to sporting in general, entreat him to pause ere he carries it into effect. In what way can money be better employed than in the purchase of that invaluable treasure, health ? and, what can be more productive of health than hunting ? Its advantages are manifold : it is the means of diffusing money (that might otherwise rust in its coffers) into many different channels : it gives the country gentleman occupation and delight where he would otherwise feel *ennui* : it keeps the

chain of society unbroken by uniting in one common interest the *aristocracy* and yeomanry: and, though last, not least, think how many winter evenings may be cheered to the hunter by a recital of the stirring events of the past day—how many a social bumper quaffed in its honour, and night of soundest sweetest sleep enjoyed after its fatigues! “Sleep, O gentle sleep! Nature’s soft nurse,” who does not wish to taste thy balmy blessings? Arouse, then, from your lethargy, ye who on beds of luxurious down court in vain that repose enjoyed in all its freshness by the wearied hunter—that sleep which can give its pleasing rest to the “wet sea-boy upon the high and giddy mast,”

“And, in the calmest and the stillest night,
With all appliances and means to boot,
Deny it to a King?”

Arouse then! ye men of Somerset, and let not this pen, which now loves to recount your glorious achievements, ever have the painful duty of recording your blackslidings.

Hearing Mr. Beadon, jun. of Ganton House, had a pack of harriers, I went over one morning to view them. The pack consists of twelve couple, many very prettily-formed hounds for hare-hunting, but faulty in my eye from their leggy and lengthy bodies, having speed enough I am sure for any fox. I was told they *could* stoop to the varmint very creditably; and I apprehend, like the Dunster pack, they have too much business on their hands to become perfect in anything. Their owner is, however, young in the service, and appears an enthusiast in sport; so that, as he progresses, *experience* will no doubt teach him the truth. If he

has an ear for music, he cannot do better than observe well the notes of his hounds. The deeper and more melodious they become, the nearer are they to perfection both as to pace and killing qualities: on the other hand, the shriller and higher the music, the farther are they getting from the attainment of those virtues essential in the true harrier. For the pursuit of Miss Puss over the fine spinning country this Gentleman possesses, his dogs should be lower on their forkals, and stouter in their make—something after the pattern of the fine Devon heifers I saw grazing on his lawn—he would then kill five to one, and have abundance of fun and melody.

I have had some amusement with the trigger lately, but had to walk many a mile to procure it; for the landed proprietors hereabouts are so excessively tenacious of their game, you might as well commit a felony as bag a pheasant.

The preservers of game, however, have had their day, they may be assured: their glory is fast fading, and their enjoyment (if enjoyment there can be in monopolizing what our merciful Creator intended for all) will soon cease. This new Game Act, or Poacher’s Licence, as it might well be called, has done the trick; and trust me, my brethren and mark well the prediction—ere many an autumn’s leaves have fallen, partridges and pheasants (dear innocents!) will be known only as *having* been, gun shops be shut up, gun manufacturers a wandering and neglected race, and pointers, setters, fustian-breeches, and prime *shots*, all, all be hurled into one common ob-

livion ! Alas, my friends ! alas, my country ! when shooting is not, what shall I be ? Forced, though not an Osbaldeston, to shoot matches at the Red House, and lose my money ! Glad, like Tom Sheridan, occasionally to conjure up the ghost of departed pleasure, and pay my guinea for a shy at the ducks in the Regent's Park, or the sparrows in some old maid's garden !! I cannot believe the persons who framed this statute were *sportsmen* : at least, it appears impossible they could be, as nothing can be more diametrically opposite to their interests than it is. The great difficulty to the poacher (a sale for his game) is now removed ; the market is open to all. The poacher, in some cases naturally hardened and desperate—in many, too many, rendered so by a starving family and empty pocket—will dare anything to procure the means of subsistence. *Danger* is his element, and he defies it. *Disgrace* cannot be felt by a heart made callous by want and misfortune. What, then, is the natural and inevitable consequence ? Why, that the poacher will now steal with impunity, and undersell the gentleman, let the gentleman sell as low as he will. Salesmen will prefer dealing with the poacher ; for who's to know whether the hares and pheasants in his shop are honestly obtained or not ; or, indeed, who cares ? He who has seen the world without its mask knows well that our *honesty*, like many other fine qualities, lies all on the surface, and seldom penetrates deeper. Providing we are pleased and gratified, whether physically or spiritually, it is enough ; and, preach as we will, it is too certain we are not scrupulous

as to the means of procuring such enjoyment. What fine lady, for instance, in the act of devouring a nice wood-cock with a toast under it (delicious morsel !), would cease in her employment, and forego the sweet delight, if told that human blood had been shed in procuring the luxury ? “ Dear me, how dreadful ! ” would be the answer ; pausing for an instant.....“ but how very nice it is ! ” and with this reflection, the bird and all sanguinary ideas would vanish. Yet that very lady could *talk* of honesty, feeling, and mercy to all that live, like a philosopher, and weep, ye gods ! whole *rivers* at the woes of an Isabella *done* by a Miss Fanny Kemble ! By the bye, that girl is wonderfully improved, and *worth* seeing now. She has great talent, and very much of the magnificent Siddonian countenance ; but I wish she wouldn't always lean on one side so.....it looks as if she had a stomach-ache.

As a proof how game is sold now, I will just relate a fact. A few weeks past, on my road to town, in stopping at ———, in Wiltshire, the guard, with whom I was upon excellent terms, ushered me into a room where were a dozen of as fine hares as any one could wish to see, price eighteen pence a-piece for the batch, two shillings for picking ; and, if more were wanted, they could be had on the following evening, when plenty would arrive. Now, I will ask this simple question—Can a gentleman, who is at the expense of keepers, &c. afford to come down to this figure ? The answer must be surely, “ No.” It has always been my opinion that every Act made for the pre-

servation of game has been faulty, by excluding the yeoman, who feeds and fosters such game, from a participation in the pleasure of destroying. These people, if allowed that privilege, would be found far the best preservers; but as, according to the present Act, a farmer dares not shoot a hare or a rabbit (the latter, by the bye, an animal that does him a great deal of injury), without being armed with a game certificate, what encouragement has he to keep off the poacher, or to shelter your game? If this is not legally wrong, it is beyond a doubt *morally* unjust. Were I a landholder, far from having this feeling towards my tenants, it would be my greatest wish to give them the liberty of occasionally shooting over my land; and I am not at all afraid that such indulgence would do either them or myself any injury: on the contrary, from having an interest in preserving the game, they would naturally be enemies to the poacher; besides which, they will choose labourers who go to bed at decent hours, and can therefore work better than he who turns night into day.

I could say a great deal more on this subject, but it is unnecessary, after the able manner in which it has been handled by your Correspondent TASSER. I can only deplore the necessity that has existed for such rigorous measures with respect to game, which has certainly raised up that daring and reckless set of men we call poachers; and who, I suppose, like many other evils of society, *must* be! It is to be wished too there were a little more benevolence in the human heart, more pity felt for, and ex-

tenuation given to the sins of the poacher, which, as I have elsewhere remarked, are so often brought into being by the cries of a starving family. As a sportsman, let it not be supposed I can for a moment advocate the cause of these midnight prowlers. No! I would only recommend in *some* cases the exercise of that sweet virtue, which "blesseth him that gives and him that takes," *mercy*; and with this recommendation I leave shooting, and all that appertains thereto.

I thought I had done with shooting; but I find, like a restless spirit, I must for ever return to what I have left. Know then, on the day I went out with my gun, I wandered so far from home that I should certainly have been benighted but for the friendly relief afforded me by a stage-coach, which passed just as I was about to lay down my gun, and give up the ghost. There were three ladies in it; and wishing to be very agreeable and facetious, I commenced a conversation I thought both complimentary and elegant, addressing myself to the whole batch from fear of the sex's jealousy. The reception given to my politeness was such as I confess I had not anticipated. One, apparently the youngest, preserved a dignified silence, pursing up a mouth that I don't think was in the habit of being kissed, as if fearful a word might accidentally slip out: another, an antediluvian miss, with a short waist and cream-coloured boots, begged I would refrain from a conversation which could only mislead their virgin innocence, and to which, from the retired life they led (no male creature visiting

their abode), they were wholly unaccustomed. She then delivered me a homily, or one of her father's sermons (for I found they were a clergyman's daughters), cut and dried, depicting in most moving terms the sin of endeavoring to win the affections of young girls (they were all past forty!) I might accidentally meet with; and concluded by entreating me to keep my compliments and admiration to myself. The third sister cut the matter short, by informing me that neither myself nor my compliments were to her taste. Well, thought I, see what thanks a man gets for *doing the agreeable* to a set of crusty, sour-visaged, antiquated misses! A scornful toss of the head from one, a sermon from another, and a devilish civil speech from the third—short and sweet, however. By the bye, we English

are famous for that style. Sam Foote's letter to his mother and her characteristic answer are well known; but there is an anecdote equally *laconic*, and *not* so well known, which I will take the liberty of relating—I mean Admiral Duncan's address to the officers who came on board his ship for instructions previous to the engagement with Admiral de Winter, which was this—"Gentlemen, you see a severe *winter* approaching; I have only to advise you to keep up a good FIRE!"

GILBERT FORESTER.

Dec. 23, 1831.

In the same packet from our worthy Correspondent we received his promised Sketch of Somerville, Author of *The Chase*, together with a view of the residence of the Bard at Edstone, but we regret that it arrived too late for the present month.

SNIPES SHOOTING EXCURSION.

"What! shall I walk with a cudgel like a Higginbottom, when I can have a rapier for money?"—*Every Man in his Humour.*

SIR,
HAVING paid three pounds thirteen shillings and sixpence for a game certificate, and one shilling to the collector for receiving the same, with three letters of protection kindly given by a friend—under this cover of my certified armour and friendly shield, I sallied forth in search of adventures, not in the Isle of Barataria, but to the Isle of Grain. Sancho Panza's anticipated greatness from his promised kingdom, nor his master Quixote's anxious and patient watching, near the fulling mills, the slow and lingering dawn of morn that

he might chastise those fancied giants, did not exceed my imaginary delight:—swamps, reed-beds, oozing-ditches, splashes, fleets, rants, bogs, pools, morasses, and all such places kindly to wild-fowl, particularly the snipe, were strongly painted on my eager mind. The day fixed for the start, Monday, Nov. 21st, moon two days over the full, wind south, mild weather—rose at four in the morning, awakened by the fancied bleating of a snipe—heavy rain prevented a friend and companion in the jaunt coming to time—not off be-

fore seven, some few casualties simple but detaining, either "the buckle or the buckle's tongue," and such like.

Merrily we journeyed—passed several gates without any incident worth mentioning, paid four-pence halfpenny toll, and were admitted into the village of Snodland—a name within a letter of being filthy. Snodland is situated on the Medway, and is midway between Maidstone and Stroud. At the first catch of a frost 'tis noted for good snipe shooting, and looks well from the road. Inquired of the landlord of the Inn.....at this time but few found. After passing Stroud, a few miles brought us into the hundred of Hoo. The road is on the margin of the marshes nearly all the way to Stoke. In this part grounds appear very tempting, particularly about the last-named place—looking brown, rushy, and reedy; and, had not the day been far advanced, should have tried them. At Stoke fell in with a snipe-shooter, looking keen and sharp, as if few would escape his gun.....he still sticks to *Steel*. He gave us some useful information respecting the object of our journey, was very willing to join us, fancied we came from London, and a *bag* was our principal aim.....we unclouded him on this point, and refused his proffered kindness.

I have always found, in all snipe countries, a man that either is or has the reputation of being a deadly shot; and although they may guide one to some of the best places, and through the intricacies of marsh-ditches, they are often an eye-sore to those who farm the land, as snipe and wild-fowl are not their only pur-

suit.....but hares, or any other game! and as coursing is a sport much enjoyed by the proprietors and occupiers of these marshes, it is to be expected they are a little tenacious and anxious about that animal the chase of which gives them so much pleasure. No honorable man, particularly one fond of wild-fowl shooting, would abuse any leave or liberty he may get to pursue his delightful sport. I have never found it difficult to get snipe-shooting on this condition—*not to kill hares*; and, I can safely say, I never abused it.

After bedding at Stoke, moved on to Grain, and eagerly commenced sport. The rains had not been sufficient to fill the fleets—they were hard, and on the margin covered with a green crust, an appearance snipes do not like, and of course were not numerous. This day saw a flight pass over our heads to the wind, which was south.

Our sport increased with our acquaintance with the Isle and Islanders, the King of which paid us a visit on the third day. Though it was our duty on our first arrival on the Island to have presented to him our letter of introduction, we neglected to do so; entirely owing to some wrong information from a person our first letter was delivered to. This we much regretted, as we lost three days of this Gentleman's kindness, and should have avoided the little unpleasantness that occurred on the first of his visit, which the production of the letter named soon turned into mirth, and a cheerful and social companion. He directed us to the best places on the Isle, and a kind invitation to partake of his hospi-

talities, which we only refused for the sake of pursuing our sport. This Gentleman weighs eighteen stone, and is worthy to be a King. I never could fancy a little man possessing Majestyeven Pope, with all his intellect, would have been lost in robes. Some nations choose their Kings from their *great* men.....wise for a nation that depends on manual prowess for its defence—for emulation produces a robust race of people. The old maids and bachelors of such a country, I suppose, must be of the lesser class.

As our sport increased, unfortunately so did the size of our shot, which rose from No. 7 to No. 3—not very favorable to kill with any certainty so small a bird as the snipe: in consequence we did not make a very brilliant wind-up to our few days' sport. I am no advocate for large shot, and am from experience convinced that No. 7 will kill most of our game birds forty yards from the gun, for what is lost in strength is gained in quantity. This disappointment has fixed on my mind never to trust to remote villages to supply any deficiency of ammunition which I can conveniently carry with me. Setting aside this mishap, our sport was rather successful.

The best time for Grain and neighbouring marshes is after heavy rains with strong winds blowing E. or N.E. The snipes seldom tarry long, as most of the water in the fleets is a little brackish, and not what snipes generally like. Amongst the snipes we killed were three whose legs were of a bright lemon colour, and much thicker and shorter than those of any other snipes I

ever met with. The bright yellow appearance of the legs is entirely new to me, as all the snipes I had previously killed (and they are not a few) have invariably had light slaty-green shanks.

During our short stay in Grain, all the snipes and various wild-fowl we saw were journeying southward, their heads to the wind. One flight of snipes (and we saw several) had at least from one to two hundred in it. None of them seemed inclined to descend, but steadily pursued their journey. Grain possesses many fleets, which once were creeks, previous to a wall being raised to encompass most of its marsh lands. These fleets are stored with very large and delicious eels, which during the month of May seek ingress to them from the Thames and Medway. At this time they are very small. In the autumn they are desirous to return to salt water, and, when heavy rains set in, are taken in nets placed near the sluices. Grain a few years ago made a successful stand against the assumed rights of the City of London; the City demolished Grain-bridge, for which act it had to pay a few thousand pounds! The cause was tried at Guildford.

Grain has likewise a niche in the history of art, that inimitable painter Hogarth having once paid it a visit in an intended tour from Blackwall to Dover. Major, in his edition of *Walpole's Lives of the Painters*, alludes to this as follows:—"It was a party of pleasure down the River into Kent, undertaken by Mr. Hogarth, Mr. Scott, and three of their friends, in which they intended to have more humour than they accom-

plished, as is commonly the case in such meditated attempts. The tour was described in verse by one of the company, and drawings made by the two painters, but with little merit, except in the views taken by Mr. Scott."

Previously to our journey, the ague and cholera morbus were prophesied to be our associates, and quinine and a load of other medicines were recommended. This advice we did not take; neither did we regret its absence: small shot we did. On the Isle we found an obliging landlord, dry beds, comfortable fire, and an

excellent glass of Port. And now, Mr. Editor, I am safe home: and if this will give variety to your entertaining and instructive Magazine, it is much at your service: and should I ever be a conubial advertiser after some pretty, placid, and kind qualifications, I should wish the lady to have a snipe-bog in her own right.

The compliments of the season to you, and all lovers of the trigger!—Yours,

PEREGRINE MARSHMAN.

December 24, 1831.

MR. MURE'S HOUNDS, AND THE SUFFOLK COUNTRY.

SIR,

ACCORDING with my promise, I send you such an account of Suffolk hunting and hounds as I have been able to pick up during my short sojourn in the county, and without farther preface shall proceed to business.

The Suffolk (or, perhaps, more properly speaking, Mr. Mure's) fox-hounds have now been established about four seasons, and at covert-side the turn-out of the men, hounds, and horses may vie with any pack in England denominated provincial. Few men could have effected more than Mr. Mure has in the same period of time; for the difficulties that presented themselves in the outset were many, and required great patience and perseverance to subdue and remove. In the first place, the country had not been hunted for ten or twelve years; the foxes had all been destroyed; or if two or three

contrived to live, and escape the vigilance of the gamekeepers, they knew no more of fox-hunting than Polar bears; and every man of experience must agree with the opinion of the celebrated Meynell, that well-trained foxes are as necessary to sport as good hounds. Added to this, Suffolk was, and still is, a great preserve for game; and the prejudices in favour of *battueing* were strong amongst many of the Aristocracy, and which (until this feeling could in some measure be removed) would set at defiance the attempts of the wisest to hunt the country. But it has in a great measure been subdued by the popularity of Mr. Mure and the *vox populi* in favour of fox-hunting. Foxes have bred and increased, and in most parts are now preserved; and with regard to extent of country, there is quite enough to employ hounds three or four days a-week.

The kennel is situated at Heringswell, between Bury St. Edmunds and Newmarket, and perhaps not quite so central as might be wished; but by occasionally sleeping out one night, this difficulty is overcome. To those who know something of the locality of the country, I shall state that their draw extends from Redgrave Hall, the seat of George Wilson, Esq., to Balsham Wood, on the borders, or in the county of Cambridge, East and West a distance of about thirty miles; and from Snare Hill, by Thetford in Norfolk, to Long Melford in Suffolk, North and South a distance of about twenty-six miles.

The pack consists of about fifty couples of hunting hounds, fifteen of which were purchased at the commencement of this season of Sir Richard Sutton, and were esteemed the *élite* of those which Sir Richard had purchased of Lord Middleton. They are mostly divided into a dog and bitch pack, but occasionally (very properly) the ladies and gentlemen have their fun together. Will Rose, bred by his Grace the late Duke of Grafton, got by his famous Ould Tom, hunts them. Sam Hibbs, from the kennel of Sir George Sitwell, a clever ferreting chap, is the first whip; and a young one, training up "in the way he should go" by these artists, is as handy and active as any mischievous boy can be, and occasionally assists them.

I would not, if I could, give the pedigree of all the leading hounds of this pack; nothing appears to me to be so uninteresting as a catalogue of canine appellations: but if any one is desirous

of reading it, I should say, *vide Daniel's Rural Sports*. What matters it to the thousands who read *the Magazine* to know whether a good hound was from the blood or kennel of the Duke of this, my Lord that, or Mr. such-a-one? If we walk into twenty different kennels of fox-hounds of any note, and begin to search into pedigree, we shall find that, like race-horses, they are all bred well enough, and vary one from another very little in essentials. In fact, the thorough-bred foxhound blood has been disseminated through every part of the kingdom, and is as common as vaccine inoculation—shape, size, and condition shewing the judgment and tact of the proprietor.

As it is my intention at some future period to offer some remarks on hounds and hunting in the present day, I shall now leave this part of the subject, and give you the result of three days' sport that I have just witnessed.

The first time I met these hounds this season was on Saturday the 10th of December, at Tuddenham village, close to their kennel. At the time of meeting the rain came down in torrents, but they were to their appointment to a moment: there was no flinching; and after a thorough soaking, and drawing one covert blank, the clouds dispersed, and became, what is usually thought to be a real hunting day, warm and muggy. A fox was soon found: the scent made the pace awful, and the rabbit-holes that abound in this part of the country made the riding dangerous; but there was no fencing, nor checking, and "bellows to mend" was the order of the day. Pug stood this sort of usage for about

twenty minutes, describing a large circle, and wisely sheltering at last in the family mansion—a large earth in which he and many generations of foxes had first tasted mother's milk. This earth was old-fashioned and strong, and was considered, as an Englishman's house *used* to be, his castle; the sanctity of his home was not violated, and he lives, it is to be hoped, to "fight another day."

As soon as faces were wiped, horses' girths loosened and tightened, the merits of the run discussed over a few pinches of snuff, the order was again sounded to horse, and we trolled on to find another of the family: when lo and behold we lighted on enough to form a board of health, and from what followed we may fairly conclude this was the object of their concentrating. However, our unceremonious visit dispersed the committee, and the varmints were scampering in all directions. For some time there was a sort of running fight between hounds, foxes, whippers, and assistant volunteer-whips, amongst the high gorse bushes, endeavoring to restore order and bring the attention of the pack to a single individual. After some trouble this was partly effected, and an unfortunate fox became an easy prey, being in the last stages of *cholera morbus*. A year ago, we should perhaps have said he was *mangy*; but it will not do to go against fashion, or the stream, and there is but one disease now-a-days recognized by the faculty as a scourge for man or beast.....and this is the cholera.

The hounds, without being suffered to taste the ill-favored animal, were now halloo'd on to

the scent of another that had been seen to steal away about five minutes previously. After being lifted over a little difficulty that presented itself in the shape of a long wooden-bridge that divides Canham and Tuddenham, over which the fox had escaped, and some few yards up a hard road, they dropped their sterns, and started off due north at a good St. Leger pace.....all in the open again—not a fence of any sort to stop a fat duck to be met with: but those infernal rabbit-burrows (invisible in many places from the heather that grows over them) were every minute to be dreaded, and in many instances separated horse and rider. The fox, as good as ever was littered, kept his head as straight as one of Manton's particulars for about nine miles, and beat us shamefully in the parish of Elden. It was in a large open field of turnips where the hounds first came to a check; and, although the fox was viewed but a few minutes before them going into some young gorse, and they were immediately put upon the line, they would not own it, and there, in point of fact, ended (but for this mishap) a most splendid run. Rose persevered forward for another mile or so; but all his efforts were fruitless, and we came to a halt. "'Tis all over!"—very few remarks beyond good morning, extra handkerchiefs tied round the neck, cigars lighted, *exeunt in fumo*.

There was a strong muster of the Newmarket lads on this day, who of course were at home at a racing pace in an open country. Amongst these, Arthur Pavis, on Miss Craven (late the Duke of Richmond's), was one of the most conspicuous. Sam Day, who I was

told had just entered into a matrimonial speculation, was also present, and, as they say at Newmarket, looked as if *it had not come off right*.

Met these hounds again on the Saturday following at Riddlesworth Hall in Norfolk. Soon found a family of foxes, which of course took a little manœuvring to break and disperse. However, after about twenty minutes' running round the plantations and coverts adjoining the mansion, the hounds rattled one away at a pretty hunting pace to the village of Rushford: he there crossed the river, and directed his course for the coverts of Sir R. Buxton, and thence to West Harling; but, altering his mind before he entered this domain, he inclined to the left, and crossed a second river to Bridgham, thence on to Brettenham, where the hounds ran from scent to view, and killed in the centre of a large open field. A few turnips concealed the fox from the view of the hounds till they were within thirty yards of him, when coming upon some wheat he was fairly exposed, and in less than a minute he was in the centre of about sixteen couples of the darlings. When he found it was all up, he turned round, and, like Richard, charged into the centre of his foes.

The hounds this day performed to admiration: they had many difficulties to overcome from the nature of the ground and quantity of game: they were several times at check, but always hit it off cleverly: they shewed great steadiness and good hunting, and they had their reward. The fox was on his legs about one hour and forty minutes.

Tuesday, Dec. 20th, met at

Stowlangtoft Church. A more beautiful morning for hunting never beamed on men, horses, and hounds: every sportsman was on the *qui vive*; the find was said to be *certain*, and there was a fox of known game qualities a resident in the neighbourhood. We had a fine country around us, and silence was the order of the day as the pack dashed into the first covert; every ear was strung to its finest powers of vibration to catch the first challenge of some favorite hound, and every eye was set to its best focus to view the varmint away; but, alas! we were doomed to disappointment. "The wisest schemes of men and mice gang oft awry," and the horrible word "blank" must be inserted to proclaim the sequel of this day. We drew Stowlangtoft Woods and the Thicks (the latter one of the best coverts in the Hunt), Wicken Woods, Stanton Groves, Bangor Wood, Bardwell Cars, and finished at the gorse coverts of Norton Cartwright, Esq. at the back of the village of Ixworth. No great disappointment was experienced at not finding here, as we were on the borders of an enemy's country: the murder of some old hen pheasants had raised a little misunderstanding, and in consequence, it is asserted, Lord Calthorp's gamekeepers have leave to "Burke" the foxes.

To account for not finding before we came here, gave rise to various opinions. From the respectable testimony adduced, no doubt can be entertained as to there being many foxes in the country. I rode up to one of the large earths, and certainly there was fresh work enough at the mouth of it to induce me to

believe that more than one fox had visited it.....they certainly had been stopped out here, but there were some that were left open. This part of the business, it is said, is rather negligently attended to; and, in my opinion, was the cause of our disappointment this day. Besides, in this country there are many old and largerabbit-burrows in which a fox can occasionally shelter. In fact, earth-stopping can never be effectually performed in some countries, unless the occupiers of the land are sportsmen, and will see to it themselves: and never will the Stowlangtoft coverts be drawn blank without some brother hunter heaving a sigh to the memory of Bob Mathews, and reverting to the time when he was alive, and superintended it. It was his custom, every night before the hounds met in this village, to be called from his bed by his shepherd at half-past eleven o'clock, no matter what sort of weather; and off would these two worthies set on their vocation, with as much glee to prevent Mr. Charley's return to his couch, as he would in the morning to rattle him from his kennel. Although there were no fox-hounds (as I have before stated) for many seasons in Suffolk, so fond was he of foxes, that the Thicks close to his house was scarcely ever without one. He always took care to breed a litter on his farm every year: the earth was situated in the middle of one of his fields that adjoined the wood; and from a hollow tree in his orchard, in which was a seat and a hole cut for a window, would Bob on a summer's evening, whilst smoking his pipe, occasionally peep through a telescope, and enjoy and amuse

himself with the gambols of his darling vixen and her cubs, as they scratched in the sand or played with the feathers of some bird that their master had provided for them: and many a score of rabbits has his gun slaughtered for their welfare. By these means he contrived to keep some of them near home, and thus they escaped the ills that inevitably befel their roving relatives. Ah! he was a rare specimen of that class of men who are now, *misérable dictu!* fast falling to decay—the Old English Yeoman—a fox-hunter from his cradle, a dear lover of all manly sports and conviviality, and, what is better, an honest man; and many a tale grown mellow by time had Bob to relate of the days that are past. One favorite anecdote of his was, being up at the death of a fox after a long run that the hounds pulled from the top of a barrel of ale in the cellars of the mansion of Sir Robert Buxton. Before the fire-place, in his little parlour, was the portrait of his old favorite black hunter Tom, and underneath the following laconic and honorable certificate—"Tom, the property of Mr. Robert Mathews, hunted ten seasons with the Duke of Grafton's hounds, never refused a leap, and never made a mistake." As Bob was a straight-necked one in his day, this must have been a *rum un!* Poor fellow! not a sportsman or neighbour but sorrowed when his knell was toll'd! The cares and expenses of a large family, coupled with the badness of the times, were more than his sensitive mind could bear up against.....he could not face the world and its trials.....he fell into a premature grave.

But to return. On this day we had a dog pack out, consisting of about nineteen couples; and fastidious indeed must be that eye that would not have been gratified by their appearance! They are of full dimensions without being gigantic, and their evenness of height, symmetry, and condition, leaves nothing to be wished for. Their steadiness was put strongly to the test: many of the coverts that I have enumerated were full of riot.....four hours is a long time to trifle with the patience of high-mettled fox-hounds; but not a voice was heard but Will Rose's in drawing, and Sam's in getting them away. If their performance is equal to their appearance, they must soon have a day that will be worth recording.

With Parson Sterne, "I pity the man who can travel from Dan to Beersheba, and exclaim all is barrenness." To those who are fond of catching the "living manners as they rise," there is always something to be picked up in a field of fox-hunters. Thus, when the chances of sport are in some measure narrowed, I generally turn my attention to men and horses, and have often been greatly amused by sitting still by the side of a fence over which the crowd has to pass in trotting from one covert to another, and observing the different styles and methods made use of by bipeds and quadrupeds in going over the same leap. In point of judgment and action the quadruped has it hollow; and if horses knew no more of leaping than the generality of men do of riding, the Coronership for the county would be a troublesome office.

Taking the kingdom through, I will venture to assert, that out

of every twenty men that go out with the intention of following hounds, about three may be said to ride: the rest just manage to hang on. Bad habits acquired when young, and awkwardness in the beginning not corrected, strengthens with their strength, and is the cause of the *outré* appearance of so many men on horseback. The only instruction delivered to young ones when first entered to hounds in the Christmas holidays is this—"Go along, you young dog; and if I see you get off again at a fence, I'll horsewhip you!"

As to one set of men (because they happen to belong to any particular county) being much superior to those in another, is one of those vulgarisms that I hope the "march of intellect" has nearly expelled. England has in every corner some

"Hearts of oak and nerves of steel;" and whether a man first drew his breath in Melton Mowbray, or in Lower Thames-street, makes no difference.....education makes the workman. During the period that the county of Norfolk was without a pack of fox-hounds—a period of about thirty years—many of its natives were seen to ride like devils when visitors in other countries, and it was accounted for in this way: the boys were accustomed to ride to *greyhounds* in an inclosed country; and he who can pick up a good hare caught in this way (after bucking over about twenty fences) before she is fairly dead (and many a time have I witnessed it), shall have a chance to be near the finish of a fashionable ten minutes in Leicestershire, if well mounted.

Of the Suffolk men I there-

fore say, as of all others that I have seen, they have their average of straightforward riders : when hounds run fast and straight into a good thing, there are a few who with a start are always with them ; the remainder, a great majority always, like the horses that started against Eclipse, nowhere ! The Suffolk men, when the Duke of Grafton left them, had their country converted into a fattening penn for pheasants ; and this disgrace and misfortune remained upon it for about ten seasons. Since that, they have, phoenix-like, risen from their ashes, and must in a very little time stand about the top of the provincials. They have a fine country abounding in good coverts, a fair quantity of foxes, a noble pack of hounds, and a man at the head of them who is an ardent accomplished sportsman, a gentleman by birth, by education, and habits ; and little more need be added, to excite in the minds of my sporting readers admiration

and respect for Mr. Mure, than to be told that the whole of the expenses of this establishment are defrayed out of his own pocket, for the amusement and gratification of the county, and for the support of the noblest of all sports, Fox-hunting.

In my next letter I hope to be able to send you an account of sport such as these hounds are deserving of ; and it is my intention to add a full and particular account of all the choicest horses and the colours of the riders. The harriers too (which I hear are very good) must be looked at, and a few lines bestowed upon their performances. There are besides many other sporting subjects connected with this county, which I must defer commenting on till a future period.

In the meantime, Mr. Editor, wishing you a good entry of contributors to, and readers of, the *Sporting Magazine* in the new year, I subscribe myself,

Dec. 24.

RINGWOOD.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

The Turf.

INTELLIGENCE EXTRA.

NEWMARKET Craven Meeting 1832.—Tuesday : Captain Rous's br. f. Lioness, by Tiresias out of Emma, 3 yrs, 9st. 6lb. agst Mr. Ridsdale's ch. c. St. Giles, by Tramp out of Arcot Lass, 2 yrs, 8st. 2lb. R. M. 100, h. ft.

Lord Verulam's b. c. Vestris, by Whalebone, agst Duke of Rutland's br. c. Clansman, by Partisan, dam by Andrew, both 3 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. each, D. M. 200, h. ft.

The Oatlands Stakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. and only 10 sovs. ft. if declared on or before the 31st of December 1831, D. I.

Lord Wilton's The Chancellor, 3 yrs.
Gen. Grosvenor's Sarpedon, 3 yrs.

Mr. J. Scott's Rodolph, 3 yrs.
Lord Lowther's Spaniel, 3 yrs.
Lord Exeter's Mahmoud, 4 yrs.
Lord Exeter's Anthony, 3 yrs.
Lord Exeter's Bohemian, 3 yrs.
Col. Wilson's br. c. by Comus out of Rotterdam, 4 yrs.
Mr. E. Peel's Cadland, 6 yrs.
Mr. W. Jackson's Walter, 3 yrs.
Lord Tavistock's Gondoller, 4 yrs.
Mr. S. Stonehewer's Variation, 4 yrs.
Mr. Greatrex's Schumla, 4 yrs.
Mr. Greatrex's Zucharelli, 4 yrs.
Duke of Grafton's Oxygen, 4 yrs.
Sir M. Wood's Lucetta, 5 yrs.
Sir M. Wood's Captain Arthur, 4 yrs.
Sir M. Wood's Camarine, 3 yrs.
Mr. Flintham's Anti-Catholic, 5 yrs.
Mr. Watts's Mazeppa, 4 yrs.
Mr. Chifney's Rowton, 5 yrs.
Mr. Chifney's Emilianus, 3 yrs.
Mr. Chifney's Snarl, 4 yrs.
Mr. Henry's Agreeable, 4 yrs.
Mr. Gully's Tranby, 5 yrs.

Mr. M. Stanley's br. c. by Whalebone out of Blacking, 3 yrs.

If there should be 16 subscribers or more, after the 10 sovs. fts. are declared, the stakes to be divided, and two classes formed, to run on Tuesday and Wednesday in the same Meeting; and if 24 suba. or more, the stakes are to be divided, and three classes formed; the first to be run on Monday, the second on Tuesday, and the third on Wednesday. The fts. of 10 sovs., if they do not amount to 100 sovs., to be given to the owner of the second horse; and if two or more classes, to be divided between the owners of the second horses; but if they amount to 100 sovs. they are to form an extra class, to be run for on the Thursday.

Newmarket First Spring Meeting 1832.—Monday: Mr. Henry's b. c. Agreeable, by Emilius, out of Surprise, 4 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. agst Capt. Rous's br. f. Lioness, by Tiresias, 3 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. T.Y.C. 100, h. ft.

Lord Mountcharles has purchased Crutch, by Little John out of Zaire by Selim, of Capt. Rous, for six hundred guineas.

Lord Exeter has sold Augustus, by Sultan, 4 yrs, and Anthony, by Tramp, 3 yrs, both out of Augusta, to Mr. Sowerby, for 1200gs.

Rowton, the winner of the St. Ledger, has been bought by Mr. Chifney for 1000l.

THE CHASE.

The Hampshire hounds met on Tuesday the 6th December at Beauworth, found their fox at Blackhouse, and killed him at Preston Oakhills, a distance of about fourteen miles as the crow flies, best pace all the way. A select few only, out of a large field, saw the finish.

The Blackmore Vale hounds, under the management of their new master, Mr. Portman, have had some very good sport during the past month.

Sir H. Goodricke has had several good runs with large fields: but as the latter have been generally of the right sort, no "untoward event" has occurred to mar the glories of the Hunt. The Baronet had a beautiful run from the meet at Arnsby, in which the Marquis of Hastings, Lords Denbigh, Digby, Molineux, Wilton, and Chesterfield, with about 200 other

pinkas, were among the elite. The hounds went to covert at Fleckney Gorse, and after waiting a few minutes a fox was started in fine style. He went off by Kilby, towards Wistow, through Kibworth town, and was killed, after an excellent run of upwards of fifteen miles in forty-two minutes, in a field near Carlton Clump. A second fox was started at Oadby-gate Gorse, which made for the Coplow, and was killed near Lowesby. None were in at the death but the very tip-top sawyers.

We copy the following account of an "Extraordinary Chase" from the *Chelmsford Chronicle* of Dec. 24:—
"The Essex Union Fox-hounds met at Hadleigh Gate on Saturday last, when after some consultation between Messrs. Brewitt and Nash, the gentlemen to whom the hundred of Rochford and the county are greatly indebted for keeping up the hunting establishment with so much spirit, after its relinquishment by that generous and patriotic Nobleman Lord Petre, who has earned for himself so much esteem in every capacity which can be named, Messrs. Brewitt and Nash determined that the hounds should be thrown off in Sheepcote's Wood. The varmint was then viewed away by that keen-eyed sportsman Mr. Nash, and in an instant the tuneful ones were laid close at his brush: he then made away for Hadleigh Castle, headed back, and was viewed by Mr. Brewitt crossing to the great woods at Hadleigh: then away to Tile Wood and West Wood: here was a check; the knowing ones were then at a loss, and it was thought that it would be, as usual, a Hadleigh Hunt—viz. chopping in the great woods all day: but reynard had a touch of the Laindon blood in him, and bolted from West Wood: he was then viewed going across the road by Mr. Smith, who with his well-known Stentorian voice soon made Sam the huntsman understand where to clap them on, and away the hounds went at a spanking pace to the South Bemfleet country. It now required the speed and judgment of Osbaldeston, for the cock-tails began to quiver:

reynard then turned to the right through Pitsea, and across the hills at the back of Vange Bells: here was a cheek, and a most necessary one too, for it seemed doubtful whether any one could clear the next rasper; but after Sam making one of his good casts, it was hark to Benedict, Gambol, and Mermaid: he then made to the right towards Horndon, as if his instinct prompted the varmint towards the Hall of his generous antagonist at Thorndon. It now appeared all holiday at Peckham with the Nimrods; but after a trifling check the hunt again rallied, as there appeared a little of the Spartan breed at work, and away went reynard directly across to Laindon Hills; when, after a run of two hours and a half, he went to earth. There has not been such a hunt known in Rochford. Hundred since the celebrated run of Mr. Chas. Newman in 1821."

SALE OF GREYHOUNDS.

The Duke of Gordon, who has been long distinguished for the superiority of his kennel, having given up coursing, the whole of his valuable stud was brought to the hammer at Hyde Park Corner on the 19th of December, and disposed of as follows:

STALLIONS.

Vandyke, f. d.—2gs.

Brutus, 6 yrs old, blk. and wh. d., own brother to Mr. Burgess's Beppo, by Mr. Hall's Topper out of Mr. Huskisson's Jig—4gs.

Marmaduke, afterwards Bolanus, a blk. d., bred by Lord Rivers, by his Blue Rector out of Red Rose—4gs.

BROOD BITCHES.

Red Rose, bred by Lord Rivers out of his Red Rose—3gs.

Venus, late Bepporina, 4 yrs, red b., bred by Mr. Burgess, by Beppo out of Mr. Short's Sappho—9gs.

TWO-YEAR-OLDS.

Vieufield, blk. d.—3½gs.

Visitor, red d.—6½gs.

Virgil, red d., bred by Mr. Bromfield, by Lord Molineux's Mountain out of Red Flora by Mr. Mundy's Wonder—5½gs.

Velocipede, yel. and wh. d., bred by Mr. Cotton, of Burton, by a son of Mr. Hassall's Hercules—20½gs.

Vold, red b., bred by Mr. Best, by Hercules (late Mr. Hassall's)—18gs.

Virago, wh. b., bred by Mr. Bromfield, by Lord Molineux's Mountain—22gs.

Venon, red b., by the Duke of Gordon's Violence, out of His Grace's Dart, out of Lord Rivers's Rib—50gs.

Vivid, red b., by Violence out of Red Rose—8½gs.

PUPPIES.

Victory, blk. b., by Marmaduke out of the Duke of Gordon's Vide—7gs.

Vanity, blk. b., sister to Victory—10½gs.

Vermil, red d., by Violence out of Dart—11gs.

Vanquish, red d., by Violence out of Dart—10½gs.

Viscount, red d., by Violence out of Dart—13gs.

Vanish, red b., by Violence out of Dart—11gs.

Vestris, red d., by Violence out of Dart—22gs.

Vanguard, bl. d., by Topper out of Red Rose—21gs.

Vockles, red b., by a dog of Mr. Kelly's, out of Village Maid by Violence—15gs.

Vision, wh. d., brother to Vockles—17gs.

Voltaire, wh. d., by Brutus out of Belfast—6½gs.

Vintner, red d., by Leicester out of own Sister to Garriek—8gs.

Vester, red b., sister to Vintner—13gs.

Vaulter, bl. d., bred by Mr. Moffatt—6½gs.

Venture, bl. b., bred by Mr. Moffatt—14gs.

EQUESTRIANISM.

The following will rank high among the equestrian performances of the day:—A gentleman undertook to ride from Huntingdon to Birmingham and back in twelve hours, on seven horses, not prepared, but such as could be procured by him on the road, at what distances suited; to receive no assistance in mounting or dismounting, and to be clad in what dress he pleased; to pay his expenses on the road as in ordinary journeys. The match came off on Wednesday the 14th of December, and was done in ten hours and a quarter, distance 174 miles! One horse (his own) had gone a distance of fifteen miles a few hours previously; and half an hour, or nearly so, was lost at Coventry in procuring a suitable horse.

PEDESTRIANISM.

Mr. John Woodget, aged 52, of Brinton, recently undertook for a wager to run eighteen miles within three hours on the Holt and Dereham road. He ran the first mile in seven

minutes; the first nine miles in an hour and ten minutes; and accomplished his whole task with ease, considerably within the given time.

THE EDINBURGH SIX-FEET CLUB.

The Annual Meeting of this Association was held in a field near Cannon-mills. Although the ground was covered with snow, they had it cleared away, and proceeded to their work with great spirit, stripping off the upper garments with much youthful ardour and gallantry. In rifle shooting, after a keen contest, Mr. John Forbes was victor. Ex-Captain M'Dougal gained the medal for throwing the hammer, although it was the first time he had tried it: and Captain Bell first reached the goal at the steeple chase—no joke truly, through wreaths of snow, in which long legs were of material service. The Club dined at the Waterloo in the evening. Captain Bell was supported by Sir P. Walker and Professor Wilson, and the Club was honored with the company of many other friends and visitors. It is needless to add that the evening was spent with that delight which good cheer, and good spirits, and good music, and many other good things, are calculated to produce. A fine marble bust of the Earl of Errol, Lord High Constable of Scotland, to whom the Club is Guard of Honour, graced the dinner hall.

FINE ARTS.

Mr. S. Buckle, of Peterborough, has just published a portrait of his father, the veteran jockey, Francis Buckle, engraved in the line manner by W. C. Edwards, from a painting by Richard Jones, and sold by Ackermann, jun. at his Eclipse Sporting Gallery in Regent-street. The features, figure, and sentiment of the head, as every other detail, are faithful resemblances to the original—it is a most accurate likeness of the man. No expense has been spared in "bringing it to the post;" and if it does not give the "go by" to other publications of a similar nature, it will at all events make a "dead heat" with the very best.—In our last we stated that the veteran had retired from the

Turf. He did so on the last day of the regular Newmarket Meeting for the year—that day memorable in the annals of sporting by Mr. Osbaldeston completing his great match against time—riding for the last time on Conservator, being exactly fifty years on that very day since he first appeared as a public jock. This highly celebrated rider won the Oaks seven times in all, and three years in succession—namely in 1797, on Lord Grosvenor's Niké; in 1798, on Mr. Durand's Bellissima; and in 1799 on Lord Grosvenor's Bellina. He also won the Derby five times; and in two instances he won both these races in the same year: the Derby in 1802, on the Duke of Grafton's Tyrant, with 7 to 1 agst him, being considered the worst horse that ever won that race; and the Oaks, on Mr. Wastell's Scotia: and in 1823, the Derby, on Colonel Udny's Emilius, and the Oaks on the Duke of Grafton's Zinc. This last occasion was commemorated in the following pithy lines:—

Tho' long by the beaux reduced to disgrace,

The *Buckle's* the gem and the pride of the race;

For lo! the bold jockey's neat dext'rous strokes

Have crown'd him the Conq'ror of Derby and Oaks.

When back'd by this rider's consummate address,

The high-mettled racer feels sure of success.

Eclipse was the horse of all horses that ran,
But whate'er be our horse, now *Buckle's* the man.

Oh! where is a match for a treasure so rare!

Look round the wide world, and ye'll ne'er find a pair;

For train'd to the Turf he stands quite alone,

And a pair of such *Buckles* was never yet known.

He won the Leger twice: in 1800, on Mr. Wilson's Champion, which also won the Derby, the only instance in which the same colt won these great Stakes; and in 1804, on Mr. Mellish's noted horse Sancho.

An Etching of Mr. Buckle appeared in our 45th volume, p. 104; and in our 14th volume, N. S. p. 125, will be found an interesting biogra-

phical sketch of this perfect master of his art.

Mr. Ackermann's (jun.) portrait of Spaniel, winner of the last Derby, is now published and in course of delivery to the subscribers. This spirited publisher, if he cannot "eclipse" his competitors, is determined to rival them, not only in productions of novelty but in variety of interest to the Sporting World. The portrait is an accurate likeness of the animal, beautifully painted by Ferneley, and as faithfully engraved by Duncan and Webb, adding another laurel to the chaplet which adorns the brows of these highly-talented artists, and enforcing an additional claim on every lover of the Arts to patronize the Sporting Gallery.

In our Number for June we noticed a recent novelty of elegance and fancy promulgated by the Sporting Publishers in Rathbone Place, being an ingenious design for improving our pictorial cards, under the appellation of "Imperial Royal Illuminated Playing Cards." Messrs. Fuller, in whose *Temple Taste* is the presiding Deity, have very much improved their original design, and in the best Society the unmeaning and senseless devices of our reigning Court-cards are now utterly discarded for these more pleasing symbols. The portraits of the kings, queens, and knaves are faithful resemblances of the four great contending Powers who lived in the fifteenth century, with their Consorts and Ministers. They are elegant in costume, and from pictures of those celebrated masters, Titian, Holbein, and others who lived in that eventful period. They are at once instructive, elegant, and suited to the advanced state of the arts which characterises the present age.

SPORTING OBITUARY.

On the 12th of December died at Warwick, Mr. John Minter, training groom to the Earl of Warwick, aged 34 years.

FACETIÆ.

Irish Trotting.—A Gentleman meeting an Irish groom on a very nice mare bearing the signal of sale, demanded her price.—"A hundred gui-

neas nate, plase your Honor," says Pat.—"Can she trot well?"—"Is it trot *high*, your Honor manes? Faith and sure haven't I trotted her, as Mich Malony will swear, over sixteen six-foot walls, coped and dashed, and glass hottles on the top, and she never supposing but she were on His Majesty's highway, God bless him!"—"How many miles can she trot in an hour?"—"Sixteen, your Honor, and as much more if she were pushed."—"Nothing less, Paddy?"—"No, and upon my sowl not *conveniently*."

A young Irishman (placed by his friends as a student at the Veterinary College) being in company with some of his colleagues, was asked, "If a broken-winded horse were brought to him for cure, what would he advise?"—After considering for a moment, "By the powers," said he, "I should advise the owner to sell it as soon as possible."

A Particular Witness.—A livery-stable-keeper being under examination at the Old Bailey respecting the purchase of a horse which had been stolen, was asked whether he had agreed for the horse, and paid for it *ultimately*?—He replied, "No, Sir, I paid for it in *ready money*."

In the early days of John Wesley and Methodism, one of the pillars of that Church had lingered a long time under a very dangerous disease. Being surrounded by his pious friends, one of them, a Minister, exclaimed in a melancholy tone, "Ah! our brother is hastening to the New Jerusalem."—"Lord, Sir," said the nurse, who thought she had a right to a better opinion of those countries with which she was actually acquainted, "I think the air of Islington would do him more good!"

A New Wife.—At one of the late exemption Courts in Scotland for the purpose of purging the list previously to the names being put into the ballot box, a simpleton of a fellow belonging to the parish of W——, who had only returned from the hymeneal altar the week before, stepped forward when his name was called, and claimed exemption. Being a good-looking

young man of about five feet ten inches high, and no bodily defect being apparent, he was asked the grounds of his exemption. Without making any answer, he drew from his coat pocket a Bible, upon which he began to read—"Deut. 24th and 5th. When a man hath taken a new wife, he shall not go out to war, neither shall he be charged with any business; but he shall be free at home one year, and shall cheer up his wife which he hath taken:"

which, having returned to the place from which it was taken, he stood silent, awaiting the decision. One of the Deputy-Lieutenants, eyeing the clown with a knowing smile, immediately interrogated him. "Pray, were you ever married before?"—"Me? No! I'm no ane an' twenty yet."—"O then, my lad, you are out in your defence, for the advocate you have employed mentions a *new wife*! Pass on to the next name."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE regret to say, that owing to the serious indisposition of THE YOUNG FORESTER, he has been unable to complete his "Review of the Racing Season for 1831" in time for the present month. He is now, however, sufficiently convalescent to insure its appearance in the February Number.

We have received different versions of a charge against an old Master of Hounds for causing poison to be laid in a covert in the Eastern part of Essex for the destruction of foxes—some asserting the fact, and others as positively denying it: but it must be evident to all, that the promulgation of such statements must do great injury to the cause, as fox-hunting can only be maintained by the unanimity of its supporters; and for this reason we decline inserting any of the letters received—merely adding, that the Gentleman accused distinctly states, that if the assertion was made, that "he had in his pay a man, who, directly or indirectly, or with his knowledge or connivance, laid poison in any covert," such assertion is a base and malignant falsehood.—We believe him; and we think we know enough of the alleged accuser, to say, he will, on conviction of his error, make the *amende honorable*.

We take leave again to remind those friends who favour us with communications of an error of frequent occurrence—namely, that of not leaving room for the seal on their MSS., by which many words are totally obliterated. In three instances in the present Number we have been obliged to guess at the meaning of the writers, and substitute perhaps different words to those intended. A small space left on *each* side of the third folio will obviate the difficulty.

"H. C. W." on Pheasants exposed for sale in the poulterers' shops, is really too *green* for our palate.—He may be an excellent "Sportsman," but *Poeta nascitur, non fit*.

We are much obliged by the kind proffer of "G. W. S." of the loan of a very old print of Old Eclipse; but, after having given three portraits of this celebrated horse—one by Sartorius the elder, a second by his grandson, and a third by Stubbs—we do not think the variation in the "keeping and fore-ground" of sufficient consequence to interest our Subscribers.

"R. F.'s" communication did not arrive in time for last month's publication—his hint of course came too late to be acted upon, even if we had the means: but he must be aware that we depend on his kindness, and that of such other friends as can "do the trick," to enable us fully to meet his wishes.

The following question has been put to us at Whist by "A Constant Reader:"—"A. and C. are playing B. and D. A. leads a club, B. follows suit, C. plays a small trump, and D. overtrumps with the Queen. Before the trick is turned, B. asks his partner if he has any club, and the latter, discovering his error, throws down one of the suit led, but, instead of taking up his Queen, takes up C.'s small trump. A claims a revoke. To whom does the trick belong? and does D. make a revoke?"—This is one of those anomalies for which no law could ever have been contemplated in the formation of Rules for playing the game: but we have no hesitation in saying that A. and C. cannot claim a revoke, D. having followed suit in time. The trick belongs to A. and C., the latter having trumped it; but D. having left his Queen to the trick, must lose the advantage he would otherwise have had by holding a superior card to the one he took up as far as the play goes. He would not, however, be deprived of scoring honours, if, with the Queen, he could claim them.

THE SPORTING MAGAZINE.

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Embellished with,

I. WHO-WHOOP — II. PORTRAIT OF LEATHERHEAD.

REVIEW OF THE RACING SEASON OF 1831, AND MATTERS CONNECTED THEREWITH.

"I have horse will follow where the game
Makes way, and run like swallows o'er the plain."

SHAKSPEARE.

SIR,
GOODWOOD, the best regulated and most attractive of our provincials as to sport, although extremely favored by the smiles of Dame Nature this year (having in preceding seasons been greatly shorn of her beams), and having unusual interest in the Cup race, yet suffered in common with most other courses through the protracted Reform Question, the attendance of many of its usual supporters and guests of the Noble Host being required in town. There is one drawback to the usual excellent arrangements here, how-

ever, which, though apparently trifling in itself, is yet of some consequence to those to whom it is requisite to know what horses are likely to start for the different races. I allude to the every-day glaring errors and defects in the printed lists and cards. As these in course are issued from head-quarters to the printer, the mistakes ought to be easily avoided; and such glaring and to many persons serious errors, as substituting horses which were not in it at all, for others which were (as in the case of the Lavant Stake), ought never to

have been permitted. This matter is of the more consequence at a course like Goodwood, where people have no one settled rendezvous where to learn particulars, but make their point from every part of the country round, usually only a very short time before the day's racing commences. Every minutia which can in any way tend to promote the sport is paid so much attention to at Goodwood, that I have no doubt my homily will have the desired effect; and that next year we may rely on the accuracy of the Goodwood card with the same confidence which we do the Newmarket list.

The Drawing-room Stake, though usually graced with the names of most of the crack Derby and Oaks nags, has generally fallen short of a field; as if horses, after Epsom, are kept for the Leger, they cannot go to Goodwood, at least with a fair prospect of getting in good time to the North: for instance, the winner of the Drawing-room this year went to Winchester and Warwick, and then to Doncaster, and at the latter place cut a pretty figure. No, no; this true Brummagem hammering did once "come off," but it will, I suspect, take a long while to repeat the dose. The Drawing-room terms for mares, receiving 5lb. at such an advanced period of the year, and so strong a course, are very favorable; and Delight was a winner all the way, to the delight of every one who has the pleasure of being acquainted with one of the most liberal and best fellows in existence, Isaac Sadler; and I only hope that he may be as greatly delighted with good fortune as he has this season been for many years to come. Such good fellows as himself ought to have a perennial share of good luck; and I cannot do better to intimate my good wishes towards him, than by taking the Irishman for my model, who, when his health was drunk, accompanied with the figurative sentiment "that he might live for a thousand years," exclaimed, "by Jasus now, why limit me!"

The Goodwood Stake was won easily at the last, after a murderous race between the two favorites, Emily

and Agreeable (with Variation close up); but the destructive running was every way in favour of the young one, the light weight having kept her alive all through; and Arthur Pavis had nothing to do but sit still on little Conciliation, and wait for his opportunity. At so late a period of the year, when three-year-olds are as good as they ever will be, the stronger the run race, at the favorable weights, the better chance for the young ones. This was again exemplified in the race for the King's Plate, where both the three-year-olds were in front. It would be conducive to greater sport if all the King's Plates were altered so as to admit three-year-olds, and which I think must be the case shortly. We cannot but here regret that Moses was so prematurely sent out of the country, for there has not been scarcely one of his get trained which have not proved good and particularly game runners. The first of his get which shewed, Fancy, ran a dead heat with Green Mantle for the July: then we had Glenfinlas, who beat the winner of the Oaks; Pauline; Lazarus, who ought to have won the Derby in any other hands than he was in; then one of the best horses ever foaled, Aaron; Erymus, the winner of the "Drawing-room" in 1830; and, to crown all, the little game Conciliation; besides other small fry, which have all been winners. The only drawback to the excellence of all Moses' stock which have been trained is, that by far too many of them have failed in their legs very early; and it is to be remembered too that Moses himself was an infirm horse.

Although I have stated that favorites for the Leger would not be likely to go to Goodwood, yet this year there was another exception besides Delight; and that was little Zany. It appears, that had he remained well, it was not considered he would have run for the Drawing-room, although his principal and most dangerous antagonist, Oxygen, had been placed *hors de combat* by severe illness. Whether the length was too great for him to run the risk of defeat, standing so high as he did as a

favorite for the Leger, I will not pretend to say ; but it was believed the Mile-race was booked as a certainty ; and as that would have been his first public performance as a three-year-old, such an appearance would have gone a long way towards confirming the good opinion entertained of his previous year's qualities : for there were not wanting plenty of people who did not hesitate to express their doubts of his having trained on ; and the accident which put a stop to his career, for a time at least, has left the sceptics to enjoy their own opinions. My own ideas, however, lead me to still think highly of him ; and I hope, for the sake of his liberal and worthy owner, yet to see him make zany of those who consider otherwise, as the violent bruise and strain which he met with at Goodwood might have totally finished his career, had it not been promptly and effectually attended to. Mr. Stonehewer was fortunate in meeting with the skilful and friendly assistance of Mr. Watts, the veterinary surgeon of the Scots Greys, and who effected so excellent a cure, that I was extremely glad to see my little Zany in the Houghton Meeting taking his accustomed exercise.

There is a question connected with this matter which would lead me to ask why a regular and educated Veterinary Professor has never hitherto been encouraged at Newmarket ; for I do not hesitate to assert, as my humble opinion, that had this case of Zany's occurred at Newmarket, although then at home, nothing like the same expeditious and skilful cure could or would have been made. At Newmarket, with the exception of the mere mechanical part of the shoeing, every trainer acts, or rather attempts to act, as his own veterinarian :and why ? from a jealousy towards admitting any person beyond the precincts of their own immediate stable and connections to the knowledge, however trivial, of what is passing or required among their own horses. Any one who knows anything of the mysteries under which the system of racing is carried on at Newmarket, must be well aware that there are times

and periods when it may become necessary to conceal any mishap that may have occurred in the stable : but in the present advanced state of the veterinary art, when men of education vie with each other in the attainment of knowledge of disease, and do not, as of yore, write "*cow-leech and bell-hunger*" over their doors as their qualification to rather kill than cure, Noblemen and Gentlemen may entrust themselves and their horses in the hands of a *Gentleman*, without fear that either the one will be betrayed or the other abused : and if this could have been done years ago, how many valuable race horses would have been saved to their owners and the public ! The subject admits of a wider field than I can at present afford to give it : but I may take an opportunity of returning to it, as it will bear discussion.

The principal interest, after all, this year at Goodwood centered in the race for the Cup. I never could understand why Priam, after his spring performances, particularly after giving his year away to Lucetta when considered in her prime, should have so long remained a doubtful favorite. It could have been only through the remembrance of the old mare's performances for this Cup the two preceding years, and her not having previously been in public all the season. But, alas ! race horses, like other sub-lunary matters, will not last for ever ; and ancient must give place to younger and more buoyant spirits. William Chifney, too, must have influenced the *sharper* part of the betting public, in consequence of his having backed the mare, never, as it would seem, having anything like got to the bottom of Priam while the horse was in his possession. It was also at the time considered the weight was against him, not in proportion to his antagonists (although Variation was the most favored), but that 9st. 5lb. was over racing weight for a four-year-old. When Demosthenes was asked which were the chief requisites of oratory, he answered, "action, action, action." The answer might be applied to the qualifications of a race-horse ; and certainly never

with greater force than to Priam, his true stealthy stride getting over the ground without the least exertion to himself or reference to the weight he carried. There is one thing, too, I would notice, recollecting the condition Priam was in at Doncaster; and that is, the horse was heavier by some stone weight, and fuller of muscle, at Goodwood in Prince's hands than he ever was in the Chifneys'; and I cannot, with all my respect for the "genius genuine," but award the palm of good training, in this instance at least, to the Messrs. Prince.

As a wind-up to Goodwood, I may, to shew the liberal feeling and anxiety to produce sport which exist with the Duke of Richmond and his family, just add, that at the entry for the King's Plate, when it was known Priam was put down, and consequently likely to produce but a poor if any race at all, twenty-five sovs. were added as a bonus to the second horse, to make even the second place worth contending for. Mark this, ye "Country Gentlemen," and go and do likewise!

Egham is an instance of what may be done by a little activity and perseverance in the management of a race fund, the Clerk of the Course having by sheer assiduity rescued Runnymede from being blotted out of the list of race courses; and the more credit is due to the individual, as he has really contrived to get up three tolerable days' racing with a most wretched fund: indeed, if the locality did not so greatly assist it, I fear the paltry addition to the stakes, with all the endeavours used otherwise in its favour, would soon sink Egham to the lowest class of provincials.—By the bye, why is not the Master of the Horse petitioned to transfer the King's Plate for Surrey, at present run for at Guildford (the most villainous course in England to break down horses, and where no one takes any interest in the matter save a few old women), to the Runnymede? This matter might, one would think, have easily been accomplished last summer, as then worthy Guildford was to have been shorn of its beams, and King's and Members' Plates

might have gone to the devil together. How the case may be now that the Borough is saved from Schedule A, I will not pretend to say. The experiment is, however, to the Egham people worth a trial, as it would be a great gain to them, and no loss to the good folk of Guildford.

Egham was chiefly remarkable this year for the unblushing effrontery with which a four-year-old was attempted to be palmed upon the public as a three. A "still small voice" has always accompanied the Pilgrim in his various wanderings; and Isaac Day is too much a man of business to lose the advantage of a hint, and soon got to the bottom of the business. After all, this Pilgrim, as a four-year-old, must be a wretched animal as a race-horse. He actually received thirty-one pounds from Whip, almost the worst four-year-old out at the Hoo, and could not win. It has, however, been added that the Pilgrim was not then *fit to run*! It is quite evident, from what has since taken place, that more than one party must have been aware of the deception used; and it is to be regretted that some much stronger punishment than merely depriving the owner (who in fact may be the sufferer) of his stake, cannot be, or is not, put in force against the offending party, for the public are the greatest losers, and are never safe. The Jockey Club should pass a resolution to prevent any one implicated in such nefarious practices from ever after naming or starting a horse at any place where their influence reaches. By the bye, a sort of penny-a-line paragraph went at the time the round of the Sporting Journals, stating, "that it was extremely *curious* that Arthur Pavis rode the second horse in all the races in which Pilgrim was a winner." He did at St. Alban's and in his two races at Egham, but not at Northampton, so that the curiosity (if there was any) is unfortunately spoiled.

At Warwick, the race for the Guy Stakes produced a good deal of interest between Delight and Incubus—the latter's performance here being the test of his proceeding to Doncaster or not. The race was severe, and

won with difficulty by the mare: in fact, the closeness of the ending struggle set all the privileged grumblers (the losers) at work; and because they could not make their quadruped a flyer, they must needs give vent to their chagrin on the biped, and so set to to abuse poor Charles Wakefield. The "unkindest cut of all" was, that they should by their clamour have so far prevailed on his master as to take poor Waky off for the next day's race; and so, when the great pulling brute came staring in with John Day on his back some three or four lengths before Mr. Tomes's animal; "ah! (cry they) this ought to have been the case yesterday!" A winner, we know, is always ridden well; and the losers of a race by a head will always find some reason why their animal *ought* to have won; when, perhaps, it was good riding only brought them so near as it was. Without, however, putting the matter in that shape here, I may ask what weight, think the grumblers, would have brought Delight and the thing called Lady Gray of Mr. Tomes together? and then let them ask themselves the reason why Incubus cut a better figure one day than he did on the other. The truth was, the ground was very deep, and the great horse's stride held him in it; and, I have no doubt, had John Day been appealed to by Mr. Cookes, John's straight-forward John-Bull answer would have been, that Wakefield rode the horse as well as himself or any one he could put up could have done.

The country racing this season, as far as quantum of sport, certainly kept pace with former years; and had not political matters prevented the country gentlemen's attendance, we should have had nothing to complain of. I cannot help pointing out Rochester and Chatham races as a model for all provincial places of sport. The course itself is the prettiest and most delightfully situated of any I know: the view over the fortifications down the whole course of the Medway to Sheerness, with the rich and diversified country on each side, is quite splendid: added to this the liberality of the Managing Committee of the

Race Fund, the Stakes being far more valuable than any Meeting within the same distance from London, render it deserving of support in every way.

Doncaster, in common with all its compeers, shared in the lack of attendance, at least as compared with preceding seasons, although no falling off in the sport took place. A South-country nag, as usual, was all the crack in the betting, and, as usual, cut but a moderate figure. I should not, however, say "as usual" with the recollection of Priam still fresh; but really this Marcus made such a ridiculous show that I cannot find it in my heart to speak scarcely respectful of our Newmarket friends. Fortunately for the Marquis of Cleveland, he possessed two strings to his bow; but equally unfortunate for his Lordship's Northern trainer, that Marcus ever came to Doncaster, as he would have doubtless stood all the money he had backed him for, and not, as was the case, have got it off at a sacrifice. John Day's helping hand deserves all the credit which he received; but still I cannot agree that The Saddler was beat, and that Chorister won, by riding only. The race was run to the very end to suit such a horse as Chorister. Of his lasting qualities we had sufficient proof with the field of old ones in the York August Meeting; and the Leger race, where he could lie where he liked, while the running was made for him, exactly suited his temper. It was the want of a field only that beat him on the Thursday: had there been anything to have made the running for him the first heat, he would have won cleverly. The performances of The Saddler were always good enough to have made him a great favorite for the Leger; but the knowledge that he was not "fit" at York August made the public shy; and it was not till he was seen up to the mark at Doncaster that he was placed in his proper rank. His winning the Cup against Emancipation was a great performance; and I regret that it was reserved for Newmarket to see so good a horse cut down without a chance. The Two-year-old Stakes

brought out good fields of aspirants for the honour of next year's Leger. The Champagne was too close a race among so many to give me a good opinion of Mr. Walker's filly, the winner: and Lord Sligo fixed his Fang so decidedly, both here and previously at Pontefract, as to quite secure the first place in favour. The party who have so spiritedly purchased The Saddler and Fang have two capital nags in their stable; and, if they are taken care of, will, I have no doubt, amply repay them: but they must be better done than The Saddler was at Newmarket, or I fear they will never lay their fangs on the Leger.

There was a very foolish outcry raised against the proposed alteration in the Leger from twenty-five, all the money, to fifty half-forfeit, as if it was necessary to cling to vicious regulations merely because they were old. How futile all the senseless noise has been is proved by the excellent subscription at the Fifty Sovs., not only enhancing the value of the Stake, but tending to keep away worse than useless rubbish from the post, which not only had no chance themselves, but have frequently put out those which had.

The Heaton Park Meeting, under the spirited exertions of its noble owner, Lord Wilton, increases in interest every year, and the liberality with which everything is done ensures a good attendance; and *fields* are the life of Gentlemen Jocks.

The Newmarket Meetings, though as usual at the first dully attended, made ample amends towards the close, and the Houghton was, as last year, almost a scramble. To shew the chance a bad horse may sometimes have, here is Lord Orford—who in course keeps horses for amusement only, as his Lordship never wins—actually breaking the spell, and carrying off the Duke Michael, of some twelve hundred pounds, with an animal which in the spring could not win a selling plate. Sir Mark Wood had the honour, with his stable, of beating the winners of the Derby, Oaks, and Leger; viz. Spaniel and Oxygen, with

Camarine, in the First Meeting; and The Saddler, with Lucetta, for the Audley End, in the Houghton. This is a feat which no one person can boast of ever having done before.

The great race of the Meetings was that between Priam and Augustus. The worthies of the Old School are constantly lamenting that the era of perfection in the race-horse has passed away, and, "still harping on my daughter," throw Childers and Eclipse in our teeth in proof of their assertion. Without any chance of detracting from the merits of those two—for the ages they lived in—first-rate animals, I may be allowed to say, that I should, if it were possible, like to see either of them matched against our modern flyer; for if ever one horse was better than another, that one is Priam.

The two-year-olds make a formidable show. What with the two Plates, the Clearwell, Prendergast, and Criterion, the public need never be at a loss for a favorite or two for the next year's Derby and Oaks. Non Compos, having won one Class of the Plate very easily, has been the occasion of his being sold at a good price to Lord Chesterfield: but why the mere act of transfer should exalt him to the height he has enjoyed in the betting, I am at a loss to understand. He is certainly a racing-like looking colt: but it is to be remembered that he has been beaten no less than three times by Beiram; and though the excuse was made for him at Ascot that he was amiss, the same could not be said at the Newmarket July, when it is to be remembered too that Beiram won easily. Non Compos, like many other speedy horses, turns out his toes, and has altogether a ticklish looking pair of legs, favorite as he is. He will do for the Book, but not to the end; and it may be matter of question yet whether a better in the stable has not been left behind. Archibald, however, is not in the Derby.

Of the winner of the Prendergast, Beiram, little need be said; he has been beaten once by Archibald, whom he again beat in his turn. His races

since have been won with such ease that there can be no question of his right to a lead in the betting. Lord Exeter's stable altogether is in great force, and very trifling odds between three of his Lordship's string for next Derby; but those which leave Folly to look after a Dulcinea, and forget Beiram, will find their mistake. The last, though certainly not least, of the youngsters which commands notice, is Messrs. Day and Dilly's Margrave; and this will, I suspect, turn out the flower of the flock. That this horse never ought to have been beaten, we are all well aware now; and the style in which so great a lazy lurching animal won the Criterion, ought to be indelibly impressed on every one looking forward to next Derby; and if any one will be so prejudiced as not to like a great good one, let them back the stable, and they may perchance win their money with a little one *gratis*.

The race for the Audley End was a great pot with the backers of Lucetta, certainly by far the "best in" in the race, receiving a year and 2lb. from The Cardinal, and actually running within 2lb. at even weights with The Saddler, a three-year old. The handicap was anything but fair; and it is no wonder that country horses cut in general so moderate a figure at Newmarket. With regard to The Saddler, it really appears as if the handicappers were determined to give not a shadow of a chance to the animal; and though all professed to be anxious to see the horse run, yet they had not generosity enough to give a gallant antagonist fair play—favour was not asked.—By the bye I was somewhat surprised to see your excellent Correspondent OBSERVATOR, whose articles I usually turn to with the greatest pleasure, in his account of the Houghton Meeting in your December Number, make some curious remarks relative to The Saddler having "run forward" in a race, which Mr. Payne's Lisette colt won. "The Saddler," he says, "to his credit, ran forward in the race; but it was evident the *saddle* was put on the wrong horse, being made to give 2st. 3lb. to

what have been thought ~~descent~~ horses of his own year. We do not know how to blame those who put on this enormous weight, but it does not say much in favour of Mr. Wagstaff's fine feelings in suffering it to remain there." The quibble is pretty, but only one remark is wanting—*The Saddler did not start!* Verily, Mr. OBSERVATOR, the marshalling of the article is not so usually correct as we are wont to have it from your experienced and accomplished pen!

The Saddler's race, however, in the Audley End, having in that given 5lb. to Protocol, has led to a sporting and spirited match between the two, with however this essential difference, that instead of 5lb. The Saddler is to give 11lb. Although my "gentle Wagstaff," you have no doubt got a good horse, you are getting to the outside of your mark with him, and may overshoot it. To be sure you have made it for all the money, and the Guy horse has a doubtful leg; but I must take leave to say, that The Saddler in the next Spring must be a great deal better than The Saddler last autumn, or I fear the horse's reputation or his owner's pocket will not be much benefited. Of this I am certain, that The Saddler, in the Houghton, was not within a stone of himself as he was at Doncaster; and sharp as his party are, one would think Landrail's performances, *out of their hands*, would have satisfied them of their meritorious(!) system of training.

The country nags cut a much better figure than usual at Newmarket: the game little mare Pandora, after having been dragged all over the country, could manage to cut down fields of crack racers; and The Cardinal, when he did at length get on anything like fair terms, by his beating Coulon so easily, shewed that if there had been time enough for him, he might perchance have been voted a Popedom. In fact, any man who goes to Newmarket with a horse so fresh and fit to run as The Cardinal was in the Houghton, ought never to be allured by the bait of handicaps held out to him, as he and his horse are certain to be taken care of. The vanity of in-

dividuals will always ensure better terms in a match or two.

Looking at the year's sport altogether, we have no right to complain. Reform has had its evils—let us hope

it will bring its good: and that next season may be better than its predecessors is the wish of

THE YOUNG FORESTER.

January, 1832.

ERRATA.—In the first part of the "Review," p. 63, col. 2, line 1, for "not of the dam," read "out of the dam;" and l. 17, for "lamentable," read "lamented:" p. 65, col. 2, last line, for "T. Smith," read "T. Scaith."

WHO-WHOOP.

"Who-whoop! who-whoop! tear him, he's fairly run down."

WE feel pleasure in presenting to our readers the combined efforts of those excellent artists, Messieurs TURNER and REMNEY, who have, we are prone to think, catered well by producing a *bijou* for the blessed ogles of every lover of the Chase: and without arrogating to ourselves the gift of foreknowledge, we feel assured a richer or more appropriate Christmas boon could not grace our periodical. In truth, the pencil and burin of our artists (which have so frequently been called into requisition by us, and whose efforts, we are bound in justice to say, have elicited the general approval of our friends) need on the present occasion little comment. To pourtray Nature in all her varied charms, her wayward fancies, must ever be the grand desiderata of those who devote their hours to so pleasing a study; and to closely copy her, the eye must take within its vision here every point, and the hand must in unison follow *truly* to delineate her beauties. To spring the fence as a clipper, to do the glorious, or to unsheath the sabre in defence of our liberties and laws, have each their *eclat* and their mishaps, which those who follow must resolve to encounter: and as each pursuit is most consonant to the taste of the hero, so are all its attendant vicissitudes met with unshrinking courage and firmness. From the lights and shadows so admirably blended in this picture, we can well imagine the "Southerly wind and

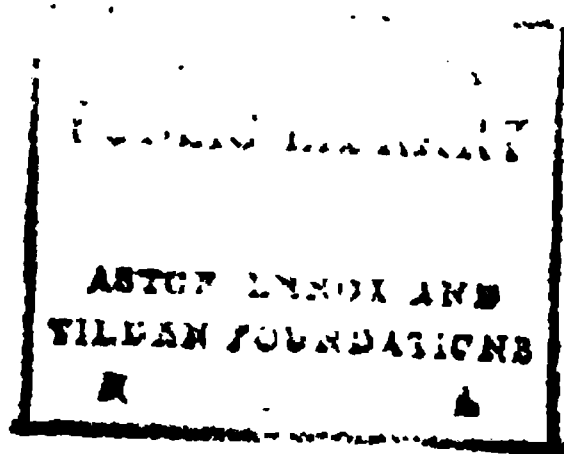
cloudy sky;" and our painter has here presented us with a view of a *disaster* which occurred to a *brilliant* of the Old Berkeley in his presence. The form, strength, and stroke of gallop of the *prad* is capital; and few who are anxious to do the trick would, we are sure, hesitate to pull his purse strings, and shell out a few cool fifties for the enviable possession of such a steed, to whom five-bar gates and bull-fences are the time o' day. The *nonchalance* of our man of pink, who in the revelry of the *melée* seems regardless of danger, is well depicted, though the broken girth, floating in mid air, is sufficiently appalling to other beholders; and he can only thank his stars that his clip of saddle was bang up. We can fancy the enlivening cheer and "who-whoop! tear him my beauties," which is ringing in the ears of the canine spirits of the hunt. Behold the castor, high in air, proclaiming the moment of slaughter and of victory! The natural position of his *carmint*, with ivories flashing and porcupines erect as he fronts the ruthless pursuers, is all in good keeping. The two *sparks* in the distance, and the retired white-washed spire, half unbosomed in leafy foliage, under which perhaps some gallant son of Old Tom Moody is run to earth, are well placed. In conclusion, it is our earnest trust that all true disciples of the *slot*, the *brush*, and the *scut*, be never thus situated; but if so,

"Ne'er mind—hark, hark, forward! what care we for knocks?
Let those die who must, we will live with the fox:
Let *cocktails* then falter, but thorough-breds we
Will stick to the *saddle* till ended the *spree*!"

W H I - W H I - W H I

1877

1878



TRICKERY IN HORSE-DEALING BY ADVERTISEMENTS.

MR. EDITOR,

I Beseech you, if you have any pity in your breast, any regard for a sportsman—if you love justice and hate dishonour, allow me a little corner of your valuable periodical for a few remarks on a set of rascals, *soi-disant* gentlemen, who abound in the Metropolis, and carry on their nefarious proceedings with as much secrecy and as little remorse as those *Nova Scotia* savages who have now (most properly) paid with their infamous lives the vast debt due to their much aggrieved country. But this is neither a fit nor a pleasing subject for the pen of a sportsman; therefore I will at once commence my theme, hoping it will be the humble means of saving a few of my brethren from the mortification of being *gulled*. Should my object be attained, then shall I not have written in vain.

At that delightful season of the year when hunting commences, a man naturally wants to make some alterations or additions to his stable; and as he lounges over his *café* and the newspaper, he is very apt to glance his eye over the advertisements to see if there is anything in the shape of a bit of horse-flesh likely to suit him. This is perfectly natural; and an honorable man, and above all a true sportsman, is the last to imagine that (to speak figuratively) there is a *secret poison* lurking in such advertisements; that they are worse than man-traps and spring-guns, and so artfully worded as to catch the attention, not only of the *novice*, but the

man who considers himself up to all the tricks of town. Lamentable as the case may be, it is nevertheless true; and as I have lately *experienced* the truth of it in my own proper person, I am anxious to point out to the world the rock on which they are so likely to split. I will not particularise my own case, but explain the way in which these gentlemanlike horse-dealers contrive to take in the public without being themselves *taken in*.

In the first place there appears a flaming advertisement, setting forth that at some stable (at the West End generally) there is for sale one of the grandest hunters that ever entered Hyde Park gates; up to everything a *prad* ought to be up to; a regular clipper, young in the tooth, sound wind and limb, got by a fashionable sire out of a high-bred dam, and rode to hounds last season in some of the distinguished Hunts. N.B. "A trial allowed."

This appears fair enough: and, if in immediate want of a steed, you forthwith sally out, with the most sanguine expectations as to the result. On reaching the stable you are greeted by a natty groom, having every appearance of belonging to a fashionable man, who informs you the *gentleman* is not in the way, but he (the groom), having been so long in the service of the gentleman, has the power of giving every answer to a customer. You naturally inquire to whom the horse belongs; when you are told, in the most off-hand way possible, he is the property of a Mr. Jones, Smith, White, or Brown (anything you like), who

happens to be then at Cheltenham, or some fashionable watering-place for his health ; that he is recommended by the faculty to give up horse exercise, which is the reason for the present sale ; and that a near relative, who is resident in London and his (the groom's) master, will give the necessary warranty. He then produces a horse of most superb figure and appearance, which of course is faultless : he is everything a gentleman could desire—handsome, active, young, and tender, and price only fifty guineas ! Should this low figure excite a suspicion “ that there is something rotten in the state of Denmark,” you are calmed by hearing that nothing but the necessity of an immediate sale would let him go under a hundred.....&c. &c. Well ! you like the appearance of the animal ; you have examined his mouth, and find it *apparently* “ all right ;” but, of course, you wish to see the master *pro tempore*—i. e. the *relative* of the gentleman. Accordingly next day, the relative, a young fellow of dashing exterior and most plausible manners, waits on you, talks of his kindred's estates in such a county, his money in the funds, his bad state of health obliging him to sell a favorite nag, and a great deal more such small talk, as effectually prevents a person forming an unfavorable idea of the thing. You see the horse again, consult a friend, perhaps, upon whose judgment you can depend, who also sees him, and you *buy without* a trial—(mind I am putting a case). Yes ! you put down fifty good guineas, for a thing that has been bought, and returned, as often in the course of the preceding year ; you take to your

stables a horse, which, instead of six years old, is sixteen, perhaps six-and-twenty, and you find, too late, “ that men betray.”

As I have been a sufferer from such nefarious doings, I trust I shall be rendering a service to my fellow-sportsmen by just giving a more minute history of the way in which they transact their business. There is a regular and well-organised gang—all of equal respectability of course—consisting of so many grooms and as many masters ; the latter generally some broken-down rascals of dealers, or flash swindlers, who, from having occasionally mixed with their betters (most likely in some menial capacity), know how *to come* the gentleman ; the former, poor devils, who, rather than break into a house, or go on the highway, embrace this opportunity of robbing in a more genteel style ; so that it is *veritablement* “ like master like man.” They have several stables about town, in order that, when they become too well known at one, they may shift the scene to another. On the arrival of a stranger, one or other of these worthy partners repairs to a little box, in which (unseen himself) he can ascertain whether the person in question is one whom he has taken in at some other stable ; if so, he remains in his box, hearing every word that passes between the groom and his victim : should the contrary be the case, he issues from his retreat, looking as big as the Great Mogul, calls to John or Tom (the groom) with a most authoritative air, to bring out such and such a horse, and parade it before the admiring eyes of the stranger (for, as I before observed, the horses found in such stables are always of

magnificent figure), who, poor devil! without the least suspicion, thinking himself very cautious, and the last person in the world to be deceived, stakes his 40l., out of 60l. (the price of the animal), for a week's trial, and in the course of *that* week has the gratification of finding his horse has rung the changes about a dozen years upon town, is as well known as Saint Paul's Cathedral at every stable in the Metropolis; and in possession at the same time of many radical faults never to be cured. But what care these honorable dealers? They get the *blunt*, laugh at their dupe, and, with their aiders and abettors (the grooms), repair to the nearest gin-shop to drink a glass on the strength of their late bargain, and to the success of a future. What redress, too, can be hoped from a set of *swindlers* who have no character to lose? If you go to them with a complaint, they declare, with the utmost *nonchalance*, they are sorry your bargain has turned out a bad one, but if you are not satisfied with it they will "take back the horse," (this may seem a paradox, but is nevertheless true, for with the help of its imposing figure, and a fresh puff in the Papers from a different stable, it is ten to one but they gull another,) and *promise* the money, perhaps return *sur le champ* a part of the deposit, and beg as a favour you will call in a day or two for the rest. Not wishing to be burthened with a useless animal, you agree to these terms, and wait a few days, in which time the fellow takes good care to decamp, leaving his partner in iniquity (who has had no hand in the *present* fraud) to bully you out of the remainder of your

cash. The glorious uncertainty of the law is too well known for a man to have recourse to *that* expedient; therefore there remains but one alternative—which is, quietly to *submit* to the evil; with the consolation (though a slight one you'll say) that you have learned a lesson in the book of life you will not easily forget.

Now, Sir, this is "a plain unvarnished tale;" in it there is "nought set down in malice"—I am sorry to say it is far too true. Let sportsmen beware of advertising horse-dealers; let them resort to men of character and known integrity, and if they pay twenty guineas more for a *prad*, be assured they lose nothing by such expenditure. For my part, I wonder such men as Tilbury, Elmore, Anderson, *cum multis aliis*, whose characters are unimpeachable, do not combine to put down a set of men reflecting such disgrace upon all who have anything to do with horse-flesh (for *strangers* will judge *generally*, and not individually), and make it *safe* for a gentleman to buy a horse. I have been told, but can hardly credit it, these fair dealers would rather a gentleman should get bitten once, that he may know ever after the good from the bad. But what necessity is there for this? Were these knaves and swindlers effectually exterminated, men would have no such places to go to, and consequently the advantage to an honorable dealer must be much greater; for it is in vain to expect every man to be upon his guard against the combinations of a set of fellows whose whole life is one act of deception. *They* are always upon their guard; therefore a man of honour, incapable of deceiving

himself, and having no suspicion of another, has but little chance with them.

It is not an unusual thing with these gentry to apply to some poor devil confined in the King's Bench, a *oi-devant* fashionable, to *father* one of their horses; which (so degraded does the mind become by poverty and a prison) too many are willing to do for the sake of a guinea! In such a case, when a man, *known* to have been once a gentleman, tells you everything that is satisfactory, who can doubt? It is not in human nature to be proof against such acts.

An idea prevails that there is no punishment for such a set of wretches; but although, as I have remarked before, the extreme uncertainty and vexation of the law makes a man in most cases put up with his loss, still it is a mistaken notion to suppose you have not a remedy. The best way to go work is, to indict them for neither more nor less than *swindling*.....having sold a horse for a sound one knowing it to be contrary. Such difficulty would they have in getting responsible bail to meet the charge—as, of course, whoever had been duped would investigate carefully the persons proposed for such purpose—that I am of opinion it

would be the most speedy and effectual check that could be put upon them. It is well known we daily endure a thousand vexations, extortions, and annoyances, merely from the want of a little energy, and a determination to relieve ourselves from them. It is, therefore, my earnest advice to all sportsmen to put their shoulders to the wheel, and assist in driving down the hill of perdition these unworthy horse-chaunters, copers, swindlers, or whatever they call themselves: and in conclusion, Mr. Editor, I must assure you, you will be entitled to my sincere gratitude by allowing this article a niche in your widely-diffused publication, in order that every sportsman in Great Britain may fight shy of *advertising horse-dealers*.

SLASHING HARRY.

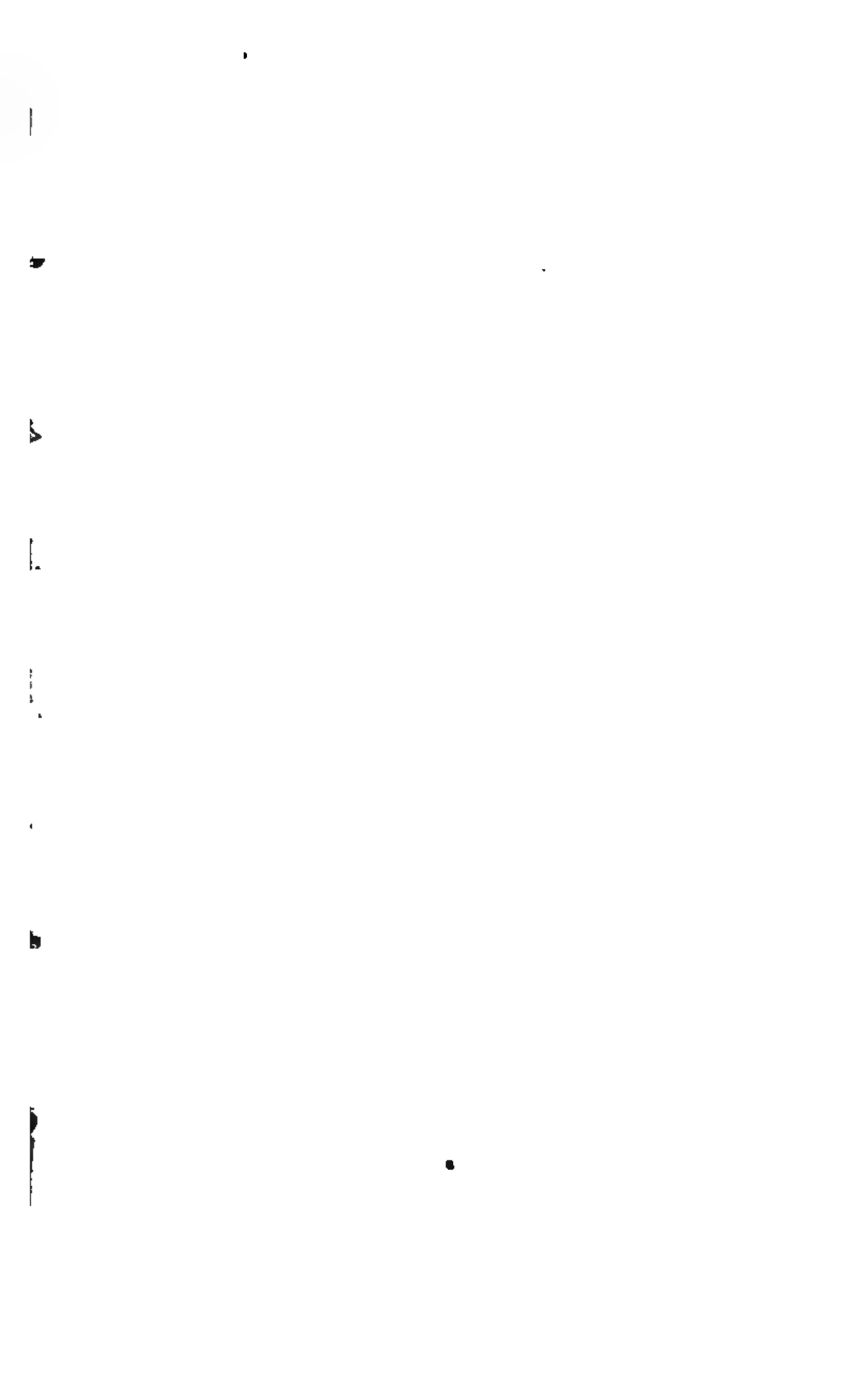
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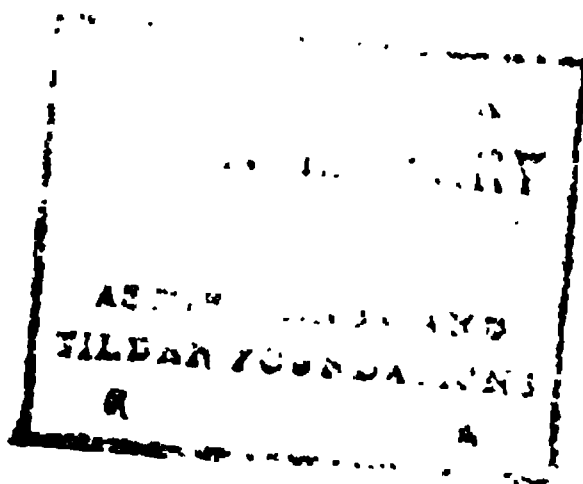
P. S. Jan. 10.—As my letter arrived too late for insertion in the last Number, it gives me the opportunity of saying a case occurred at Marlborough Street Office on the 5th inst. which corroborates my statement to the fullest extent; for the particulars of which I refer your readers to that old-established Paper, the COUNTY CHRONICLE of this day's date, where it is fully reported under the head of *Horse-Chaunting*.

BRIEF MEMOIR OF SOMERVILE.

SIR,
ACCORDING to promise I forward you a memoir of our Poet Somervile, gleaned from the store-house of my friend Mr. Webb's memory, who, being bred and born a Warwickshire man, knows more of him than most people. His (Mr. Webb's) sport-

ing education was conducted by the fostering care of the Bard's huntsman, so that you may depend upon this short sketch being authentic. With the memoir I enclose a drawing of Somervile's house, taken by Mr. Webb the very day it was razed to the





ground ; and which, judging of my fellow-sportsmen by myself, cannot, I think, fail to interest them should you give it a place in your interesting miscellany.

Remember, I don't profess to give you the Life of William Somervile, Esq. with notes and annotations, and God knows what, interlarded, like a fashionable biography, with copious accounts of every trifling affair of life.....his hour of rising, the quantity he ate, whether he shaved every day or only once a week, &c. &c. No ! it will be a rapid sketch, rudely written by a rude sportsman, fit only for a sportsman's library ; and as such (if you think the preamble long enough) I commend it to my brethren.

William Somervile drew the first breath of life in the Manor House of Edstone in the county of Warwick, 1692, and gave up his last within its venerable walls, July the 19th, 1748. In this fine old mansion his ancestors had resided for centuries, universally esteemed and respected. His father died young, leaving him and a sister to the tender care of their sorrowing mother, a woman of the highest attainments. On reaching his tenth year, our Bard was sent to a school at Stratford-on-Avon, and here, in the birth-place of the divinest Genius that ever honored a country, were nurtured those seeds of Poesy which afterwards bloomed so finely in *The Chase*. From Stratford he went to that excellent classical Academy, Winchester ; where, at the age of eighteen, he obtained a Scholarship, which, with the help of his talents, ultimately obtained for him a Fellowship at New College, Oxford.

During his vacations he resided principally with his mother,

and became enthusiastically fond of field sports. He kept three or four terriers, and with them hunted hare and fox, baited the badger, and, in the summer,

“ O'er the dark rushy marsh
The sly goose-footed prowler sought.”

From the time of his quitting College till his death, he resided with his sister at Edstone. Here he found that leisure and recreation so congenial to his feelings ; and he now began to be a sportsman in earnest. Retired from the world, and independent of its caprice, blessed with an affectionate sister, and surrounded by the scenes of Nature, his only cares those of a sportsman, his worst enemy the *weather*, I can easily imagine Somervile to have been a happy poet—a character too seldom met with ; for, take the lives of Poets and Philosophers on an average, it will be found that nine out of ten *live* in misery, and *die* beggars.

Ah ! Genius, why art thou born to be unhappy ? Why are thy eagle wings clipped, and thy imagination arrested in its flight to Heaven by the base and groveling calculations of this calculating world ? Why must thou pine in solitude, and waste thy youth and health over a farthing rushlight, when Ignorance and Impudence flaunt in broad daylight ?

“ But 'twas ever thus,” and will be to the end of the chapter. Let us, therefore, be thankful our own Poet, our varmint Somervile, escaped those evils to which so many of the fraternity are exposed, and proceed with the memoir.

Here then did he commence hunting like a gentleman, and

“ A different hound for every different
chase
Selected with judgment.”

The site of his kennel, as will be seen, was well chosen,

"On a little eminence erect,"

facing the south-east, with a grove of willow, poplar, and elm at the back, to shield it from the north and west winds. The kennel was spacious, with a fine brook babbling through. He kept about twelve couple of beagles, bred chiefly between the small Cotswold harrier and the Southern hound; six couple of fox-hounds, rather rough, and wire-haired; and five couple of otter-hounds, which in the winter season made an addition to the fox-hounds. The country he hunted was chiefly woodland, except that where his beagles were generally thrown off, and every parish, being unclosed, yielded excellent sport. To the feeding of his hounds, and the management and arrangement of his kennel, he attended himself—(it would be well for masters of hounds to follow his example in this particular)—and was assisted by one *Hoitt*, a boy about twelve years of age, whom he had taken into his service, and who afterwards attained the supreme honour of being huntsman, and lived with him to his death. He conducted the chase himself, leaving a man in the kennel to prepare the food, who was in the capacity of earth-stopper. His stud was small, four nags being the greatest number he ever had in the stable; employing his favorite, *Old Ball*, three times in the week. *Old Ball* was a real good English hunter, standing about fifteen hands high, with black legs, short back, high in the shoulders, large barrel, thin head, cropped ears, and a white blaze down the face.

It is said that Somervile's income was 1500*l.* per annum, but half that sum will be found nearer the mark; he had a comfortable sufficiency, a *liberal* one for a prudent man.....but when was *Genius* ever provident? Poor Somervile certainly was not; and his inattention to pecuniary matters, combined with his great liberality, unfortunately plunged him into difficulties (though not *poverty*), and prompted him to take refuge in a temporary *Lethé*; and that bright imagination and cheerful mind became obscured and overcome by the indulgence of a sensual vice. His favorite drink was *toddy*—a mixture of rum and black currant jelly, with a very sparing dash of water—an excellent and healing beverage after a hard day's exercise when taken moderately, but in Somervile's case an insinuating poison. His poor huntsman used frequently to observe to Mr. Webb, with much *naïveté*, "What a pity Master should be so overcome..... but he was every day hunting and being hunted."

As a Gentleman and a companion, Somervile was perfect; as a Magistrate, skilful, upright, and useful; and as a Sportsman, I can only say, all who wish to become really such may (with the exception of the *toddy*) form themselves on his model.

"A Sportsman's skill whoever means to claim,
Must read his book, and then he'll know his game."

He followed hounds to the day of his death, and in the very last year had a dinner given him by two hundred gentlemen in honor of the chivalrous deeds he had performed in the field. At this meeting he offered to bet fifty

pounds he would kill his hares, and pick them up too, before any of the young bloods present could accomplish it (*provided* they would let him hunt the hounds), which was of course assented to, and the veteran, to the discomfiture of many, won the *fifty*.

It must ever be a subject of regret that so fine a character should so soon have been taken away; for Somervile, though broken in constitution, was far from being an old man when he died.

"Alas! too soon,
After so short a time of breath,
'To house with darkness and with death!"

Somervile's memory has been honored by an elegant Latin epitaph from the classic pen of Dr. Parr, which is too well known to require recapitulation here. It is one of the finest compositions that ever emanated from that able scholar, or indeed any other, and is of itself sufficient to immortalise the name. Hoitt, the huntsman, had a similar honour paid him by a poet of distinction, as a memento of his useful though humble virtues.

The life of Somervile glided on like a peaceful stream; he enjoyed a larger share of happiness than generally falls to the lot of mortals: no evil passions disturbed his repose; he envied no man, injured none; and but for the indulgence of the foible I have mentioned (and which in that day was no discredit to a *sportsman*), his existence would have been irreproachable. But "there is none perfect, no not one;" and I therefore think we may venture to appropriate to our departed brother those exquisite lines of Metastasio—

"Ardito spiri, chi puol senza rossore,
Ramentar come visse, allor ché more."

In Somervile's *Chase* we have pure nature and vivid description. If the divine breathings of a Shakspeare, the magnificence of a Byron, or the melody of a Moore be wanting, we have that which will never cloy, and to which we may often turn with pleasure from the contemplation of more dazzling beauties. He was a practical sportsman, and wrote from his own personal knowledge, which is not always the case with those who "make books."

Many a heart-rending tale of moving accidents by flood and field has been given to the world by a man who never migrated five miles beyond the precincts of Cockaigne; full many a perilous voyage on the boisterous ocean, shipwreck on a desert island, &c. been patched up, and drawn tears of pity from lovely eyes, for a writer, whose most dangerous excursion has been a two-hours' trip in a sailing-boat at Brighton. Somervile was none of these: he had seen, and joined in, what he so well portrays, and his Poem bears the stamp of real ore, so difficult to be imitated by the ignorant. He is indeed the Sportsman's own Poet; and I cannot do better than conclude his memoir in the words of a Poet:—

"Veteran of Sport! whilst we are free,
Thou canst not pass away;
Thy spirit still amidst our glee,
Shall light the sportsman's day:
Within our hearts its pride shall be
Impervious to decay.

"Father of heroes! fare thee well;
The sculpture on thy tomb
Shall fade away 'neath Time's cold spell—
Decay's unsparing doom;
But those *we* cherish none shall tell
Have ever ceased to bloom."

GILBERT FORESTER.

Dec. 24, 1831.

TWO LAST DAYS OF THE LAST BLACK GAME SEASON.

SIR,

I Have perceived latterly that you are not unwilling to allow the minor affairs of the gun a share in your Miscellany, and am, therefore, induced to submit to you a "plain and unvarnished" description of two days sport which I experienced on Friday and Saturday last, being the conclusion of the season for grouse and black game shooting; and which, from its peculiarity and novelty to me, who have handled arms for two and twenty years *successively*—and I believe I may say, under submission, *successfully*—I cannot help thinking may prove of some interest to your readers. There is no doubt that grouse, and even black game shooting, is sufficiently well known, especially to our prime dons (and even the *prima donnas* who accompany them), who come down here in August to "cry havoc and let loose the dogs of war" against the *Poult*s, and then publish their bulletins exulting in the number of the slain: but the sport I have to describe, and which I shall do as well as my faculties will permit me, "without any extenuation" or *attempt at fiction*, is as different from what the *aborigines* here call "pooting"—*i.e.* massacreing young birds in fine weather—as I should conceive a *splitter* with the North Devon stag-hounds must be to a winter day's *puddling* with beagles. I do not mean to decry *ANY* sport—success to them one and all!—much less do I mean to insinuate that grouse shooting in August is not excellent pastime. Thank Heaven! it is: but it might be almost termed child's

play, comparatively speaking, to the work which I shall without much further circumlocution endeavour to narrate.

During a residence of some years in this part of Scotland for the express purpose of shooting (I have formerly, Sir, seen most hounds worthy of note in England), I had been frequently solicited by the head keeper over one of the finest shooting tracts of ground in the world to accompany him, or, in plainer terms, to lend a hand in helping to kill a box or two of black game at the end of the season, which I had as often declined, having been prejudiced against it as "dull work," laborious to an extreme, and only fit for poachers or keepers, who could not help it. Being, however, again *pressed* this year, and being assured by the keeper, who knew I was an indefatigable duck shooter on my own less favored ground, that, excepting red deer, he knew *nothing* like it for *difficulty* and *excitement*, I accepted his offer; and I assure you, Sir, I am only sorry it does not fall to the lot of an abler pen to depict what I shall attempt to describe. As it is *impossible*, except by the merest accident, to get near these birds without the utmost precaution, a strict attention to the directions or signals of the person who knows the ground, their haunts and habits; availing yourself of the most minute advantages to *keep out of sight*, no matter at what distance; specially remembering that a chance thrown away is irredeemable; and as a friend of mine, who had not duly digested the instructions

given him by the same leader I was now to serve under (a most respectable individual), had, as the Yankees say, been pretty considerably d—d well blown up by him—it was not (veteran as I am) without somewhat more than ordinary feeling that I prepared to meet the abovementioned personage, at a very extensive moor, about nine miles from my dwelling, before day-break on Friday last. Exciting and pleasing as it was, nevertheless it was, as almost all feelings must be to a man of my standing, tinged with somewhat of melancholy; for it recalled to my mind's eye those sanguine and sunshiny days,

“When love and life alike were young;” when I could not go to bed until I had all the paraphernalia for the next morning's meet at covert carefully arranged by my own hands; and, when rest was out of the question, listening to every gust that blew, in terror of a bad day. However, to rest I did go, after a few vain sighs and reminiscences, the transitory but affecting tribute we involuntarily pay to past pleasures, and was awakened out of a sound sleep at three o'clock.

Having put everything, even to a pot of coffee simmering on the hob, in its own place before I retired to rest, it was not long before I tasted the morning air, and had the happiness to find that it rained, gently but incessantly. However, having my gun slung in an oil-skin, and myself well put up, I mounted my hack, in the hope that morning's dawn might dissipate the waters; and as the first six miles were upon a turnpike, I made steady play along it, as the last

four lay through the moor, upon a mere cart track, the best part of it close by a brawling mountain stream, with precipitous banks, and where (excepting fishing the stream once) I had never been. After passing a bridge which crossed this tributary on its course to the greater waters, I was aware that a kind of lane, or loan as they term it here, turned off to the moor, leading for about a quarter of a mile through some rough inclosures, but it positively was so dark, that it was not without dismounting and feeling my way that I made good this outlet. My progress was now necessarily reduced to a foot-pace, trusting entirely to the honour of my nag—a stout Highland cob, but who was quite *au fait* in such circumstances, having been in his earlier days employed in the laudable office of saving many a goodly cask of “mountain dew” from the inquisitorial rod of the Exciseman; and I proceeded wearily enough along the banks of the roaring torrent until my prad stopped short, and I found he was brought up, as Jack Tar says, by what I imagined was a gate, but which, upon dismounting, I found to be a flight of rails at the end of a high stone dyke or wall, and so marvellously fastened that all my endeavors to let them down proved fruitless.

I had now nothing for it but to remain where I was until day dawned, under a most *unrefreshing* shower, and was “*fervently blessing*” all black-faced sheep and the Highland contraptions requisite to restrain them, when the barking of a dog and an almost simultaneous whistle struck my gladdened ear. This last “sound of

joy" I instantly returned, and in a few minutes was accosted in broad Highland tones, with "Be you the Shentleman?"—I replied, that I was the person who was coming to meet Mr.——. Whereupon he took up a large stone, and in about five minutes undid the barrier which had so frustrated me, informing me the while "that I suld ha fund it gey and vain to ha got thro' it"—(for which precious information I could not help tacitly thanking him *over the left*—"forbye a brig that was no canny to unco folk nigh the toun*;" on which account, he added, he had been despatched to meet me. The rain, if rain it could be called, held on steadily: indeed, it better came under the denomination of those celebrated mists peculiar to this region; and which, however harmless to a native, wet all other sinners to and through the skin. As, on my remarking to my new companion that it had nearly so served me, he gave a most contemptuous grunt, and throwing his smeller into the wind, after the fashion of a pointer who catches wind of his game, pronounced "'twould be a gude day." As I literally could scarcely discern my nag's ears, I did not put much faith in this prophecy, though well aware of the extraordinary foreknowledge in such matters possessed by the Highland shepherds, and which happily, as it turned out, proved true in this instance.

We now came to the bridge which my guide had denounced, over which he proceeded to pass; but, upon my pressing his four-

legged countryman to follow, he snorted, drew back, and at once assured me that it was "no canny." I had to dismount, unpleasant as it was to one encumbered with a slung gun and enveloped in a fearnought, and found that it consisted of three unconnected rudely-squared fir-trees, against which the torrent just broke, and each of which vibrated under the weight of a man. It certainly was not far across—I should think about thirty feet—but how a horse could cross it passed my conception, though my guide assured me that their "powny" (riding horse) surmounted it at all times. Mine had to be forced into the water alongside, which he was with difficulty made to do, and which wet the saddle so thoroughly, that I walked the remaining very short distance; when the larum of about half a dozen sheep dogs, and the "psho, usky, pshot," which silenced them, welcomed me to a shieling‡ ambient with peat reek||, and where I found my pal, a stout silver-headed man about fifty—the very counterpart of Lord Kintore's keeper, whose picture, shooting at roe deer, was given in one of your late Numbers (saving the barnacles)—busily employed in making good his word, "that he would have the kettle boiling for me." Beside him, bending over the large peat fire, was the gude wife of the house, employed heart, hand, and voice, and bustling with such slovenly dexterity through such a multitude of difficulties, that, all used as I have been of late

* "Besides a bridge that was hardly safe to strangers near the farm house."

† "Silence!—come here—silence!"

|| Turf smoke.

‡ Highland farm house.

years to the "Land of the Mountain and the Flood," I could not help, even yet, admiring it. The wide hearth was garnished with almost every description of cake and bannock, both of oat and barley meal, which she had to turn every instant that her attention could be spared from about a dozen and a half of eggs which were roasting in a small pyramid of ashes; while beside the tea-kettle, goodly to view, two fine errocks* were broiling on a brander†, and were momentarily the cause of her assiduities. All around her were grouped nine children, who had evidently made their way into this wide and weary world by the most summary process possible in nature, and who in every grade of dress and undress, from full togs to utter nudity, were clamouring (in to me not unknown, but unintelligible sounds) for her usual attentions. "To each and all" of these the kicks and cuffs which she contrived to deliver were absolutely marvellous considering her other avocations.

Had the latter, however, been attended with no happier results than these aforesaid kicks and thumps, we should have stood but small chance of breakfast, especially as by way of interlude she had occasionally to enforce the services of the six sheep dogs against an enormous black buck goat, with a beard which the chief barber of the Shah of Persia might have been proud to have had under his fostering care; to say nothing of some half dozen hens, who, pertinaciously asserting their wonted rights in the domicile, put the cakes and ban-

nocks in perpetual jeopardy, and shared her ubiquitous and guardian indignation. Amidst this hurricane of operations, while I paused to regard her with unfeigned amusement, she found time to bid me welcome, wiped down a chair for me with her apron, and with "one fell swoop" of her brawny arm upsetting three or four of her "sweet little ones," and kicking them into all corners out of the way, made room for me at the fire. Having divested myself of my upper crust, and applied the oil bag to my gun where the rain had penetrated, I beset myself to dry a few spots on my own precious person which were similarly damaged. An excellent breakfast, however, (good loaf bread not being wanted,) soon gave me other employment, and placing myself "right fornint" (as Pat says) my comrade, we set-to with a zest which none but those who engage in such pursuits experience.

I must do the gude wife the justice to say that the table cloth was as white as snow, and my pal quietly giving me the office that he had washed *all* the crockery, &c. &c. in warm water himself (a most laudable action), our dejeunary happiness seemed to be complete.

The gude wife, after giving a look or two of great self-complacency at our comforts, the result of her multifarious assiduity, betook herself to milk the kye: the little overthrown naked Picts had rallied about the paternal hearth, and we were *throng* at the "affairs of the mouth," when "bolt upright, and ready to fight," as

* Pullets.

† A close gridiron.

the old song goes, entered the black-bearded Potentate before mentioned, who, it would seem, relished not our intrusion, and had determined, as far as in him lay, to dispossess us. My back was to him as he entered in the thick peatreek, which you might literally almost have cut with a knife; and luckily for me, though turned of forty, my hair still retains its original hue—for he passed me with wonderful velocity, and made his "*premier coup d'assaut*"—and a right well-meant one it was—at the shining bald crown and silvery locks of my pal, which were held downwards at this moment, in the act of taking off the second leg and wing of a pullet, and which "shone like a meteor in this smoky and troubled air."

There is, as said him "of the Hundred Thrones," but one step between sublimity and its opposite. Now, as all danger is more or less sublime, I was in *momentary* seriousness about to succour my companion, when, with an activity worthy of his most juvenile years, he sprang back *à la Grimaldi* into a corner of the hut, and, simultaneously grasping his wooden seat by the uppermost bar, held the fell intruder resolutely at point of chair, his countenance resolving itself into an expression so ludicrously consonant to the absurdity of his situation, that away went every other feeling, idea, or sensation on my part, into the most unsubduable laughter. But "*il ris bien, qu'il ris dernier*," says the French proverb, which I was fated to prove; for, finding he could not make any impression on the "lad with the silvery poll," and probably having his spleen further moved by my ill-timed up-

roariousness, he pirouetted round with the activity of a crack *danseuse*, and made a puck at me, which had it taken effect, all dissolved with laughter as I was, would have saved you, Sir, the trouble of determining whether I shall perish in obscurity, or be honored in your pages. Although, old soldier as I am, I had not made the necessary calculation of a retreat, I was not long in availing myself of that by the door, and fled ingloriously, almost suffocated with laughter, which was loudly chorused by the little naked Picts, and which brought the efficient aid of the gude wife to our deliverance. In she came, attended by a great shambling Highland damsel, whose naked red legs might have rivalled the most celebrated of the far-famed heifers of Mullingar, and who had been so scared by the unwonted dignity of the new arrival, that on my entry she had made herself scarce. The sight of my pal, however, undergoing such a ludicrous blockade, overcame her timidity, for she broke into a *guffaw*, which completely drowned my cachination, and which was soon put an end to, however, by the gude wife—one of the readiest-handed women it has been my lot to witness—who bestowed a dunt between her shoulders, which operated like a Laputan flapper in bringing her to her senses; when, seizing between them this "rude familiar," they released my comrade from "*durance vile*," and enabled us to resume our meal.

Irrepressible laughter still overpowered me, the more especially as my pal was necessitated to wipe his forehead more than once, besides giving sundry other indi-

cations of the rude encounter which he had sustained. But as I saw it was getting beyond a joke in his estimation, and having properly a real respect for him, I resolutely gulped it down, and we finished our breakfast.—Being aware of his own respectable habits, and the high establishment he had belonged to since a boy, I could not help asking him how he could manage to rest in such quarters, as the cows were barely separated from us by a half mud wall, yclept a hallan; and through the dense smoke I could only discern a small den, which was almost entirely occupied by two huge box bedsteads, black and all black with that vapour, and without *any* window that I could perceive. He informed me that he had tried it once or twice, but had come this morning from a farm house of a superior description about four miles off, where we were to pass the night, and where we should find matters sufficiently comfortable to ensure rest and refreshment. This was cheering intelligence, as (though the least squeamish of men) I had more than once, on remote grousing expeditions, proved the total unhingement which a man undergoes from a night's purgatory in such a den of smoke and fleas, and which nearly incapacitates him from doing his work on the ensuing day.

Should any brother sportsman, in a peregrination to this region of fish and fowl, have any idea that he may be subjected to such a chance, I humbly recommend him to provide himself with a good buffalo skin, when, by loosening *all* ligatures, and turning a chair with its top on the ground, it will present an inclined

plane, on which, aided by a great coat for a pillow, he may rest more soundly, and awaken more refreshed, than by committing his unfortunate corpus to the indescribable pandemonium of a Highland box bedstead. This arrangement, with the aid of a little straw or heather, forms no contemptible "shake down," and should be kept in mind by those who visit the remote parts of "Caledonia Oh!"

Being now well refreshed, we girded our loins, and prepared to set forth, first loading our guns for the *chance* of any birds (black game solely) being at feed on the inclosures through which we were to pass, to the spot where they generally commenced operations.

And now, though it may subject me to the charge of egotism, which, however, I deny and deprecate, I cannot help craving leave to mention the *kind of gun* which we used for this sport. Mine was a percussion, twelve guage, two feet eight in length, and weighing nine pounds and a quarter, carrying with all ease to the shoulder three drachms and half of powder and two ounces of shot. It was made purposely for this kind of shooting—viz. duck, roe-deer, and black game—by Mr. Ancell, of Perth, whose emporium for all matters relating to the stream and the field (as connected with the trigger) is too well known to all who have passed through the fair city to need any comment. To those who may pass through it hereafter, I can only say, if they are sportsmen, they will do well to look in.—The keeper's was a flint nearly similar.

I could not help noticing that the last-named personage minutely inspected and wiped the

glasses of a small but excellent telescope, remarking to me that our chance of success would as much depend upon that tube as upon those we had been just charging. I had no time to demand an explanation then, as he was all stir and preparation; so calling upon his men (having just put our lips to a glass out of the guide wife's whiskey bottle, to have refused which would have been an *unpardonable affront*), we started for the day's work. It was not yet day-light, but it was just beginning to break, and I saw that we were attended by two lathy fellows, in neither of whom could I recognise my previous guide—the truth of whose prophecy, however, was already demonstrated, for it had ceased to rain, or more technically speaking, mist. There were two dogs, a setter and a pointer, on the couples, and a Newfoundland retriever direct from St. John's, of whose capabilities I had heard no little, and who, after a most significant wag of his tail, placed himself directly behind the keeper's feet. We were each provided with a small spirit flask and a biscuit: but I, though a QUARTOGENARIAN, being the youngest of the two by ten years, had acquired *my habits* before it was necessary for every man to go through the country like a day "will o' the wisp," with a light in his mouth, and as my pal, though a true Scot, "snuffs none," there was no "baccy" in company, at which I make no doubt, as times go, many good men and true *will marvel exceedingly*.

Our progress for about three

quarters of a mile lay through some large rough inclosures, mostly arable, at the end of which, but in a different direction, we again entered on the moor which had been the scene of my morning pilgrimage.

Ever since I had left the high road, the ground had been gradually, though almost insensibly, rising; and as day, step by step, disclosed our situation, I found that the moor extended about five miles, bounded on all sides but one—that joining the Grampians—by arable inclosures, on which the black game feed. On the side to the mountain about three miles distant, the Grampians rose abruptly: in fact, we were on what may be termed the first rise. The telescope was now drawn out, and we were, dogs and all, ordered to keep ourselves stowed away behind a stone dyke or wall, while the keeper, taking off his hat, and creeping carefully behind an old fayle dyke (a bank of sods turned up for a fence), proceeded to reconnoitre all the stubble and new laid grass fields, on which at this time of year are assembled the produce of all the neighbouring moor-lands, as far as black game are concerned, for the morning feed.—While he was thus engaged, I could not help, long accustomed as I am to the majestic scenery of this district, admiring with all my soul the splendour of the prospect which with every fresh impulse of the "God of day" broke upon the view. Alas! I am unable to do it justice: it would have required the powers of your ultra-gifted contributor, GILBERT FORESTER*, to communicate what I

* Having been in (what they say every dog has) his day a Cantab, I cannot express with what admiration I devoured his "*Recollections*:"—may he long live to continue them!

dare not attempt.—This strict scrutiny occupied about ten minutes, when, creeping as carefully back to us, he said that we were full early, a fault on the right side however: but for all that, with hats off, bended heads, and in Indian file, we must creep up along the fayle dyke as far as a small bothy (or shepherd's hut made of sods) which appeared about a mile on; and I was particularly cautioned, though a bird (mind we were *out* for *nothing* but black game) should come over my head, not to fire, and to *pointedly* attend to his slightest motion.

We had crept on within about a hundred yards of this said bothy, and just where the fayle dyke turned off in an obtuse angle to the right, when the keeper, who had occasionally kept "his eye out" over the dyke, all at once made a motion with his hand for us behind him to *drop*! This was done, dogs and all, *secundem artem*; and after looking, or as it is very expressively termed in these parts, "keeking" over the dyke with his glass for a few minutes, he motioned me to creep to him, which I did, and in a whisper directed my attention to a field near a small planting, about a mile below us, and which came into view for the first time at the angle of the dyke above-mentioned. "Do you see anything in that new laid clover field?"—"Yes, I see some mole heaps similar to those in the next inclosure; nothing else."—"Look again attentively."—"I do now perceive that they seem to move."

—"Take the glass" I took it, and saw about a hundred black cocks, as I could guess, their whitetails now occasionally plainly visible, by a little kind of strutting run and fan of the tail, somewhat similar to that of a turkeycock, though not so decided in either motion, especially the tail, but opening and directly closing like the one flirt of a fan, which shews all the white, just stirring about, and feeding on the young clover of a field, containing I should imagine about thirty acres, and surrounded by a small stone dyke or wall, apparently about three feet high. In the very centre of this inclosure they had placed themselves in a kind of open column, with watchers evidently thrown out, and I was at once convinced from their position that it would be a matter of no small difficulty to get at them. "How are we to get at them?" whispered I, as I returned the glass.—"Aha," replied he, "you are advised of that already; *that's the rub*, and deuce take me if I well know how to manœuvre it."

How we *did* manœuvre it—how we sped that day—how we quartered for the night, and how on the morrow we finished the season high up in the Grampians, where a man had been occupied for a week in preparing for this one day's *work*—I shall feel more pleasure, Sir (if you choose), in communicating, than, I fear, your readers will in perusing.

A QUARTOGENARIAN.

—Lodge, West Highlands,
Dec. 16, 1831.

(To be continued.)

THE DONCASTER ST. LEGER.

THE following are the Nominations for the present year, alphabetically arranged. The conditions of the Stakes, as our readers are aware, have been altered from a Subscription of 25 sovs. each, P. P., to 50 sovs. each, h. ft., thereby assimilating them to the Derby and Oaks, the lions of the South. It will be seen, from a perusal of the entry, that the popularity of the race has not in any degree diminished, although such dismal results were anticipated by the ancient family of the *Croakers*, not only *viva voce*, but through the medium of the press. While we regret the secession of the liberal and venerable Earl FITZWILLIAM from the Turf, we cannot but congratulate the Racing World on observing the names of the Marquis of EXETER, the Earl of EGREMONT, and Sir MARK WOOD, among the subscribers to the Doncaster St. Leger. We add the "Conditions:"—

The St. Leger Stakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds—colts, 8st. 6lb.; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—St. Leger Course.—Seventy-four subs.

Those engaged in the Derby, Oaks, and York Spring St. Leger, are designated by the initial letters, *D. O. Y.*

Mr. Armitage's b. f. by Saladin, out of Trinket's dam.

Mr. Beardsworth's Chester, by Filho da Puta.

Mr. Beardsworth's Ludlow, by Filho da Puta.

Sir J. Boswell's b. c. Vyvyan, by Canteen, out of Mary Ann.

Sir R. W. Bulkeley's b. c. Birdcatcher, by St. Patrick, out of Sister to Lusa by Hedley.

Lord Chesterfield's ch. c. Non Compos, by Bedlamite—*D.*

Lord Chesterfield's bl. f. Olga, by Paulowitz—*O.*

Lord Chesterfield's b. c. Tintoret, by Rubens.

Lord Chesterfield's br. c. Brother to Benedick, by Whalebone.

Lord Cleveland's b. c. Brother to Chorister, by Lottery—*Y.*

Mr. Cosby's Count Robert, by Muley, out of Conquest's dam—*D.*

Mr. S. Day's Margrave, by Muley—*D.*

Mr. S. Day's Gratis, by Middleton—*D.*

Mr. Denton's ch. c. by a Son of Orville (out of Suffolk Punch's dam), his dam by Partisan (foaled in 1822)—Dick Andrews—Donna Clara.

Sir E. Dodsworth's b. c. Tartar, by Brutandorf, out of St. Patrick's dam.

Sir E. Dodsworth's b. c. Wildboy, by Whisker, dam by Raphael.

Mr. Edmondson's b. c. Richmond, by Jack Spigot, dam by Wanton, grandam Young Mary by Mowbray—*Y.*

Lord Egremont's b. c. by Whalebone, out of Gift, by Young Gohanna.

Mr. W. Ellis's b. c. Primendorf, by Brutandorf, out of Lady Harriet.

Lord Exeter's Beiram, by Sultan, out of Miss Cantley—*D.*

Lord Exeter's Byzantium, by Sultan, out of Folly—*D.*

Lord Exeter's Spencer (Brother to Green Mantle), by Sultan, out of Dulcinea—*D.*

Mr. H. Fawkes's ch. c. William the Fourth, by Blacklock.

Capt. H. Forbes's b. c. Rainbow (late Kildare), by Roller, out of Rebecca by Recordon.

Mr. S. L. Fox's br. c. Julius, by Jerry.

Mr. S. L. Fox's ch. f. by Whisker, dam by Walton.

- Mr. Gascoigne's b. c. by Whisker, out of Louisa.
 Mr. R. Harrison's b. f. The Maid of Oaks, by Brutandorf, out of Royal Oak's dam,
 by Smolenako.
 Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. David, by Catton, out of Fanny Davies.
 Mr. Houldsworth's ch. c. Trident, by Whisker, out of Torelli.
 Mr. Hunter's gr. c. by Gustavus, out of Young Pipylin—D.
 Lord Kelburne's b. c. by Jerry, out of Georgiana.
 Mr. Kelly's b. c. Sir Knight, by Ivanhoe, out of Fanny, by Souvenir.
 Lord Langford's Roué, by Starch—D.
 Mr. G. Latham's b. f. Florine, by Polygar, out of Barbara, by The Laird—O.
 Duke of Leeds's b. c. by Swiss, out of Wathcote Lass, by Remembrancer. ■
 Mr. Lumley's ch. f. Nannette, by Partisan, out of Nanine. 2
 Lord Mountcharles's Minster, by Catton—D.
 Lord Mountcharles's b. c. Bassetlaw, by Catton.
 Mr. Orde's br. c. Tomboy, by Jerry—Emancipation's dam.
 Mr. Petre's ch. c. Beaufort, by Comus, out of Katherine—Y.
 Sir G. Pigot's b. c. The Grand Falconer, by Merlin, out of Active by Partisan.
 Mr. T. O. Powlett's gr. f. by Figaro, dam by Whisker, out of Jack Spigot's dam.
 Mr. Ricardo's b. f. Runnymede, by Whalebone, out of Vicarage, by Octavius.
 Mr. F. Richardson's b. c. Fang, by Langar.
 Mr. Ridsdale's b. c. Brother to Maria, by Whisker.
 Mr. Ridsdale's b. c. Burgomaster, by Brutandorf.
 Mr. Ridsdale's ch. c. by Whisker, out of Tyke's dam—D.
 Mr. Ridsdale's ch. c. Trustee, by Catton, out of Emma—D.
 Mr. Ridsdale's b. f. Florestine, by Whisker, out of Flora—O.
 Mr. Ridsdale's b. f. Saraband, by Tramp, out of Ridotto—O.
 Mr. Robinson's b. f. Bounce, by Brutandorf, out of Bolivar's dam.
 Lord Scarbrough's gr. c. by Falcon, out of Sister to Tarrare.
 Mr. J. Scott's b. c. Novelist, by Waverley, out of Aigrette.
 Mr. J. Scott's b. c. Sledmere, by Young Phantom, dam by Camillus, out of an own
 Sister to Prime Minister.
 Mr. W. Scott's b. c. Carlton, by Catton, out of Sal.
 Mr. Skipsey's ch. c. Peter Liberty, by Peter Lely, out of Miss Wilkes.
 Mr. Skipsey's b. c. Physician, by Brutandorf—Prime Minister.
 Lord Sligo's b. c. Daxon, by Langar, out of Cora.
 Lord Sligo's b. c. Westport, by Langar, dam Skylark, by Musician, out of Sister to
 Pirouette—Y.
 Mr. Spiers names Mr. G. O. Smith's b. f. by Humphrey Clinker, out of Kitten.
 Mr. Tarleton's b. c. by Buzzard, dam by Selim.
 Mr. Thornhill's b. c. by Emilius, out of Sal—D.
 Mr. Thornhill's b. c. by Merlin, out of Surprise.
 Lord Uxbridge names Mr. Haworth's b. c. by Blacklock, dam by Comus, out of Mr.
 Garforth's Flora.
 Mr. Vansittart's ch. c. by Whisker, out of Darioletta—D.
 Mr. Walker's ch. c. Conrad, by Whisker, dam by Blacklock, out of Altisidora.
 Mr. Walker's br. f. Francesca, by Partisan, out of Miss Fanny's dam.
 Mr. Watt's b. f. Sister to Memnon, by Whisker.
 Mr. Wilson's b. c. by Whalebone, out of Silvertail—D.
 Sir M. Wood names Col. Peel's b. c. Ernest—D.
 Sir M. Wood names Colonel Peel's Archibald, by Paulowitz.
 Sir M. Wood names Mr. Chisney's Emilliana—D. and O.
 Mr. Yates's ch. f. Sensitive, by Calp, out of Sigh.

THE KISS PLATONIC.

ON THE COUNTESS OF ——— ONE EVENING OFFERING THE WRITER
A LEMON DROP—COMMONLY CALLED A LEMON KISS!

O LADY! say, is *this* the kiss
That thou intend'st for me?
Too *acid* far for taste like mine,
Too *sharp* an one for thee!

Those lovely lingering lips would ne'er,
I'm sure, *such* kiss bestow;
And were they ask'd—and *spoke the truth!*—
I think they'd say, "Oh, no!"

Lady! the kiss thou offer'st me
Is but a moment felt—
Like love, 'twill sweeten for awhile,
Turn acid, and then melt!

However melting thine might be,
(And who would nectar sip?)
Still, Lady, it must ever stay
Impress'd upon the lip.

No other on that favor'd spot
Could e'er intrude on thine;
For round it thy fair name would wreath
Like tendril round the vine.

But, Lady! I will cherish *this*—
For ah! *thou* gav'st it me—
Till thou redeem'st thy "*Lemon Kiss,*"
With one more *worthy thee!*

LEATHERHEAD,

THE PROPERTY OF VALENTINE MAHER, ESQ.

From an original Picture by FERNELEY, engraved by COOK.

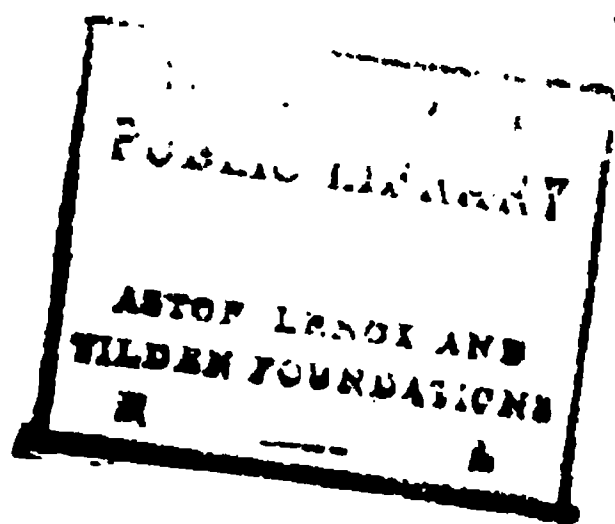
THIS extraordinary horse, which might be termed a perfect hunter, was a grey, got by Old Drone, out of a white mare belonging to a huckster, who sold her when in foal to Simpson Hackett, Esq. of Birr, in the county of Tipperary, for (tell it not in Gath) *one guinea*, and the produce was LEATHER-HEAD. He was early in the possession of a Mr. Groom, by whom he was trained as a hunter. He ran, and generally with success,

for Hunters' Stakes at various provincial meetings, and also in Steeple Chases. He afterwards became the property of Mr. Callinan, an excellent horseman: and here he acquired the distinguished reputation of being the "best hunter in Ireland."

Mr. Brassington, of the county of Dublin, having offered to run any horse in Ireland four miles across country, with his famous mare called *Lady Pipes*, Mr. Callinan accepted the challenge, and,

LEATHERHEAD.

Auth. introd. by W. & A. Hillier, Birmingham Squares, London Feb. 11, 1832



mounted on **LEATHERHEAD**, beat the favorite mare in a style that completely astonished the Dublin sportsmen.

LEATHERHEAD was then sold for 300ga. to Colonel Eyre, who for several years maintained a splendid fox-hunting establishment in Ireland, from whom he was purchased by Lord Clanricarde in 1819, and who presented him to Valentine Maher, Esq. in whose stable, at Melton, this excellent animal lately closed his splendid career, at the advanced age of twenty-eight, with all his points perfect. A better horse was never saddled: in him were united the rare qualities of bottom, speed, and temper; his

power, too, of going in deep ground excited general admiration.

LEATHERHEAD ran thirteen times in Steeple Chases, and was a winner of twelve, and he was hunted in the most severe countries in England and Ireland. The last time he was out he carried Mr. Maher one hour and seventeen minutes, best pace. It may be added, that the symmetry of this magnificent animal was beautiful; and that Nature had done so much for him, that notwithstanding the work he had gone through, he never fell lame: his constitution was so good, that he was always ready when called for.

REMINISCENCES OF AN OLD SPORTSMAN,

Interspersed with Anecdotes.

THE BREAKING UP OF A PACK OF FOX-HOUNDS—ANECDOTES OF THE DOG—SPORTING IN INDIA—SPANISH GASCONADE—ANECDOTES OF GEORGE THE FOURTH—THE LATE KING AND SIR JOHN LADE.

BY THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

THE BREAKING UP OF A PACK OF FOX-HOUNDS.

RESPECT for a good fellow, now floored, a keen sportsman, and a hospitable landlord, imposes on me the duty of concealing the name of the once gay and prosperous owner of the dispersed pack, and of the head-quarters where the kennel was kept: suffice it therefore to say, that near a certain village in a certain county not a hundred miles from the metropolis a pack of fox-hounds was kept in grand style (of the olden times) by a thorough-bred English sporting country 'Squire, who had a pretty family estate within a ring fence, and an old, comfortable, warm

house upon it, where plenty reigned in every point. He had, perhaps unfortunately for him, half a dozen spare beds always at his friends' service, a cellar well stored, and a fat red-nosed butler, who used to shew the long corks with an air of triumph when he drew a bottle of particular wine, mingling strength and age together, and of which there was no scarcity at the ancient Hall. The other servants were bred on the premises, the stable was full of good cattle, and the old huntsman was as deep and (on blank days) as drunken a cove as ever crossed a country.

At the end of a sticking day's hunting, or after a hard run, the Squire used to look as rosy as Bacchus, "ever fair, and ever young," greatly self-satisfied (without conceit) with his day's performance, and proud of his hounds. The lapse of time is considerable since I last heard his voice ring in the woods, and marked him on a dark brown horse dash into covert at the tail of his favorite dogs; and yet it seems but yesterday—nay, I think I see him now, riding up to us in an independent style, with "Gentlemen, the hounds will meet on Thursday next at the hatch, or at —thicket," and then turn round and engage a jolly set of hard drinkers to accompany him home, where he would entertain them in the kindest and most generous manner.

Many years rolled on in this way, when

"One morn we miss'd him on th' accustomed hill!"

The hounds were, however, hunted, as usual, by old Sharp, the whipper-in, *et cetera*. It was a bad scenting day, and somehow there was a general damp thrown over the day's sport. At the end of the day a bold riding Clergyman and the Village Attorney rode up to me, and proposed that we should dine at a road-side public house, kept by a tenant of the Squire, as he had something to say to me; and he made the same proposal to other persons in the field. Half a score of us met, and after a plain substantial dinner, when the bumper to "Fox-hunting" had gone down, the Lawyer, in a brief but impressive speech, informed us that the master of the hounds was in difficulties, that he had

run his race incautiously, and was dead beat. A most awful silence ensued; marks of regret were on every countenance; and one young sportsman, the crimson of whose cheek increased rapidly, seemed as if about to say something. His eye filled, but he concealed it by lifting his glass to his lips; and I have no doubt but that an offer of extensive service rose in his heart, but never reached the organ of utterance. The Fox-hunting Attorney shewed some good feeling as he commemorated the past happy days we had passed together, and touched on the Squire's conduct in and out of the field.

And now came the *denouement*: the establishment was to be broken up, the Squire's hunters were to go to Tattersall's, nothing was decided as to the hounds. A proposal to establish a subscription pack came from the young sportsman, but it was not sufficiently supported to be carried into effect. Divers plans were suggested, but the meeting and the fate of the pack were adjourned *sine die*. The health of the absent was drunk with nine hearty cheers; in the last of which the young Nimrod's voice assumed a subdued tone, and his countenance was that of a bold rider and a high-couraged man, full of fine feeling, but above betraying weakness. The season of youth is that of ardour in and out of the field, on turf or on tented ground; and this is not the least regretful of my Reminiscences. In the course of the evening some of the hounds were brought in and caressed: the Parson gave us a long biographical discourse on the conduct, character, and behaviour of some of them, in

which he got prosing ; and the huntsman was plied with an overflowing tumbler, accompanied by good wishes for him in getting another situation : but old Sharp turned his mind to another line of life, in which he was out of his element. He set up as a publican and sinner, if inebriety constitute such, as we believe it does—he drank all the profits himself, used to draw the covert, find, run, and kill in his back parlour, where he held forth to his customers ; and at last he came to the dogs.

I saw two of the old hounds at his house as fat and as useless as sinecure placemen : these were Lily and Spot. Lily was a complete misnomer, for she was a Cinderella of the dirtiest kind ; and Spot was almost a fixture to the spot where the old huntsman used to sit in his arm-chair primed with ale and obnubilated with tobacco. The old man's pipe was soon out, and the Fox-hunting Parson, the Sporting Attorney, and the quondam whipper-in and feeder were in at the death. Poor Lily and Spot not long survived their last master ; the rest of the pack were scattered up and down the country. I met a leading-hound travelling with an itinerant tinker, who had stolen him from the Hall, where he had taken refuge until a new master might take up his residence there. Ringwood became the pet of the Parson's family ; Stickler was lucky enough to get into the good graces of the cook at the village Apothecary's ; and old Windsor followed the whipper-in to a stable where he became ostler. The rest of the hounds looked half-starved, and wandered about I know not where nor with

whom, but I met them for twenty miles round. They would often frequent the coverts and places of meeting where they had so often been ; but there was no sport for them—they were like the broken soldier, who might say,

“ Othello's occupation's gone.”

Indeed, the breaking up of a pack reminds me much of the disbanding of an army, *nam parvis componere magna solebam.* In each case, the animal, whose life has been devoted to the field, is turned upon the wide world. Good fellows, who were collected together by the pack, are separated and lose sight of each other : the dangers, the union, the pomp, pride, and circumstance of war, bind brother soldiers together, and attach them to their profession. In like manner, the same pursuits, the healthful exercise “ of incense-breathing morn,” the perils, as well as the little vanity and fashion of the sporting-field, draw man to man—improve the relations of neighbour and of friend—make the brother sportsman of high rank familiar with his humbler companion in the chase—and establish a proud equality, the boast of the yeoman and strength of the country : and the dismembering this Sporting Commonwealth, and turning adrift the merry pack which cemented it, is like reducing a regiment, or other body of men, and turning our back on those brave fellows who composed it.

Of my Sporting Brethren, I saw as little in the flight of years as I did of this pack of foxhounds. The loco-motive life of a soldier took me far from them ; and I have reason to think that the embracing other pursuits and

following other professions scattered them pretty widely over the surface of the earth, and subjected many of them to various vicissitudes in life: but this I must say, that whenever my remembrances turned towards them they cost me a sigh.

The young Nimrod, full of feeling and vigour as a sportsman and a man, ended his career like a hero on the battle-field of Waterloo, substantiating the high opinion which I had formed of his courage and of his heart. Some of the other mighty hunters I traced through the *Gazette* of promotions ecclesiastical and military. The obituary brought others before me in a *memento mori*.

—

AND now, my indulgent readers, that we have run them to earth, I shall only pay a tribute to that faithful homogeneous animal—the friend and humble companion of man—by a few very short

ANECDOTES OF THE DOG, to which a sportsman will not be indifferent. Perhaps the finest trait ever delineated of one of the canine race is to be found in *Homer's Odyssey*, in the account of Ulysses' dog, which recognises him after so long an absence, caresses his long lost master, and breathes his last at his feet. Nor is the fidelity of the poor man's dog in *le convoi du pauvre*—which I not only heard as a story, and saw as an admirable engraving in Paris, but actually saw—less interesting; for I actually observed a black poodle follow, not as chief, but as sole mourner, the coffin of its master from an hospital. The animal actually shed tears; and, when the body disappeared, rent

the air with broken lamentations. But one recent trait is fully equal to both of these.

A faithful dog followed the hearse of its master to a burial-ground two miles from London. Nothing could prevail on it to remain in the house of the deceased when the body was removed from it. A number of persons assisted at the funeral, some of whom (the family) the animal was accustomed to. With none of them would it return, but laid itself down in a mournful posture, and howled over the grave of the departed. In vain was persuasion used to get it away. At night the watchman attempted to dislodge it by force: it resisted, ran away from the man, and again returned to keep watch over him who had fed and sheltered it during his life. On the following morning, the sexton used his endeavours to take away the dog; but in vain. He returned with food, thinking that the poor brute would follow him from hunger: this failed, and it refused sustenance. On the second day, a number of persons went to the grave with meat and drink to the trusty mourner: these it accepted, seemed grateful, but took up its first post, and stretched itself over the cold bed of its departed master. Day followed day, and the neighbours repaired from curiosity to the spot, and from humanity fed the dog. I was told of this circumstance, and went to see this practical lesson of attachment and gratitude given by an irrational being to us intellectual lords of the creation. It was the eighth day when I saw the fact. On the next day, the animal was forcibly taken from the grave, and brought home by a

kind neighbour, who treated it with all possible humanity. Nevertheless, the inflexible dog ran away, and returned to its first position. It was then taken some miles from town, and closely confined for a few days, when it died of grief, probably broken hearted—for such things are. What an example to cold, fickle, and ungrateful man! The survivors of the nearest relations and best of friends wipe off hastily and soon after their death

“The tear forgot as soon as shed:”

they reject not food, nor refuse comfort—they keep not their vigil near the narrow bed of those who have nursed and served them: such privations are reserved for the animal which boasts not the light of reason.

SPORTING IN INDIA.

IN youth, the pleasures of hope form our greatest enjoyments; but, in the autumn and wintry season of our life, we must draw upon the pleasures of memory for our chief resource. Such is my case: and I derive much amusement from looking over my old portfolio, ransacking my writing desk, and from turning over the annals of other days, which my paper-drawer and library contain; and it would be my proudest endeavour thereby to convey entertainment to my readers. In this feeling, and with this view, I have drawn from a blotting book a parcel of letters from a very good fellow, a Scotchman, written to me some years back from India, on the subject

of Sporting there, and I shall make an extract from one of them, which, I trust, will not be wholly devoid of interest.

“Shortly after my arrival at Calcutta, I was invited to a day’s sporting by Major —, which I accepted gladly, having great curiosity to witness Oriental hunting, which, I was led to think, must be, like other pastimes there, in Eastern splendour. Nor was I disappointed—the scene and our success surpassed my most sanguinary* expectations. We started before day-break in a style more resembling the march of a *corps d’armée*, or a triumphal procession in honour of the Goddess of the Chase, than the preparations for a day’s hunting. No Scotch Laird, Yorkshire Squire, nor our Melton Mowbray Sportsman can conceive anything equal to it: our strength and numbers, our arms and appointments, our slaves and attendants, were astounding to behold. A tiger-hunt was the object in view, and a grand and memorable day we had. The Major, a fine portly man, was mounted on an elephant, from the elevation of which, placed in a castle, he scoured the circumjacent country with eagle eye, preceded by sharp-shooters, *tirailleurs*, scouts, spies, and savages, followed and surrounded by divers brother sportsmen, comrades, and domestics.

“We were not long before we found a tiger, which afforded considerable sport, and was killed by a brother officer’s rifle. From the dingle in which we found the last ferocious animal, we pro-

* This expression, or rather joke, alludes to a country surgeon (of those days), established in Scotland, famous for his *kakalogy*, for misnaming the creation, and taking liberties with his mother tongue. Upon my asking him how he came on in his profession? his answer was, that he had succeeded in his practice beyond his most sanguinary expectations.

ceeded on with nobler game in view—the monarch of all beasts of prey; and, after some excursive riding, a magnificent lion made its appearance. The sight was most grand! but I confess that, at this moment, no small degree of fear mingled with my ambition to have to record a lion-hunt amongst the adventures of my life. The attack seemed really more like actual war than anything else, so great and grand was the enemy to which we were opposed. The bold Major and a dashing young Cavalry Subaltern discharged their rifles simultaneously at the lion, and each of them wounded him: infuriated with pain, the fierce animal attacked the elephant, whilst the Major seized another rifle and took deliberate aim at him; but, being anxious that this shot might tell, he leaned so far forward that he overbalanced himself and fell from his castle into the lion's arms (or rather paws). Here was an awful moment! but, wonderful to tell, the Major got off with a broken arm only, a rush having been made towards the lion, whereby he was despatched, covered with wounds, and torrents of blood streaming around. Nothing could be so brave, so desperate, nor so marvellous!"

So much for my friend's letter. For my own part, I should be quite content with the humbler and less perilous sports of the British hunting field. For, if General Moreau justly observed, that in the latter part of Buonaparte's wars, "*ces batailles n'étaient que des boucheries*," the same may be applied to this wild beast hunting, and to the last remains of barbarity in Europe, the bull-

fights of Spain. Mercy defend us from such sanguinary exhibitions in these civilized realms and in this piping time of peace! There is, however, no saying what we may come to, now that already we have the fact of wild beasts invading those boards which were formerly only trodden by the soc and buskin.

I cannot dismiss the subject of tiger-hunting without a retrospect of regret for the fate of that fine young man, Lieutenant Munro, who was destroyed by one of these ferocious animals. I had the account of it from General Conran's own lips, who was present, and in whose arms this unfortunate victim fell. The story is pretty generally known*; but one point of it has escaped notice—namely, that when an effective shot was fired at the furious brute, which forced it to loose its hold, the dying man just staggered a few paces, and cast himself on the General's bosom, uttering these last words, "God is good!" What a volume of piety, fortitude, and resignation!—" *C'est une belle chose que la guerre, quand on est revenu*," says the French soldier after his campaigns; and so should I think of lion and tiger-hunting.

SPANISH GASCONADE.

IN my last I recorded the Gasconade of a hunting foreigner, who assured me that he took such a high leap that he was tired of remaining up in the air; but my Spanish brother sportsman fully equalled him—for, on my praising the steadiness of my pointer, and giving some instances to prove what I asserted, he replied, "All that is nothing; I have a

* See *Sporting Magazine* for July 1793.

black pointer, so staunch that I defy all Europe to match him. I was shooting one day in the province of Andalusia, and was called away suddenly on pressing and particular business, leaving Azor at a dead point. I forgot him all the next day, but returning on the subsequent morning I found him motionless, but in the same position. I feared that he was dead or lost; but there he was. His joy at seeing me was indescribable when I released him from his post."

After this he proceeded to inform me that we knew nothing of shooting until his countrymen taught it us; that the very name of spaniel is derived from *Español*, as pointer is from *punto* and *ponto*, a point in the Spanish and Italian languages.

I cannot conclude this Gasconading article without noticing a *bon mot* of the late King's on this subject? A very broad ditch presented itself during a hunt, which the late King remarked to the Emigrant Comte de Belzuns as a desperate leap. The Count replied that he had leaped twice as far; on which the King smiled and observed, "that is a great stretch!"

ANECDOTES OF GEORGE IV.

AFTER the late King returned from Ireland—where his popularity was beyond description, where his smile seemed to call the mourner into joy, and the disaffected to devotional loyalty, depending on personal attachment; where admiring crowds, contemplating the Prince, the Gentleman, and the philanthropist, felt under the hand of his enchantment—he naturally visited all his favorite haunts about the Royal Cottage in the

fairy grounds, created by splendid taste and refined art, and resumed his habits and amusements in inspecting his menagerie, stud, and other establishments. The kindness of the Sovereign attached all the animals to him, and great joy was manifest in their reception of him. This circumstance did not fail to excite the flattering remarks of his Courtly circle. "Yes," replied the merry Monarch, "they were all very glad to see me; I never witnessed such capering and prancing, such billing and cooing, such giving of tongue, and wagging of tails in my life." The way in which this was playfully spoken gave an indescribable effect to the remark.

One day, when the late King was hunting with his Royal Father near Windsor, he perceived a very great dandy amongst the field, and inquired who he was? He was informed that he was in the habit of attending the hunt in the very first style, and had been taken by the country people for some Lord, but that in fact he was no other than a very rich tanner. "Well," said the then Prince of Wales, "let him pass off for a Lord if he likes: we will call him Lord *Hide*—the title sounds very well indeed." George the Third heard of this, and laughed heartily at it, and the tanner got this nick-name ever after.

When our late Monarch held his Court at Carlton Palace, he came rather unexpectedly into a room where Sir John McMahon was warming his feet at the fire, the weather being damp. The opening of the door announced the then Prince Regent's arrival, and the Baronet turned hastily round, his back having previously

been opposite the entrance, and in some confusion advanced, making an inclination of his head. "Never mind, Mac," said the late King, in his affable, sprightly tone of voice, "I always knew that you were a *wet soul*" (sole). These little *jeux d'esprit* were innumerable with His Majesty.

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GEORGE IV. AND SIR JOHN LADE.

THE recollections of any one acquainted with the private life and domestic habits of our late beloved Monarch would be endless. If we call to mind the many effusions of his warm heart, the innumerable kindnesses bestowed on the circle of his intimate friends, of his establishment, and down to the least of his menials, it will not then be wondered at that Sir John Lade, the gentleman-jockey, the pearl of coachmen, and the companion of his Prince's festive hours, should benefit by this beneficent disposition of his Royal Master. This he testified by an early and active exertion in Sir Jockey John's* behalf, when he was, as sporting men call it, "driven to ground," i. e. in adversity, by granting him a pension: but the following anecdote will still farther illustrate what we have advanced. Some twenty years ago the then Prince of Wales was in the habit of paying an almost constant visit to Sir John, to pass away part of his evening. Finding the Sporting Baronet one night unusually

low-spirited, he kindly inquired the cause, which, after some reluctance and hesitation, was explained, and which was on account of Lady Lade's nephew (a great favorite of her husband and self) being embarked and about to sail immediately for India, in which service His Majesty had procured him a Cadetship. The ship was already at Gravesend, and there were many probabilities of its being then in the Downs. The late King, nevertheless, said, "Johnny, there is still a chance left; send down immediately, and if he is not beyond our reach, I will provide for him otherwise." A friend of Sir John's undertook the task: one of his fleetest horses was saddled, and after the first stage he rode past, and actually brought back young Daly, having fractured his collar-bone on the way to seek him. The late King kept his word, and appointed him in his own regiment (the 10th), where he served with credit to himself, but fell a victim to the fatal retreat from Corunna. This anecdote does honour to all parties concerned in it. As for George the Fourth, the remembrance of his high mind, polished manners, and gentle heart ought to be engraven on the tablets of memory in these words:—

"Semper honos, nomenque tuum, laudesque manebunt."

THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

AQUATICS OF THE LAST, AND ANTICIPATIONS OF THE ENSUING SEASON.

LAST season, Mr. Editor, bid fair to afford the Amateur on the Thames more real pleasure

than any other within my remembrance, whether we consider the superiority of the yachts opposed

* So his brother whips used to call him.

to each other; the number of Cups to be sailed for; or the contending opinions of some more knowing, as they thought themselves, than others: for many thought they saw enough in their favorite yacht to secure the prize to a certainty, and in confidence told their mighty secret to a friend, who plumed himself on the knowledge thus easily acquired! Vain hopes! the proof is in the trial, and the disappointments were almost overwhelming. They can scarcely believe their eyes or senses. A thousand excuses are offered to satisfy their inquiring friends; nor can the friendly shake of the hand buoy up their fallen spirits, or raise a smile. Toil, anxiety, and disappointment is too much—until nature has been refreshed: then re-action takes place, an improvement is pointed out, and eagerly adopted; hopes are again inspired—equally strong, yet with more reason, for experience has made them wise: and however superior they allow a chance to others, which has fallen to the lot of two who have almost hopelessly striven for many times before the lucky trim could be found, to bless their longing eyes with a Cup, the winning of which is an interesting soul-stirring sight, even to those unaccustomed to it, but doubly so to the Amateur. On a fine evening in July or August, the setting sun gilding the peak of each of the many wide spreading sails, swelling with the breeze, and gracefully bending to its power, until, the guns proclaim them near:—she's through the bridge, and in the distance each eye is strained to catch the favorite colour. The wind or sails conspire to keep them in sus-

pense; but, as if by magic, she doubles her speed, and her size gradually increasing, fills the mind with astonishment at beholding the lofty mast and the immense size of the sails, which but a few minutes before seemed so small—

“ 'Tis she:

She rounds the boat, swan-like doth appear
To stem the tide, giving cheer for cheer:”

Or if the weather should not be so propitious, amid the storms where “blue lightnings flash,” still there is interest. Close-reef'd she comes,

“ Buried in foam—she seems to leap
Like an angry monster of the deep:
Or, as if her mighty spirits up—
Come of it what may—she'll win the Cup.”

The Emulation, one of the fortunate yachts alluded to, beat her old competitor the Lady Louisa in good style, and received a truly handsome Cup.

The other was to have been called the Alarm; but, from some panic in the owner's mind, was named the Water Witch. She had sailed four unsuccessful matches, which as she could not win, she contented herself with endeavoring to beat the Vestris—both yachts having been launched last season from the same slip, and within a few weeks of each other, alike in build and size, being as it was thought an improvement on that very successful yacht the Brilliant.—This she could not accomplish at first, until, calling to her aid her magic art, she brought from some old store—some say she borrowed—the sails of the Don Giovanni. This was too much for the Vestris. She was overcome: she was bewitched; and, instead of witching others, lost her power. The Water Witch was successful; and amid thun-

ders of applause, received the Cup.

These rival performers, with increased power and improvements, will spare no exertions to gratify their admirers the ensuing season. The *Vestris* has removed those eye-sores from her stern—her golden legs which did not add to her speed: besides which both yachts will have some first-rate artists to insure success.

The *Ariel* is also to have considerable alterations: if she does not then succeed, she will no longer play first-rate.

The *Brilliant*, *Lady Emma*, and *Rowena*, being in good force, will lend their powerful assistance this season. Indeed it was much regretted that the former did not sail a single match last year. The *Leander* has done swimming for Cups; and the poor *Daphne* is sadly in the back ground. The secret is found out, and therefore no longer dreaded by those of eight tons.

The Cup for yachts not exceeding six tons was a new thing, but with great exertion could only get three to start. Notwithstanding it has caused much speculation and surprise that the little *Mab*, of four tons, with her Bermudian or leg-of-mutton sail, should beat the *Lady Caroline* and the *Ariel*, both six tons, in such wonderful style, thereby proving the superiority of that rig for smooth water: and the owner's judgment in getting her in such excellent trim—as mast and sails were made for the occasion—proves there's many a slip between the cup and the lip. The Cup, as report will have it, was made purposely for the *Lady Caroline*—considered a fast boat: the *Mab* was not even thought

of. It would be a treat to see the owner in a clipper of eight tons, with his known skill and experience—he'd make work for some of us.

Respecting the large classed yachts the interest is less than ever; there is no novelty, if we except the *Ellen*. The sailing of the *Lady Louisa*, *Rob Roy*, and *Emulation* is well known; and without some of the smaller class, they can scarcely make a match above-bridge; and as one of the crew of one of them said, that she (one of the above yachts) could win when she liked! The starting of them last season was very unfortunate on one occasion above-bridge: it arose from inexperience; and, instead of doing it better the next time, he could not stand the laugh, but made a bolt of it by starting himself off to France, leaving the task in more experienced hands. This season, however, I have no doubt but it will be done in style.

The other was below-bridge, when not above half the yachts started from the buoys laid for them agreeable to the rules of the Club. This was in part from the outside yachts being stationed direct in the road which all the outward-bound ships took, and at that instant the river was crowded; at times it was impossible, without great danger of being run down, to remain. This should be looked to: for though those to whom it was intrusted used great exertions, and for which, as they well merited, received the thanks of the Members, one other thing is necessary—a little more courteous behaviour towards its Members would be an inducement to others to continue the sport.

The advertisement recently

announced in a leading Journal is something new,—that the Lords of the Admiralty have placed at the disposal of the Royal Sailing Society His Majesty's ship *Chanticleer*, as an hospital ship for those who get their living on the Thames.

I like charity in its place; but what has that to do with the improvement and building of sailing vessels?—just as much as the Knights of Malta have. Will Government or the funds of the Royal Sailing Society support this charity? If the former, who will appoint the officers? why the self-deputed few: not the

Noble Commodore or the Gallant Chairman—their views are wholly to the object of the Society. Or who will be the chief Medical Officer?

“ I know a poor Apothecary
Who's policy and his will consents.”

With such a list of Noble, gallant, and experienced Members, that so fair a prospect

“ Should be blighted by a frost, a killing frost;
And when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a-ripening, nips his root,
And then he falls as I do.”

SHAKESPEARE.

Jan. 12, 1832.

THE EAST KENT HOUNDS.

SIR,
BY the insertion of the following in your amusing and, I may say, instructive Publication, you will greatly oblige your fervent well-wisher, A BRITON.

“ *Me miserum mihi!*” the fox-hunter, perhaps, is fain to exclaim on the unwelcome appearance of frost and fantastic icicles; but may we not in answer thus declaim and moralise?

“ O fortunati, si sua bona norint,
Homines!”

for surely, after so long and severe a campaign as the present season hath afforded the sportsman, it would betoken a discontented mind if he should greatly complain: for, Mr. Editor, I really do not suppose that ever a finer, less uninterrupted series of sport hath been known, than that which we have lately enjoyed. Let us not, then, murmur at the wise dispensations of Provi-

dence; but, being obliged for the present to resign the whip and spur, be it our aim to while away the time—a period tedious, I allow, to the sportsman, but still not unbearable in a profitable manner. I seize the opportunity now afforded me by the frost to take up my pen and write. And of what shall I discourse? Of the Cholera Morbus? The subject is sickening, and only calculated to create the blue devils. Of the grand subject which has so long and still agitates the country? This subject I also decline; I am no politician. But write I must—“*amor scribendi jubet scribere*”—so here goes. A few words, if you please, on the East Kent hounds.

This establishment has been doing the thing well—yes, and exceedingly well—this season. Mr. Oxenden has resigned the management of the concern: he was a good sportsman, a gentleman-

like agreeable man, a good rider, although not very bold: to adopt the *multum in parvo* manner of expression, he was a good fellow. The pack is now conducted by a Committee. "Where there is a will there is a way;" and a mind zealous in a good cause will not be checked by difficulties. I am, therefore, well persuaded that they will persevere in preserving this establishment from oblivion.

Thirteen brace and a half were vanquished by Christmas, only five out of the number being examples of the grave-digging system: all the rest were fairly run in to. Tom Arnold, the huntsman, although a heavy man, and pretty well stricken in years, is seldom to be found wanting, but is generally in the right place; and it is glorious to see him kill his fox in a bad scent, with tired and harassed hounds, when the crafty animal is having recourse to his proverbial cunning—

"Down the lane or hedge dodging he
cunningly hies,
To ficult the hounds, and to ficult he
tries."

This is the crisis when cool judgment, patience, and perseverance are especially requisite; and in this branch of his business, I think I may safely say, Tom Arnold excels. In another very essential part of his office he is also superior to many: he kills his foxes in the kennel, as may be seen by the sleek and lap-dog brightness of the skins of his dear darlings.

But what can a huntsman do without assistance? "*Collegâ tutissimus ibis!*" And in hunting a pack of hounds nothing effectual, and as a Frenchman would express himself *superbe*, can be accomplished without the aid of

a good whipper-in. Here John Fairman is the man, a light weight, a good rider, with strong nerve. The chorus,

"We are all nervous, shake, shake,
trembling,
We are all nervous at our house at
home,"

can by no means be applicable to him. He was never in this country until this season, and Kent never before saw or rather *heard* of such a man; for his voice is stentorious, and, to me, far more agreeable than all the squallings of the would-be good singers we are too often compelled to listen to. There is one drawback, and a very great one, to the excellence of the establishment—they are at present but badly mounted; but we can have nothing *perfect* under the sun.

I now proceed to the description of a character well known in this Hunt, and of whom I may with truth pronounce,

"We ne'er shall look upon his like
again."

Who that attends the East Kent Hounds does not know Will Norris? Tough, bony, hard as iron, no day too long for him, he will tire many a youngster: he is the worthy earth-stopper, and whenever he himself is *stopped* in, in vain shall we look for another to equal him. How pleased should I be to start some one of our delicate countrymen, some *pretty man*, as I term the breed, for one day's trudge with friend Norris: soon would he loosen his waistcoat straps, and piteously exclaim, "*Oho, jam satis, amice!*"

A few words on the riders with the East Kent. Be assured, Mr. Editor, that Kent may boast of some who can go the pace, and

keep it. A horse of family is requisite for the man who wishes to be at the stern of the East Kent Hounds: nerve is nearly as necessary here as in Leicestershire; and moreover a good commodious bread-basket—for the worthy farmers of this county, although rather too careful of their wheat fields, are nevertheless very liberal in their distribution of the bread and cheese and ale. "Wet t'other eye," may often be heard. I return them my sincere thanks for the many favours they confer upon me, and sincerely hope that they may go on and prosper, brew

good beer (this, perhaps, is a selfish feeling), and ride good horses; for I am no declaimer against the practice of the farmer following the hounds, and he is welcome to throw the dirt in my face as often as he pleases, being well assured, that if, unluckily, any should get into my throat, a glass of his good home-brewed will quickly set all right again.

But it is time to conclude. Farewell, and a happy new year, earths well stopped, and foxes plenty! "*Vive, valeque, amici, et lectores benigni.*"

Canterbury, Jan. 7, 1832.

GILBERT FORESTER'S TOUR IN THE WEST, CONTINUED.

" It is the hour when to the field
The hunter's gallant train moves by;
It is the hour when coverts yield
The opening hound's blythe melody,
And clashing bugle's maddening cheer,
Make music for the sportsman's ear.
A charm to lead have hill and dale,
A joy each fence, a life each gale;
O'er brook, o'er plain of dusky hue,
We follow, where sly *reynard* flew.
And now, so sure and sharp they swoop,
They've run in to *him*—dead! who-whoop!
Homeward I wend—the brush is mine,
To toast Fox-hunting in my wine."

MOST potent, grave, and reverend Signor, my much approved good Editor, accept, I beg, the heart-felt congratulations of one of thy most loyal subjects! May the year *thirty-two*, which, happily for us, still finds thee seated in thy regal chair, prove a flourishing one for thy cherished offspring, the *Mag*! May the poetic pen of the *DEVONIAN*, the spirited one of *ONE-OFUS* still illumine thy pages! May the *HERMIT*'s reminiscent cabinet remain unexhausted, the *DORSETIAN*'s imagination equally vivid! May no melancholy ca-

tastrophe deprive thee of a *YOUNG FORESTER*, no untoward event blot out the powerful names of a *TASSEL*, a *RINGWOOD*, a *SPECTATOR*, an *OBSERVATOR*, &c.! *Then* shall the *SPORTING MAGAZINE* hold up her head with proud superiority, and prove that the *March of Intellect* is something more than *talk*! And now, having dutifully paid my compliments to my Sovereign,

" I will *my* tale unfold."

I have at length bid adieu to the hospitable and picturesque county of Somerset, and am now

deep in the West, which I contrived to reach at the imminent risk of being swept away by the floods which from time to time our unkindly skies poured down. In passing Nettlecombe Park, the ancient family seat of the Trevellyans, I was glad to take refuge under the noble oaks which adorn its grounds; and as I am not one of those insensible persons who can travel from Dan to Beersheba without finding anything to admire, I beguiled the weary moments during the pelt-ing of the pitiless storm by examining and admiring, as far as possible, this fine old place. I declare, upon the veracity of a hunter, had I Fortunatus's wishing cap, my desires would extend no farther than the possession of Nettlecombe Park.

Those venerable oaks would be a bank which during my life and for another generation would never stop payment: their graceful branches and glowing verdure would cheer my eye, their noble stems replenish my coffers, and enable me to do the honours of a foxhunter's *menage* in the liberal style a fox-hunter loves. Gods! what streams of Burgundy should flow from their ponderous trunks! what blood-like steeds rise from their prostration! I question whether the ominous sound of an axe has ever yet prophaned the holy quiet of these woods—certainly not since the present Baronet's reign, for it is said he refused 10,000*l.* during the war for one wood; and when his legal adviser urged him to accept it, his reply was, "Sir, there are many men who do not hesitate to give their thousand for a Claude or a Rembrandt, which, exquisite as they undoubtedly are,

are *but* imitations; but it is their *hobby*; and it is *mine* to keep that wood, which is far dearer to me, and far superior in my eyes to the finest productions of the Foreign Schools. It is Nature's own handy work—the work of that Great Master, whose lowly lily was finer than Solomon in all his glory; and whilst I live those trees shall rear their heads in safety."

The neighbourhood of Nettlecombe Park is well stored with varmint, though a rum'un for killing, the country being stiff and troublesome. The North Somerset have an occasional kennel hereabout, and that misery to a hunter, a blank day, is seldom known: there is, however, too much covert to afford prime sport; for the *varmint*, trusting to the security of their strong holds, are seldom courageous. It is nevertheless well hunted, and if little slaughter is committed, it puts the youngsters to the rout, and does good in that way. Hearing Mr. Lucas had a fine show of antlers in his possession—trophies earned by him during his management of the North Devon Stag Hunt—and having a letter of introduction, I wended my way towards Dulverton, near which place his seat is situated; and a pretty agreeable ride I *don't* think I had; for of all the break-neck roads a poor devil ever plunged into, this was the worst. *Tony Lumpkin's*, bless you, was a fool to it.

Although I never travel one of our delightful up-country roads, without invoking blessings on the head of that indefatigable individual, that real benefactor to mankind, that true conqueror, the Colossus of Roads, I really think I never estimated his worth so

truly as on the present occasion. Alas! thought I, as I ploughed my weary way through the deep ruts and zig-zag lanes, expecting nothing less than instant dislocation of the back, or neck, or some vital part: alas! why has not the genius of a *MacAdam* breathed on this ill-fated land? why, why is a wretched traveller and his prad to be pushed up on a hedge, and down in a ditch, plumped in the mud, and soused in a bog, because the Turnpike Trustees, or whatever they call themselves, will not mend their iniquitous ways, or get some one who can? O! for a *MacAdamized* road, and a few human faces! sighed I, in the bitterness of my heart; for throughout this long and dreary ride, not a thing in the shape of humanity had I seen, but two blousy-faced girls mounted on a pillion behind an old fellow with a hat of most capacious dimensions, and an old woman driving a pig, which in the true spirit of the grunting race, because he was told to go to the left, chose to go to the right. Three crows flying to the left, and a flock of geese that hissed loud enough at my approach to save London in all its uproar from unwelcome intruders, make the sum total of animated nature I encountered, till arrived at the Red Lion at Dulverton, where I put up for the night.

Unlike the traveller so humorously sketched in the "Gallery of Comicalities," (who, having made himself comfortable, proceeds to see his horse attended to,) I see to my horse first, knowing there is no time to be lost, and that it is the duty of every master to attend *in propria persona* to such matters. This very ne-

cessary duty, therefore, being first despatched, I called for the bill of fare, which was by no means of the puzzling nature of a *carte du Rocher de Cancale*, in which the piquancy of a *tête de veau en tortue*, the delicacy of a *matelotte Normande*, the fine flavour of *perdreux aux truffes*, and the aerial lightness of an *omelette soufflée*, rivet the senses, and bewilder the imagination with their various charms. On the present occasion there was little difficulty in deciding, for the bill of fare (*par excellence*) could boast but of the two standing dishes at a country inn—beef steaks, and eggs and bacon. Now for the last-mentioned dainty I have an insurmountable objection: it makes me sick always to think of a squashy egg floating about your plate, and a piece of fat rusty bacon just warmed through, with the grease trickling from it like water from a rock; and for the former, I would prefer it certainly to *nothing*, but would almost as lief eat an old shoe. The savages, too, by way of improving my appetite, *fried* it!! Ye Gods! the horror of that hour, when, forced by necessity and hunger, I commenced an attack upon beef-steaks *fried* in a pan whose latest victim had been *onions*! A glass of most questionable wine, and a biscuit of last year's manufacture, formed the sequel to this most barbarous repast.

The well-thumbed county paper, which whiled away my lonely evening, having been read and re-read from the state of the funds to the state of the corn-market, and from the leading article progressively to its minutest advertisement (all of which, by the bye,

had been read before in fifty London papers), I betook myself to my nest, where, in spite of the fried steak which weighed heavily on my stomach—spite the bad wine, stale biscuit, and all other abominations, I continued to sleep—

“After the *day's* fitful fever I slept well.”

The lark left not his leafy couch the following morning sooner than did GILBERT FORESTER his feathery one; and long before the purlieus of St. James's had poured forth their motley crowd, that gentleman had breakfasted and walked a league. Barham Down, my destination, is about that distance from Dulverton: the country excessively romantic and pretty; and I was amply repaid by a walk through it for the privations and vexations of the preceding day. From the lower lodge gate of Barham Down to its mansion you are conducted for the length of a mile through a winding carriage road, up a steep hill covered with beautiful oak coppice and timber: the nearer approach to the house presents an exquisite avenue, formed by evergreens and flowering shrubs: at the base of the hill roll the bright and silvery waters of the flashing Exe, its mimic waves breaking noiselessly on its verdant shore: and around, far as eye can reach, stretch the neighbouring heights, richly studded with noble oaks, now arrayed in their last livery. To a lover of Nature, or of Sporting, this spot presents many attractions. For the gunner, the real gunner, who goes out to shoot game for the pleasure of *shooting*, not *eating* it, and who has strength and spirit enough to walk a few miles with-

out fainting, there is plenty of amusement. For my part, I would not give a pin to be invited to shoot where the game has been preserved till it is as tame as a barn door fowl, and so abundant that a cockney who had never handled a gun in his life might fill his bag. There must be ambition and emulation in this as well as in other things. I do not mean to say it is pleasant to shoot where there is nothing to reward one's toils; but I do mean to say, we must endure both fatigue and difficulty, to *enjoy* it, before we meet with a recompence. From the cradle which first receives our infant form, to that last receptacle the *grave*, we are continually pursuing a thing lighter far than any bird of the air, lighter even than the thistle down, and which flies as fast as we pursue: still we follow on and on, deluded by the tempter Hope; and find it at last in the oblivion of the *tomb*. This *ignis fatuus*, this beguiling light, is *Happiness*. Even so is it with the gunner: many a weary mile does he trudge over stubbled fields and furrowed lands, guided by Hope; and if one beam from her torch illumine his darkness—in other words, has he the happiness to make a few good hits, how merrily he hies over hill and dale, scorning every danger, and laughing at difficulty. Like the butterfly, we, in our youthful days, follow from flower to flower, and field to field, till compelled by fatigue to abandon the pursuit: it is the pleasure of the *chase*, and not the possession of the gaudy insect, which impels us on. But enough of shooting: I have already given my opinion as to what it is to be, and would therefore advise all who have a

taste that way to shoot whilst they can.

From Mr. Lucas, the owner of the pretty place I have been describing, I met with a most polite and sportsmanlike reception, notwithstanding I had disturbed his rest at such a Gothic hour of the morning. His collection of antlers is the largest and most perfect I ever saw, or that perhaps can be seen in His Majesty's dominions, and are well worth crossing a country to view. They are hung around the hall, and have each a short printed inscription under it, detailing the place of harbouring, distance ran, place of taking soil, and slaughter. I observed with pleasure, that in all the collection there was only *one* head not *warrantable*—i. e. not five years of age, consequently not fit for hunting. Such mishaps as hounds breaking away after a stripling will sometimes occur; and he must be an honorable son of the chase who can so judiciously urge on his pack to glory without spoiling future sport. In this there must be no trifling difficulty; for, unless a man is a perfect judge of the antlers, he cannot give the word of command correctly: besides, he may not be close enough to have a good view. It may be said, the *harbourers* (men who are sent out to mark by the slot where the stag has taken harbour) have an opportunity of seeing the gentleman; but so shy and wild a creature is the stag, that it is ten to one, if disturbed, he does not bound away to a more quiet retreat, and deprive you of your promised run. It may be asked, will not the slot indicate the age of the animal? Undoubtedly it often will, but is not always a sufficient

criterion; for a young stag will sometimes be equal in size and height to an aged deer, and therefore, in the above test, easily misled. I should say, at four years old a stag was equal to go the pace merrily, and with lasting qualities: so thought Mr. Lucas; but the Devonians, it appears, do not; and they are therefore never lawfully run till another year has added its strength. Each branch or sprout of the antler has a provincial name, such as I never heard in any other part; and from the number of these branches the age of the animal is decided. They shed their horns yearly; and the common people say, with what truth I know not, that as the *fern* grows, so do the deer's antlers, and as the former decays the latter fall off. This process generally takes place in some deep recess of a wood, accelerated by the constant friction of the trees. It is singular that in so short a time these horns should become so excessively large and hard. I have a snuff-box, given me by a sportsman, of amazingly large circumference of horn, and as hard as marble.

Mr. Lucas expatiated with the warmth and animation of a sportsman on the delight afforded him by the noble creatures whose heads adorn his dwelling, and methought there was a feeling of regret mingled with the recollection—regret that those exhilarating times no longer existed.

O Devon! thou lovely Eden, I weep for thee! Though thy woods still rear their heads and wave their branches; though thy sparkling waters still wanton through thy enameled meads, thy daughters shine as fair, thy sons remain as manly, there is a

blot on thy escutcheon that cannot be effaced. The brightest jewel of thy crown has passed from thee (I mean the North Devon Stag-hounds), and Germany has become the habitation of the grandest kennel of dogs (bred and hunted under the careful eye of the Lord of Barham Down) a country could boast. O Devon! I weep for thy loss! I weep for the hour thou wert tempted to forfeit thy high renown!

“ And none shall see the day,
When the clouds shall pass away,
Which that dark hour left upon Devon's
fame.”

It is to be hoped, in spite of present appearances, this prime sportsman may at no distant day have to model another pack of the true stag-hound blood, to make the woods of *Haddon* and *Yarmer* “ring again:” and that the Devonians may “one and all” combine in their endeavors to restore their lost glory, and that the Hall of Barham Down may ere long groan with the trophies of victorious sport, are my sincere wishes. Though the stag is now almost an outcast, and open to the gun of every *burking* rascal, there is still sufficient stock to become as abundant as formerly. On this topic I could still enlarge, but a charitable regard for your pages tells me I have said enough for the present.

Mr. Lucas is a good shot as well as hunter: he shewed me his catalogue of murder for some seasons past, which does him credit as a marksman. He complained very much of the scarcity of game, particularly woodcocks. The fact is, there are more amateurs of the trigger now than formerly; added to which, the win-

ters latterly have not been severe enough to tempt the wandering tribes to leave their homes: the eggs of the woodcock too are becoming more *recherché*, which may account in some degree for the defection of this excellent bird. The increase of population also tends, in a great measure, to the decrease of game, by converting the lands and marshes, formerly *their* exclusive habitation, to agricultural purposes. The spacious marshes of Glastonbury, for instance, *once* so famous for enipes, are now covered in autumn with waving corn; and on many other large tracts of land, where once the merry gunner startled the timid bird, the solitary ploughman “plods his weary way.” But Barham Down is far from deficient in game of any kind: indeed, take it for all in all, there cannot be a better spot for a sportsman to take up his rest; for either in hunting, shooting, or fishing, he may find plenty to do.

“ O, for a lodge in this fine sporting part,
This boundless contiguity of coverts,
Whence rumours of the fixtures and the
slips,
Of unsuccessful or successful runs,
Might ever reach my ear!”

Mr. Lucas's stable could once boast some prime bits of blood. I have reason to remember that honest little horse Bodkin by Trumpator, and Erebus by Young Whiskey, a very straight-forward one, which never needed a persuader, and seldom failed to send to the shades below those who dared give her a lift. I remember in my young days—those happy days when rods and half holidays had their due importance in my eyes—crossing a race-course with my flunkey (whom I had induced to sanction

this vagary) just as the Son of Chaos was about to exhibit. I had thirty shillings in my pocket, which burned to signalize themselves: the devil tempted me sorely to bet, and the money was jingled out of my pocket and in again at least fifty times whilst I was revolving the important quere of "to bet, or not to bet?" At this critical juncture, a friend of our family accosted me, and into his friendly ear I poured forth my temptations and inclinations. He offered to take my bet, and I declared I had no objection to "go" a guinea, secretly dreading it might be "no go" for me; and, *entre nous*, I never remember being in a more complete funk in my life. I knew, if I lost, some explanation of the departure of my coin would be demanded by the *Usher of the Black Rod*, and I was not at all prepared, on returning from a tender home, to bear "the whips and scorns" of *Dominies*. Well! the eventful race began; old Sawyer elevated his back, pushed on his nag, and won the day: the second tussle met with the same success, and fortune for once befriended me in a gambling transaction. I waited not for a second temptation, but, calling to my attendant, left the course with the air of a Lord; highly satisfied with the judgment I had displayed, and with the delightful conviction of having 2l. 10s. in my pocket.

Mr. Lucas has some knowing looking prads now, but dear Erebus and Bodkin are wanting.

"It was a merry spot in days of yore,
But something ails it now."

Taking a tender leave of the Red Lion at Dulverton, I turned my longing regards towards my

dear native home: I panted once more to behold

"That little spot where first I suck'd the
light—
That witness of my earliest smile and
tear—
Loved haunt!"

that spot made sacred in my heart by a thousand fond associations. I longed to see the dear myrtles and roses (which even at this season bloom luxuriantly *there*) peeping in at my bedroom window, and to be awakened by the host of warblers that nestle in the friendly branches. I longed to revisit my old haunts, every one of which had its tale or tender reminiscence; to inquire for the friends I had known in my childhood, and who still call me *Master Gilbert*—in short I had an immensity to do; but as all who have visited the home of their infancy after a long absence must have felt as I felt, I spare the details.

"Be it a weakness, it deserves some praise
To love the play-place of our early days.
The scene is touching, and the heart is
stone
That feels not at that sight, and feels at
none!
The wall on which we tried our graven
skill,
The very name we carved subsisting still;
The bench on which we sat while deep
employed,
Though mangled, hack'd, and hew'd, not
yet destroyed."

O, thou sweet *Home*! what tender recollections are entwined with thy name! what happy, happy hours are recalled with its sound! How dear to the lone traveller in the sandy desert, to the weary mariner on the ocean, does thy sanctuary appear! Rogers has exquisitely described, in his *Italy*, the effect of sunset at sea, when the mind naturally attunes itself to pensive thoughts, and turns fondly to the home it has left.

———“ The hour is come
 When they that on the distant seas are
 sailing
 Languish for home ; and they that in the
 morn
 Said to sweet friends, farewell ! melt as
 at parting.
 When journeying on, the pilgrim, if he
 hears,
 As now we hear it echoing round the hill,
 The bell that seems to mourn the dying
 day,
 Slackens his pace, and sighs, and those he
 loved
 Loves more than ever. But who feels it
 not ?
 And well may we, for we are far away.
 Let us retire, and hail it in our hearts.”
The Campagna of Florence.

As home was my destination,
 and affection my spur, I was to-
 tally regardless on the present
 occasion of the *désagremens* of
 the road, and absolutely know not
 whether angels or devils crossed
 my path : suffice it, I completed
 my journey in safety, arriving at
 my hospitable home on the eve of
 that great annual martyrdom of
 turkeys and plum-pudding. By
 the bye, the only thing that dis-
 tinguishes Christmas and Mid-
 summer *now* is the quantity
 people compel themselves to de-
 vour. The refinements of France
 and Italy have completely ba-
 nished from Old England those
 hilarities which formerly glad-
 dened the season, and made
 Christmas a period of re-union to
 families, plenty for the poor, and
 peculiar delights to the youthful.
 Whether this change is for better
 or worse, I am not philosopher
 enough to determine.

On the 29th of December I set
 forward to pay my respects to
 Mr. Frowd's kennel of harriers,
 which have a high character ; but,
 being fortunate enough to meet
 them as I was skirting the South-
 molton road for Knowston, was
 saved that trouble. The oppor-
 tunity of joining them was not to

be lost ; my nag seemed by her
 gallopade movements to be ripe
 and ready for battle ; so, without
 hesitation, I sprang into a wheat-
 field, followed, or I might say
blown into it, by the hearty blast
 of a sturdy yeoman, who tried to
 oppose my *entrée*. Knowing I
 could do no injury, I proceeded
 with the utmost *sang froid*, leav-
 ing my well-wisher to “ waste his
 curses on the desert air ;” and,
 stationing myself *sub umbra*, had
 soon the satisfaction of seeing how
 the Parson conducted his flock.
 Merrily did we spin over the
 Knowston Moors (which are ca-
 pital preserves for the hare), and
 a very pretty run we had. Our
 kill was ably performed: the Par-
 son, well mounted, kept close to
 his hounds, and had not too much
piano in his throat.

The number of the pack is what
 might be called small, but quite
 enough to be the death of any
 hare in England. They know
 their business well, and are never
 out of their place, and their tones
 are of the highest order. In size
 and shape they are well adapted
 to the country, which is an open
 one, and altogether I know few
 better packs for their work.
 Having been lucky enough to see
 the pack in the field, I thought it
 unnecessary to go some miles out
 of my way for a closer inspection,
 particularly as my horse's shoes
 wanted some alteration.

By the bye, I advise he who
 travels far into the West, and who
 may happen to want a pair of
 shoes for his horse, to superin-
 tend the labours of the smith him-
 self, otherwise he will have cause
 for much repentance, and his
 horse have a shoe either wide
 enough for one of Meux's dray-
 horses, or fine enough for a New-

market blood. There is no medium with these chawbacons; and it is fifty to one, if left to their tender mercies, your horse doesn't get lamed, by the buttris and red-hot shoe being called into requisition—the one to *make* a foot, and the other to *fit* it.

My next move was to Sir Arthur Chichester's country, where I had previously learned, by a polite letter from that Gentleman, I could not (in consequence of a death in the family) see his hounds in the field, but was most welcome to inspect them in the kennel. I hurried on, therefore, to Barnstaple, one of the neatest towns in Devonshire, having a good Inn (the Fortescue Arms) to receive the traveller; and where the abominations of a Red Lion are not likely to be inflicted on you. Mr. Pearce is one of those few landlords who think it worth while to attend personally on his guests. That eternal March of Intellect one meets everywhere has taken such rapid strides in this department, that innkeepers are very often much finer than their company, and take care to make their charges as fine as themselves. However, providing the accommodation is good, as we are not all our lives at inns, we are content to be a *little* overcharged. One thing I must caution my friends against, though there are few, I dare say, who in their wanderings through this land of liberty and high charges have not experienced it in their own proper *purses*—*Never go to a mean auberge*. On the contrary, pick out always the very best in a town; and be assured, in nine cases out of ten, you pay *less*, and I need not add are much better served.

I remember staying a night at the George Inn at Winchester, one of the best in the town. I dined in that handsome room below, near the staircase, which most of my readers I dare say know. My dinner consisted of fish, some very excellent French dish, vegetables, and pastry, served up in excellent style, and dressed by a man-cook; for which I only paid 3s. 6d. My breakfast the following morning, of tea, coffee, eggs, toast, and *cotelettes à la Maintenon* (for which this house is famous), cost me half-a-crown. An economical fit induced me a day or two after to order my dinner at an obscure public house, not far from that lovely spot—the chosen retirement of our late King—*Virginia Water*; where I paid five shillings for the wing of a fowl and a potato, eaten in an ill-furnished room with a steel fork, and served up by an old woman with abundance of curl-papers, but very few teeth. I vowed on the spot never again to patronise a little country inn. The only thing that consoled me on this last occasion was the liberty of wandering to my heart's content in the delicious grounds, once guarded with such jealous care from the eye of all but the Monarch and his dearest friends; but now, by the liberality of our gracious King, thrown open to every one.

To return. Early the next morning I proceeded to Youlstone, Sir Arthur Chichester's residence; and was shewn into a room, which, although strewed with the various articles of female luxury, proved, from the prints on the walls (copies from my friend Marshall's inimitable pencil), that a *Sportsman* was master

here. Sir Arthur soon made his appearance, and received me with the kindness and courtesy that mark the man of birth and breeding; accompanying me to the kennel, and apologising for my disappointment in not seeing the hounds in the field.

The kennel is a good distance from the house, and well situated; its complement of hounds twelve couple, which the Baronet complained of as a small battalion, but which I consider a sufficient force (if good in quality) to do the brilliant twice a week. I was rather disappointed in the size of them, having expected to see something larger for the red deer, and my imagination being full of "The deep-mouth'd blood-hound's heavy bay
Resounding up the rocky way."

They are what I should call a very stout dwarf fox-hound, possessing great power and speed: in form they are what I like extremely—short in the body, with a good stern, well turned, and on the whole very sizeable: colours good, black and white, but their frontispiece a little too fox-muzzled to make them as elegant to the eye as I could wish. The reason for the pack being so reduced in number was owing, I understood, to a recent visit of that scourge to the canine race, *hydrophobia*. The Baronet told me he had fears at one time the whole pack would be victims to this frightful disorder. Now, with deference to this experienced sportsman, I have reason to think he alarmed himself needlessly, as some foolish people do about the *cholera*.

By the bye, I have a little Oriental anecdote very *à-propos* to this subject, which I will give

you. An Arab, flying from the plague at Alexandria, to seek refuge at Cairo, was overtaken by an old woman journeying to the same place, whom he recognised to be the Plague itself.—"Ah!" said the man, "you are going to kill every one at Cairo now?"—"No," replied she, "I shall only kill three thousand."—Some time after the traveller met this old woman again, when he said, "You lied in promising to kill no more than three thousand at Cairo, you killed thirty."—"You are wrong," said she, "I killed only three thousand—*Fear* killed the rest!"

I beg Sir Arthur's pardon for leaving him so abruptly, and will now proceed with my remarks, which are, that the distemper is often and often confounded with hydrophobia, and receives the same treatment, the appearances in each case being so similar. I should be sorry to speak positively of Sir Arthur's pack, not having seen them when infected; but, from the circumstance of so many having escaped, and from their singularly healthy appearance, I imagine there *might* have been that mistake. I am pretty certain many a hound has suffered death on suspicion of *rabies*, whose disease has been nothing but the distemper.

One thing peculiarly requisite in all kennels is a few loose boxes appropriated solely to the use of diseased animals. Another grand point, and one which I fear is not always strictly attended to, is the *stomach*, or *kitchen* as old Abernethy used to call it. We all know by the fable it is the *stomach* which enables the limbs to perform their functions; and that unless *that* is in order the whole

machinery of the frame becomes deranged. *Physic* in moderation, either in the hunting season, or out of it, should be administered; it keeps the stomach in tone, and gives elasticity to the limbs; and indeed, without it, the exertion of the field, added to the impurity of the stomach, must produce disease.

This pack will next year be strong in numbers, as there are fifteen couple of very fine puppies to be educated from walk. The feeding house met with my complete approbation; indeed there are few better to be seen anywhere. It is contiguous to the sleeping room (which is a close one), but yet sufficiently separated to prevent any noxious vapours (if such there should be) being wafted thence. It is roomy and well floored, possessing every convenience for its inmates, and moreover kept perfectly *sweet* (I wish I could say as much for the *Zoological Gardens*): but the beauty of the whole is a large tank, which serves as a step into the room, and is on hunting days filled with brine and water, into which (the cover being thrown off) each dog plunges as he returns to the kennel after feeding. This I think a capital hit, as, by the agency of the salt, all slight wounds and scratches received in scouring the coverts are effectually healed, without the possibility of danger from cold, on account of the genial quality of that mineral.

There is a well-bricked court yard adjoining for the hounds to exercise in; and the grass yard is complete, being extensive and planted with fine trees, which in summer yield a grateful shade to the animals. The hounds are in

excellent galloping order; for the Baronet, knowing that Nature demands her accustomed exercise, or riot will ensue, sends his whip into the covert *sub rosa*, without giving out a fixture.

The day before my arrival they had a brilliant thing of it across country: I saw the heads of two varmint they had captured that day: one an old fellow, which stuck out bravely for his life, battling with them two hours; the other going it stylishly half an hour, when his enemies prevailed and he died the death of the cunning. There were many more heads of the enemy arranged over the sleeping benches of the hounds, which had an imposing effect.

The Baronet says the greyhound-fox found in this neighbourhood is most astonishingly speedy, running straight an end many miles, and seldom yielding till his pursuers have had enough of it. They are small red gentlemen, with lots of stride, and may justly be called *multum in parvo*. Higher up the country the short pug varmint is found; but I cannot say I admire *their* style of doing business: they are very deficient in bravery, and do not travel with the speed and spirit of their Yowlstone neighbours. There is an extensive enclosed range for hunting deer, which Sir Arthur at one time kept tenanted, but which he found did not answer his expectations; as, when turned off, they failed in *slotting* like the wild deer. This is not to be wondered at: no animal that is what may be called domesticated—either deer, hare, or fox—can ever give the sport afforded by a free subject. Look at a bag fox (disgraceful to a

sportsman): is it worth riding to, after a *real* varmint? Every animal that lives in a state of nature, and has to seek its food far from home, will, and must be, superior in the essential quality of *mind*.

The Baronet is a good shot, and in the intervals of hunting does some execution this way. I saw several couples of very handsome springers of varied breed. He is very partial to the country and sporting, in which he finds constant employment and amusement. He is a large agriculturist, too, as I discovered on entering the Park, where there were some beautiful head of sheep grazing, partaking of the North Devon in size, and the Leicester cross of symmetry, which I take to be the best in this country for profit. Sir Arthur now farms no more than a thousand acres: formerly he had double that quantity; but finding (as all do who are not farmers from their cradle) it was a losing game, he curtailed it a moiety. He calculates 1000*l.* per annum stood *minus* on the return account. His remark on this loss was worthy a philosopher. "I considered it my duty (said he) to give employment to the poor; and, providing that object were attained, it mattered not in what way the money was diffused." This consideration for the poor does honour to the Baronet. It is deeply to be regretted such examples are so rare. Thank God! there are many of our Aristocracy who are an honour to their country and a blessing to the poor; who

"Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame."

But, alas! there are too, too many whose ears are deaf to the cries of

the poor and needy, whose hearts, harder than the adamant rock, are incapable of a benevolent emotion! Poor England! were they who exhaust their oratory in thy cause but half as generous with their purse, thou would'st not be what thou art now fast becoming. It is earnestly to be hoped that *Reform*, when it *does* come, will, like the good Samaritan, bind up the wounds, and heal the breaking hearts of the suffering poor!

The coverts in the neighbourhood of Youlstone are of the most splendid description—the woods many hundreds of acres each, *some* a thousand: the varmint are abundant, and consequently a certain find at all times the case; and I know no country in which hounds have so good a chance of becoming perfect in their work. I remarked to Sir Arthur, I did not think a fox-hound *could* be so *au fait* to red deer hunting as the true old hound kept for that especial purpose; but he seemed to think they were equally capable from their *quickness* of blood. This quality is indispensable with the *varmint* which hang about these large coverts, to take them away to the open; but as a stag generally goes slapping off to country, the low broad-chested and dangling-eared hound, the fine large feathered stern, and limbs of lion mould, are of sufficient speed, and have a much grander appearance: besides, their music is so superior!

No hounds in His Majesty's dominions have so much work as this pack; as, when fox-hunting finishes, the stag begins. They are sported with the hind from the 10th of April to the 20th of May, and the stag from the 10th

of August to the end of September. On the whole, I should say this pack is one that can do the brilliant without flinching: they are the best set of dogs I have seen in the West; and indeed, but for the trifling faults I have mentioned, would be perfect: but

“Perfection’s not the lot of man,
Nor woman, poz!”

How then *can* we expect it in a hound?

The stabling at Youlstone is good, and kept in fine temperature, with plenty of space between the prads to prevent a *coup de pied* annoying a visitor. There were several well-stamped hunters for the country over which they are exercised, short in the leg, and compact in form. I saw two or three of the Anacreon blood, which, though pretty enough, are too small I think for a long day’s march. The whipper-in’s nag, though of Lilliputian height, I admired for its neat and compact build. The bar for teaching young hunters to spring the timber is quite *comme il faut*, being screened and inclosed by a fence, so that a narrow space is formed for the horse to gallop up to the point, and so little room left to turn round that *on* he must go. There is, moreover, no large space within for the accommodation of a parcel of gawky fellows to whoop and halloo when business is going on, which does a great deal of harm, by frightening the horses and distracting their attention. If you wish a prad to be a clipper at cool fencing unriden, his lessons should be given in the quietest possible way, and two persons only be present. Before being ridden to hounds, when the

turning-over system is the object, a quiet steady old nag, up to every move of the sward, should be sent up to the fence first, the young one following immediately after: the example of the old one will be a great inducement to the other; and practising in this way a few times after leaving the bar will do a world of good. I confess, however, this crawling way of doing business is not what *I* like. I prefer, whenever it *can* be done, my horse to go *swinging* altogether at his work. I am sure it does not take so much out of your horse (every muscle lending its aid) as in the other way, and is much more varmint besides. I may, perhaps, be told, one’s *neck* runs a pretty considerable risk in this *swinging* style of work. True; but in the other case one’s whole body is endangered; for if you *are* capsized, you have generally the felicity of finding yourself under your horse’s feet—not exactly the most comfortable position in the world. If you break your neck, there’s an end of you—you died in the field of glory, and your memory is honored by fox-hunters: but to be picked up, with a symmetrical and cherished leg smashed all to pieces, never again to sport a silk stocking, or a Dean and Davis’s boot, with, perhaps, a couple of eyes knocked out, and *minus* a set of ivories, is a consummation by no means “devoutly to be wished.” But this is all a matter of taste, as the man said.

Before I left this part of the country I took a peep at several more packs; but as there is little to be said about them, and their owners appear perfectly satisfied with their respective merits, I

waive all mention, and pass on to the neighbourhood of Bodmin, where I rested for a day or two, employing my mornings in the exercise of the trigger, and my evenings with the pen, which I trust will never *wilfully* or accidentally injure any one.

On the 5th instant I took a pretty sharp ride to see Mr. Braddon's (of Treglith) pack of harriers, considering, from the great experience of their owner and the high character they have, I was likely to be rewarded for my trouble. The pack had left before I arrived at the kennel, but luckily threw off under Treneglos Down, which lay in my route. Soon after I joined, a walk was hit along very prettily for some distance inland, and in a small tuft of furze we found a hare in princely style, which sprang off with strong front pointing straight to the high open grounds on to Lancaster Down, skirting Tregear, the seat of Mr. Lethbridge, and on to Piper's Pool, where she went to form, and a check took place on the Launceston turnpike road leading to Camelford. At this place I had an opportunity of seeing the correctness of the Magistrate's eye, in a cast and recovery worthy of Beckford himself, both huntsman and hounds. Here puss was put to the rout; but her heart being still in the right place, she faced the open, and flew down the dell pointing to the Broughton Marshes, where we followed pretty closely, and the scent rising as we progressed, after flying about three miles, she turned again under Hallworthy, and tried the road, which this brave pack picked along admirably. On Wilsey Down, a flock of sheep, looking more like Welsh

goats than anything, put us at fault, and gave Miss a chance for her life. *Casting* was again the order, and over the hill we scudded, landing close to the spot where we found, where she skulked into a hedge. "Well (said I) we are done brown, that is the fact—puss has given us the slip, and we may as well turn tail:" but the Governor was of a different opinion; his courage seemed to increase with each disappointment; and he declared, if he stayed till midnight, he would find the lost heroine, and inflict on her the death she deserved.

Presently the chimes sprang up, and away went the little creature, steering her course (as fast as a slight hitch in her gallop would permit) up the hill, but before she had gained it the hounds were on her; and a glorious kill in the open was the reward of a two hours' skirmish.

Mr. Braddon's pack consists of twelve couple of fine upstanding animals, with good loins, well-formed chests, and clear heads; but I should prefer them a *shade* smaller. They are pretty sizeable, and pack famously, each dog contributing his abilities to all sorts of hunting; and they generally contrive to kill their game. Mr. Braddon has for many years been fortunate enough to have some excellent blood in his kennel: indeed, the best hound that ever trod Cornish ground, certainly in my time, was one he gave Mr. Salusbury Trelawny when at Penguite, and from which that Gentleman bred some rare clip-pers, perhaps unrivalled. Let old Blaster come forth. I could pick out four or five couples of bitches, which for symmetry and stamina are really complete.

The country this pack hunt is such as any man would like—open, well stocked, and with no impediment to prevent a man being always with his hounds. Mr. Braddon, though one of the Old School in the field, is a killing huntsman and up to his work; but I hope to be pardoned for just hinting, it would be as well not to use so much dog-language—his hounds don't really require it; also to exert his authority amongst the *chawbacons*, who are much too vociferous to be orthodox. Nothing is more injurious to hounds than a different cheer, particularly from a set of ignoramuses, who know as much about hunting as they do of

the man in the moon; and the sooner this *nuisance* is indicted, the better it will be for the pack.

And now, with many good wishes for the prosperity of Sports and Sportsmen, and a thousand apologies for intruding so long on their attention, I remain

GILBERT FORESTER.

P. S. The reason Sir Walter Carew's crack establishment is not mentioned here is, for the best of all reasons, that I have not yet seen it, having been misinformed respecting the Baronet's fixtures. In my next I hope to be able to mention it.

January the 16th, 1832.

THE TIDWORTH HOUNDS.

SIR,
H^AVING lately been on a visit at Andover, I took advantage of the offer of a mount from the friend with whom I was staying to meet the Tidworth hounds, belonging to Mr. Smith, which hunt parts of Berkshire, Hampshire, and Wiltshire, of the fame of which Gentleman every sportsman must be acquainted, he having for many years hunted Nottinghamshire with great satisfaction to the fox-hunters of that country.

You may judge then of my mortification and regret at seeing this once splendid sportsman compelled to relinquish the pursuit of the wily varmint, and descend to the humble sport of hare hunting. Alas! Mr. Editor, "we know what we are, but we know not what we may be;" and the man who thirty years ago would have prophesied such a thing would have been scouted as a

madman. Yet such a thing has come to pass, though not from any fault or remissness on his part. Every one with whom I conversed admitted that he had done everything in the power of man to give satisfaction to the farmers, and had even gone to the expense of importing foxes from Ireland; yet still the evil hand could not be stayed; and after drawing covert to covert blank, day after day, and week after week, he threw it up in disgust, and stooped his hounds to hare.

One remarkable circumstance attending this metamorphosis, which I ought not to omit, is, that though this pack had always been perfectly free from riot, yet, after three days hunting, every hound took to hare as naturally as though they had been at work at them all their lives; and I certainly never saw a pack of finer harriers than they make, being

well suited for the country, which is hilly, stiff, and heavy, with large thick coverts; and few hares can stand twenty minutes before them with anything like a scent.

On the day on which I met them, the 29th December, we threw off at Quarley Mount, a few miles below the seat of the worthy Master, who hunts them himself, assisted by two lads (his first whip having been made kennel huntsman). The morning was frosty, and after waiting half an hour or so, we commenced operations; but, though we found four or five hares in succession, the scent was so bad that we could scarcely hunt them a yard. A laughable occurrence took place on finding our second hare, strongly shewing the force of habit: the hounds were drawing a small copse, from which the hare stole away, and was just

topping the opposite hill, when Mr. Smith, who has a regular hawk's eye, caught a glimpse as she passed, and in the hurry of the moment, forgetting what he was hunting, took off his cap and gave a *Tally-ho*, which made the whole country echo.

It would be unfair to pass an opinion upon the performance of a pack with so slight an acquaintance; but the condition of the dogs was too admirable, as were the horses, particularly the one rode by Mr. Smith.

As it seems the fashion among the writers of the present day to particularize, I may add that the dress of the Hunt is green with a scarlet collar and black cap.

Wishing as long a life to Mr. Smith as your excellent Magazine is sure to have, I am, Mr. Editor, yours,

FLASHMAN.

Titley, near Kington.

A DAY WITH THE LYNEHAM HOUNDS.

SIR,
IT is a long time since I have been among your pages, and it is not now with the light pen of joy that I write: no, it is to relieve for a moment the heaviness of sorrow; and what is a more delicious luxury to mind ill at ease than to praise that which we love to praise—that which we can praise with truth! Here goes.

The Lyneham fox-hounds for ever, huzza! These hounds are as fine, as noble a pack as gallops over the earth: Mr. Bulteel leads them on. On Tuesday the 13th they unkennelled in Dewerston, or Deerstone. After a round in the covert, he went away like a good one over Whigford Down,

through Caddaford Farm, crossed the Plym river below Caddaford Bridge, through Lilliver, over Shaugh Moor by Saddle Barrow; a check, however. The master made one of the quickest and best casts I ever saw. Forward, forward! We lost not a minute, but rather gained by this good forward cast. Well, go on. They hit it away by Torycomb Tor, crossed the Tory Brook, through Knole Wood, over Headon, through the village of Lutton—some confusion amidst the variety of animals biped and quadruped, squalling *variis linguarum voicks*! Through it all we went; were halloo'd on to Slade, down the valley, Marks,

Lucas Wood, Spurham, crossed the river Yealm, through Beech Wood, crossed the Ivy Bridge turnpike roads, through Beech, Stretchley, Swineson, crossed the river Yealm, through South Wood, Laverton Wood, Treby's Haws, Treby Wood, where they killed after a most superior run. Everything right—no roadsters in the way; they were all abroad, as they always should be: so the hounds killed their fox well, as excellent hounds always will do when they get out of the way of but so-so sportsmen. This run from Dewersden to Treby Wood is nine miles at least as the crow flies, and the fox went about fourteen. Mr. Thomas Lane and two others saw the whole of this run. The remainder of the jolly party—some took their recreation on the roads to *Windsor*, perhaps to seek for the smiles of Royalty—others voyaged toward New England; all as fast as they could sail, light and heavy, slap away from the hounds. Those of *Windsor* did come in time for a bit of fox. As for the voyageurs to New England, it is supposed they were cast away, as no one saw more of them. Thus ended a delicate chase.

There was one there who cried with a loud voice, "Oh, ye ex-

cellent hounds! would that ye had no roads, no lanes (except Mr. Thomas Lane and his brothers) in your hunting country! No MacAdamising horse-tirers to meet you, who clog your sensitive noses with their steam; who never see you, except when by some unlucky chance they rush into your presence, on their favorite topics of converse, the roads; and who compel you to lose your fox! No noisy, screaming, crazy Gentlemen, who astonish you, and make you turn back your eyes with horror, and stop you with trembling to know whence the thunder comes! No appetite seekers! No coffee-house men, no wind-sinkers, no whistlers! Let not any voice be heard except your own, and the manly cheer of your Master! May your followers be sportsmen, and nothing but sportsmen!" The scarlet-clad ones laughed loud. Like Cassandra, his judgment was treated with ridicule, his truth with scorn. Well, well, he has done his best. His hunting-day, his almost only day of gladness, is fast sinking into the night of oblivion; the darkness comes rushing on—and Ha, ha, ha!—*Finis* to

ONEOFUS.

January 21, 1832.

THE LATE MR. FLINT, OF YORK.

SIR,

WHEN a character celebrated in the annals of Sportive History leaves this *course*, and makes a tour to the regions *below* the sod, it would be an omission, if not a crime against the cause of sporting, were the event suffered to pass unnoticed in the columns of your Journal. I therefore give you this slight, though nevertheless,

VOL. IV.—SECOND SERIES.—No. 22.

I trust, accurate notice of a sportsman, who has just given us another illustration of mortality, and has fallen or dropped amongst us,

"Like leaves in wintry weather."

The subject of my scrawl is Mr. William Flint, a Gentleman who by one single exhibition on the Turf has

R r

almost immortalized his name, and has sent the sound of it far beyond that of all the Gentlemen Jockeys of the present day. Who has not heard of the celebrated and never-to-be-forgotten Match, run at York in August 1804, between the subject of these lines and the Lady of the late Col. Thornton, of sporting memory, and the first instance, I believe, on record in the racing calendars of a female's jockeyship on the turf? No sportsman but has read (if he did not witness) every particular that attended the occurrence: indeed all grades, from the itinerant ballad-singer to the coroneted Peer, have heard of Mrs. Thornton and Mr. Flint's Match. The event was at the time celebrated by the Muses in some poetic effusions on the occasion, and the pencil of the caricaturist was also at home in *picturing* the feat; and last, though not least, the pages of your Magazine gave us not only a print of the race, but a portrait of the Lady.

The Match was made between Mr. Flint and the late Col. Thornton for 500gs. and 1000gs. bye, four miles—Mr. Flint to ride his weight against the Lady's—and was won, as all know, by Mr. Flint; and as it would be a waste of time and your columns to again call forth any reminiscences of the race, I would refer all curious inquirers to consult the pages of your *Sporting Miscellany* for August 1804, where ample details will be found*.

Prior to the event, Mr. Flint was not engaged on the Turf as an owner of race-horses; but about this period he started several horses at York, Pontefract, Lincoln, &c. the principal horses of his stud being—Brown Thornville, which he afterwards named Black Strap, got by Volunteer, upon which he rode his match above alluded to, and afterwards sold him to Mr. Hewitt; a mare called Miss Acomb; Scampston, by Screveton out of Henrietta by Saltram, which mare I believe was also his property; and Spit-

fire, by Beningbrough out of Quilter's dam by Young Sir Peter. However, he did not enjoy the gratification of proving the victor in any other contest save the one against female exertion, and appears to have soon left the fascinations of the Turf.

As a rider to hounds I believe he was no novice, and has, I am informed, during his career distinguished himself

“In flood and field.”

He was also a passionate and enthusiastic disciple of Old Izaak Walton, delighting to lure the finny tribe with tempting bait and steady line, in which pursuit he gained himself deserved celebrity.

A predilection for those pleasures in which that noble creature, the horse, is engaged, led him many years ago to publish a treatise of the management of that animal. The volume, if I mistake not, was published in London, and each copy had the signature of the author inscribed on the title. However, his knowledge and ability on the subject did not meet with adequate remuneration, and, like many other authors, he long after found a greater plenitude of his books than of the needful he had anticipated them to produce.

Some time after he commenced author, and when the splendour and sunshine attendant on his prosperity had been dissipated and dispersed by the clouds produced by lavish expenditure, he felt himself compelled to retire from the habitations of plenty, to which he had been accustomed, and seek a refuge in one of his Majesty's chateaux at the suit of his publisher. Liberty being regained, he, his wife, and family retired to Driffeld in the county of York, where the trout-streams which flow in that neighbourhood would doubtless give an additional impetus to his natural passion for angling. Here he lived in seclusion for many years, until the summer of last year, when he visited York, (with one of his sons, a youth about four-

* For a detailed account of the race, see *Sporting Magazine*, vol. xxiv. p. 227; the etching, same vol. p. 282; and a Song on the occasion, p. 319. The Lady's portrait was given in vol. xxv. p. 171.

teen years of age,) leaving his wife and family at Driffield, to undertake the superintendence of the establishment of a horse-bazaar, which is about to be commenced by Messrs. Wilkinson and Watts, of London, at Dringhouses, adjoining the Race-course near that city. Here he remained until the period of his dissolution, which took place at his lodging in Castlegate, on Saturday morning, January the 7th, under the following circumstances:—For years he had addicted himself to the use of spiritous liquors in some degree of excess, and used to complain of attacks of the spasmodic asthma, for which he took tincture of opium, and occasionally (as he himself stated) twelve drops of prussic acid. On the night previous to his death he retired with his son to rest, much under the influence of the Rosy God. About nine the following morning he told the youth to get up, give him a glass, and then

fetch him a cup of coffee. His son, as desired, gave him a glass, and fetched the coffee up stairs, when on his return, having been absent only a few minutes, he found him "*pale and lifeless.*" A neighbouring surgeon was instantly called in, who found in the deceased's pocket a small phial labelled "*poison,*" which had contained prussic acid; and on the contents of the deceased's stomach being submitted to a chemical test, it appeared clear that prussic acid had been taken that morning. The opinion of twelve individuals, headed by the Coroner, was shortly after taken on the subject, when a verdict of "*Died from having taken too large a dose of prussic acid as a medicine*" was returned.

Now, Mr. Editor, I beg to subscribe myself, yours, &c.

ALFRED HIGHFLYER.

January 20, 1832.

BETTINGS AT TATTERSALL'S, JAN. 27.

THE Room was but thinly attended yesterday, and scarcely any business done: indeed nothing of any importance has occurred since our last publication, the four then favorites still continuing at the top of the list for the DERBY, with some trifling variation. The Dulcinea colt has been named Spencer, and the Folly colt Byzantium. The quotations on the 16th varied very little, but on that day Spencer was brought to even betting with Beiram, and on the 23d had the call. Yesterday Spencer gained half a point, and so did Margrave; consequently these two now stand at the head, and Beiram third.—In the OAKS and LEGER there is, really nothing doing.—Fang is in great force both in the North and the South for the York Derby, to which there are 31 subscribers, and no other mentioned.

Of the double events we may quote that a *bona fide* bet was made, 600 to 500 Margrave and Beiram agst Spencer and Non Compos.

At the close yesterday the odds may be quoted as follow:—

DERBY.

9½ to 1 agst Spencer.
9½ to 1 agst Margrave.
10 to 1 agst Beiram.
12 to 1 agst Non Compos.
15 to 1 agst Byzantium.
17 to 1 agst Minster.
17 to 1 agst Darioletta.
20 to 1 agst Emilliana.

22 to 1 agst Pastille colt.
30 to 1 agst Bugle.
30 to 1 agst Ernest.
40 to 1 agst Count Robert.
50 to 1 agst Count Robinson.

OAKS.

7 to 1 agst Emilliana.
10 to 1 agst Dryad.
13 to 1 agst Ruth.

THE SPORTING MAGAZINE.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

The Turf.

INTELLIGENCE EXTRA.

NEWMARKET Craven Meeting.

—Eight subscribers having declared to pay 10 sovs. ft. to the Oatlands Stakes of 50 sovs. each, D. I.—viz. Lord Exeter's Mahmoud, Mr. E. Peel's Cadland, Mr. W. Jackson's Walter, Mr. S. Stonehewer's Variation, Sir M. Wood's Camarine, Mr. Flintham's Anti-Catholic, Mr. Chifney's Emilianus, and Mr. Henry's Agreeable—and there being less than 24 subs. to the Stakes, Two Classes have been formed, according with the notice in our last, and the 10 sovs. ft. go to the second horse in each Class. The First Class, to be run on Tuesday:—

Col. Wilson's br. c. by Comus, 4 yrs, 9st.
Sir M. Wood's Captain Arthur, 4 yrs,
8st. 10lb.

Mr. Watts's Mazeppa, 4 yrs, 8st. 4lb.
Mr. Chifney's Snarl, 4 yrs, 7st. 13lb.
Mr. Greatrex's Zucharelli, 4 yrs, 7st. 13lb.
Duke of Grafton's Oxygen, 3 yrs, 7st. 9lb.
Gen. Grosvenor's Sarpedon, 3 yrs, 7st. 9lb.
Lord Exeter's Anthony, 3 yrs, 7st. 6lb.
Mr. M. Stanley's br. c. by Whalebone,
3 yrs, 6st. 10lb.

The Second Class, to be run on Wednesday:—

Mr. Chifney's Rowton, 5 yrs, 9st. 7lb.
Sir M. Wood's Lucetta, 5 yrs, 9st. 5lb.
Mr. Gully's Tranby, 5 yrs, 8st. 9lb.
Mr. Greatrex's Schumla, 4 yrs, 8st. 6lb.
Id. Tavistock's Gondolier, 4 yrs, 7st. 13lb.
Mr. J. Scott's Rodolph, 3 yrs, 7st. 9lb.
Lord Wilton's The Chancellor, 8 yrs,
7st. 9lb.
Lord Lowther's Spaniel, 3 yrs, 7st. 6lb.
Lord Exeter's Bohemian, 3 yrs, 6st. 13lb.

The following Stakes closed on Monday, Jan. 2:—

York Spring Meeting.—Monday: First year of the York Derby Stakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds: colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb. Last mile and a half. The owner of the second horse to receive back his stake—31 subs.

Produce Stakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for the produce of mares covered in 1829: colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies,

8st. 2lb.—3lb. allowed, &c. T.Y.C.—3 subs.

Sweepstakes of 200 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds: colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb. One mile and three-quarters—10 subs.

The Filly Sapling Stakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-old fillies, 8st. 3lb. each. Last mile and a half—17 subs.

Sweepstakes of 20 sovs. each, for three-year-olds: colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb. Last mile and three-quarters—7 subs.

Tuesday:—The Claret Stakes of 200 sovs. each, h. ft. for four-year-olds: colts, 8st. 7lb., and fillies, 8st. 2lb. Two miles—3 subs.

The Spring St. Leger of 25 sovs. each, for three-year-olds: colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb. Last mile and three-quarters—5 subs.

Sweepstakes of 20 sovs. each, for three-year-old fillies, 8st. 3lb. Last mile and a half—8 subs.

Two-year-old Stakes of 30 sovs. each, 10 ft., for colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb. T.Y.C.—23 subs.

The Shorts:—Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for three-year-olds: colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb. One mile—4 subs.

The Gold Cup, value 100 sovs. (given by the Fund), added to a Handicap Stakes of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft., and 5 only if declared by the 1st of March. Two miles—11 subs.

Wednesday:—The Colt Sapling Stakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for three-year-olds: colts, 8st. 5lb.; 3lb. allowed, &c. Last mile and three-quarters—6 subs.

The Convivial Stakes of 50 sovs. each, 30 ft., for two-year-olds: colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb. T.Y.C.—6 subs.

The Second Year of the Constitution Stakes of 20 sovs. each, h. ft.: three-year-olds, 5st. 10lb.; four, 8st.; five, 8st. 9lb.; six, 9st. 11lb.; and aged, 9st. 5lb. One mile and a quarter—9 subs.

Doncaster.—The Races will com-

mence on the Monday fortnight previously to the Newmarket First October Meeting.

Monday:—The Champagne Stakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for two-year-olds: colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 3lb. From the Red House to the Ending Post. The winner to give six dozen of Champagne to the Racing Club—23 subs.

Produce Stakes of 100 sovs. each, h. ft.: colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb. Four miles—5 subs.

Tuesday:—The St. Leger Stakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds: colts, 8st. 6lb.; and fillies, 8st. 3lb. St. Leger Course—74 subs.

Two-year-old Produce Stakes of 100 sovs. each, h. ft.: colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 3lb. Red House In—14 subs.

Wednesday:—Foal Stakes of 100 sovs. each, h. ft.: colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb. One mile and half—5 subs.

Thursday:—The Gascoigne Stakes of 100 sovs. each, 30 ft. for three-year-olds: colts, 8st. 6lb.; fillies, 8st. 3lb. The winner of the St. Leger Stakes to carry 4lb. extra. St. Leger Course—11 subs.

Sweepstakes of 20 sovs. each, for two-year-olds: colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb. T.Y.C.—29 subs.

Sweepstakes of 200 sovs. each, h. ft.: colts, 8st. 6lb.; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—St. Leger Course—13 subs.

Friday:—Sweepstakes of 20 sovs. each, with 25 sovs. added by the Corporation of Doncaster, for three-year-old fillies, 8st. 4lb. St. Leger Course—9 subs.

The Scarbrough Stakes of 30 sovs. each, 10 ft. for three-year-olds: colts, 8st. 6lb.; fillies, 8st. 3lb. The winner of the St. Leger Stakes to carry 7lb. extra. The last mile—20 subs.

The Marquis of Sligo has sold Fang, brother to Felt, by Langar (first favorite for the York Derby), to Mr. Richardson for 3300 guineas and half this stakes.

Memnon, by Whisker, winner of the St. Leger at Doncaster in 1825, the property of the Marquis of Cleve-

land, has been purchased by Mr. Painter.

Mr. Kirby, of York, has sold Brutandorf, by Blacklock, out of Mandane.

The Duke of Richmond has sold Elvas, by Whalebone, to go to Ireland.

The readers of the *Sporting Magazine*, we are confident, will regret to hear that the stallion Godolphin, the Centaur mare out of Maresfield's dam, the mare by Magistrate out of Manuella, and Locket (bought by Mr. Avery of Virginia), which were exported from this country in September last, all died on the passage to America, from the very rough and tempestuous state of the weather—poor Godolphin was absolutely beaten to pieces.

The Marquis of Cleveland has addressed the following letter to the Editor of the *York Herald*, dated Cleveland House, Dec. 26, 1831:—"Sir—For the information of those who are connected with the Turf, I consider it necessary to state, through the channel of your valuable and extensively circulated paper, that I cannot obtain the arrears of the last Doncaster St. Leger Stake due to me from Mr. Westgarth, Crook, near Kendal; Mr. W. Gill, Hardwick, near Pontefract; Mr. F. Barrett, York; and Mr. H. Edwards, Richmond.—I remain, Sir, your obedient servant, CLEVELAND."

The Royal Plymouth, Devonport, and Cornwall Race Association, the formation of which commenced previously to the last Races, is now completed. It has 175 members, and the list of officers includes—Patron, the King; Vice Patron, His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, Lord Steward of Plymouth; Vice Presidents, His Grace the Duke of Bedford, Earl of Morley, Lord Viscount Villetort, Lord Elliot, &c.

STUD SALE.

The following horses, the property of the late James Davis, Esq. of Prestbury, near Cheltenham, were brought to the hammer on Tuesday, January 17th, and sold as under:—

Gnostic, bay colt, 2 yrs, by Manfred out of Libra—300gs.

Amelia, bay filly, 3 yrs, by Filho da Puta, out of Sister to Ottoman—75gs.

Changeling, brown colt, 3 yrs, by Paulowitz or Swap, out of Catherina—110gs.

Brood mare, by Soothsayer, out of Cobbea (the dam of Sorcerer), in foal to Pollio—45gs.

A Filly-foal, by Pollio, out of the above mare: a fine promising animal—25gs.

TO THE DOUNE CURLING CLUB.

Tho' winter's come, nae frosty winds
Are souglin' yet, for a' that;
But wait a wee, an' syne we'll see
A change ere lang, for a' that.
For a' that, an' a' that,
The ice will come, for a' that;
Just wait a wee, an' syne we'll see
Braw frosty days, for a' that.

Now get your stanes in order, lads,
An' besoms new, an' a' that,
Your trickers stout, weel rought about,
Ye'll need them yet, for a' that.
For a' that, an' a' that,
The ice will come, for a' that;
Just wait a wee, an' syne we'll see
Braw frosty days, for a' that.

And whan the cauld comes fairly on,
The pond weel damm'd, an' a' that,
We'll ha'e some fun, if ance begun,
On rinks as gleg as a' that.
As a' that, an' a' that,
We'll ha'e some fun, for a' that;
Just wait a wee, an' syne we'll see
The ice as smooth as a' that.

There's no a time in a' the year
Like frost for health, an' a' that;
Where ice abounds, there mirth resounds,
The curlin's grand wi' a' that.
For a' that, an' a' that,
The curlin's grand wi' a' that;
Whan ere a man puts tae his han',
His heart gets up like a' that.

Then here's a health to a' our friends,
Their wives, their bairns, an' a' that;
May ilka ane that plays a stane
Ne'er fend the waur, for a' that.
For a' that, an' a' that,
Ne'er fend the waur, for a' that;
May ilka ane that plays a stane,
Hae peacefu' days wi' a' that.
Doun, Dec. 28, 1831. W. S.

FINE ARTS.

Mr. Ackermann of the Strand has just published a group of that bold and noble fish the Perch, lithographically sketched from a painting by C. Hardy, drawn by F. W. Wilkin. It is a perfect gem of its kind; and cannot fail to interest alike the Naturalist and every brother of the Angle, who

will not refrain from exclaiming, this is, indeed,

“The bright-eyed Perch, with fins of Tyrian dye.”

NATURAL HISTORY.

A fine specimen of that rare bird, the Stormy Petrel, was shot on the Tyne, near Newcastle Bridge, on the 13th December last.

A beautiful specimen of the *procellaria leachii*, or fork-tailed petrel, was driven ashore during a hurricane, and caught in a bird-net in a ditch, about the middle of December, at Kingston, near Taunton, where it was seen to alight. Also, a specimen of that elegant little bird, the *phalaropus lobatus*, or grey phalarope, was shot a few days after on the moors. Both are extremely rare, and are now in the valuable collection of Mr. W. Beadon, of Taunton. Another specimen of the fork-tailed petrel (in the possession of Mr. Bluett) was likewise shot in that neighbourhood.

On Saturday the 31st of December was shot, on the river Isis, between Oxford and Iffley, by Mr. Robert Danby, of the latter place, a fine specimen of the *Wagel*, a species of the Gull tribe—birds which are seldom known to visit such inland districts. It measures five feet nine inches from wing to wing, twenty inches from head to tail, and weighed three pounds and a quarter. The whole plumage is a mixture of ash-coloured brown and white. The feathers on the back are dark in the middle, with whitish grey edges; the wing coverts nearly the same, but more spotted; and the under parts of the neck and body have a much lighter and more mixed appearance. These birds occur on the sea shore, and in the vicinity of great rivers in various parts of Britain, but not in any considerable plenty. In severe winters they have been known to visit the banks of the Thames, in company with others of the Gull tribe. Within a few years past they appear to have become more common about the banks of the Thames in Kent and Essex, and in 1812 they are said to have occurred in some abundance.

Pugilism.

HARRY JONES AND JACK PERKINS.

The match between these high-couraged and scientific pugilists took place on Tuesday, Jan. 17, at Hurley Bottom, for 50l. a-side. It was originally fixed for Wingfield Plain, but the Magistrates of Berks having been officiously apprised of the projected meet by some determined enemy to the Ring, a friendly intimation was given to Jones at his quarters, the New Inn, Staines, and thence "expressed" to Maidenhead, where Perkins had cast anchor. The "venue" was consequently changed to the above spot, and early in the morning the Sailor Boy in a neat-rigged vessel made weigh for the scene of action, passing through Windsor with numerous first-raters in his wake, and shoals of small craft bringing up the rear. The toddlers were also very numerous.

The ropes were pitched in a field close by the road-side, and shortly after one o'clock the Belligerents appeared, the Sailor Boy under the auspices of Tom Gaynor and Young Dutch Sam, and the Oxford *Pet*, *alias* the Chorister, *alias* Perkins, supported by Tom Spring and Ned Neal—Harry in slap-up condition, at 10st. 4lb. and Jack, though perhaps not quite up to the mark, 10st. 10lb.—No time was lost in preparation, and the men, after the customary courtesy, were placed opposite each other, with about 10,000 eyes anxiously watching their tactics.

They commenced the first round with great caution, both equally awake, with some beautiful stopping on both sides. At last Perkins hit out quickly, caught Harry slightly on the mouth, and drew first blood. Long shots were mutually exchanged at the nob, and as they neared each other, Jones gave him pepper on the right side of the head, but in trying a flinging hit with his dexter he over-balanced himself, and fell.

In the second both pursued the same cautious system, mutual stopping took place, and first-rate science was

displayed. A short rally ensued, and the exchanges were equally balanced. In a close, Harry shewed most strength, and gave his man a heavy fall.

The two first rounds occupied fourteen minutes; and in the third, after some smart fibbing, Harry again threw the *Pet* a heavy fall and tumbled plump upon him.

It is needless to describe all the rounds which succeeded: in the 4th, 5th, and 6th, Perkins was thrown heavily, and 2 to 1 freely betted on the Sailor, which odds were never reduced. In the succeeding rounds Harry grappled his opponent repeatedly, and threw him severely. Both displayed great courage; but Harry's strength gave him an admitted superiority at in-fighting; and in the 18th round he threw his man a complete whirligig-spin over his hip, falling upon him. Perkins came with the point of his shoulder to the ground, and a cry arose that his shoulder was out. Whilst sitting on Gaynor's knee, Sam was seen trying to force the bone in, but he said there was nothing the matter.

In the 20th, the point of the collar-bone was palpable under the skin, and there was a general cry that it was broken, but the seconds would not have it: it was evident, however, he could not use his left without great pain, and could not stop Harry's deliveries, who seemed unwilling to pursue his punishment. In a rally Perkins was hit down.

Harry, finding Perkins would not give in, rushed, in the 21st round, to finish, delivered right and left, and downed him. Cries of "Shame! take him away!" but Sam said it was all right.

On again rising he was near his umpire, who asked him if there was anything the matter? He reluctantly admitted "his shoulder was hurt," and all chance of turning the scale being then over, his seconds gave in for him, after fighting forty-six minutes. A surgeon came forward, examined the shoulder, and pronounced the *clavicle* to be fractured;

in fact the broken bone was visible to every person who could approach him. The poor fellow walked out of the ring deeply mortified, and his friends still thought that, but for the accident, he would have won his man out and won the battle.

A more scientific display of the beauty of the art, or more effectual stops, have seldom been witnessed; and such was the impression of the latter on Harry's right arm that it was bruised from the wrist to the elbow. In the course of the battle there were several heavy deliveries, but there was nothing cutting in the execution. Perkins's blows, though straight, were not always well judged as to distance, and did not go home with effect. At in-fighting Harry had a decided advantage, and in throwing carried all before him. The falls were of themselves sufficient to

tell with certain effect. Harry certainly never fought with more judgment or prudence. Perkins was conveyed without delay to Henley, while Harry was soon dressed, and walking round the ring as if there had been nothing the matter. He shewed a slight graze on the nose, his mouth was a little contused, and he had a slight swelling on the back of the neck, which he admitted was stiff; his left hand, too, was a little puffed, but he was as active and fresh on his pins as at commencing. Jones having won the Oxford colours, he twined them with his own, and wore them round his neck as a trophy of victory.

SPORTING OBITUARY.

At Harrold Hall, Bedfordshire, on Thursday, January 19, Smoaker, the well-known and celebrated deer greyhound and retriever, the property of the Hon. Grantley Berkeley.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

It is always with pain that we reject any communication, particularly from one whom *we know* to be a most powerful coadjutor: but, owing to the dilemma in which we were once involved by a protracted controversy, we then resolved never again to place ourselves in a similar predicament. If the statements of any of our contributors are called in question, or their judgment impugned, we can have no right to object to their refutation; and we are equally bound to give place to a defence. *Audi alteram partem* is an act of justice; but beyond this we cannot, *must not* go. We will not here even allude to that which has caused a difference of opinion between two valued Correspondents, lest we should wound the feelings of the one to whom we are so much bound in gratitude; and, from the many favours conferred on us by the other, we feel assured he will see the force of our objections, and applaud the propriety of our judgment. Besides, we know he would regret having "shot his arrow o'er the house, and hurt his brother."

Many thanks to "Tot Inchley, jun." for his hints; but he must be aware that we have in many instances anticipated his wishes, and that some others are utterly impracticable. As, however, we always "take the will for the deed," we thank him. Perhaps he will reverse the axiom, and give us "the deed for the will;" or, in other words, that he will supply that information in which he considers we are deficient. We shall be happy at all times in attending to any practicable suggestions.

We are obliged to "Nota Bene" for his communication: but really it appears that he is not quite *au fait* on the subject he treats of—his plan is as impracticable as it is inadmissible. There cannot be *two Kings of Brentford*.

In reply to "G. M."—*De Canibus Britannicis* was published in 1570. The learned and pious author, Dr. John Kaye, or Caius, was successively Physician to Edward VI., Mary, and Elizabeth. In 1557 he obtained a licence to advance Gonville Hall, Cambridge, into a College, which he endowed with several considerable estates, and which to this day retains his name. This work was composed at the request of the celebrated Gesner; and so excellent did the plan appear to Mr. Pennant, that he inserted it entire in his *British Zoology*.

The communication of "Toby Philpot" has been received; but we are apprehensive that its insertion would lead to a discussion of little interest to the majority of our readers.

We refer "A Trotter" to our Fourth Volume, pp. 31 and 229, for portraits and performances of those celebrated mares, the property of Mr. Ogden and Mr. Bishop.

THE SPORTING MAGAZINE.

VOL. IV.
SECOND SERIES.

MARCH, 1832.

No. XXIII.

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Embellished with,

- I. PORTRAIT OF MUSCAT, *the Property of the Hon. Colonel FINCH.*
- II. THE MALLARD.

ADDRESS TO OUR READERS.

Magna est veritas, et prævalebit.

IT is at all times an ungracious task to bring ourselves before the notice of our readers; but when virulent, uncalled-for, and unjustifiable abuse is levelled at us, on account of the great patronage accorded us by the Sporting World, we should be wanting in justice to ourselves to pass it over in silence, and at the same time evince a disrespect to our best friends, the Public, by suffering it to remain unanswered. When the *Annals of Sporting* was brought out in opposition to the SPORTING MAGAZINE, there was a liberality in its conductors which aimed at superior intelligence, and they strained every nerve to beat us out of the field: but, notwithstanding the talent then called into action—and there were some eminent practical Sportsmen amongst its Contributors—the

result was a complete failure, and the balance of profit was considerably on the wrong side of the "Book;" or, as Joseph Hume would say, the "tottle of the whole" was a beggarly account of empty pockets. Still it was a *liberal* opponent, and, as such, we ever treated it as a fair competitor for public favour.

Among the ephemeral productions of the day one has recently appeared under the title of the *New Sporting Magazine*, which, if self-praise be a criterion of merit, must be "incomparable!" But if gross misrepresentations, palpable plagiarisms, stale jokes, feeble attempts at wit, calumny, and powerless malignity are claims upon public support, then we admit this scurrilous bantling is pre-eminent. The paltry allusions to "the slip-slop trash dished up monthly by an aged and degenerate cotemporary," are too contemptible to notice—they "pass by like the idle wind which we regard not:" but when we are told, that the proprietors of the *New Sporting Magazine* "commenced their work with the benefit of nearly twenty years' experience derived from the Old one, and with an acquaintance with all its contributors," we may be excused for replying in the words of the late Lord Ellenborough, "'tis as false as H—ll:" and when they explain "*why* certain writers of celebrity are not found among *their* contributors," that "one is no more, and another may be considered dead to the Sporting World," we can positively affirm that *they* knew neither the one nor the other. These palpable untruths, however, would be beneath our contempt were it not for what follows—viz. "that Nimrod is prohibited, for a certain time, from writing on Sporting Subjects save in the Old Magazine"—adding, "*this he will never do again*;" but that he is "*their* friend, and whatever service he can be of short of the violation of his contract, *they* can command."

Even this assertion would not have induced us to explain the reasons why communications from Nimrod have not lately appeared in our pages, did we not *know* that he has addressed several influential friends, stating that he has withdrawn from our service "in disgust," and that he has in numerous instances endeavored to do an injury to his former benefactors. This, added to the shameless and degrading character in which he has lately appeared, on our re-publication of his "Letters on the Condition of Hunters," impose on us the painful necessity of laying before our readers

"A plain unvarnish'd tale,"

as to the real cause of this writer having deserted us, and fled his country.

When Nimrod commenced writing for the **SPORTING MAGAZINE** he was in difficulties, and the late Mr. Pittman's purse relieved him from his embarrassments. He was then engaged to furnish monthly articles on most liberal terms, and all his expenses paid—hunters, hacks, grooms, travelling, &c. &c.—and we can prove that in *six years* he drew from the Magazine the enormous sum of *Nine Thousand Pounds*. It should be observed, however, that Nimrod did not actually *earn* this sum by his writings; for he was continually in want of the “needful,” and frequently drawing *ad libitum* for money, which Mr. Pittman answered with that easy good nature which ever marked his conduct towards him.

This, however, could not last long, and Mr. Pittman, in the July previous to his death, in 1827, rejected the payment of various bills of exchange presented on the faith of former compliance. A new account was opened, leaving no less than 400*l.* unliquidated, in addition to the sum of *Two Thousand Pounds*, which had been lent him on the security of his farm at Beaurepaire, and on his undertaking to insure his life for that amount, but of which insurance he never paid more than one year's premium.

On the death of his benefactor, he applied to the executor for an advance of money, which was accorded him, and he continued to write for some months, receiving the same remuneration as heretofore. This continued till he went to Germany, in July 1828, the expense of which he calculated not to exceed 30*l.* Indeed he asked no more: but this was liberally made 50*l.* exclusively of the sum to be paid for his communications; and on his return, when it was ascertained that Mr. Tattersall, who accompanied him, had advanced him 40*l.*, this was also discharged by the present proprietor. Notwithstanding this, he demanded the loan of a large sum of money before he would furnish the *materiel*, and some months elapsed before he delivered the MS. into our hands, and which he only did at last on being paid down its full amount, calculating the probable quantity it would make in our pages. To raise the specific sum he then wanted, much of the MS. was delivered in unconnected scraps. After the “Tour” was printed in successive Numbers, these “odds and ends” required to be arranged for the press: they were therefore sent back to him for that purpose—he *returned them in their original state, refusing to have anything to do with them.*

In August 1829, Nimrod having declined to furnish any farther communications to the Magazine, in consequence of a refusal to comply with his exorbitant demands, the account of the money due

from him to the proprietors—including the insurance money which he promised but neglected to pay—was forwarded to him, with a request that he would say how and when it would be convenient to discharge the same. After considerable delay, an arrangement was made that he was to continue his “Letters on the Condition of Hunters,” the proprietors deducting two-thirds of the amount he was entitled to in liquidation of his debt: but when these were completed, he declined all farther intercourse with the Magazine, leaving a debt, which, with farther insurance paid to last July, now amounts to upwards of *Twelve Hundred Pounds!*

The proprietors had no other alternative for the recovery or liquidation of their claim than to take legal proceedings against him: and when he found that they were in earnest, he solicited Mr. Tattersall to interfere to prevent the consequences. This Gentleman, with that kindness which has ever distinguished him, appointed an interview in the hope of reconciling both parties; and the proposal, which had previously been acted upon—viz. of his apportioning two-thirds of whatever sum he might be entitled to receive monthly for his writings—was again agreed to; and Nimrod promised to pay the insurance in future, Mr. Tattersall very justly remarking, “that it was quite enough for the executrix of the late Mr. Pittman to lose the interest of the 2000*l.* without having to pay 93*l.* 10*s.* per annum (the amount of the insurance) to secure the principal at his death.”

Nimrod’s immediate purpose was answered—the proceedings were stopped, and he agreed to pay the costs incurred; but when the draft of the deed was forwarded for his inspection, he objected to the sum actually paid for insurance, as well as to the costs, and refused to acknowledge the agreement, though drawn up in his presence by Mr. Tattersall himself.

Again the proceedings against him were renewed, and again did he manœuvre to defeat them. When the writ was sent down to arrest him, he got intimation of it, and left his home in time to evade the officer: but as his absence from his farm was not convenient to him, he induced Colonel Standen and Captain Ross—whose honour stands unimpeached, and who can vouch for the truth of this statement—to endeavour to effect a compromise; and these Gentlemen accordingly called in Warwick-square, stating that a mistake had arisen, owing to the sum claimed on the unliquidated amount on the books previously to Mr. Pittman’s death, Nimrod asserting that the executor had cancelled that debt. *This was not true*; neither had he any authority for so doing: but to shew the feeling of the execu-

trix towards him—that no animosity subsisted on her part—she *agreed to forego that claim*, on condition that he would resume his pen, those Gentlemen pledging themselves that “Nimrod should conform to the former agreement, allowing two-thirds of the proceeds of his writings towards her claim, and pay the insurance:” adding, “that if a deed were again drawn up to this effect, Nimrod would sign and conform to it.” Both Gentlemen expressed their high satisfaction at the liberality of the executrix, and departed.

That this was only another device of Nimrod to obtain time for his own purposes, is evident by the result; but, be it remembered, we entirely exonerate Colonel Standen and Captain Ross from even a suspicion of his baseness. The deed was sent to him, deducting the amount of the old debt so liberally conceded to him, but with the addition (as agreed to by his friends) of one year’s insurance then paid, and the additional expenses incurred. To these he demurred, and again procrastinated a final settlement according with his own terms, till he got in his harvest, sold the stock, pocketed the cash, and then crossed the water—where he now is—to avoid the penalty of his dishonesty.

In December 1830, a letter was received from Mr. Tattersall, saying that he understood from Nimrod that the debt had been increased from the balance agreed to by Captain Ross and Colonel Standen, which was the cause of his refusing to execute the deed. To this we subjoin the executrix’s reply, as the best elucidation of her opinion of his character, and shewing that she was no longer to be made a dupe to his pretended offers of negociation.

“DEAR SIR,

December 20, 1830.

“In acknowledging the kindness with which you have interfered to bring about an arrangement with Mr. Apperley, I only wish now to justify myself to you from the appearance of vacillating from the proposal which I was induced, though I confess reluctantly, to accede to, and to shew that my statement to Mr. Boland was justified. Mr. Apperley is indebted to me in the amount stated, as fully appears from the books, in which every item is entered. When Captain Ross and Colonel Standen called in Warwick-square I satisfied them of my claim, but at the same time said, if Mr. Apperley would keep up his future deductions, and pay the insurance, I would not press the balance due previously to the new account. But this I wished to be understood as coming from myself, and not from any arrangement made by the executor. If I was to give up

so large a sum, I of course expected that I should have the credit of making the sacrifice. You know how that arrangement has been complied with on his part. He tried every experiment to procrastinate the business—at one moment acceding to everything, and the next making objections, only for the purpose of delay, and to enable him to dispose of his stock, and then flee the country, setting every principle of *justice* at defiance. I would have said *honour*, but he has so polluted the word that I should be sorry to use it in application to his conduct.

“ He knew that a writ was out against him: he induced *you* to use your influence with me to hold it back, and he would come to terms. *I* did so: *he* returned to his home, disposed of his property, and ran away. He then sent an insulting letter to my Attorney, setting him at defiance.

“ Previously to this he had circulated through the *Sporting World* a begging letter, soliciting subscriptions to indemnify *him* for losses sustained in his *Tours*! You know how liberally I paid him for his German excursion; and a clear statement, shewing that he drew from the Magazine to the tune of 1500*l.* per year, will best evince the losses he suffered! This, however irrelevant to the point at issue, must convince every rational mind of the *honour* of the man! Could I then, when his friend (Mr. Boland) called to know if I was willing to enter into an arrangement—could I refrain from speaking to facts? Could I say he was only indebted to me in 650*l.* when he refused to conform to his own proposal, and I only *conditionally* admitted that I would not press an old-standing debt? Could I trust to the word of an individual whose only object was to aggrandise himself at my expense? I referred Mr. Boland to my Attorney. I could not even speak of future arrangements, when I felt confident he would not keep them, and that he only tried to induce me to withhold proceedings to enable him to return to England, and settle some of his own private business, when he would again have broken faith by some similar paltry excuse to that he had previously adopted. I spoke the truth; and Mr. Boland admitted that he could not stand forward as the advocate of conduct so disgraceful.

“ I only wish to add, that if I had followed my own judgment, *he* would not have been able to talk so high. *I* was persuaded to show him lenity: *you* see how he has requited me, and falsified the opinion of those who thought they could rely on his promises.

“ Having detailed the leading facts, I will not take up more of

your valuable time; but in again returning you my best thanks for your endeavours to reconcile the differences existing between an injured woman and that bad man,

“ I subscribe myself, Sir, yours faithfully,

“ To R. Tattersall, Esq.”

M. A. PITTMAN.”

Since this period, Nimrod visited London in secret, and again made a proposal both through Mr. Tattersall and the executor of the late Mr. Pittman; to the effect that he had *no objection* to conform to the former arrangement, provided an annual sum (double the amount of the insurance) was given him, over and above what he was to receive for his writings! So that we were to deduct to the amount of something less than 60*l.* per annum, and advance him nearly 200*l.* to pay it!!

We have been ever ready to perform our part of the contract to the very letter—to pay him to the full extent of the agreement, merely reserving a portion in liquidation of his debt: and at this ratio it would take at least twelve years to cancel the whole demand against him!

Having thus explained, as concisely as we could, the principal reasons of Nimrod's “*disgust*,” we leave the case between us to the candour of a liberal and impartial public—merely observing that as we have been deprived of his services, we have supplied his *desertion* by Gentlemen of education and professed Sportsmen.

One word more to shew the *animus* of the man, and we have done with this part of our subject.—A short time previously to the death of Mr. Pittman, that Gentleman, at the solicitation of several eminent sportsmen, made arrangements for publishing in a separate volume “Nimrod's Letters on the Condition of Hunters,” which had appeared in various Numbers of the SPORTING MAGAZINE, and actually paid him *One Hundred Pounds* for arranging them for the Press, the receipt for which we have in his (Nimrod's) own handwriting. Though repeatedly solicited to perform his contract, he as constantly refused, without assigning the least reason; and when, finding that there was no chance of his redeeming his pledge, and the book was announced for publication, he advertised in the *Racing Calendar*, that “the Letters not having been arranged, revised, or corrected by him, they would form a mass of indigestible matter, of little use to any one.”—*Ab uno disce omnes.*

To this *honorable* conduct the *New Sporting Magazine* lent its best aid, not only by inserting the same Notice, but announcing it

as "A Letter from Nimrod" in their advertisement!! for no other purpose than to give a presumed but fictitious importance to the Contents of the Number!! This, however, is not the only instance in which they have adopted a similar *honorable* conduct—but they are all honorable men! In citing "a few of the opinions of *their* excellent but *inferior* cotemporaries" on their "already-extensively-circulated-and-daily-increasing-in-sale Numbers"—and among these *inferior* publications are enumerated the Literary Gazette! the Morning Herald!! the Court Journal!!! Blackwood!!!! &c.—they *honorably* quoted "A GENEROUS COMPETITOR," to which they, with unblushing effrontery, added *Sp. Mag.*, to convey that *we* had so designated them!—The *Spiritual Magazine*, we are led to understand, did pay such a compliment to a rival periodical, and hence the surreptitious *affiche*.

We are quite aware that in thus noticing this *New Sporting Magazine* we are giving it an importance to which it is not entitled; for certainly, as to "real sporting subjects" in its pages, it hath a most "plentiful scarcity." Indeed taking away DASHWOOD, we are at a loss to know why the Conductor ever presumed to affix such a title to the work, as any other would suit it equally well. But there is much virtue in a name! It *professes*, it is true, that its articles are "far different from the arrant nonsense, the painful straining, and hum-drum twaddle now found in the pages of *their* poor deluded cotemporary:"—adding, "that what *they* designate sporting matter, is manly, plain, straight-forward writing, divested of flowery metaphor, flowing naturally from the pen like words from the mouth, carrying the reader along with the subject!"—Precious samples of this description of writing are to be found in its pages, as we shall see anon!!

We care not how they appreciate the talents of our Contributors—their censure is our best praise—"the grapes are sour." *Hinc illæ lachrymæ!* But, if they have any regard for their own reputation, they will do well to stick to truth, and not put articles in our Magazine, and comment upon them as twaddle, when no such ever appeared. We have no "weekly bulletin of a Brighton Paper," nor do we make up an article from the Sporting Newspapers, and boast of our extensive Correspondence.

One passage in our *delectable cotemporary* we must quote: "Unwilling as we are to intrude our private affairs upon the notice of the public, we may nevertheless be permitted to state that this Magazine was not commenced without giving the proprietors of the

old one the option of *combining its resources with our own*, so as to produce a periodical worthy of the country from which it emanates (though we must also express our satisfaction at the offer being declined); but beholding the rapid strides other countries were making towards us—not only in field sports, but also in their records of them—we could not sit quietly by and *see the national character lowered* for want of a proper and efficient organ. Hence this Magazine; and of its necessity let our circulation be the witness.”

Indeed! so the *New Magazine* was set up to raise the national character! and the principal writer in it claims to have been the leading contributor to the Old!!—*Ergo*, this *highly-talented* egotist first debased the national character by his former lucubrations, and now sets himself up to restore it!!!—Admirable casuit! No, no! Mr. Nim South, you know better: you know, that because the Proprietors of the Old Magazine refused your *modest demand of a share in the concern*—and that an EQUAL MOIETY—you declined to adorn its pages by your contributions, which, according to your present admission, degraded the national character!

It will naturally be asked what pretensions this would-be partner had to make such a demand—what length of service or what claims he had on the gratitude of the Proprietors—what *influence* he possessed that might induce them to comply with this unreasonable, not to say *impudent*, request?—His pretensions amounted to a few months’ contributions—and of their merit he certainly must be the best judge, and we have just recorded his opinion on that head: his claims, to an over-weening ambition or an egregious vanity, presuming that there was no talent equal to his, and that consequently we could not do without him: and as to his influence in the Sporting World, it consisted in *drawing brief sheets* instead of coverts. Neither his habits nor his associations gave him any weight on the turf, in the field, or the sod: nor was he even known in the “Rooms.” As well might one of Mr. Tattersall’s strappers claim a share in his establishment as Nim South in ours—their services were *equally* valuable.

Of the other writers we decline saying anything in compassion to their infirmities—“the lion preys not upon carcases.” DASHWOOD, the only talented one among them, has joined our cotemporary; and we hope he has *benefited* by the change. Every man is entitled to carry his wares to what market he chooses—but “all is not gold that glistens.” With the exception of this Gentleman, and of *Abraham Cooper, Esquire, R.A.*, we know of none connected with

the Old that are engaged in the New. We beg pardon, Mr. Richard Lawrence has *deserted us*, and has given them his *powerful* assistance, by re-producing articles worn threadbare in ours!

A very few words will suffice to shew the *originality* and *superiority* of their contributions. In our December Number we gave the Review of the last Racing Season by THE YOUNG FORESTER. In "one little month" (the January Number), they also gave the "Racing Season," *admirably* made up, with a little turning and twisting, from us. At the close of the article, it is announced "To be continued;" and it will naturally be asked why its continuation does not appear in the Number just published—and no apology made for it? We can give a pretty considerable shrewd guess. Our Correspondent was ill, and could not continue his "Review" in the January Number—*ergo*, they could not *shoot* from want of ammunition! It will doubtless appear in their next. At all events, their claim to *priority* of intelligence is rather unfortunate, as they are always a month behind!!

Again—On comparing WILL CARELESS'S Epistle from Leicestershire in our December Number with Nim South's *recent visit* to that county in his February Number, it will be found that it is far easier to *concoct* an article in Lincoln's-Inn-fields, when the *documents* are so readily come-at-able, than to travel so far in a *light coach*! This travelling is certainly very fatiguing, and totally unnecessary!

We could also point out numerous instances of *new* articles made up from our *old* volumes:

"How great the crime, how flagrant the abuse,
T' adulterate generous wine with noxious juice!"

We drop all allusion to "A Day with the Surrey," which was admitted to be a "fancy sketch," and the characters introduced *fictitious*—so much for *superiority* of information! But "A Day's Shooting in Surrey, *alias* Jorrocks in trouble," in the last Number, by the *same writer*, is the *ne plus ultra* of wit! the very essence of *manly, plain, straight-forward writing*!!—and the day too on which this said shooting took place!—New Year's Day!!—Sunday!!!—This was commencing the year well! From the forensic eloquence displayed by Counsel in the appeal against Jorrocks' conviction for a trespass—one half of his toe being over his "right of way"—we should have thought that the mantle of Nim South had fallen upon him, only we are told *he is no Lawyer*!

Of the "twenty years' experience derived from the Old Magazine,"

Nim South's engagement to write in that Journal commenced in April 1830!! He had, however, sufficient *experience* to take our very title, and to imitate the very form and feature of our publication—thus shewing the weakness of his own pretensions.

But enough of this:—We can give due credit to an honorable competitor—we despise a mean one; and that cause must be weak which is supported by malignity, falsehood, and chicanery. But whilst we have such valuable supporters as

BLITZ,
MEMBER OF BURTON HUNT,
WILL CARELESS,
THE DEVONIAN,
GILBERT FORESTER,
THE YOUNG FORESTER,
HAFIZ,
SLASHING HARRY,
THE HERMIT IN LONDON,
ALFRED HIGHFLYER,
JAVELIN,
LACEY,
MILES,

A NATIVE,
OBSERVATOR,
ONEOFUS,
QUARTOGENARIAN,
REYNARD IN THE EAST,
RINGWOOD,
ROUGH ROBIN,
SCARLET,
SCREWDRIVER,
THE SPECTATOR,
STUMP,
TASSEL,
VAGUS, &c. &c.

we need not fear an opposition founded on disappointment, and supported by writers, who, from their own admission, tended to debase our pages, and therein the national character.

Of the *boasted* superiority of their embellishments, we can only say “self-praise is no commendation.” No one doubts the ability of Mr. Cooper, who superintends that department; but true merit never eulogises itself. If that Gentleman had made the same exertions for the widow of “the best friend he ever had in his life,” as he now does, he might still have been in our service. The New Magazine has published ten Numbers, in which TEN subjects have been furnished by him, whilst, during the last *four years* he officiated in that department for us, we had but *thirteen* and five vignettes from him! “Look on this picture and look on that!” Every eulogy paid to his superintendence now is a tacit admission of a *former* dereliction in duty! But whilst we can boast of the two Marshalls, of a Ferneley, a Smith, a Laporte, a Turner, a Woodman, a Golding, a Romney, a Cook, a Bishop, *cum multis aliis*, we have no fear of not giving satisfaction to our Readers and the Sporting World, notwithstanding the vituperations of a Nim South, or the retirement of an R. A.

A LETTER TO "ONEOFUS" FROM LEICESTERSHIRE.

AT last my dreams are realized, and I find myself hunting in these beautiful regions. For many a day I have sighed for one season among these crack packs, and at length Fortune favours me; and truly I am not disappointed. All other countries are infamous compared to this, and yet this is considered about the worst part of the Quorn, though Paradise to what I have been accustomed to; for I came from a three-years' sojourn with ONEOFUS in that most vile of fox-hunting countries where fate hath destined him to spend his days. Oh that thou wert here, thou most enthusiastic of enthusiasts! I love thee, because thy whole heart and soul are in the chase. By day and night (during the season) I believe thy thoughts are on the sport; and I would have thee with me to behold thy delight why thou found thyself streaming over these beautiful fields; or that I had thy pen to relate some of the runs: for thy relation of a run is almost as full of spirit as the thing itself. I pity thy lot, doomed to such a country! yet, if ought can reconcile thee, it is to have such gallant companions in thy exile as some I once did know. Charles and Salusbury T. are an honour to any country. I hope to see the former some day among the crack packs. With his means, nothing should prevent him paying them a visit for at least one season.—And thou, good excellent George S. of Newnham, art thou still going as bravely as when we last did meet? I shall not forget it in a hurry: I thought the Coroner

would have been required. Curse those rabbit holes!—And the old 'Squire's pack, are they still in existence? Answer me, thou *rough and ready one*. And now I will tell you of these parts; and, though I cannot give you names of places and coverts, being a stranger in the land, yet, if thou wilt let me have my own way, I will endeavor to amuse you for a time.

And first as to the country. That part which Sir Harry Goodricke hunts is generally very deep, and the fences mostly have a ditch; but on the whole they are not difficult, excepting the brooks. The famous Smite runs through most of it, and is generally to be crossed; and when that this is the case, a few always find the bottom of it, though in some places it is nothing of a jump; but you have seldom time for choosing, for, once behind, with anything of a scent, it is almost impossible to catch again. Speaking of brooks, I have often heard of men jumping 18ft. or 20ft.—brooks with hounds, but I suspect few men ever saw eighteen feet of water jumped. It is a very wide place indeed; and, when you consider a horse must have at least a yard on each side to take off and land upon, it brings the jump to twenty-four feet. The average breadth of brooks leaped is seldom more than nine feet water; and, if the ground is bad, it is a good jump. I saw a place a man charged one day, and measured it; and, though the horse slipped in from the opposite bank, he must have jumped very near twenty feet (for it was fourteen feet water); but then it

is the widest place I have seen ridden at.

The pace these hounds go is tremendous; and there is sad riot at times among the riders if the scent is bad; but the huntsman and whips are such hardy looking fellows, and as quick as lightning, never giving a chance away, and doing their utmost to get near their fox, riding like devils*!

I saw them one day after rather a quick thing from Widmerpool; and it would have puzzled a stranger to know the colour of their coats, they were so completely bedaubed from the number of falls; but I never saw fellows mind them so little. I suspect they take example from their master in that respect, of whom I will give you a story.

A friend of mine was standing one day in the yard at Melton when Sir Harry's horse came in with his groom on him. He was a great big thorough-bred one, but something sulky-looking about his head. Sir H. had ridden him in the first part of the day, and his appearance was such as to make my friend inquire if his horses often came home in such a state. A person who was by said, "not often quite so bad:—but, I remember," continued he, "being one day in the yard when Sir H. rode this same horse in much in the same state, and, on my remarking it, he said, 'Yes, old (I forget

the horse's name) has been at his old tricks again: he has been eleven times on his head to-day.'"

Now, when you consider this gallant horseman may have the pick of the best horses, money being no object, it seems strange his continuing to ride such a vicious brute; but he has nerve for anything. This very horse was a most capital hunter when he was in the humour.

When I first saw these hounds I naturally inquired the names of some of the most distinguished-looking men; but I was particularly struck with the appearance of Sir Harry. Fancy a handsome man about five feet ten inches, and I should think about thirteen stone, in the prime of life (about thirty-six), nothing of the dandy, but still everything about him and his horse in the very best order, and looking hardy and ready for service. I may be prejudiced from hearsay, but to my eye he is the very *beau ideal* of a fox-hunter of *modern* times; and to see him go along when in the humour (for he will not always take the trouble to get a place) is beautiful. The man who pleased me most after him was young Lord Gardiner; and, judging from what little I have seen, he bids fair to become the best performer across a country; but his weight is in his favour. He has got such a knack of sticking to his horse, that unless they come

* I remember one day finding a fox, but there was very little scent: hounds were at fault, when one of the whips viewed the fox going a field or two a-head: he halloo'd and rode forward cap in hand, but the hounds were a long time coming to him. In the mean time he kept going along, keeping pug in view, and the field after him, some before the hounds, some after them, but all galloping at a good pace and taking the fences. I should think the whip and about a dozen, in spite of "hold hard! hold hard!" went nearly a mile in this manner before the other whip (the huntsman was not out) could get the hounds up, which he accomplished at last, giving a few hearty damns to those Gents who had ridden on; which occasioned a certain Noble Lord, who had been one, to say quietly to some of the party, "Curse those infernal dogs, they always spoil sport! What a capital hunt we should have had if it had not been for them!"

heels over head he will not part company. They tumble over and get up again as if they were the same animal, and he will go at anything. This reminds me of a lark at which I was amused.

I had heard of Melton men larking, and the other day I saw it for the first time. They had met at Melton, and had a long tiresome day, killing two foxes, but without shewing a run. At last some of the field got tired of drawing, and so about half a dozen started to find their way home across country. Lord Gardiner took the lead, and at one place got a tremendous sunset, and lost his horse: however, to my surprise, instead of attempting to catch him, he waited very coolly till the next man, Lord Wilton, came up, who, after getting over the fence, pulled up, when Lord Gardiner jumped on behind him, and away they sailed together, till at length somebody caught the horse and brought him up.

There are some most excellent riders among the yeomen; and a farmer named Butler particularly struck me in a very quick thing from near Widmerpool. He rode a grey mare very much blemished, for which, I believe, he gave twenty pounds, but she is the very best hunter I ever saw; and this day Lord Rancliffe (also on a very clear grey) and him had the lead alternately as the hounds turned.

I hope to see these hounds some day in the Harborough country, when I may be able to give some better account of them and their performance.

There are two other packs in the neighbourhood of Nottingham. Mr. Saville's, of Rufford, is most excellent, and, I believe, have had most splendid sport. I

have only seen them twice, but nothing could be better than the appearance of the whole. We had one capital run of fifty minutes, with hardly a check, over a very fine country; and, fortunately for the nags, the ground was light, or no horse could have lived with them. Among the riders I remarked a black coat on a black horse as among the very best. I believe his name is Becher. The other pack is Mr. Dansey's, who hunts Lord Middleton's country. He is a stranger, and has many difficulties to encounter; but, from what I have seen of him, he wants that quickness which is absolutely necessary to shew sport: and, after hunting with Sir Harry and Mr. Saville, the contrast is too great. I cannot bear to see a man poke from one covert to another at a walk, as if he only wanted to kill the day; and I have heard men complain sadly of him in this respect. I think he has a capital ear for hounds, and understands the science of hunting; but he is not decided, or quick enough: added to which, a fence in the way often makes him alter his cast, which his judgment thinks is the right one.

I must now say adieu; my place of abode is among the ruins of the old Castle of the Duke of N.....e, from which I gaze upon a most beautiful expanse of country, and wish that fate would allow me to remain for many years; but I fear I must again soon wander forth to some other region. However, if not, perhaps you may hear again from me, if this is deemed worth receiving. In the mean time, believe me, my trusty ONEOFUS, your most sincere well-wisher,

MILES.

February 17, 1832.

BARTON COURSING MEETING.

AT this Meeting, which was held on the 7th, 8th, and 10th of February, there was a numerous and respectable attendance of the Members and their friends. From the unusual fineness of the weather, together with the good condition of the ground, and the extraordinary stoutness of the hares, the contests in the respective runs for the Cup and Sweepstakes were most excellent and satisfactory. For the Grand Prize, Mr. W. Loft's Mantle (the winner of the Louth St. Leger Stakes) and Mack, own brother to her, being left alone in the last tie, the Cup, value 40 sovs., together with 10 sovs. for the second best dog, were both won by them in gallant style, but not run out. Mantle and Mack are by Mr. Best's Monarch, and out of Mr. W. Loft's Marcia; and it is but justice to say that their style of running, and beautiful condition, obtained the general admiration of the field.

The Society are much indebted to the kindness of C. Winn, Esq. of Appleby, for furnishing such good hares and excellent ground for their diversion.—J. Terry, Esq. of Leyburn, near Bedale, gave universal satisfaction as Tryer, by his impartial decisions and the superior knowledge evinced by him in the Laws of Coursing.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1832.

b Frith Cup.—Mr. E. W. Smith's bl. d. Minx beat Mr. W. Richardson's wh. . Racer, by Stretcher out of Blue Bell; Mr. Kennington's brin. and wh. b. Minna, out of Fly, beat Mr. J. Marshall's red b. Smallhopes, by Blue Ruin out of Vesta; Mr. S. Egginton's blk. d. Lion beat Mr. W. Richardson's red d. Brutus, by Roman out of Cora; Mr. Chaplin's blk. d. Barefoot, by Regent out of Fly, beat Mr. Espener's red d. Effort (lame); Mr. Loft's fawn ticked d. Mack, by Mr. Best's Monarch out of his Marcia, beat Mr. B. Nicholson's blue b. Adelaide, by Stretcher out of Violet; Mr. Loft's wh. and i. b. Mantle, by Mr. Best's Monarch out of his Marcia, beat Mr. Healey's blk. b. Mary Jane, by Major out of Fly; Mr. Winn's blk. b. Louisa, by Major out of Fly, beat Col. Elmhirst's fawn d. Victor, by Blue Ruin out of Vesta; Mr. Benson's brin. b. Bess, by Major, beat Mr. West's blk. b. Frolic, by Major out of Chance.

Appleby Carr Stakes of two sovs. each.—Mr. E. W. Smith's brin. and wh. b. Faith, out of Sister to Nelson, beat Mr. Healey's r. d. Bob; Mr. S. Egginton's r. d. Surprise beat Mr. Healey's r. d. Tom; Mr. Healey's bl. b. Caroline, by Belton out of The Queen, beat Mr. Benson's blk. b. Sal, by Major; Colonel Elmhirst's blk. ticked d. Bugle, by Balloon

out of Twist, beat Mr. Richardson's blk. and wh. b. Trippet, by Humphrey Clinker out of Pledge.

Ancholme Stakes of two sovs. each.—Mr. Healey's f. b. Fan, by Dancer out of Fly, beat Mr. Loft's f. b. Magic, by Mr. Best's Monarch out of his Marcia; Mr. E. W. Smith's bl. d. Match'em, by Blue Cap out of Red Tail, beat Mr. Chaplin's f. and wh. d. Wonder, by Dancer out of Fly; Mr. Healey's blk. b. Poll, by Major out of Fly, beat Mr. Richardson's blk. and wh. b. Trinke, by Humphrey Clinker out of Pledge; Mr. Richardson's blk. and wh. d. Actæon, by Cliff out of Lady, beat Mr. Kennington's blk. b. Fly.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 8.

FIRST TIES FOR THE CUP.

Bess beat Louisa.
Mantle — Barefoot.
Minx — Lion.
Mack — Minna.

TIES FOR APPLEBY CARR STAKES.

Bugle beat Surprise.
Faith — Caroline.

TIES FOR THE ANCHOLME STAKES.

Actæon beat Fan.
Match'em — Poll.

Consolation Stakes of two sovs. each.—Mr. Benson's blk. b. Sal beat Mr. Richardson's wh. d. Racer; Mr. B. Nicholson's bl. b. Adelaide agst Mr. Healey's blk. b. Mary Jane—undecided: won by a toss by Adelaide.

First Bye Stakes of two sovs. each.—Mr. Healey's brin. d. Fred beat Mr. Richardson's b. Wowski; Mr. Nicholson's blk. b. Minna beat Mr. Hayes's blk. d. Gimcrack.

Second Bye Stakes of one sov. each.—Mr. Kennington's blk. b. Fly beat Mr. West's blk. b. Frolic; Mr. E. W. Smith's blk. d. Squib beat Mr. Healey's brin. b. Tet.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 10.

SECOND TIES FOR THE CUP.

Mack beat Bess.
Mantle — Minx.

Decision for the Cup.—Mack and Mantle being both the property of Mr. Loft, the Cup and Sovereigns were won by them, but not run out.

Deciding Course for the Appleby Carr Stakes.—Bugle beat Faith, and won the Stakes.

Deciding Course for the Ancholme Stakes.—Actæon beat Match'em, and won the Stakes.

Deciding Course for the Consolation Stakes.—Adelaide beat Sal, and won the Stakes.

Deciding Course for First Bye Stakes.

—Minna beat Fred, and won the Stakes.

Deciding Course for Second Bye Stakes.

—Fly beat Squib, and won the Stakes.

Appleby Stakes of two sovs. each.—Mr.

J. Marshall's r. b. Smallhopes beat Mr.

S. Egginton's r. d. Surprise; Mr. Hea-

ley's bl. b. Caroline beat Mr. Chaplin's

blk. d. Barefoot.

Deciding Course.—Caroline beat Small-

hopes, and won the Stakes—(Smallhopes unsighted).

Curr Stakes of one sov. each.—Mr.

Richardson's f. and w. d. Wonder beat

Mr. Healey's r. d. Bob; Mr. S. Eggin-

ton's bl. d. Lion beat Mr. J. Richardson's

r. b. Peep.

Deciding Course.—Wonder beat Lion,

and won the Stakes.

Matches.—Mr. Richardson's Trinket

beat Mr. Loft's Brenda; Col. Elmhirst's

Victor beat Mr. Healey's Tet.

MUSCAT.

WE have the honor to present to our numerous, constant, and classical readers, in this our March Number, an exact Portrait of the Arab horse MUSCAT, which all must allow is at once creditable to the masterly hand and correct eye of the Younger MARSHALL, as well as to the beautifully scientific graver of Mr. ROMNEY; but, above all, to the Honorable Colonel FINCH, for a display of his superior judgment in procuring such a subject: and we have no hesitation in saying, being backed up by judges from whom there is no appeal, that MUSCAT is the only Arabian imported in the present generation calculated to improve, or rather renovate, the English Race-horse, being of good size, perfect symmetry, fine temper, and the purest blood: besides there is in him bone, muscle, strength, and action to improve the breed of horses of every grade.

MUSCAT ran three times at Calcutta in 1829, and his performances there were quite creditable to him as a racer, having won two out of the three engagements, and he came in second for the third, carrying 11st. 7lb., when eight of their best horses started. His first prize was the Gold Cup, given by the Royal Club, two-mile heats, 9st. each.

He also won the Little Welter Stakes, carrying 10st., the Round Course (one mile and three-quarters), six subscribers.

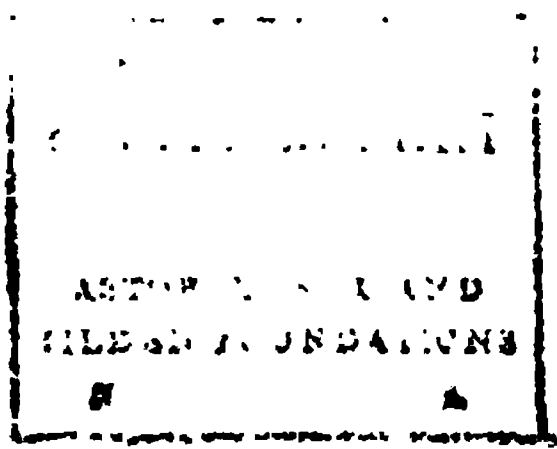
We say thus much for MUSCAT, or otherwise he could, though a stranger to our language, speak for himself: but there has been such bouncing, such puff upon puff about a print of another Arabian published about a month ago, called Orelia, that we could not refrain from saying something about both, being desired to "look upon this, and look upon that." Poor Orelia! and art thou brought here to be thus degraded! thy "bright bay" to be turned into *dirty white muslin*! and thy "black legs and feet" into *legs of parchment*!! Oh! what a "mount" for the renowned Don Quixote! Only dock him, and what a soliloquy we should have from the Learned *Syntax*..... "My dear, dear Grizzle!!! how proud I am to find a grateful world still doing honor to thy extraordinary worth, and the Arts Sublime exerted to hand down to posterity thy *matchless beauty*!"..... Poor Orelia, why wert thou *imported*!—and why was not the man who put forth thy caricature *exported*—and, for his libel on the state of the Fine Arts in England, at the expense of Government?

Running Length

MUSCAT.

Published by W. A. Pritchard, Muscat, November 1883.

W. A. Pritchard, Muscat



THE DOG-FISHER.

—◆—
 “ In thee alone, fair Land of Liberty,
 Is bred the perfect hound, in scent and speed
 As yet unrival'd, while in other climes
 Their virtue fails—a weak degenerate race.”
 —◆—

SIR,

I Am unwilling to obtrude on the columns of your widely-circulated Magazine matter entirely irrelevant to the subject it is more particularly devoted to; but if you think the following very LAME account of one of the most remarkable dogs I ever heard of worthy the attention of your readers, you are exceedingly welcome to it, however I may *hall* in the recital. There was a time, alas! when after a *brush* I could “go the pace;” but with a pen in my hand it was ever difficult for me to bestir my *stumps*, and “dot and go one” was the sum of my proceedings; whilst now I suspect I must speedily lay my account with coming to a full-stop!

I am no dog-fancier, neither am I a naturalist—perhaps I savour more of the *natural* (which in this country is a very expressive phrase)—but when I see nature developing in a poor dumb creature qualities (I may call them) which we bipeds would do well to imitate oftener than we do, I own I take an interest both in the subject and in the object.

Some years ago a friend of mine, whose generosity of disposition is not more marked by his widely spread hospitalities to his fellow-creatures than by his kindness to the beasts of the field and birds of the air; and who has in his day sacrificed more hecatombs, and poured deeper libations down the throats of his numerous acquaintance than ever

were offered up by Achilles to his myrmidons at the siege of Troy—a man, indeed, whose love of dogs approximates almost to a species of *canomania*, and at whose table—hospitable as it is—one has no chance of seeing that South Sea delicacy, a *bow-wow* pie; and who, though so stricken, has never yet shewn any taint of hydrophobia—for he goes to *Spa* regularly every morning, makes his tea with water, and never was known to decline a glass of wine:—this friend of mine, I say, was presented by an honest innkeeper of his acquaintance with a dog, something between a terrier and a mastiff, although peradventure there might be the “*laste taist* in life” of the genuine *bull* in him: for this dog had an Irish shake of his tail and an expressive leer in his eye when about business, which savoured woundily of the wonder-working and prolific potato; and as to pedigree, we all know the *blunders* committed in tracing *puppies* to their *sires* where bitches are concerned, many passing for golden pippins, who in reality are little better than grafts from *crabs*. But letting alone his pedigree, this animal shewed nothing particular in his exterior or apparent properties, and was accordingly given away again to the superintendant of a salmon-fishing at the *Cruives*—a spot, in the vicinity of Aberdeen, famous at once for its romantic beauty, for the miraculous draughts sometimes drank as

well as caught at it, and not unknown to fame for the good dinners, brilliant *jêtes champêtres*, and happy marriages, balls, &c. celebrated at it during our *Carnival*!

Mr. S. the worthy superintendent alluded to, is a person not only extremely attentive to the discharge of his trust, but is also endowed with much curious observation. Study, and his nightly vigils, have not yet reduced him to a skeleton, though his grief for the loss of his favorite dog has certainly, from being a very portly good-looking man, brought him nearer the chance of getting through the eye of a needle. He soon saw something more than common in the dog, which I should long since have told you was christened by the name of *Tiger*. With that grateful instinct which characterises his race, this sagacious creature began to consider, as it were, how to render himself useful to the kind hand that fed and caressed him; and for that purpose, in constantly attending his master to the water side, saw that fish was the object, and water the element he had to study. Accordingly, although smooth-haired, and without a particle of the spaniel, Newfoundlander, or water-dog in him, he set about swimming and learning to practise all manner of aquatic evolutions, smelling about the nets, and at first fearfully approaching the salmon as they were drawn to shore, and then eager to mouth them. For a while, led only by the sweep of the net, and sight of the corks upbearing it, but by degrees, eagerly watching the practised eyes of the fishermen who see long down the stream the approach of fish by a

particular *swirl* on the surface of the river, immediately over the salmon (imperceptible to any vision but their own), Tiger soon became as expert at this as themselves; and at his warning would they always bestir themselves, and generally with success. Not only did the dog do this, but he went farther—he saw the fish for himself, and took them by himself, without the assistance of man, or material of any kind! At first, as was to be expected, his success was small, but his instinct soon made him expert, and he has been *known to kill from twelve to fifteen salmon in a day*! In the coldest mornings and the darkest nights, he was, it may be said, never off guard, nor ever so happy as when on it. In a middling river, when the water was not too high, he would place himself for hours together on a stone a little below the rapids, and watch the fish coming up, allow it to pass him, when following it up to the rush at the bottom of the dykes, where it was shallower, pounce at once on his prey, and fixing his teeth a little below the neck, keep fast hold, and struggling with the salmon, sometimes above water and sometimes below it, go down the stream for a considerable distance, and almost always returning victor. With a high river when in a *speat*, as we say here, after much rain, he would perch himself on the very edge of the high Cruive dyke, with the water boiling and bubbling about him to his belly, watching the dart upwards of the fish, and, immediately he saw one, spring at it at all hazards till he laid it on the bank, wagging his tail and seemingly more delighted than the fishermen at the

proportion his individual exertions contributed to the general stock.

On one occasion he grappled with an enormous fish of twenty-three pounds, sustained a desperate battle with it, and had nearly mastered it, when a fisherman, seeing the struggle, went to Tiger's assistance, laid hold of the salmon by the tail, and before the dog had quitted the gripe, the fish, by a convulsive twist, laid both man and dog on their backs—but fish though it was, that salmon went the way of all flesh.

On another occasion his master had left him at twelve o'clock on a Sunday night, before the fishing commences on Monday morning, chained to his couch. Tiger drew the couch down the bank to the river, and, breaking the chain, killed several salmon ere Mr. S.'s return.

On one particularly stormy night—so bad that the fishermen were driven to shelter in a public house hard by—Tiger disdained to quit his spot, and killed of himself seven fish that very night whilst they were solacing themselves.

If his master was at home, and said, "Tiger, there is a fish coming"—off he went, wagging his tail, and either returned *sorrowful*, or his whiskers garnished with fresh salmon scales in proof of his industry! If the fish was small he would bring it ashore "as if he had a tobacco pipe in his mouth," as the fishermen termed it.

It would be endless to recount the thousandth part of the numerous instances of the sagacity, industry, patience, and spirit of this invaluable dog—his affection,

his intelligence I may say, and the unwearied desire he manifested, as it were, to shew his sense of *duty* to those who supported and were kind to him! And what was his end? Does he yet live, basking in his old age in the sunshine of their favour and protection? I almost shudder with indignation when I write it—this animal, so favoured by Nature, and so distinguished by the dumb attributes of every *good* quality a poor quadruped could possess, was last week only most inhumanly shot by some miscreant hand, which has not yet been discovered, although a considerable reward has been offered for the detection of the *brute* who could kill such a dog. Alas, dogs! in how many things do they surpass proud man! I remember me being exceedingly struck at seeing two prints at Paris some dozen of years ago, contrasting two funerals. The one, as it seemed to be of some rich contractor, great Minister of State, or *Parvenu millionaire*, borne in all the pride, pomp, and glorious circumstance of sweeping tragedy pall, and with all the suits and trappings of woe—a hundred equipages, mutes, (merry) mourners, cambric handkerchiefs, lavender tears, and all the affected grief of a numerous *cortege*—carrying to his last home some man of an every-day stamp, and undistinguished, perhaps, by any other trait but by that which the caustic Junius once said of Lord Temple—"his adding but another unit to the Bills of Mortality!" And the other—the funeral *d'un pauvre!* laid in a shell hardly covered, "all alone in his glory," carried to that bourne from which no traveller returns—where

all will be held equal, all judged of by the deeds done in the flesh, whether Lords or Law-givers, Kings, conquerors, beggars, and Buonapartes—was attended only in death by the poor creature that shared his crust while living—his faithful *Dog*!! Yet this poor man—I say it to you, ye proud and disdainful of the earth—though he might have been poor and wretched, and followed only by the contemptuous disregard of those of happier stars in *this* world; yet, if his heart beat true, and his mind, though uneducated, naturally inclined him to the charities and kindness of our common nature, as exemplified even to his *dog*, however privation and distress might have sometimes laid him to sin and error, may, at the dread rising of the curtain, obtain a seat of everlasting joy and peace—whilst the proud, the calculating, over-reaching, more fortunate, but less feeling souls, lay *howling*—as *dogs* do when punished!

I did not mean to end in this sancto-heroic vein; but this is an age of *inspiration*! wonderful in every respect. There seems a *cholera* of mind as well as of body to pervade the whole human race just now; and, what with sectarian mystification, religious *toleration*, and political rancour, there

seems a chance of the world becoming an universal *mad house*! No wonder many people are tired of it! “There is another and a better world,” was the dying exclamation of poor John Palmer on the mimic stage; and ‘tis well men’s consciences lead them to *doubt* the place the *best* of them will obtain in the next, else *Charon* might tire at his ferry!

I wonder if there are any salmon in the *Styx*? and if poor Tiger could there, “like a brother of the angle,” exercise his “gentle craft?” Alas! poor dog! *vale et plaudite!*—*Curnon*! Never, never, shall we look upon his like! and, if his assassin should ever be discovered, he shall be d—d to endless fame.

Yours, &c. SNARL.

I forgot to tell you that “he had a fine eye for a *duck*!” and, if he had been as near *St. Stephen’s* as he was to Mr. Stephen (his kind master), the devil a *rat* would have escaped him, even though they *soaped* their tails, with all the specious humbug your —s; and when shame drives them to seek “flattering unction” as embrocations for apostasy! Now, I leave you to imagine whether the writer is *for* or *against* Reform. You’ll may be answer—*Davus, non Epidus sum!*

SOME PASSAGES BETWEEN THE LATE KING AND PARSON BUTLER*.

SIR,
WHEN His late Majesty, who was “ay, every inch,” a man “and a King,” kept the fox-hounds at Critchill in Dorsetshire, he was joined in the field,

I might more properly say crowd, by a person of apparently no mark or signification, save and except, indeed, a most scrupulous inattention to anything approach-

* For a Portrait of this Gentleman, see *Sporting Magazine*, vol. xiii., N. S., p. 179.

ing to common neatness in his dress and appearance—a person who, perhaps, but for one occurrence which I am about to relate, might never have arrived at any celebrity, much less (a local one at least in those days) a notoriety, which, connected as it was with Royalty itself, rendered the worthy Parson of Frampton a personage, whom, to be any time in the county of Dorset, and not to have been pointed out to you, as one on whom a high stamp had been set, was impossible. Whether the Doctor, as His Majesty dubbed him, has accompanied his friendly Sovereign and benefactor beyond that stream which neither Prince nor Parson have ever yet been known to recross, I am ignorant; but if he has not, I shall only relate what I know, and what, as it never did (for it was in all men's mouths at the time), neither can it now, prejudice or offend the worthy individual whose *unanswerable* singularities (at least some of them) I intend to detail.

Soon after the Prince commenced hunting from Critchell, in a very *greasy* day after the breaking up of a frost, His Highness was getting along the precipitous side of a woodland hanging (the fox just halloo'd away), when his horse's legs almost all at once went from under him. The nag was, however, as quickly *picked up* by the Prince as a horse could be; when Parson Butler, a man of more than just met the eye, and who happened at the instant to be right in the Royal rear, floundered past "the Hopes of the Nation" just as he was in the very crisis of his dilemma, kicking the mud gallantly in his face

with true fox-hunting equality, and roaring out as he passed them, "Well saved, by George*, your Royal Highness!" The Prince was at that time a man who did not mind having the dirt kicked in his face on such an occasion, especially when it came in a fair way, and was not done by those who should have known better; but such riding being rather unusual in the Hunt, and the concomitant remark, pronounced in the true vernacular of the county in which his Reverence luxuriated, it did not escape the Royal penetration.

As soon as circumstances permitted, inquiry was made after the splashing commentator on His Highness's plucking-up qualities, and the Doctor (as he was ever after designated in the establishment at Critchill) was, by particular desire, lugged forward to make his (anything but a) bow, and, "all unadorned as he was," and always was, but "nothing loth," taken back to Critchill. His Highness at once saw that he had found one who would be no mean source of mirth: but if the Princely sportsman did amuse himself a *little* with his eccentricities, it was in such a manner as the Doctor had no reason to feel sore about, as, I think, will be seen in the sequel.

Boots and all—the Doctor thought little about the *outward* man—the first dinner commenced (and that it was an out-and-out good one the late King's worst enemies must allow it was sure to be, with a sneer, perhaps, as if it was a crime for a Prince or King to live like a gentleman). Now, although the Doctor, as I

* The asseveration *tallying* so well with the Prince's name.

have before said, was almost utterly indifferent as to the outward, none delighted more to cherish the inward man, both abroad and at home. Even to the day that I knew him, he trusted not even "neat-handed Phillis" to make his soup. No; like Sir Geoffrey Hudson, in *Peveril of the Peak*, "nothing on earth could induce him to trust a matter of such importance" to less abler hands than his own. Of a man so constituted, therefore, it requires no great stretch of imagination to conceive, that, with not the slightest idea of anything approaching to etiquette, and regardless of the face of any man alive, he sat down quite at his ease to devour the plats which His Highness's *artist* promulgated; and just as he was setting-to with the first variety after soup, he received a summons from the Prince to take wine. Without waiting to empty his repplier, any more than by bespattering a dandy retainer over of those times in his immediate vicinity, he bluffly replied, in true Dorsetian vernacular, "Thank your Royal Highness, but I am not ready yet." A gracious nod set the staring table at rest. As to the Doctor, he was chin-deep in Bechamelle, and observed or reckoned nothing about it: he had his work to do, and a better workman never clapped legs under mahogany.

The fish was soon disposed of, when the Doctor, wiping his mouth, gave a loud sonorous hem, which made a startling note of preparation, and brandishing his long-stalked glass, roared out from the bottom of the table, "Now, your Royal Highness, I

am ready." The table was now electrified; some of the old hands were nearly galvanized with horror, the younger barely able to restrain their risibility, when the Princely and kind-hearted fox-hunter restored all to their propriety, by pledging the Doctor with cheerful cordiality. It now became evident that the Doctor was in favour. The afflicted seniors and sneering juniors perceived that he was to have his humour, and from that day out it was not denied him.

No man was better acquainted with the localities of the country than his Reverence: in fact, he deprived the common witticism of comparing a Parson to a guide-post of its sting; for he not merely could point out the way, but accompanied and followed it. In short, he became a great favorite; so much so, that he generally made one in the field immediately about the person of the Prince.

On one of these occasions the Prince remarked to him, *that he rode a very bad horse*. This the Doctor took rather in dudgeon: even his common John Bull recklessness could hardly stomach this, for the Doctor was not rich. "How comes it," again demanded the Prince, "that you, Doctor, who are so keen, and, let me add, so good a sportsman, ride so bad a horse?" The Doctor was now roused, and with deeper growl, but the same dialect, replied, "for the same reason your Highness rides so good a one."—"How so?" rejoined the Prince. "Because Providence has made you a Prince, and me a Parson."—"You have exactly defined it, Doctor," said His Highness, in

high glee; "and we must see how it can be amended."

One of the best horses in the Royal stud was made over to the Doctor, to have and to hold for his own; and nothing very remarkable happened until a certain Saturday night, when, after a long day and a late dinner, the bed-room candles were brought in—all of course waiting until the Prince called for his. I said all; but as soon as ever they appeared, the Doctor grasped one, and was about to brush with clerical, but uncourtly haste, had he not been deterred by one of the most ceremonious of the small household, who for one saw no joke in such proceedings, but regarded them with utter horror. The Prince had on the sudden fallen into earnest conversation with some person of consequence, and their colloquy lasted long and tediously, the Doctor evincing manifest and manifold signs of impatience—coughing, scraping his feet, and ever and anon casting unutterable looks towards the Prince. He stood thus for about half an hour, when all-powerful Nature broke out, and, shaking off the punctilious functionary above mentioned, who again endeavored to restrain him, as a terrier would a rat, he seized his taper, and, striding up to the Prince, thus addressed him:—"Please your Highness, it may do very well for you to stand here all night talking, as you can lie as long as you please in the morning; but I have many a long mile to ride to my parish, and there is no help for it: for there's an old woman to be buried that ought to have been put in the ground last week, and

she'll keep no longer; and there's a young couple to marry that I put off last week—*by George*, they'll keep no longer; so your Royal Highness will excuse me, but you must not keep me any longer!" This was all in such *good keeping* that there was no standing it any longer—even the punctilious Chamberlain was not proof against it; and amid peals of laughter the triumphant Doctor strode off to his roost.

After his Reverence had settled the living and the dead at Frampton, he returned to Critchill, where in his absence had arrived the Duke of Kent. The Duke wished to purchase a horse, and applied to his Royal Brother. The Prince at once said he knew of but one that would suit, and that was the Doctor's, and that he would settle the price between them; adding, "but remember, Edward, the Doctor cannot afford to trust." The Duke bought the horse, and his Reverence was again reduced to the bad one. The Prince, however, promised him a mount, and Cottager, a cropped horse, and a favorite, was ordered for the occasion. When the Doctor mounted him at the covert side, the Princely Master of the pack told him to ride him as he pleased, for from that moment he was his own.

This horse, during the time I was in Dorset, when poor Humphry Sturt hunted the country from Cliff, which now forms that part which Mr. Farquharson designates the Calstock Country, was yet going, old, but in high preservation, and a perfect model.

One more anecdote of this remarkable Divine, to which I was an ear-witness, I shall relate. I

was returning home to Dorchester Barracks from hunting with the Doctor and a then Colonel in the Army, a native of the county on leave, who since highly distinguished himself in the Peninsula, and we passed the Doctor's gate. "We shall meet at Melcombe on Wednesday," said the Colonel. "No; can't come," growled the Doctor; "I have to meet that confounded Buona-

parte."—"Buonaparte!" ejaculated the Colonel—"Buonaparte!"—while my mouth, I dare say, was open from ear to ear.—"Ay, Buonaparte!" re-growled the Doctor; "you soldiers think there's but one Buonaparte; but I tell you every fellow has his Buonaparte, and the confounded tax-man's mine!"

I am, Sir, &c.

Q.

February 10, 1832.

STANZAS TO MY HORSE.

BY E. L. BULWER, ESQ. M.P.

Come forth, my brave steed! the sun shines on the vale,
And the morning is bearing its balm on the gale—
Come forth, my brave steed, and brush off as we pass,
With the hoofs of thy speed, the bright dew from the grass.

Let the lover go warble his strains to the fair—
I regard not his rapture, and heed not his care;
But now, as we bound o'er the mountain and lea,
I will weave, my brave steed, a wild measure to thee.

Away and away!—I exult in the glow
Which is breathing its pride to my cheek, as we go;
And blithely my spirit springs forth—as the air
Which is waving the mane of thy dark flowing hair.

Hail, thou gladness of heart! and thou freshness of soul!
Which have never come o'er me in pleasure's control—
Which the dance and the revel, the bowl and the board,
Tho' they flush'd, and they fever'd, could never afford.

In the splendour of solitude speed we along,
Through the silence but broke by the wild linnet's song;
Not a sight to the eye—not a sound to the ear—
To tell us that sin and that sorrow are near.

Away—and away—and away then we pass,
The blind mole* shall not hear thy light hoof on the grass;
And the time which is flying, whilst I am with thee,
Seems as swift as thyself—as we bound o'er the lea.

* — "Tread softly, that the blind mole may not
Hear a foot fall."—*The Tempest*.

TWO LAST DAYS OF THE LATE BLACK GAME SEASON.

(Concluded from page 277 of our last Number.)

"I Am absolutely at a loss what plan to hit upon," continued the keeper; "for as they lie at present they can see all about them, and I must send the men so far round that it will at least take forty or fifty minutes before they can get behind them in the proper quarter, so as to ensure their driving them up to us; and should a cur dog or work-people appear in the meantime, this chance, and, what is worse, all this early time will be lost: but (again surveying them and taking down the glass) there is nothing else for it; so do you lads get away back *exactly* as we came, keeping well under the fayle dyke until you come to the road; cross it, and keep well north beyond the shepherd's house; then turn, and come *directly* up to the grass park (the one in which they were feeding), and keep your eyes well about you, and more particularly as you turn to come up to them at the *last*, for the *slightest* sign of me, in case I should think it necessary to alter the plan; and if you see *the signal*, drop as if you were shot, or *else you know what*. You, Robert, know all this and *the signal* well enough; but you (to the youngest) are out only for the second time—so mind *the signal—the white breast*;" which saying he threw open his waistcoat, held it and his coat back with both hands, and displayed a very white shirt, which, contrasted with the black velvet, was easily discernible—something indeed like the white

tails of the black game he was thus endeavoring to circumvent.

Away went the men and dogs, and he continued to me, who was attentively listening, as this was the first time I had been black game *stalking*—"You will think this very tedious, but nothing else will do, and perhaps not this, they are now so wild; and I must request you to take off your hat, tie your handkerchief round your head, and lie or kneel behind that whin bush—I shall do the same at the other (pointing to one about forty yards distant, but almost in a direct line). From whatever cause it arises I cannot say, but nine times in ten, when rightly sprung in the inclosures where they are now feeding, they invariably come up this little hollow (which was formed by the course of a small water rill and morass, and lay directly between the two furze bushes which were to be our posts). *If they do*, we shall get an excellent shot, as I have often done; and should we by good luck obtain a cross fire, we may bag our number* at once, and got they must be. In the meantime do you keep close; and if I see any necessity for shifting our plan or position, I will make some sign, and do you then creep to me."

I crawled away to my ambuscade—and no very enviable one it proved. To find a dry spot to kneel on was out of the question; and as to lying, it was truly a bed of thorns—as stiff a gorse bush as ever grew. Luckily I had brought a small leathern

* Six brace. They were wanted for Holyrood House.

game bag, on which I made out to kneel, laid down my gun on the bush, and with an old handkerchief like a Roundhead's cap tied on my head, might, to an indifferent passer-by, have been better taken for a hunted Covenantant of old raising up his voice in the Wilderness, than a sportsman on merry feats intent.

Slow and tedious appeared the progress of the men, though they walked at a good rate; at last I ventured to cock up my head a little to look at the *blackguards* who were thus dooming me to penance; but my friend on the left had both his eyes out, and signalled me down with such angry looks that I was fain to skulk down again on my marrow-bones.

Then I began to think of this, that, and the other, or rather let my thoughts disengage themselves somewhat from the subject matter: at last it struck me, this is not every-day work, nor every man's work, nor is it every one even here who goes to it; so I will take a little heed, and perhaps it will do for *the Magazine*. I will turn diseases—my knees and haunches ached cruelly—to commodity. This relieved me a little; for I had to note what had already passed in my mind's tablet, and I was re-tracing the little events of the morning, when a stone, gently thrown towards me by the keeper, turned my attention towards him. He was on the ground as flat as a pancake, and motioned me to him. I got up to him, keeping as near the ground as I could, though by sundry contortions—for, sprawl-

ing as he was, they could hardly be called motions—I perceived he did not think I kept low enough. However, I did get to him through the rill and swamp without doing mischief.

"They are drawing in," he said, "nearer to the east dyke*, and their scouts are getting on the south dyke. If they see our drivers all's lost as to this chance; as, unless they are sprung from the north side, they will go west (we were south of them). And now we must creep up the rill, get into the planting (about five hundred yards farther south), and then run as hard as we can stand to it to yon trees above the shepherd's house, to see if we can stop the men by the signal."

To be as brief as possible, this was successfully executed; in doing which we had to cross a newly-ploughed field of about thirty acres square. Some thirteen or fourteen years ago I have more than once experienced the effects of a splitter through *the Plough*† with the Pytchley, then under the excellent management of our present Chancellor of the Exchequer and *Charles King*; but it was at my nag's expense *quoad* bellows. Now, with a gun weighing when loaded nearly ten pounds, shot belt, &c., I can assure you, when I got to the boundary dyke of this said field, I was in anything but jumping trim. My pal was as bad: over it, however, we rolled, staggering on, and reached the little knoll of trees where he expected to telegraph the drivers. We first caught sight of them—the signal was given, but not ob-

* Scotticè, a loosely-built stone wall without mortar.

† Any man who has had the happiness to come through, or more likely into, Naseby Field on a middling prad, will need no explanation of this.

served: a heavy growl—it was meant to be a curse, but he had not breath to utter it—escaped my companion. In a second or two, however, one of them turned his head, and fell, like a well-broke pointer to hand, and in almost as short a time was followed by the other. “Now,” sputtered he, “we are so far safe, and can afford (oh, word of cheer!) to rest a little: if they are not disturbed for ten minutes we are sure of a good shot at them!”

We now went leisurely down to the men with whom we left our hats, and cut a few broom bushes to carry in our right hands, the better to screen our heads while we should be creeping up the near side of the dyke to which they had approached on the other. But this proved unnecessary, as there was a deep ditch on our side, up which we crept nearly knee-deep in water, the keeper first. Before we started, however, he asked me if I would take the sitting shot, which I declined. We had kept up this water-course about three hundred yards, creeping as low as we could, when he beckoned me to pass him, which I did. He then levelled his gun, and fired: up they rose, and up rose I instantly, but as instantly a small tussock of grass, on which I had placed my left leg as a fulcrum, gave way, and I came down almost on my face. I scrambled up again, however, and let drive in among them when they were better than sixty yards off, going from me, and winged one bird. “Good Lord, Sir, what *have* you been about?” vociferated the keeper, his coun-

tenance corresponding with his angry interrogation. “This confounded tuft of grass,” said I, “gave way under me, and I lost my first shot.”—“You should have taken more care,” growled my companion; “this will *never* do: *never* was such a chance so thrown away.”—“I quite agree with you,” was my answer, “especially as I did not hear, and I *now* perceive you did not fire, your second barrel.” He stared at me about a second, and with a roguish smile shook his head, adding, “You *have* me there; I was in hopes you would not have noticed that: in order to cover my bird, I had to put the muzzle through a d—d hole in the wall, and I could not extricate it in time.” This, as Sancho Panza says, was tarts and cheesecakes to me. Had misfortune fallen on me alone, I should never have heard the end of it. The retriever was despatched after my winged bird, and we picked up his, both fine old cocks.

To obviate the bad effects of excessive perspiration and wet feet, a mouthful of whiskey went round, men and all, and we had then to determine how to proceed. It was resolved not to follow these birds, but to send the men about to drive some other feeding ground, on the *other* side of the planting, in *which* we were to take our stations, and which we reached in about a mile’s walking; the men had full three to go about. The place we now were in was a narrow strip of moor, between two belts of planting, distant from one another, I should think, about five hundred yards. Just at the verge of each of these,

each hid by a spruce fir, we stationed ourselves; so that if the drivers sprung the birds which were anticipated to be feeding on the far-off fields, and which, the keeper said, would in all probability, as the wind then was, come down this strip, one or other (perhaps both) would be certain of a shot. Pointing to the direction from which he expected them to come, he cautioned me to keep well under my spruce tree. The spruce afforded a good shelter from the wind, which, from the state of checked perspiration I was in, was not to be sneezed at; but we were pent there full three-quarters of an hour, and I began to imagine that the men must have made some mistake, when two loud shouts of "*Mark!*" in the very quarter which had been pointed out to me put all on the alert, and I perceived eight or nine brace of black game, the weaving noise of their flight very audible, coming at a tremendous pace down the strip, pretty close to the keeper's side, but out of shot of mine; they passed him within about sixty yards (we measured it)—he fired both barrels, and *killed* one bird.

It would be *insufferably tedious* to narrate every stratagem we tried during the day much after the same fashion. The day was stormy, and the birds very wild. In the last trial, however, my companion went round a long way to endeavor to get a sitting-shot at the same pack which we saw first in the morning, though in a different place, and sent me with one of the men to guard a favorite pass (as they, the birds, were then posted) in the planting,

two miles from where they were sitting. They got up before he was near enough to fire, but so admirably was he up to their flights and habits, that they passed *directly over my head*, and I dropped a bird to each barrel.

I cannot well describe the noise of their flight: it is not the shrill whir of the wild-fowl; it is a softer sound, more like loud soft wind. I heard them before they came over, and well I did, for though a slow rising bird, when once in flight they go at a surprising rate: these were killed at forty-five and fifty-three yards—the last not dead.

The day (and it was almost three o'clock by the time the keeper joined me) set in decidedly stormy and wet. The birds, well disturbed, began to get into the trees, which renders approach almost hopeless, and we had nearly five miles to walk to our quarters; so we set out with leave to kill one brace of grouse, which were *wanted* (they were very thin here), and hares *ad libitum*. The pointer was loosed, and soon began to draw, when the brace of grouse were nailed at *one* long wild shot by the keeper. The hares, though tolerably plenty, were also very wild, and I was glad of it; out of seven shot at, two only were killed dead, and two missed, which gave me an opportunity of seeing the retriever I had heard so much of work. Whenever a hare was *wounded*, ever so little, off he went, and puss was sure to come to bag; when *missed*, he went on her track about five yards, and then came back to his master's heel. He was a genuine St. John's dog, light in the ear, and

rather pointed in the nose, about a size higher and much stronger than a common pointer, black, with a white rim round his neck, white breast and feet.

Day was gone when we reached our destination: two weary men we were; but there was an early moon, which just enabled me to perceive a tall gentleman-like-looking man standing at the door of a small decent-looking slate house, evidently a moorland farm of the better sort. I imagined that the keeper had invited some other person to join us here to help out with the next day's work, and went on, when the stranger hoped I had had good sport. I was about to reply, but the keeper, who was just behind, prevented my rejoinder, by introducing me to Mr. —, a gentleman who I was aware had recently taken an adjoining shooting, and had fitted up the upper part of a farm house as a lodge. Here was an agreeable surprise. I have had to rough it, *volens volens*, in my day frequently, and I could yet; but I have no notion of volunteering penance and privation. The best I had hoped for was some cold meat of the keeper's providing, and a bed free from absolute filth and vermin. Moreover, this gentleman and myself were mutually anxious to get acquainted, which the keeper knew, and had thus considerably (for me at least) managed it by letting Mr. — know. Up stairs we went through a swinging green-baize door which shut out the lower regions, and I was at once in comfort. Before a blazing fire, in a neat small bed-room fitted in the plainest way, a change of linen,

&c. which I had brought, and which with my hack had been sent here, was carefully arranged as well as all other necessary matters, and my adjustments were soon made. On getting into the passage I was ushered by my host into a low coved comfortable eating room, where he handed me a glass of old Port, and consigned me to an old-fashioned arm-chair made evidently by a man who knew what ease was—a circumstance beneath the notice of our "march of intellect" artisans, apparently at least, if we are to judge of them by their works. An excellent plain dinner, good wine, from which the worthy old keeper was not excluded, and lots of jaw on the ruling passion, whiled away the hours merrily until ten, when I went to a rest that knew "no breaking" to six next morning, at which hour a servant came to light the fire, and informed me that it rained a young deluge. However, a winter's day has many changes, and the birds *were* to be got; so out I turned, refreshed, though a little stiff, which however vanished before the diluting powers of "Chinese soup", and a *quantum sufficit* of solid *etceteras*.

Having taken a cordial leave of my kind entertainer, and obtained his reiterated assurance that I should very soon see him *chez moi*, we muffled up and set out on horseback in a heavy pour of rain for the hills. Mr. — could not accompany us owing to a previous engagement.

We crossed the moor, the scene of our yesterday's exploits, by a common cart track, here designated a peat road. Little was said on either side, for it was by

* Tea—*Vide* Kitchen.

no means pleasant, until my companion abruptly demanded what I thought the King of Holland would do, which brought on a discussion which at length brought us to a shieling at the foot of the hills (not the one I had been at the previous morning), and where we were to leave our horses. This I was not very well pleased to hear, for the undulated moor was here abruptly terminated by the high mountains, up many of which you can make shift to ride the best part, if not all the way: here however that proved out of the question, as will be seen. The day broke up a little, but it still rained. We had brought the dogs with us, and were, as yesterday, accompanied by two men, one of whom was an under-keeper, who had been up four or five days *feeding the birds*; the other, my guide of yesterday morning, who acknowledged the intimacy by a most gracious Gaelic grunt, and a tender of his snuff-mull—a courtesy which I returned by a half-crown piece and a stiff dram out of my whiskey, both of which he accepted in such good part that he stuck to me like my shadow for the rest of the day. With the man who had been sent up to *feed the birds*, my companion had much anxious talk.

As it forms one great peculiarity of this sport at the latter part of the season, I shall, as *briefly* as I can, explain how and why the birds are previously fed on the mountains, when no such precaution is necessary on the moorlands adjoining the cultivated grounds. In *hard* weather, at this time of year, black game desert the mountains altogether, and get lower down; in *very hard* snow, hunger overcomes their natural

shyness, and they come into the very stack-yards, where many fall victims to the rusty firelocks of the farmers, shepherds, &c.; but in mild winters (and this has been the mildest possible thereabouts) they keep in their aerial heights, paying the low grounds occasional feeding visits. To retain them altogether in such weather, and keep them settled in their haunts and feeding places, where an ambush can be commanded, a person is sent to feed them, by scattering corn where they most resort, in performing which office he gets acquainted with their haunts and the localities immediately about them.

With this functionary (as I before mentioned) the keeper had much talk as we proceeded along the banks of a narrow mountain river, which was raging away over rock and whirlpool, following it for about a mile; at the end of which we turned up the bank of a smaller tributary stream to the left, and which (gradually ascending) led us through a deep copse-tangled ravine out upon an open space, upon which the end of the mountain abruptly abutted in its full majesty. On this space huge detached fragments of rock lay scattered about in all shapes and directions. In one place the mountain presented a *plain perpendicular* surface of solid stone, unbroken save by a few fissures and a small mountain-ash bush, about forty feet from the summit, where the game hawk has built regularly time immemorial, and which gives this singular precipice its name, Craig na Herry, or the Craig of the Hawk.

In the days of the late well known Mr. Baird, of Newbyth, the Meynell of the South of

Scotland, this nest was yearly taken by his keeper, who came purposely, and I was shewn a muckle chiel now at farm work, who when a lad used, for the vast sum of seven shillings "weel paid siller," to dangle his precious carcase by a rope down from the summit—an exploit, which, from the tremendous *mural* height of the precipice, I almost shuddered to think of. To the left of this, but lower considerably, worn I suppose by the water, the stream fell over in a beautiful cascade, while farther, about half a mile to the left, the mountain rose higher, though not so abruptly, into a huge conical peak, called the Castle Craig, forming altogether a splendid amphitheatre, which apparently hemmed us in completely. Knowing that up it some way or another we must go, I kept my breath for the climb, and followed silently up the ascent by a path, somewhat similar to a ruined staircase in an old castle tower, formed solely by the shepherds and their flocks, and toilsome enough to those not in the constant habits of ascending. Having stopped to *blow* several times, we surmounted it, when I expected to have found an extensive table land, undulating more or less, and which is generally the case when you once are fairly up; but as far as I could see there were nothing but broken, naked craggans* and peat hags†, interspersed with smaller knolls covered with heather, and divided by innumerable rills of water, giving ample assurance of a gruelling day's work.

This kind of ground the black

game delight in, especially when abutting on cultivated grounds and woods. On remarking to the keeper that I had never seen more difficult walking ground, he replied, that he did not think there was worse in all Perthshire, adding, he hoped it would not serve me as it once did a friend of his master's.—This gentleman (an Englishman), who had lately come of age and into the possession of a splendid fortune, was invited down in August to shoot grouse. He was received as impressively as such lucky wights generally are, and sedulously placed on those parts of his host's moor, and those of other proprietors, where the best shooting was to be had. He happened to be a very stout gentleman for his age, valuing himself upon his athletic and all other qualifications. He expressed great satisfaction at the sport he experienced, but declared that he had been upon no ground which gave him an adequate idea of grouse shooting in the Highlands as he had imagined it from description and drawing—it was all too easy, no fatigue whatever: was there no ground where he could be taken to more precipitous and difficult? His landlord's range just here is but small. A neighbouring proprietor, however, who has a long stretch of the same description, was applied to; and the keeper (nothing loth), having received a sly hint to give him enough of it, they ascended on a burning day in August: the keeper put on his kilt, and caused his men to do the same: the Southron was invested in tight breeks and gaiters. At first all was magnifi-

* A detached mound, or pinnacle, or both, of naked rock.

† Broken ground where peats or turf are dug out of.

nificent—delightful.....his pre-conceptions were fully realised: the endless naked craggans—dried-up torrent-courses—game not so very plenty, yet enough—and he strode on far into the Alpine wilds, until at last he began to complain of excessive heat and fatigue. He was egged on, however, by the keeper still farther into the hills, till at last his distress was so great that he imperatively demanded rest. From this he arose stiff and sick, and “home, sweet home!” was the cry: but many a weary mile was to be retraced, the heat almost insupportable. He wound “his toilsome march” to near the descent, when nature for the time sank within him—he laid down and was unable to proceed. One of the men took off his jacket, with which they made a kind of litter, and he was *carried* down among them. This transpired at the Castle next day. The severe restriction which polished society imposes kept the men under tolerable restraint; but there chanced to be at the Castle a bevy of those “dear creatures,” who “Are all that is lovely, seducing to man;” and who, dear sweet souls, not having the salutary dread of twelve paces of good green grass with an irritated young gentleman and a loaded pistol at the end of them before their bright eyes, felt no such necessity imposed upon *them*, and *they* quizzed—one of them, a celebrated *belle* of the time, and whom he had rather ostentatiously honored with a kind of notice, which intimated that she might “gaze and die,” declaring, that the next time he went up she would herself accompany him to see that he was taken proper care of. To a man

of such kidney this was annihilation!—worse even than the craggan of Craig na Herry. So, next morning, he made his *cool* bow, and his *exit*.

To face these craggans we now prepared under a terribly high wind, but no rain, which had blown over. As we ascended the mountain we took a dram to our success, and shaped our course for a pinnacle about a mile directly a-head of us, where the birds had been fed, and where, we were told, there would in all probability be a considerable number, cocks and hens mixed. Now, to kill a grey hen in most places is *contra bonos mores* absolutely and entirely, and is subject to a forfeit of half a guinea. So I asked my companion, in the event of a sitting shot, what was to be done. He said they were now so plentiful on their ground that such strictness was not always necessary, especially on such an occasion as this, and to kill what could be killed, for he much feared (it was blowing a hurricane) he should be beaten absolutely for the first time in his life, and that too when he was more than commonly anxious to succeed.

A large isolated rock flanked this pinnacle, in the beild or shelter of which the birds fed, and he crept forward to reconnoitre. We laid down. Presently he beckoned me to him. He was now sitting under the rock, and I scrambled on as quietly as I could. “They are there,” he whispered, “but out of shot: we will stay as we are ten minutes by the watch; perhaps in that time they may come nearer.” Just as he said this, a fine old cock fluttered up on the very craggan from behind

which we were to fire, and, immediately on seeing us, gave his cackle. Up were we; but so quick were the birds that they were nearly out of sight round the pinnacle, being borne down the wind with inconceivable rapidity. After this unlucky-feathered Paul Pry, who was a long way behind the rest, the keeper blazed both his barrels in rage and despair, and gave him something to remember, a drop bringing a good many feathers from his tail, but which did no material injury. The case now appeared desperate, and a consultation, long and serious in proportion to the exigency of the case, was held; when, at the instance of the Highlander, it was determined to go at once two miles westward to "Castlecraigen-geeaan." I write it as well as I can; but *perdi!* what *can* convey to your readers the sound as issuing from a Gaelic throat!

I think (the wind was dead ahead, and blowing a gale) I never did two miles in my life with much more difficulty than these. At last we reached our destination, and, as usual, laid down. This craig formed the apex of the whole mountain, and was skirted on two sides by a kind of a low irregular rocky parapet, between which and the pinnacle or craig there was about a hundred yards of broken ground dotted with tufts of heather, which the birds much resorted, and where they had been fed. To this parapet, with his heart in his mouth, crept my companion; and, after a single glance, crawled back, with a countenance in which hope and anxiety were strongly depicted. He whispered that a large flock were pitched, much

scattered however, but within shot; to advance creeping close along side him; and that the moment I got my gun over the parapet and caught sight, I was to fire. When we rose, the very instant we shewed, they spread their wings to be off, and we fired so close that the report was but as one. I was aware of one bird dead, but knew not how many more from the smoke of his flint-priming. Three birds, wide apart, made off to my left like lightning down the wind, and I just made out to wing the last bird. The Highlandmen sprung over the rocky parapet, and returned with five birds, four having fallen to the sitting shot, and one to the keeper's second barrel, which, with my winged gentleman, soon recovered by the retriever, made six, one more than we had killed in all yesterday, and within one of our number. It chanced to be an unmixed flock—they were all cocks.

Thus was "the winter of our discontent" turned, not exactly into "glorious summer," for nothing short of a miracle could have effected that, where we stood in a hurricane of wind with occasional rain and sleet on the mountain's crown. But there was much congratulation and a stiff caulker of "oh be joyful" went round, my friend the Highlander claiming double allowance and the merit of the whole transaction, as it was by his advice we had come here. Indeed, he deserved some praise, for I never saw a place better calculated for getting up to wild birds.

Now came the tug of war to get the one other bird. The day was wearing away apace, and milder if possible, and we tried

three or four other places all blank. It was now necessary to turn homewards, so as to insure getting down the precipice before dark; and, corresponding to the elements, gloomy and dark was the keeper's countenance, and constant his exclamation—"Oh, that we could but get this one bird!"

The sleet now came on steadily, but it was in our backs. We were within about a quarter of a mile of the descent, dog-tired, walking slowly, one on each side of the bourn which formed the water-fall. I had given up all hopes, but kept my gun cocked, and was ruminating upon the impossibility of getting this *one* bird—and how often the same thing occurs in human affairs, some *one* thing most desirable, but by no means to be attained!—when from out of a hollow in the bank where they had dropped into scoug (shelter) from the storm, up sprung a black cock and grey hen, close together, at the keeper's very feet. And now the few remaining anti-percussionists (of which number he was one) might have received a practical lesson. At them he pulled both barrels, but it was no go—his flinter was wet. They crossed me (still close together) at about thirty yards. I covered the leading bird, the cock, and they both fell.—Joyful man was I!—it was but of short duration. "What made you kill the hen for?" in seeming anger, roared the keeper. "For the same reason," said I, really incensed, "that you will be hung some day through that temper of yours—because I could not help it."—"You will have to pay forfeit," cried he.—"Deuce take the stiver!" returned I doggedly; "I

meant to give Andrew (the under keeper) five shillings; not another *sous* to the King himself—did you not tell me to kill anything?"—"Yes, on the ground," said he, with a very significant smile; "but it is not sportsmanlike or clean shooting to kill more than a bird at a shot."—"This beats cock-fighting," I added: "yet with what a knowing wink did you not bag your brace of grouse last night?"—"Ah," said he, with a loud laugh, "that's all I went for. I sincerely beg your pardon if I have made too free, but I knew I should get *that* back—thank you heartily; I wish there had been another hen; nothing, however, could be well more fortunate as we were situated. I believe I must take to percussion after all; come, we must be off."

Indeed it was time—a rougher day to shoot in I never faced. We got down (the descent proving more painful than the ascent, jarring the muscles of the calf and thigh severely) to the shieling, and the first thing I set about was to wipe and oil my gun. I have before mentioned that the Highlandmen had stuck close to me through the day, and I had observed them at our different halts regarding me with a degree of curiosity which was rather more than even the free-masonry of such an excursion warranted. It was continued now, until I suppose my countenance indicated displeasure, which I certainly felt. This the keeper, who was putting dry things on his feet, observed, and, laughing, said, "I perceive you are angry with Duncan: I will lay my life he has never seen a percussion gun."—"Inteet, and 'tis true what

you speak, Maister Shames*,” gutturalled Duncan; “she will be muckle obleeged if ta Shentleman please.”—It was handed to him, and contemplated with sundry grunting intonations. “But how did she go off?”—The cap was then shewn him, into which he keeked*, much after the manner of a magpie, turning aside his head, and darting his shrewd dark eye into it. The left barrel was loaded, so we got a bottle stuck on the gate post, which Duncan cracked manfully, standing inside the door of the house, and the gun was returned with a profusion of thanks, *grunts*, and the never-failing tender of the snuff-mull.

What the shrug is to the Frenchman, the grunt (I can give it no other name) is to the Highlandman (I mean no offence)—the unsophisticated mountaineer. It is

of varied intonation, suitably adapted to each occasion, and singularly expressive. I much wished “Maister Shames” to accompany me to a tolerably good inn, which I knew was but a few miles from us; but he persisted in going home to send off his birds, as ordered, which I could only commend; and although an inn is generally a pleasant place, a night by yourself in a Highland one, is no jubilee. I turned my face homewards, where I arrived about eight at night, wet, weary, and stiff, but highly satisfied with the *two days*, and confident that had the weather not been so very stormy, or had we been favored with hard black frost—in which case we should not have had to resort to the mountain—the sport would have been excellent.

I am, Sir, &c.

A QUARTOGENARIAN.

BY-GONE SCENES, OR DAYS OF HOG-HUNTING.—No. V.

THE CHASE OF THE OSTRICH.

THE chase of the ostrich (said Idem) may be termed a chase peculiarly Arab, for it is only by that singular people, whose scattered tribes roam over the deserts of Thebais, or whose Nomadic genius leads them through the burning sands of the Nubian solitudes, that it is ever practised. We know, indeed, that this wonderful bird is to be met with throughout Africa, and that its feathers—which are peculiarly appropriated as the distinctive ornament of the princely tiara, and which so often adorn the head of beauty—are one of the

most valuable commodities of the Cape of Good Hope. The wily Hottentot or simple Caffre entrap with ease the bird, of whom a high dispensation hath attached silliness: but the Arabs, contemning the snare and pitfall, go forth to a noble sport, mounted on their enduring horses, and rouse the bird amidst her own sandy empire, where “she layeth her eggs on the sand, and taketh no heed thereof.” She sees her enemy approach, armed only with his nervous bow and quiver of arrows; she raises herself with confidence upon her strong wings;

* James, the keeper's Christian name.

† Looked into.

her feet scarcely imprint the sand, as is beautifully expressed in the Book of Job—"what time she lifteth herself on high she scorneth the horse and his rider." Where shall we find the country that shall force on the reflecting mind the truths of Scripture like the primeval country of the Arab! The same manners, all the customs, and even the same patriarchal characters, so eloquently described in the sublime language of the suffering Job—the Apostle of Patience—even his name, in Arabic, Aiub, still cherished and common in the land)—prevail in all their originality even until now. The riches of the most powerful Emirs, as in the olden time, consist in these our days of their herds, their camels, and their slaves. The Desert was the portion of the outcast Ishmael, and the Sons of Ishmael have preserved immemorially the freedom of the Desert. The steps of an invader have been rarely imprinted on the soil; and the most powerful Kings, whose despotic sway hath been established over the great empires of the East, have generally foregone the vain attempt of subjugating the wild sons of roving freedom, or have learnt the lesson taught to Cambyzes, to flee with shame and defeat before a people who value death as nothing in comparison with bondage and the yoke of a despot.

Ismael Pacha, the son of the talented Ruler of Egypt, some few years since carried his conquering arms in a career of success into the heart of Arabia, defeated the Wahabees in a variety of encounters, and finally captured Draaiya, the capital of their country, and the strong-hold of

Mahammedan sectarianism; but the death of Ibn Schoud had weakened the power of the Wahabees, and the dissensions of his nephews had cramped their energies. The conquests of the Egyptian were, however, fleeting: the tribes were humbled, but far from subdued, and in a brief space they recovered their wandering freedom.

The perseverance and abstinence of the Arabs are tried, the lasting qualities of their horses are proved, and their skill in horsemanship and dexterity in archery are remarkably elicited in the chase of the ostrich. The Arabs usually, when they plunge into the unfrequented and dreary solitudes of the sandy Empire, where the Bird of the Desert hath taken up her abode, supply themselves with water, and three days' provision, sometimes more, carried in a small bag at the saddle bow, consisting mostly of three or four small balls of sour cheese extracted from the milk of the camel, and dates, sufficient for their horses and themselves. A few hours removes them far beyond the habitations of man (if such can be called the wretched tents of the Nomadic race, that serve to mark the extreme boundaries of the habitable and inhabitable globe), and without compass, without land-marks, with the sun as their guide by day, and the moon or stars by night, they fearlessly plunge amidst the ocean of sand, regardless of the fatal blast of Simoom or of the treacherous quicksand.

In such wild wastes the ostrich conceals herself, and awaiteth the coming of the hunters, confident in her strength, more confident in her unequalled swiftness. It

would be curious to observe this bird at a distance, with her head raised, her powerful extended wings stretched forth—her height not inferior to man—running at one moment, then flying—not unlike the description in Milton of the Fiend, “Thus over bog,” &c. with a velocity unparalleled, and which, had she the understanding to pursue a straight course, would indeed render vain

the exertions of “the horse and his rider ;” foolishly describe a wide circle, which in every gyration becomes narrower and more narrow, until the Bedouin, with wild looks and wilder screams, urges his steed to utmost speed in the chase, and with the crescent arrow, impelled from his unerring bow, divides the long and bony neck of the ostrich.

JAVELIN.

REMINISCENCES OF AN OLD SPORTSMAN,

Interspersed with Anecdotes.

THE BATTLE-FIELD AND THE SPORTING-FIELD COMPARED—THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON’S HOUNDS—ROYAL SPORTSMEN—MARÉCHAL TURENNE—BUONAPARTE—COLONEL THORNTON, ET CETERA—THE PRAISE AND ADVANTAGES OF FIELD-SPORTS ILLUSTRATED BY EXAMPLES—HUNTING ANECDOTES—A TALE OF A TUB—HAWKING—ABERNETHY—ANECDOTE OF GEORGE THE FOURTH—THE QUALITIES OF THE DOG.

BY THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

SIR,

I Have already stated that there is a very great and striking similarity between the field of fight and the field of sports—between the soldier and the sportsman ; because each requires both courage and address, perseverance and vigour ; and because the life of each is an existence of show* and of activity, of pleasure, of fatigue, and of (on that account) doubly valued repose ; and because to the hero and the sportsman dear woman’s smile and the flowing bowl are his greatest delight when the combat and the chase are over. I have repeatedly noticed in my Recollections, to divers persons and in sundry places, the splendid hunting field, in men and

horses, in number and appearance, which I once saw, when many hundreds of fine young men, in their scarlet coats, polished boots, and truly sportsmanlike appearance, met on a memorable hunting occasion, some years ago, in Leicestershire, where the Melton Mowbray, the Pytchley men, and other Hunts, met, and united together like allied sportsmen, all comely in their array. The sight was the finest imaginable—it was quite unique. Scarcely could the race-course, studded over by the bright gems of female beauty, gilded by a Monarch’s presence, and offering the heart-stirring spectacle of a brilliant and well-contested race, equal it. As to all Royal Hunts,

* The red coat has its attractions in both

or foreign sporting fields, they were nothing equal to it, because in Royal Hunts abroad they seem more like Kingly displays of semi-military pomp and power, whilst this was a complete sporting pageant, if I may be allowed the expression, or like a sporting review of numerous hunters, the honour of their country, and exhibiting the strength and sinew, the nerve and bottom, so necessary for the soldier or the man; and I never was more settled in my opinion (long formed) that the sports of the field, the masculine habits of sportsmen of all grades, tend to animate our youth, to unite our patriots, to promote the harmony of a neighbourhood, to recruit our armies, and to add to the strength and independence of our country. The chase and the trigger make expert and effective soldiers, marksmen, and furious horsemen: the practice and habits of an old hunter give a thorough knowledge of the country, great geographical advantage, and, when it takes place in an enemy's territory, it is incalculably useful. What a rifle-

man is an old shot! what a guide, what a leader, an old hunter! In a word the sportsman's education places him on a full level with the boasted youth of Rome in all field feats of valour and adroitness, thus dry-nursing him for higher exploits.

Nor is the craftiness necessary for discovering, surprising, and despatching game very unlike *les ruses de guerre*. The sports of the field have at all times contributed to make a race of hunters hardy and intrepid. The field is the cradle for our country: its various emulative sports form a nursery for our fine horses. The glory and antiquity of hunting are almost commensurate with time, since we find our primitive people hunters and warriors; and hear, even in Holy Writ, of "mighty hunters before the Lord." In barbarous nations this always existed: it formed the means of subsistence, and that of self-defence; it afterwards led to conquest: and, in refined ages, became (in war and hunting) an affair of policy, and that of Royal*

* The equipage or hunting establishment and turn-out of Louis the Fifteenth was splendid, in carriages, horses, guards, and attendants. Many of the Nobility had what they called a *voiture de chasse*, frequently drawn by three horses abreast, like some of our Omnibuses, and which were taken from the *four-in-hand* of the Romans, which were driven abreast instead of by leaders and wheel-horses. This still continued in Louis the Sixteenth's time; and much importance was attached to the chase, where even Ambassadors and Courtiers paid their duty to the Monarch, and where, sometimes, intrigue and politics were mixed up in the day's sports. The late Duc de Cogny told me that he learned from the King of peace being concluded after the American war at the unbooting of his Most Christian Majesty. The booting and unbooting of those days was a weighty matter, the article in question being a most ponderous machine. It still remains in its pristine Gothic magnitude with the postillions in France: they are wedded to it, to their thick tails and rope-harness, which still bear *traces* of the dark era, the slow march of *posting*-intellect, and the emblems of slavery: so that the greatest treat to an Englishman, after a long *sejour* on the Continent, is to see the pesting of his native land, to behold his Prince guarded in the field by the love of his people, and to get into a snug covert without *gardes champêtres*, *gens d'armes*, or any other followers but his faithful dogs. And I confess that such is my attachment to the olden times, so far am I a "*laudator temporis acti*," that our *battues*, which we have imported from the Continent, have not, to me, all the simplicity of finding one's own game. These assemblies are (to humble me) too numerous, too like Oriental hunting in almost armies, too belligerent in their appearance: but perhaps that may be my bad taste, which I submit to abler judges. In the words of Sir Wm. Medows, for-

and Lordly diversion, which we see celebrated in the Augustan and other eras, from the youth of Horace, who

“Gramine campi

Gaudet equis canibusque et aprici,”

down to the memorable battle of Cheviot Chase, arising out of a stag-hunt.

The ancient bards have sung of the Chase, and Ossian is full of it; for instance (where female admiration of the hunter is exhibited), the following lines:—

“My love is a son of the hill,
He pursues the bounding deer,
His grey dogs are panting around him,
His bow-string sings in the wind.”

And farther on,

“Lovely I beheld him first from the aged
oak at Strano,
He was returning from the Chase, fairest
amongst his friends.”

Heroes and Monarchs, chiefs and warriors, were all hunters.

In a most particular manner was the benefit of hunting as allied with war, or rather as the contending of the warrior, felt in the Duke of Wellington's brilliant continental campaigns. He had always his pack of hounds with him, and when he was not hunting the enemy, he was after other game. This amusement gave a light-hearted colouring to the occupation of war, and inspired an intrepidity and an almost certain anticipation of success to troops who thus saw their leader occupied; in the same way as another pastime affected the French army under the great Marechal Turenne, as the following anecdote will fully illustrate.

The day previous to one of that gallant Commander's memo-

rable battles, the dramatic piece acted by the military at the headquarters of the army closed, when one of the actors stepped forward and thus spoke:—“Messieurs et Dames, demain relache, à cause de la bataille que donnera Monsieur le Marechal: *après demain*, le Coq du Village et les Amours Grivoises:” the sense of which is, “Ladies and Gentlemen, to-morrow will be a blank day, on account of the battle which Monsieur le Marechal intends to give: the day after to-morrow”—(how light and indifferent as to the consequences of a sanguinary combat, and how certain of its success!!!)—“will be represented Le Coq du Village, &c.” Thus we see that theatricals were the French soldier's amusement, as hunting was ours in the last war. The latter, too, certainly is the most masculine, invigorating, and analogous with a soldier's life, although we admit that

“All the world's a stage!”

In regard to Royalty taking delight in the chase, all times and almost all dynasties have given proofs of this; and some Princes and Crowned Heads, who were less famous as horsemen, have excelled in other branches of sporting.

An additional example of this life of alternate warfare and sporting, conquest and dissipation, exists in that of the great *Henri Quatre*, a really intrepid leader and hunter, in whose bold and noble character a great variety of lofty features mingle, chequered, however, by the frailties of our nature, which made him so fond

merly commanding in Ireland, “most men have fancy, few have taste.” These were the *head-lines* of General Orders touching uniformity of dress in the army under his command.

of love and glory, of pastime and patriotism, and which gained him the epithets chronicled in the song of,

"Ce Diable à Quatre
A le triple talent
De boire, et de battre,
Et d'être un vert galant."

He was from his boyhood given to the chase, and excelled in all manly exercises. His bravery and popularity need no remark. Over his amours we will drop the curtain of oblivion: like the grand Condé, *on n'est pas héros par tout*; but we do not mean to apply it to Henri Quatre in the same meaning as it was addressed to the Prince de Condé—*tout au contraire*. Gabrielle d'Estrees thought differently of Henri than Ninon de l'Enclos did of the Hero of Acre.

Returning to the Royal sportsmen who excelled in other departments of the field than hunting, I ought highly to notice His late Royal Highness the Duke of York, and the present abdicated Monarch of France*. They were both most excellent shots. The able and mischievous Count Mirabeau, in his *Secret History of the Court of Berlin*, notices the Duke of York, whom he met there, as a "*puissant chasseur, puissant buveur*"—"a powerful sportsman and drinker;" but he adds to it abuse most unmerited by that Illustrious Personage.

Buonaparte was not a sportsman. His immeasurable ambition and insatiable thirst for con-

quest were above the sports of the field; but he was a bold and able horseman, and when he did hunt he indulged in it to a certain extent. As a rider he was desperate: no sooner was he in his saddle than he was out of sight; and his horses were all broke to strike out at starting in a full gallop. One of his cast chargers was at Brussels a few years ago: it had the finest mouth I ever felt, and always, if not checked, started almost at the top of his speed. Indeed Napoleon was in everything, as well as in riding, a most extraordinary being. He could almost command sleep, endure violent fatigue, and indulge in repose, to excess. On one occasion, his Aide-de-camp informed me, that he had gone through intense fatigue in writing, dictating, and in giving audience all day, allowing himself only twenty minutes for dinner. At a late hour of the night he ordered his attendants to withdraw, and to call him in four hours. He threw himself into bed, and was in a profound sleep before his bed-chamber door was shut. On being awakened, he leaped up, and seemed as much refreshed as if he had slept the whole night.—On another, he was up two nights successively, travelling, and reading by a lamp in his carriage all night: he then went to bed for twenty-four hours, and on rising ordered out his hounds, and is supposed to have rode at least thirty miles in the chase. What

* Charles the Tenth, from his eminence as a shot and his love for the sports of the trigger, to which he dedicated to the latest hour of his Monarchy a great portion of his time, acquired the nickname of *Robin des Bois*. I remember once being in company where a foreigner asserted that this French Prince was once considered the greatest shot in Europe. Colonel Thornton was in company, and looked highly offended; when the foreign sportsman added, "except Colonel Thornton," (thus pronounced,) "who is acknowledged to be the longest shot in the world." There was a great deal of the *aigre-doux* in this, but the Colonel wisely took the complimentary sense of the phrase to himself.

a constitution he must have had to undergo such work !

I cannot conclude this article without observing the great pleasure which I had in hunting with the pack of hounds attached to the 18th Hussars, &c. Whilst forming a part of the army of occupation in France, our cavalry officers, then and there, shewed their enemies how compatible with each other were the characters of the sportsman and the hero. As a further proof of this, I was informed by an officer of Picton's Brigade, that the Welsh and Irish soldiers who had been accustomed to run a hunting, used to *chevy* the enemy into the woods with a view-halloo, just as if they had been actually hunting the beasts of the field. This scene took place in the Peninsula. In the rebellion in Ireland, a regiment of fencible cavalry, whose *nom de guerre* was Lord Roden's fox-hunters, proved themselves game, and scoured the country with most desperate activity. It was, however, to be lamented that their prowess and dexterity were not reserved for an enemy's soil.....but of that no more.

The last grounds upon which we may draw a parallel betwixt the field of sports and the field of fight, is the brotherhood of arms and of field sports, which constitute the brother soldier and brother sportsman, brethren endeared to each other by their similarity of pursuits, ready to emulate and to assist each other, to share the dangers and enjoy the triumphs of either field, whether the laurel or the brush is to be won ; whether a post is to be carried, or the dashing horseman is to be in at the death ; and in these pleasures and pursuits the

Prince, the Noble, the Squire, Yeoman, and numbers of the people, all take share as cavalry and infantry, officer and soldier, sportsman and spectator.

A hunting King will not likely be a cold-blooded despot, an over-bearing ruler, nor an avaricious egotist ; whilst rosy health, the companion of the sportsman, will strengthen him and conduct him to a good old age, exercise being the best physician we know of. The tented field, or out-door life of the soldier, contributes equally to promote health—for sickness seldom prevails with troops in the great activity of a campaign, to which they soon get inured.

More closely to unite hunters together, our brethren of the Continent instituted the Order of St. Hubert, the Saint Patron of hunters, and gave distinctive decoration to the Knights of the Order. The Duc d'Aumont was, I believe, the last Grande Croix, or Grand Master of the Order, which is now fallen into decay. British sportsmen require not this link, this *point de ralliment* ; but whenever a watch-word shall be necessary on the turf or in the field, Britons will be forward in their ranks, well up in their stirrups, fearless in the burst or charge, and " For St. George and merry England !" will be the cry—a cry which I pray Heaven may ever succeed until the earthing of many generations, and until England goes down with her flag flying!

A TALE OF A TUB.

EVERY sportsman must, in his time, have been acquainted with Mr. Corbet and Mr. Stubbs—the former celebrated for some me-

morable hunts in Warwickshire, and for his two packs, one of Gentlemen and the other of Ladies, of which, *soit dit en passant*, as the grey mare is often the better horse, the female pack always afforded more sport than the male one. Mr. Stubbs, who was a friend of the other sporting Squire, kept a small pack of fast beagles, and was not less fond of the sports of the field than his friend who had two packs. It so happened that the jolly old gentleman had a fox brought to him on a Saturday, which he placed in a tub, promising himself great sport on the Monday following. Mr. and Mrs. Corbet were constant attendants at church, the latter being a very strict Protestant, and a lady of most regular and exemplary habits. Not so friend Stubbs, whose time was differently employed, and who was only booked for an outside-place at the House of Prayer. Full of his sporting anticipations for Monday, he could not refrain from taking a sly look at reynard during the time of Service; and he accordingly paid a visit to the tub in order to see how the animal looked; when, to his great disappointment, he found that the fox was more cunning than those who had confined him, and that he had actually bolted. The old sportsman was furious at this, but he swore that he would not be done in this way. His horse was at hand, saddled and bridled, and the thought came into his head that he was still in time to have a bit of sport. He accordingly went to the kennel, let out his famous beagles, laid them on the scent, run through the churchyard, the scent being breast high, and the clattering of his horse's

hoofs, together with the cry of the pack, alarming and astonishing both the Clergyman and congregation. It is said that the Clergyman was so astounded, that when he was about to pronounce "the righteous man shall flourish like a green bay tree," he mistook and said a *green bay horse*; that "amen" stuck in the clerk's mouth at an after-part of the service: and that the sexton did actually run after the pack. The church *belles* were all put in confusion, and Mr. Corbet was scarcely able to restrain himself from following the pack and joining in the chase. Meanwhile old Stubbs, after a capital run of three quarters of an hour, killed the fox, and, in returning, met his brother sportsman, to whom he communicated the event. Mr. C. enjoyed the joke; but Mrs. C. was so shocked at this Sabbath-breaking, that a considerable time elapsed before he (Mr. Stubbs) was restored to favour, or permitted to partake of the hospitality of her house.—Thus ended the tale of a tub, which gave place to the next tale which occupied the neighbourhood.

HUNTING ANECDOTE.

I WAS one day hunting near Haddington, when the late Sir James Baird (an excellent horseman and keen sportsman) espied a bailiff of most unsportsmanlike appearance amongst the field. "We will have some fun with this fellow," said he; and, galloping up to him, he accosted him with, "Ha! Mr.—, I thought that you were a hunter of men, and not of foxes; pray what sport have you had to-day?"—"Very good, Sir James," replied John Doe (a truly *hunting cognomen*). "I had infor-

mation of the animal's being *at large*, so I started with one of my *concurrents*—(his followers—the devil run a hunting with them!)—and pursued him; we then, with the assistance of a number of gentlemen, *wiled* him into a corner and *apprehended* him, and the *caption* seemed to give general satisfaction." The whole field burst into a roar at the bailiff's account, and he was literally laughed down. It is not usual for the *followers* of the law to be followers of the chase, although John Doe and Richard Roe are names likely to take the field: the true sportsman, however, is the true son of Liberty, and, in the words of the immortal Scots Bard,

"He wanders as free as the winds on his mountain,
Save love's willing fetters, the chains of his Jane."

HAWKING.

THIS noble old sport is almost become obsolete amongst us. My reminiscences of it are almost entirely confined to the Northern States of the Continent, and to the olden time; but, at that period, I found something very grand in it. I was once gratified by a very good day's hawking with Colonel Thornton, of sporting memory; and my last view of this scene was near Diddlington Hall, where a friend of mine brought me. I then and there saw Colonel Wilson, the Father of the Turf, the worthy Nestor of sportsmen, and who does things on a very fine scale in the line of falconry, thus keeping up a part of Old English field-sports of the very first class. Everything with him is in the highest style and perfection. He has a superb heronry, and every season a fal-

coner from Flanders, together with other followers from the Netherlands, brings over some of the finest that the world can produce, and at very great expense. These birds fly at the noble heron in a very superior style to common hawking. The grand falconer, mounted on a thoroughbred horse, attends with two falcons hood-winked on his arm; and as soon as the heron returns from the marshes the sport commences. On the occasion which I have mentioned, I witnessed a most tremendous flight, the altitude of which was beyond all calculation, the heron and hawks being often and for some time completely out of sight, lost in the clouds, to which they soared in a most majestic style, and with a celerity quite unequalled. There was only one horseman in with the falconer when the heron was taken within half a mile of Swaffham, a distance, I believe, of about five miles from the Hall of the hospitable Colonel, and we were all riding at the very top of our speed all the while. The scene reminded me of Sir Walter Scott's descriptive lines on this Kingly sport, and of the days of yore, when Ladies bright and Barons bold, adventurous and amorous Knights, and Amazonian fair ones graced the field and took part in its pleasures.

I am well aware that stag-hunting and fox-hunting are, in many particulars, preferable to this sport; but I like to see the olden pageantry of the field kept up—our bowmen, our falconers, and the like. They are both national and chivalrous, and suit my old-fashioned ideas. As falconers I should prefer foreigners, inhabitants of the North; but in

no other department of Sporting. I shall never forget a German being very nearly torn to pieces by a pack of fox-hounds from his speaking bad English. My friend, who had a hunting establishment in France, dismissed his feeder, an English lad, and took a German. The names of the dogs were called over, and the different dogs were pointed out to him. The animals received him with an evil eye—they seemed as if they regretted their old friend and feeder. Next day the German went into the kennel at feeding time to perform his office: snarling and growling was heard on every hand. He was now about to call out Rattler, Sweetlips, Minikin, and others of the pack; and he commenced with a base, low-toned, foreign accent, “Rat-lore, Minor-skin, Sweet-leaps;” when the pack flew on him, and would have despatched him but from the prompt assistance of my friend and his whipper-in.

In conclusion of my subject, if hawking is not easily come-at-able, nor so useful, pleasant, and convenient as the other pursuits of the sportsman, it awakens recollections and procures air and exercise, so necessary to health, that the famous Doctor Abernethy once said to a consumptive patient of his, “I can do nothing more for you, Sir; but air and exercise may, diet and locomotion—make a donkey your Apothecary, and a horse your Doctor. In other words, take ass’s milk and horse-exercise.” And his patient recovered.

ANECDOTE OF GEORGE IV.

ONE evening, when the then Prince of Wales was enjoying his

festive circle at Carlton House, of which he was truly the star, the conversation ran on hard drinking, at which His Royal Highness could then well play his part: each gave his own account of himself; and, lastly, the Hon. Mr. D., who stated himself to be able to carry off *daily* (and be sober) his four bottles of Port. The Prince, smiling, observed, “Well, I can’t *swallow* that!”

QUALITIES OF THE DOG.

THE dog is not only the friend of man, but the defender of the oppressed. In the wise order of the creation, this animal seems always to have been designed to be the friend and companion of man, his fellow-traveller, the follower of his fortunes (and he never deserts him as our fellow man does), his watch, and the minister to his wants and pleasures, inasmuch as he is essential to the hunter in procuring at once his food and his amusement, and, if allowed to plunder, is no bad caterer in time of necessity. So many proofs exist to bear us out in this statement—so many examples of high courage and unshaken fidelity—that it would be superfluous to enlarge upon this subject. We are now about to give a farther proof of the high qualities of the dog, by shewing him the avenger of wrong and the defender of the oppressed, and that not towards man, his lord and master, his patron and benefactor—him whom he loves and fears, and on whom he depends—but towards one of the brute creation, not of his own species, but of one with which no common animal sympathies could subsist, and which is gene-

rally deemed wholly at variance with the canine race ; in a word, the Cat.—Not to trespass further on our sporting brothers' time, nor to wear out the indulgence of our reader, we shall simply detail a scene that took place at Liverpool some years back, the proofs of which still exist, together with the living animals which furnish the following story.

An ill-fated cat fell into the hands of some juvenile ruffians, commencing the first stage of cruelty, which often leads to great crimes and to an ignominious end : the little wretches had passed from cruelty to cruelty, alternately stoning their victim and dragging it through a dirty pool of water, then beating and bruising it, and menacing it with drowning. Bipedes passed by, unheeding the agonised animal's cries of distress, which were now nearly coming to a close with its life, when a feeling quadruped came forward to save it. The dog, having contemplated for some time this scene of inhumanity, and barked his

disapprobation thereof, rushed forward upon the young assassins, and, driving them one by one furiously off the spot, sprang to the rescue of the fainting and bleeding animal, and withdrawing it from the deep ditch, bore it off in triumph to his quarters. There, extending it upon straw, and licking it all over, he recalled the vital spark, and then, laying himself down upon it, restored it to some degree of ease from the warmth imparted to it. After this, the kind and feeling dog fetched provision to his sick charge, and the people of the house, inspired by the example of the minor animal, gave it warm milk. Day after day did the dog tend the sick object of his care until it was perfectly recovered, and they are both to be seen at this day, after a long lapse of years, at the Talbot Inn, Liverpool.—These lessons from the brute creation to him who proudly calls himself the effigy of the Divinity, are humiliating, but may be useful to the many who need them.

THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

EAST KENT HOUNDS.

PRESUMPTION it is thus to pencil a lay—
Perhaps a sage critic may angrily say ;
Aspiring the hope that these lines should be seen
T' embellish a column in *the Magazine*.

Forsooth 'twould be wiser to sit me down still,
Cease instant to wield the poetical quill ;
But still I am anxious to write what I know,
(Though that may be little,)—so, friends, here we go.

Thrice blest is the morn when we cordially greet
At Horton Park, Ashley, or Bossingham Street ;

And, roused by the echo of Relish's note,
 Dispel gloomy thoughts of the Charon-row'd boat.
 Hark away! Hark away! each dog has his day—
 The E. K. Fox-hounds for ever I say!

No one but the brave man deserveth the fair,
 Then gaily to Paddlesworth we will repair;
 High bred and well elbow-greased* must be the horse
 To live with these hounds when they fly from the gorse.
 Hark, &c.

'These days of quick going and thorough reform
 Forbid the crack sportsmen to keep themselves warm;
 The coat single-breasted is only the thing,
 In leather *you know what*† on saddle to cling.
 Hark, &c.

'Tis folly I own thus to quarrel with fashion:
 Besides only see how the youths they will dash on,
 Of danger regardless; and *clipping's* the pace;
 For horses are *chorn* now which join in the chase.
 Hark, &c.

"Hark, halloo!" sly reynard is gallantly "gone
 Away;" and old Tom bloweth loud the shrill horn;
 See, a youth there is rasping a thorough stiff paling,
 And Fairman is working the hounds that are tailing.
 Hark, &c.

Quick as thought see they all now are getting together;
 Now go along fast ones and weights of a feather.
 Pick through the plough'd ground there, be merry and wise,
 Or ye'll be far behind when the miscreant dies.
 Hark, &c.

Curse the sheep; the swift bitches are rather at fault:
 'Tis lucky for some they are come to a halt:
 So steadily Arnold is casting them round.
 Hark Blameless! Tom, nobly done! Look at that hound!
 Hark, &c.

Again doth the pack most courageously press,
 The fox seeks the earth in his panting distress:
 But stopp'd well they are by the spade of Will Norris—
 Ah, Fate, how severe! and poor reynard must morrice‡.
 Hark, &c.

Up the hill scarcely crawling he bendeth his way,
 The village lads scamper; "each fox has his day."
 "Who-whoop!" 'tis a finish; his cunning is o'er;
 Another face graceth the old kennel door!
 Hark, &c.

A BRITON.

Canterbury, February 1832.

* Well elbow-greased—*Angl.* Well groomed. † You know what—*Angl.* Breeches.
 ‡ Morrice—*Angl.* Keep moving.

OPERATION OF NEUROTOMY.

SIR,

IN consequence of the nerve operation, or neurotomy, falling into disrepute in this county, through the entire ignorance of a few operators, I should feel obliged by your inserting in your next Number a few observations which I have made upon that subject.

I am very certain, where proper cases are selected, it is a very useful operation, and in itself very simple ; but the main point is to select proper subjects. When that is done, it seldom or never fails in making the horse perfectly sound, and renders him useful to the proprietor. I have operated upon twenty horses, and only had one failure. One of the successful cases I shall mention was a six-year-old horse, belonging to a farmer in this neighbourhood, which had been lame in both feet for twelve months. He was attended by a veterinary surgeon, who used every means to get him sound, but in vain. At last Mr. Robt. Wilding, of this town, purchased him for 12l., but previously to the horse becoming lame the owner might have had his own price, for he was the finest young horse in this county. I advised Mr. Wilding to have him unnerved, which he agreed to, and I operated upon both feet below the fetlock joint. The horse got perfectly sound, and Mr. Wilding rode him the following season with the Shropshire fox-hounds, and proved him to be a very superior hunter. When they had a good run, this horse was always in front ; and upon one occasion, when Mr. W. was out with

him, a Gentleman offered two hundred guineas for him. Mr. Wilding did not like to warrant him sound, consequently he was not sold ; but he afterwards disposed of him as an unnerved horse for 60l., and at that time he was as sound as the day he was foaled. The Gentleman who purchased him—a Mr. Gittins—afterwards rode him with the Cheshire hounds for two seasons.

The other case which I shall mention was an aged horse, which the Earl of Denbigh sold to the Gentlemen of the Shropshire Hunt. He was a very celebrated hunter, well known in Leicestershire by the name of Kangaroo : he came here in the beginning of last season, and was bought to carry Staples, the huntsman, who rode him nearly the whole of the season, but towards the last he got very groggy, and dangerous to ride : he was now put by till the end of the season, when, after a consultation, he was ordered to be put to the kennel cart.

Mr. Weeks, the stud groom, then suggested to Sir Edward Smythe, Bart., Master of the Hunt, the propriety of having him unnerved, which Sir Edward agreed to. I considered him too old a subject for the operation ; notwithstanding which, in a few days I received orders to operate, which I did on both feet below the fetlock. The wounds very nicely closed, and in about two months afterwards he was rode cub-hunting. Staples continued riding him in his turn up to Christmas this season, and declared to me a few days ago he was never better carried, and that

after he was unnerved he never had a fall from him, although he rode him over some of the highest fences and gates in the country. He is now perfectly sound.

I have many other cases equally successful, but I select these two to shew that they can, after the operation, do quick work as well as slow, and that neurotomy is an operation of great importance, when proper cases are picked out.

I shall at this time decline giving my opinion of what cases are best adapted for neurotomy, further than observing, that horses which have been lame for many years, and have done a deal of hard work upon the road, are not proper subjects. In corroboration of this, I may mention one circumstance which was very near bringing neurotomy into disrepute. A country farrier, not a hundred miles from Shrewsbury,

heard of this operation when it was first discovered by Mr. Sewell, and went to the Veterinary College to see it practised. He returned home, and set forth a puffing advertisement in the Shrewsbury papers, stating that he could cure all the lame horses in the country; and, after practising the operation a few times upon a dead subject, performed it upon an old post-horse which had the navicular disease for about twenty years. The result was, that one day the old horse was going his usual journey, and at the end the post-boy was astonished at finding the horse had lost his hoof. This produced such a prejudice in the country, that neurotomy was abandoned, and the old gentleman derived little benefit by his journey to London.

I am, &c.

EDWD. HICKMAN, V.S.

Shrewsbury, Feb. 16, 1832.

LINES

On the recent Death of MR. DANIELS, a well-known Character in the Sporting Circles of the Metropolis.

DANIELS is dead! the man of wit, and whim,
And varied talent: still alike to him
The subject matter of the theme he chose—
In verse he sometimes shone, but more in prose:
And now an epitaph, and now a pun,
Anon a fight described, and then the gun.
From politics to puppies he descended,
Lash'd "saints and sinners," that they might be mended.
When but enough was his, he spurn'd at pelf,
And if he had a foe, it was himself!
The Ring has lost an honest, upright friend,
Who hated crosses, and who would not lend
A helping hand to aught but honour there—
(Not all that patronize it are as fair).
His sporting friends both cherish'd and adored him:
Death challeng'd him, alas! and quickly floor'd him.
When "time" was called, he could not come, for he
Had pass'd from Time into Eternity!
Farewell! thou friend of horses, men, and spaniels,
For on thy tomb I trace, "*Hic Jacet DANIELS!*"

J. M. LACEY.

Feb. 10, 1832.

At this re-union of pleasant spirits, I had the happiness (to me no trifling one) of meeting a gentleman who has played a distinguished part in your Magazine, under the signature of the DEVONIAN; and whose poetry as well as prose must, I am convinced, have been perused with admiration by every reader of taste. The conversation turning upon this topic (*i. e.* the frost), he told us he had encountered in his journey of the preceding day two buxom dames, who (*à la vraie manière Anglaise*) accosted him with a dissertation upon the weather.—“A cold day!” quoth the dames, “bitter cold!” (rubbing their respective bunch of fives to make them feel once more) —“but it is what we must expect, and ought to be thankful for: don’t you think so, Sir? for it is *very seasonable!*”—“By Heaven!” said the DEVONIAN: “’twas not enough to know I had, like Titus, lost a day, but the bitter truth must be flung in my teeth by a couple of maudlin women; ’twas too severe; and I soon gave my nag a hint that I would change the subject, and galloped off, leaving my tormentors to get on

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as well as this *seasonable* frost would permit. I intend the next time I travel that way to look for a pair of snuffy noses ; for they were looking as red as Kentish cherries when I left, and I think must have dropped off ere they reached home !”

However, as I have observed, this state of things, thanks to our variable climate, didn't last long ; and on the 19th, having sent my horse forward to the Borough of Dunhaved (a place boasting the remains of a castle which from its great antiquity would have fairly bewitched *Monkbarns*), I set sail for a meeting with Mr. Philipps's pack, and the first-rate workmen who follow it. Our place of rendezvous was at Cobham brake, where I found Sir William Molesworth, Mr. Salisbury Trelawney, the *DEVONIAN*, Mr. Phillipps, and a strong muster of Yeomanry, who have an annual dinner on this day, given by the *DEVONIAN* for their services in preserving the *varmint*—a thing which is done to the letter here, and might be in other counties were the same conciliatory measures adopted. The word of command given, away we scoured, and a goodly sight it was, the hounds being *riglar* trumps, steeds well trained, and their riders no flinchers.

“ Merrily merrily see them ride,
Hark forward ! the well-known cry !
The hills resound, and the valleys wide
Loud echo their quick reply.”

We tried Cobham brake, a very likely patch of furze, but it was “no go.” Reynard had been, but was gone, and his apartment was to let *unfurnished*.

“ We shew'd fight—
He thought best to walk it.”

Mr. Newton's hounds had been

scouring the country a day or two before, and had managed to clear it pretty well, so that there was little chance of a find ; and we feathered several well-looking coverts without success. The scent, which in the morning promised to be good, (like many other things,) broke its promise, and turned out but so-so, therefore we did not unkennel. To some the day might have been tedious in consequence ; but to those who, like myself, go two hundred miles into the “bowels of the land” for the mere sake of seeing hunting in all its varieties, the case was different. I like to see the working of the hounds ; to see them in difficulty ; to mark the threading, the stopping, the eagerness to find, the emulation of each to gain applause. This, I say, is no mean sight ; and if men would follow at a proper distance, instead of loitering in “high-ways and bye-ways,” grumbling over the Reform Bill and other threadbare subjects, they would find themselves rewarded for the trouble of coming out, though not a single “Tally-ho” should be heard.

O ye of little faith, take heed, and listen to the advice of a friend. Hear, see, and be silent. When you come out to hunt, leave all your cares behind, and let it be to hunt. Be not lukewarm, be not fool-hardy ; be firm-seated, as well as firm-hearted ; then shall you reap your just reward, and become workmen of the very first stamp.

There is a virtue very few human beings possess, but which is nevertheless materially necessary to the hunter—I mean *Patience*. He ought to remember that a fox

won't at all times be civil enough to come out and be killed for his amusement; that it is death for them, though exceedingly good sport to him. He should follow the example of the American hunter, whose patience is so great, that he will stand for hours behind a tree waiting for a shot. Mr. Davis, a gentleman who went to America to obtain a livelihood as a private teacher, thus describes their method of following the chase, which would be exceedingly *ennuyeuse* to a Meltonian, or indeed any other English hunter, with whom SPEED is the order of the day.

"The woods (says Mr. Davis) abound with deer, the hunting of which forms the chief diversion of the planters. I never failed to accompany my neighbours in their parties; but I cannot say that I derived much pleasure from standing several hours behind a tree. This mode of hunting is, perhaps, not generally known. On riding to a convenient spot in the woods, the hunters dismount, take their stand at certain distances, hitch their horses to a tree, and prepare their guns, while a couple of Negroes lead the beagles into the thickest of the forest. The barking of the dogs announces the deer are dislodged; and on whatever side they run, the sportsmen fire at them from their lurking places. The first day two bucks passed near my tree. I heard the cry of the dogs, and put my gun on whole cock. The first buck glided by me with the rapidity of lightning; but the second I wounded with my fire, as was evident from his twitching his tail between his legs in the agony of pain. I heard Colonel P—— exclaim, from the

next tree, after discharging his piece, 'By Heaven, that fellow is wounded! let us mount and follow him: he cannot run far.' I accompanied the Colonel through the woods; and, in a few minutes, directed by the scent of a beagle, we reached the spot where the deer had fallen. It was a noble buck, and we dined on it like Kings."

I was happy to see Mr. Phillipps again in the field, as a domestic affliction of the severest nature has for some time past prevented him attending to such matters. Death, which spares neither the King on his throne, nor the beggar in his hut, which seems ever most busy amongst the lovely and the gifted, has entered his dwelling, and borne away its brightest ornament—the wife of his bosom, the mother of his children, the faithful partaker of his joys and sorrows. Alas! that such things are, that

"All that's bright must fade!"
that the withered branch should so often be left, while the *bud* and the *blossom* are untimely nipped!

"Mais elle etoit de ce monde,
On les plus belles choses ont le pire
desin."

It is an affliction indeed for which we have no consolation to offer; and I can only hope, the active duties of the field, combined with the soothing influence of time, will succeed in banishing from the mind of Mr. Phillipps those regrets which are now vain, and make him once more distinguished, as

"The man who rides foremost, and pilots
the way."

But a word for the pack. In height they range about twenty-two inches, large limbed, deep

ched, big ribbed, rather wide loined, and full lengthy in the body, which enables them to push along and keep moving at a slapping pace; the frontispiece, perhaps, rather too foxy; but on this point sportsmen differ, so I will say nothing about it. I fancied them too full of flesh, but the holiday given them by the frost may have caused this. Some of the hounds are rather larger than others, which to a fastidious eye is a fault: indeed it is of consequence for more reasons than one to have an equality throughout. But these are trifling defects; and I am convinced, when their present owner (who has only ruled them two seasons) is better acquainted with them, this pack will be worth following. Their style of trying is good; and it is my opinion, if a hound is a good searcher, he will sooner or later attain perfection. I imagined, when first the hounds were thrown off at Cobham brake, they did not *dash* the covert as speedily as I should have desired. In drawing covert, hounds can hardly be too quick, especially in furze, as such places are always tedious and galling, and are apt to make them hang back, unless urged to it by the workman, when, in the eagerness to follow, such obstructions will be forgotten. The fox does not at all times seek the deepest point, but will play about the outskirts, seeking a convenient kennel ere he takes up his abode. Hounds therefore, which pass rapidly on, must hit the drag, and consequently seldom lose the varmint. Slow hounds may be made quick; and if they are not, it is the fault of the huntsman and nothing else. I am sure more foxes are lost through the tardiness of the guide

than any other cause. Emulation is a prominent feature in the character of the dog; and when he finds his companions, by getting a-head, receive the jolly "gone away" cheer, it will teach him, if ever such a sluggard, to quicken his movements.

Mr. Phillipps's style of hunting I like exceedingly; and with the greatest deference to the sportsmen of the West (many of whom are first-raters), I must say it is more than I expected to see. Patience, perseverance, quickness of eye, and great judgment, are the qualities conspicuous in that gentleman, and, in all his hunting, not a useless sound escapes his lips. I may, without the slightest flattery, add to these virtues, those of an agreeable companion and a polished sportsman.

His followers deserve equal credit for their silence in the field. Mr. Phillipps is always with his hounds; indeed, with such a pegasus as he bestrides, this is no wonder. When I saw *Foster* at a little distance, he appeared a lumbering sort of prad; but on a closer inspection I found my mistake, for his move and shape are excellent. He is a bay, with capital sound forkals, big in bone, and head prettily set on; exceedingly deep in his forehead (which is good), with wide lengthy quarters to match: short in the joint, and famous middle piece: stands about fifteen hands and a half, and has a very quick and extended stride. In short, take him for all in all, I never saw a horse (for his country) combining so completely the three qualities necessary to constitute perfection—"one like an ox, one like a fox, and one like a bonny maiden."

He has carried his master five seasons, and could not be purchased from him at any price: his sire Gainsborough, dam an excellent mare, and grandam an Exmoor pony; from which it is thought he inherits much of his lasting and sterling qualities, this breed being proverbial for those virtues.

Sir W. Molesworth was mounted on a beautiful bay nag, as close to the wind as possible; bred by Mr. Leach, who is a good judge in these matters, out of a Sister to Minna by Amadis; sire, Grey Comus. Though *Sunshine* is not above fourteen hands and a half high, he has sufficient power and action to carry the Baronet (who rides under ten stone, I think) to the fleetest pack. He is now only four off, and will be doubtless spared this season, being pushed too hard in front, an indulgence which in another season he will amply repay; and, as his owner can gang along, he will be an ugly opponent to handle.

The DEVONIAN was mounted on his chesnut mare *Puss*, a very excellent steady fencer, and speedy in her gallop. She was purchased, I heard, at Oxford, and had been a front player in the Duke of Beaufort's Hunt. This gentleman has a knowing finger and a steady fine seat, with abundance of nerve. I thought he hung rather long in the suspenders for up-and-down skirmishing; but I found he was a bruiser to the back bone.

Capt. Salusbury Trelawney I rejoiced to see apparently as well as ever, and a noble looking fellow he is. The Captain was once master of a capital pack of fox-hounds, and I may with truth assert no man ever hunted them better, or

had a keener eye for the steeples; and, I doubt not, in hard knocking, he would still prove a queer customer to the youngest clipper. I did not much admire the horse he rode on the present occasion, though I was told he had some of the blood of old Dairymaid in his veins, which proves (if such be the case) that blood *will* degenerate. I remember Cincinnatus, Champion, and Gawky, when he dwelt at Penquite; and who *then* dared face the Captain? The mention of that dear Penquite brings back many a youthful recollection; and I should be wanting in gratitude, indeed, were I to omit such a favorable opportunity of expressing my thanks for the hospitalities received there when a boy. His cheerful house and table were ever open to me when released by a half-holiday from the hard dumplings and baked mutton of the Dominie's household; and his purse (that purse which to my youthful imagination seemed to possess the peculiar faculty of filling as soon as it was emptied) often and often opened to convey a guinea from its silken recess into my little empty red leather repository. A more enlarged acquaintance with the world and its selfishness has taught me how to appreciate this kindness to a rude schoolboy, and he has my warmest wishes for his happiness and prosperity.

Mr. Charles Trelawney rode a slapping chesnut, son of old Gainsborough, which is only to be seen to be admired; he has great strength and substance, and freedom to get well out of the heavy. This gentleman has an extraordinary seat, savouring much of the jock as well as hunter; and, when I see him go, I

predict he will be one who can do a trick worth copying. His move in the saddle reminded me much of Captain Beecher, and that is saying enough for any man. I next week purpose joining the Squire of Colrinnick with Mr. Bulteel's crack ones, when you shall hear a little more of this gentleman.

There was one little man out on this day, something below a feather, who deserves honorable mention. It was the DEVONIAN's first-born, a boy rising six years old, mounted on an Exmoor pony, and clad in the full costume of the Hunt. The animated countenance of the tyro interested me extremely. The word *fatigue* seemed to have no place in his vocabulary; his whole soul was in the chase, and his ardour and *enjouement* such as are felt (like woman's love) but *once* in a life, and that in its spring. I would have given a crown, had I possessed one (*I don't mean five shillings, dear reader!*), to have felt as that boy did; but 'tis impossible: the Rubicon is passed, and can never be retraced. Those happy feelings, those unclouded moments were once mine, but they have fled!! Late in the day I asked the little fellow how he got on, when he replied, "He had been galloping ever since he came out, and was not tired." I inquired where were his spurs? "I have none," said he; "but a friend of papa's has promised me a pair on my next birth-day, and then, you know, I can make the pony gallop *faster*." The sight of this little trump in his scarlet coat and white collar, spanking along in the thickest of the *melee*, would have gladdened the heart of an expiring Meynel. He is

his father's own boy, as the old gossips say, for the same untiring spirit and genuine love of sport were evinced by the DEVONIAN in his youth.

The father of this gentleman, though himself a sportsman, was not desirous of the mantle falling on his son; or, at least, that he should have a taste for the thing too early in life, ere the school, and the University, and the grand tour, &c. had contributed to form the mind and polish the manners of the future Lord of old Hayne. *Mais que voulez vous?* "I can call spirits from the vasty deep," said the sire. "But will they come?" thought the refractory sprig. No! *Nature* will triumph; and so, in spite of impositions, rods, fags, and all other Etonian terrors, away, at the first sound of the King's stag-hounds, flew the student, upon no better *bucephalus* than his own trusty ten toes, and padded after them, leaping hedges and springing ditches, with an enjoyment very much to the satisfaction of his own feelings, and the admiration of the spectators.

"But pleasures are like poppies spread,
We seize the flower—its bloom is shed:"

and this sad truth the DEVONIAN was doomed to experience, in a *translation* to a *third* form, instead of a third heaven. However, he consoled himself with the philosophical reflection of

"Come what come may, I have been
blest;"

feigned exceeding repentance, and in his heart of hearts firmly resolved to commit the like sin on the first favorable opportunity. These gales of a school-boy's life are now weathered: the father has gone into the retirement of

private life ; and the once wild youth (himself a father) comfortably laid up in the harbour of Hayne, and possessing, amongst many other blessings, that of following the hounds without consulting any one but his indulgent self.

The DEVONIAN's opinion differs much from his father's ; for, being asked if he did not fear some accident to so young a sportsman as his son, he answered, " No ; if he is to be a fox-hunter, he cannot begin much too soon."

The Lady of the DEVONIAN honored us by appearing in her pony phaeton, and seemed well pleased with the noble and courageous bearing of her son, who might have said, in the words of Corneille,

" Je suis jeune, il est vrai, mais au ames
bien nées
La valeur n'attend pas le nombre des années."

The business of the day concluded, I repaired to Hayne, where I was invited to dine. Sir William Molesworth, a young Baronet of ancient family and large possessions (and who, from what I saw of him, seems worthy his ancestors, both as a scholar and a sportsman), Mr. C. Trelawney, and a friend of mine, were the remaining visitors. The dinner, to which each guest brought a good appetite and good humour, lacked neither wine nor wit. The *bons mots*, if not critically good, were very laughable ; and if those who surrounded that social board were weary in frame, their minds partook not of the feeling. It was, indeed, a most agreeable evening to me, and passed much too quickly, for when one is really

happy (it is so uncertain when we shall ever be so again), one regrets the necessity of disturbing it.

In the course of the evening we adjourned to the inn at Broadwood, where two hundred of the first class farmers were making themselves supremely happy at the expense of the DEVONIAN, who must, I am sure, have felt real pleasure in witnessing the happiness he had created. The health of the DEVONIAN and his Lady were drunk amidst thunders of applause (as the newspapers say). Mr. Phillipps, the Master of the Hunt, given by the DEVONIAN, received equal honour. Sir William Molesworth, who in a neat speech begged to return thanks for the honour they had done him ; and to assure them he should ever make it his duty to support the cause of fox-hunting and fox-hunters, and follow the steps of his glorious ancestor, old Arscott, of Tetcott ; whose memory (I should add) was not forgotten on this occasion, but honored in a toast, and a song written on this varmint sportsman and his followers, and sung by two venerable yeomen, who could each boast

" I knew him well, Horatio !"

Another ditty was sprung, penned for the present occasion, which I regret I have no room for in this communication.

I cannot, after the hospitality received at Hayne, be so utterly devoid of grace as to leave it without a parting word, or a single adieu. Forbid it, Gratitude ! Forbid it, Politeness !

It is one of the finest old places in this part of the country, and must once have been a vast

pile, as it is now very large, although a great part of it has been compelled to yield to the destroying hand of Time. It is a sort of building for which I have a peculiar affection; for know, that next to my ruling passion (which is hunting) comes a love of everything ancient—even a brass farthing two hundred years old would have a value in my eyes. I think when I can no longer follow hounds, I will abjure the world and its vanities, seek out some ruinous house (if haunted so much the better, for I love the idea of a ghost), and commence searching for Roman encampments, skeletons of warriors, old coins, brazen helmets, and such like valuable curiosities. It is a weakness, perhaps, but I do love memorials (however trifling) and scenes of past times. I have made a vow to perform a pilgrimage to Holyrood ere I die, to see the chamber in which the lover of the too lovely and hapless Mary Stuart received his death wound; and I would rather have one original letter of poor Anne Boleyn, or the cruel axe that finished the brave Essex, than the Pitt diamond.

Within the lofty halls of Hayne many a hunter's vigil has been kept. The Purple God there had his shrine erected; there hospitality and mirth were the reigning deities, and still continue to be, though perhaps less boisterously expressed than in the days of our jolly-hearted forefathers. About the house are hung many fine paintings of the Italian school, of which the DEVONIAN is a connoisseur and judge, having resided a good deal in that *piacevole e diletta Italia*, *terra di genio e d'amore!!*

The grounds surrounding the house are richly adorned with venerable timber: the oak, beech, chesnut, &c. flourish together in splendid rivalry—all different, but all so beautiful and graceful one knows not which to prefer. The stabling is good and commodious, and in the yard are four or five two-stall houses, which are desirable to a hunter, from their warmth and quietness. I saw some rasping bits of horse-flesh: a grey entire horse by Grey Comus, out of an excellent White-rose mare, now rising five years old, may be said to be the cream of the establishment; for his owner's weight, he is likely in a couple of seasons more to be a broth of a boy, as Paddy would say: Monkey, a very superior hunter, purchased from Mr. Bul-teel, and has performed some good feats with his present protector: Puss, an Irish mare, beforementioned: and Stanislaus, a black entire horse by Sir Hildebrand, out of a very well known grey mare, and which promises to be a nasty one to conquer over the roughest country as he gets older.

And now farewell to Hayne and its hospitable master! and may he long live to teach the young idea how to hunt, and write in *the Magazine*!

Whilst in this neighbourhood I spent two or three very pleasant days at Lifton Park, the seat of Mr. Harris Arundel. The house is large and well proportioned, erected by that Gentleman since his majority. It is built in the modern style, large and roomy, handsomely furnished, and possesses every luxury which the refinement of this refined age considers necessary to comfort.

The library is a magnificent room, with an exquisitely carved chimney piece of the purest alabaster. It contains many thousand volumes of the very best works, and is adorned with choice and valuable paintings. Amongst others, is a superbly finished full-length portrait (equipped in armour) of Sir Beville Granville (of Stowe, near Stratton), a man who made no trifling sensation in his day, by stepping forward as the protector and defender of his country during the Civil Wars which distracted the land, and who was as brave a Knight as ever wore a sword or wielded a lance. There are two large portraits of Smuggler also, which are certainly not *flattering* likenesses of the old courser.

The stables are excellent, and expensively got up, and (what has my fullest approbation) a good distance from the house. In them are some high-bred nags: Cardinal York, by Welbeck, dam Cardinal York, stood first in rank. He is an entire horse, bay with black legs, of lengthy stride, and I hear is a good stepper. Mr. Arundel took him in his carriage, which I consider a pity, for he would carry a man (not too weighty) brilliantly in the field. Orgar, also entire, out of Mr. S. Trelawney's Lufra, by Smuggler, evinces vast substance and power for hard rasping. He is much like his dam in shape, and, if a portion of his forehead could be removed, would be a clipper of the first quality. Lifton, by Smuggler, out of Charlotte by Orville, shews his high pedigree: he is a beautiful bay, with black legs, and may challenge the world to produce better up-

per works; he is also driven in harness, and looks well—but were his understanders a little straighter, I should admire them more. A grey entire, by Flask, son of Smuggler, dam Arquebuse by Sancho, is a very pretty prad, and would reach a high figure for a Hyde-parker. Sultan, by Smuggler, is also a showy bony horse, and no doubt looks well in a four-in-hand. Mr. Arundel deserves the thanks of the western world for his liberality in endeavoring, at a great expense, to improve the breed of horses; but until the yeomen and gentry will trouble themselves to possess slapping bony and roomy mares, they cannot expect to have great substance under them, let the get of their colts be of what blood it may. From the dam comes this perfection, and nine colts out of ten resemble the mother. For my part, knowing, as I do, the expense and vexation attending the breeding department, I never would attempt to rear, unless the sire, grandsire, dam, and grandam, were big ones; more especially the latter, as colts very frequently bear a greater likeness to the foregone branches of the family than to the more immediate relations.

The grounds at Lifton Park are extensive and well planted. No expense has been spared by its owner, whose taste and liberality are well known, to make it a splendid residence for any gentleman. The walks and drives through the young plantations are delicious: every charm of Nature is there—the hill, the valley, the trees with their varied hues, and young buds just bursting into life; the song of the birds, and the murmurings of

many water-falls ; while the Lyd, that romantic stream (immortalized by the talented pen of the authoress of *Fitz of Fitz Ford*) is seen here, gliding like a stream of liquid silver ; anon dashing and roaring angrily on its course ; now shining through a veil of foliage ; then lost to view by some envious tree or crag. About these charming grounds are several *jets-d'eau*, which in summer have a most refreshing look ; and from a hill at the back of the house, you have a superb view of the pretty little village of Lifton, the fine remains of Dunhaved Castle frowning proudly in its ruins, and a great part of the picturesque county of Devon. In my drive through the estate, I took a peep at the fine old manor house of Bradstone (belonging to Mr. Arundel), erected in the time of Elizabeth, in the florid style of architecture so prevalent in that day ; and which remains, a noble specimen of the magnificence of the glorious days (as they call them) of good Queen Bess.

On Thursday the 26th of January, with a sky not over tempting, I trotted to Yealm Bridge, about three miles from Dunhaved, to meet Mr. Phillipps. Our muster was not numerous, few lads of note being out except the DEVONIAN and Mr. D. Morgan. We first dashed the Collicot brakes, but without having a challenge, though we had heard 'twas a likely rendezvous for the varmint. Mr. P. then, like a good general, collected his scattered forces, and wheeled off at once to find a place where the action would be hotter. Bradridge brake, some seven miles to the north, was fixed on for the

fray, where he (Mr. P.) told me a hit was sure to be had. At one o'clock we arrived on the field, which I was convinced, the moment I saw its tremendously thick furze and hanging woods, would prove a favorable covert. Throwing the hounds in, we moved down a ride cut expressly for our work, and had the satisfaction quickly of hitting a drag and unkennelling reynard ; and "merrily to him, my hearties," was the cheer. Pug dodged for an instant, but, finding there is no rest for such thieves even in the dark shades of Bradridge, put his best pad foremost and went through the wood beautifully : here he was pressed so closely that he found it necessary to head back, which he did in style. The scent, as we approached the open country, was not so good as in the woodlands ; so, after running about two miles straight away, he checked for some minutes ; but a judicious cast being made, soon put us to rights, and slap went my hero across the Bude canal, which bounds the valley, followed in varmint style through the treacherous element by Mr. Phillipps, the DEVONIAN, and Mr. D. Morgan, taking the shine out of putty powder, tops, and tallow-leathers. It was a famous sight to see the thing clipped with such spirit ; for though not a wide stream, 'tis a nasty one to scramble through. Over the hill bounded pursued and pursuers at a merry pace, and great hopes were entertained that the scent would have held on so as to have forced the old boy forwards ; but after running him pretty lustily, "stop !" was again the word. In fact this was the rummiest cove I ever saw, and in

point of courage could have been beaten by any respectable puss. Bending under Ugbear, sly-boots padded it very genteelly for a mile or two, when he retrograded below us, and turning on the heel, casted over the hill for the Tetcott woods. The lands hereabout were wet and heavy, and in a cold wheat field there was another halt. Mr. Phillipps here pushed forward with his troop (and a more knowing or more sportsmanlike cast I never witnessed), and was rewarded by the cold scenters picking it along merrily—the youngsters conspicuous, and doing gloriously, particularly Vulcan and Nimrod, the former of which led in such superior style over a piece of heath and stunted furze land as to convince me he would by and bye be a second old Stormer. But our pleasure was short-lived; for here Reynard flounced through a lane, or rather quagmire, which for depth of mud and slop may challenge anything from the Land's End to the County Galway. Our Major Domo was by this time up to his gentleman, therefore casted in the adjoining dingle of alder brushwood, and the Lord knows what; "for," said he, "no man can get through that devilish thicket—it has drains and everything else to pose one; and as for hounds, it is almost impossible they can be on any terms with a varmint that runs and foils the ravines and gulleys, thus precluding the scent from hanging." Scarcely had he finished this speech, when the mellow-toned music of good Veteran was wafted to our ears, proclaiming the enemy had passed; and *instanter* my boy was carried at a moving pace on

to the Tetcott coverts, but saved himself by diving deep into the earth, so bade us good morning, for farther we could not carry him. This race occupied an hour and twenty minutes; and although our game was far from courageous, he nevertheless afforded me a treat, in seeing the manner in which both master and hounds acquitted themselves in every trial of the field.

Having now returned to the point whence we started, it was thought likely, if we drew again, better fortune would attend us; and though the day was waning, so eager were we all for sport, the move was gladly seconded. Scarcely were the hounds in the furze when a challenge was cheered in the deep and mellow tones of Mr. Phillipps (whose voice, I must say, is one of the most melodious my ears ever drank in), and the many tongues and moving furze told our game was not far away. A splendid find of a brace of foxes now animated our spirits, and distracted those of the hounds, till a noble greyhound varmint was seen stealing off, when a "Tally" was given that made the welkin ring, and the dogs, being brought together, were laid on, and with noses up and sterns down slapped away at their very best stride through Woodleigh, on to Hay Wood, thence to Alvacot, crossing the Tamerton road, leaving Ugbear to the right, and pushing, at a clipping pace, on to Dolsdown Moor, away to Brendon Moor, still keeping the open (defying danger, and the devil himself), on to Foxpole and Westleigh, where he seemed to shew fag, galloping high (which was no wonder, considering the

killing pace they had driven him at), and took shelter unfortunately in the tangled lairs of Whitstone Wood, when the fading light preventing us taking our lawful prey (for this wood abounds with varmint, and the pack were constantly changing), it was thought proper to draw the hounds off; and thus ended a slashing run of fifty minutes, which wanted but blood to make it a very brilliant thing. Here Foster again shewed his vast superiority, with his owner in the saddle, as he was the only one who lived to the finish. The DEVONIAN and Mr. D. Morgan were on very high-bred tits, which carried them superbly—the former on Puss, by Blackthorn; the latter, I believe, on a Son of Vagabond. It was rather mortifying to these two trumps, who struggled and were well placed to Westleigh, to be brought up by a high and ugly fence with a squire-trap on each side. Foster cleared it; but no cramming or entreaty of any kind could persuade the other two prads to attempt it. It was “no go” for them, and go they would not; so, waving their castors to the gallant hero of the pack, the DEVONIAN and his companion took their departure, and “left him alone with his glory.”

The country over which we hunted this day must generally have a fine head of scent; but for roughness of bruising, depth of soil, and galling galloping, I never in the course of my peregrinations witnessed the like. Egad I should admire to see a Melton flyer put at the tail of a pack here, and I fancy he would find the farther he struggled, the farther he would be off from doing a bit

of brilliant. In fact, strange men and strange prads have not a chance of living with the natives.

On Monday the 6th of February this pack, after some indifferent sport in the morning, unkennelled a fox in Norcot Wood, which, without the slightest halt or check, was run in to in the open after a sharp burst of twenty-eight minutes. This was a gallant old Hector—he lived well, and died nobly. What was rather extraordinary in this dashing burst, was the circumstance of our prey never being for a minute a hundred yards before his pursuers, so that it was racing all the way. Mr. Phillipps, on his trusty steed Foster, again took the lead, and in the latter part of the scud over the Chapman's Well Moors lived in high feather with his leading hounds. In fact, from his superior eye and tact, this Gentleman, place him on anything of a bruiser, will always be in a distinguished place. For the names of the points I have to thank the DEVONIAN, who kindly furnished me with them.

Having a desire always to see hounds in the kennel which I have followed in the field, in order to do them justice in my description, I made a point of viewing Mr. Phillipps's pack on the first opportunity. His place (Landue), near the village of Dunhaved, possesses great attractions for a sportsman, and is one which, if Dunster Castle (my first love) were out of the question, I should have no possible objection to. Mr. Phillipps has a taste for agricultural pursuits, in which I hope he succeeds; though if he does, I must say he is more fortunate than his neigh-

bours. On arriving at his domicile, I was received during his temporary absence by two pretty and agreeable women, sisters of his lamented wife, and the daughters of a most varmint old sportsman, who has for many years kept an excellent pack of hounds for the recreation of the Plymothians. I was gratified to find a fox-hunter was not viewed with absolute horror by these fair ladies: indeed, having a father, brother, and brother-in-law such out-and-outers, 'twould be wonderful if he had. In the course of conversation I ventured to ask one of them if she had ever been out, as I suspected, from the animation she evinced in speaking of hunting, she was no novice in the sport. "Why, to tell you the truth, I did go out several times last season with papa's hounds. I first felt a wish to see the meet and throw-off, next to view the find, then a run, and at last I could not rest till I had been in at the death, and witnessed the last act of the tragedy; but finding I was getting too fond of a sport which they say is so improper for ladies, I gave it up; not, however, without feeling much regret."—If it be true that to *think* wrong is a crime, I confess I was guilty, as a benedict, of a misdemeanour at least; for I could not help gazing with extreme admiration on the eloquent and beaming countenance before me. Perhaps, too, I regretted the folly of a world that has attached impropriety to a female enjoying, in the company and under the protection of a father or brother, the innocent and healthful amusement of hunting. Impropriety indeed! So because Miss So-and-So, a

virgin of fifty-three, envying that bloom which no art can restore to her own faded cheek, chooses to pronounce it indecorous—or Mrs. Such-and-Such, a matron blessed with a squadron of ugly daughters, and *unblessed* with the convenience of a son to take them to the field, and who, therefore, heartily dislikes all more fortunate daughters, vows it is very bold conduct to ride out with the Gentlemen!—a fair creature, to whom God has given health and spirits, is to shut herself up in her own garden, or paddle along a dusty high-road, hearing the sweet music of the chase, and catching glimpses of the animated group she longs to join, but dares not, for *fashion's* sake! Bah! "Reform it altogether."

Ye men of Devon, where are your hearts, where are your eyes, that ye suffer two girls of the T—— blood and attractions to remain in single blessedness? Why do ye not choose for yourselves that best of earthly blessings—a wife?—without which treasure, trust me, the cup of felicity cannot be complete. She is a fountain in a desert, a sunbeam in a cloudy sky; and he, who in all the sorrows and vexations of life can turn for comfort towards a fond and faithful wife, is indeed a happy man.

"O! Woman's Love is a holy light!
And when 'tis kindled ne'er can die:
It lives, though treachery and slight
To quench the constant flame may try.
Like ivy, where it grows 'tis seen
To wear an everlasting green:
Like ivy too, 'tis found to cling
Too often round a worthless thing.
O! Woman's Love! at times it may
Seem cold or clouded, but it burns
With true undeviating ray,
Nor ever from its idol turns.
Its sunshine is a smile—a frown
The heavy cloud that weighs it down:

A tear its weapon is—beware
Of woman's tears, there's danger there.
Its sweetest place on which to rest,
A constant and confiding breast:
Its joy to meet, its death to part,
Its sepulchre—a broken heart."

In Mr. Phillipps's parlour hangs a picture I admire most exceedingly. It is a portrait of himself, in his scarlet, mounted on his horse Foster, waiting before the kennel the appearance of his hounds, some of which are seen advancing. It is a complete *bijou* for a sportsman's apartment, and does honour to the artist, Mr. Scanlan, of Plymouth. I hope at no distant day to see this picture engraved by one of your first-rate artists, as an appendage to *the Magazine*, as Mr. Phillipps has kindly promised me the loan of the original. I hint this, knowing from the liberality that characterises your work, no expense that can gratify your numerous subscribers will be spared.

The kennel at Landue is very well appointed. The sleeping room is a close one, which I approve; and the yard flagged with slates, which I do not approve, for they must be always cold, and hounds in their gambolling are likely to injure a muscle by slipping, though for cleansing they are better than brick. There is a constant flow of water from the living rock; and the whole establishment is kept as cleanly and wholesome as if Cholera Morbus, Esq. were expected daily. The grass yard is one of the best I have seen for many a day, being spacious, and well supplied with that useful vegetable, dog grass. Into such a court *hounds should* be driven once a day, if possible: it gives them the opportunity of cleansing themselves in every

way; and at their departure, the feeder should collect every dropping, as nothing is more injurious to the soil than to leave those to rot. I think if the scythe were used oftener in this court, it would be better, as the grass would flourish quicker and stronger, and be more tempting to the hounds: the refuse also could be much easier removed. I remarked in the trough containing the food for the hounds, a number of bones, which I consider improper for them: they are very injurious to the teeth, in the first place; and in the next, the meat that is got from them is never sufficiently masticated, and must therefore be difficult of digestion. My opinion is, that food should be well boiled, and then by the feeder picked from the bones; it should also be given blood warm, never cold, and certainly never too hot—the latter extreme does more injury to the teeth than all the art of Mr. Delafons could remedy, and not unfrequently throws the hair off. A sufficiency of vegetables is a *sine qua non* in the diet of a hound; their acids are good correctives, if used in moderation with hard meat. Mangel wurzel I found was used in this kennel, and an excellent food it is, and one which I have little doubt will ere long become a staple article of consumption in other establishments: there is nothing hounds are fonder of; and it is highly amusing to see how greedily they search in the trough for this canine delicacy. Twice a week, and in moderate quantities, is often enough at first; and as they get used to it, the quantity may be increased. Food, again, cannot be given too thick;

if you must have lap, give it *after* feeding. Follow the advice of that clever and eccentric Æsculapius, Abernethy, who says, "never drink whilst eating;" and upon the principle that "what's good for the goose is good for the gander," I conclude what's good for a Christian must be good for a dog.

I have often been astonished at seeing some hounds literally wallowing in flesh, whilst others were like the living skeleton. Now it is certain an old dog can work hard without necessarily losing flesh, from his constitution being more fixed and inured to labour than that of the young one; but I am inclined to think the principal cause of this disproportion may be attributed to the manner of feeding hounds:—I mean, allowing them all to eat at the same time—a custom which is sure to make a dog of a timid disposition come off second best, and gives the forward glutton an opportunity of gobbling more than his lawful share. This argument I am aware may be contradicted by the following—viz. if dogs all feed at once, it must be good for the shy ones, by teaching them, if they don't eat quickly they will get nothing at all; but this, supposing it the case, must be bad, as a hound in his hurry will *bolt* his meat, instead of masticating it (like a schoolboy bolting a piece of pudding, afraid of his very life it will not be his happy lot to be helped to another serve), a thing of all others the most likely to engender disease, and prevent a hound getting into good condition. I am not an advocate for a superabundance of flesh: I like the happy medium; and to produce that, would have

all hounds fed singly, or at *most* in small detachments. If a dog is particular in his eating, (as youngsters will sometimes be,) the feeder should endeavour to discover the favorite morsel, and feed him upon that till he is tired; which will be pretty soon, for *toujours perdrix* is the most irksome thing in the world, and never fails curing dainty appetites.

I cannot say I like the custom of feeding hounds so many hours before they enter the field; it must prevent them having the strength and spirit necessary for hard work and glorious deeds. If the stomach is empty, nausea and weakness will follow; the spirits flag, and the natural ardour becomes clouded for a time. It is certainly improper they should be encumbered with food when in action; but I think a three minutes' lap of a wash of moderate thickness, taken two or three hours before they start, would be good both for the health and spirits of the animal.

With regard to their "coming out," I should say a hound should never be introduced to the field till the age of eighteen months, although I would have them in the *kennel* six months before. This early beginning is the cause of so many distortions in dogs. They should be treated in every respect like little children, and never put to work till their legs are strong enough to bear them. If you ever take a stripling, choose one which has grown gradually to the standard of height and figure, in preference to one which has sprung up rapidly; because in the latter case the weight of the body must be too much for the legs, and deformity will ensue:

and whenever you bring a young hound into the field, let it be for cub-hunting. Many of my readers will perhaps say, "Nonsense! if hounds are not used early, what fun can be had with them—why wait till they are fit for drafting?" None certainly, with the present mode of proceeding; but were my advice followed, I do flatter myself (presumptuously perhaps) your dogs would be as perfect as Nature made them, would be of prime quality, and last two seasons longer.

The cream of Mr. Phillipps's pack I considered, for their *tout ensemble*, such as would grace any kennel, either for pursuing the varmint, or rearing good ones. They were, Challenger, got by Mr. Foljambe's Royal out of his Sprightly; Vaultress, by Mr. Bulteel's Nonsuch out of his favorite Veteran; and Vulcan, entered in 1831, by Sir Walter Carew's Dorimant out of his Vengeance; Nosegay, out of the Duke of Beaufort's Lovely by his Nimrod; Stormer, Brother to Challenger; and Wisdom, out of Mr. Farquharson's Pastime, sire the Duke's Wildboy. Stormer may be considered perfect in all his points, if I except being a *thought* too large; but he is so good in every quality, that even as a stallion hound he is worth his weight in gold to any kennel. For beauty and the rarest qualities a hound can possess, I would back Wisdom against any pack in England; there may be many as good, there can be none better.—I have enlarged more on the economy of the kennel than I at first intended, thinking, whilst on the subject I might as well mention what I have the vanity to consider

improvements in that department—a piece of vanity I must trust to the *generosity* of my readers to pardon.

I was about to forget a person of some importance in Mr. Phillipps's *ménage*, I mean the sub-huntsman, who is below a welter, and has a firm seat on his nag. Sam took a high degree as a whip in the establishment of Mr. Russell, who, I am informed, is one of the very best disciplined huntsmen in Devon. He comes from a good stock, and is far from a degenerate scion. I have not yet had the pleasure of seeing this Gentleman in the field, but hope one day to be fortunate enough, when I shall take the liberty of judging for myself, and reporting progress.

But I must return to Sam, whom I left on his nag. Now, if truth must be spoken, I think this same Sam a little out of his sphere as a governor. To be sure, it is only what others have been before him, for it is a very rare thing to find a person whose avocation has been that of whip become suddenly clever huntsman—the duties, in fact, are so dissimilar, so widely different, though apparently the same. The mischief is, one so frequently sees the whip *too* forward, the huntsman *not* enough so; they cannot get into quick hunting, and quick and judicious casting. These things *appear* easy enough, but to *perform*—*c'est une autre chose*: it is much easier to be a clever critic than a clever performer. We can discover the beam in the eye of another, but are perfectly ignorant of the mote in our own. A whip cannot forget the art learned in his apprenticeship, though he is not aware

of it, or would most probably reform. However, 'as Sam is not the chief huntsman (for Mr. Phillipps, like a trump as he is, takes that duty on himself, and performs it in a masterly manner), the little faults he has are of no great consequence. He is a good-tempered fellow, and has an opportunity, under so able a master, of finishing his education as well as he began it. In hunting establishments there are three characters, each perfectly distinct from the other—the huntsman, whip, and feeder. They have all enough to do, if it is to be done well; and no Caleb Quotem ought to be encouraged, for there are few persons clever enough to understand more than one thing thoroughly.

The stabling at Landue is as snug and complete as any Gentleman could desire; indeed, the best, I think, I have seen westward. In Mr. Phillipps's private stable there are four large stalls with two loose boxes at the end, so that six of the right sort, after a hard day's fag, may be comfortably accommodated. I noticed in the stable, Foster, Leviathan (by Momentous out of a Lewes mare), a very strapping lengthy nag, and one which will by and bye be a good hunter; though I confess, with Mr. Phillipps's weight on him, I thought, going down hill, he did not carry himself so straight and firm as I like; but fifteen stone on the back of a young horse is no joke to carry about. He is now, I understand, the property of a workman who rides three stone lighter (no trifling difference), and will most likely go the pace. If he does not, I know he will be pretty soon sacked. The Miller, which

stood in the adjoining stall, is to my eye quite the thing for weight to carry Mr. Phillipps gloriously. His form I admire much, and if he does not turn out a bruiser before long, my name isn't GILBERT. There are some whose judgment I respect, who have a different opinion respecting him; but the proof of the pudding is in the eating. There was also a neat mare of Old Whiterose's get, which has been an excellent parent for bequeathing his good qualities to his children. I was told she was a superior animal in her work. A rare little horse called Jerry was at home, as well-shapen, strongly-formed a cob as eye could see; seldom at fault in the field, and, with Sam in his saddle, one which can gallop the hills as well as the tallest grenadier. This little fellow has a spice of the Catafelto in his composition, and I think I am not far wrong in saying a bad one never sprung from this blood, though they may be a little playful in their ways. The whole of Mr. Phillipps's *ménage* internally and externally shews the eye and care of a sportsman who knows how to do the thing as it ought to be done: everything necessary is there, and not a superfluous or unsightly object is to be found.

Amongst the memorandums for my Western Tour stood the following—to see Sir Rose Price's pack at *any price*. Fortunately, however, I had not to travel far to obtain a sight of the brilliants, for Sir Rose, from his advanced age, determined, though with considerable reluctance, to part with his darlings; and the West Devon, always on the look-out for squalls, seized the favorable opportunity, and purchased the

whole concern, which, under the direction of their Governor, Mr. Phillipps, flourishes admirably; and they now have a brush *three* days in the week instead of two.

On Thursday the 9th instant, their fixture being at Trebartha Village, and wishing to be in time, I moved myself and prads over night from Plymouth, and rested at the comfortable little Inn, Five Lanes, on the great western road, and within four miles of the meet. My early arrival at the fixture gave me the opportunity of scrutinizing this celebrated pack before they threw off; and although I had heard much of their beauty and symmetry, I was not disappointed in the high notions I had conceived of them. There are seventeen couples, colours black and white. In size, they are a little larger than Mr. Phillipps's, which may be called a fault; but they are generally even, and thoroughly free from gum, upstand prettily, and have capital feet, which is a wonder considering the rocky country they have worked in. Their heads are beautifully set on, and the run over the back and turn at the stern are quite the thing; they have a fine wiry flewed tail, and are altogether very fashionable and bloodlike. I shall not particularize any hound, as they were all (except in size) as near perfection as anything earthly can be. If there is one handsomer than another, I should call Racer. Upon the whole, the West Devon may boast of a very cheap bargain, and as good as it is cheap; and I am happy to find they are to work alone, which is quite *comme il faut*.

As soon as the *tattler* sounded

ten, off we started for Hawk's Torr, a high ridge of granite on the hill opposite, clothed with long heath, and good open rocks for sheltering the varmint. From the base of this hill is a noble and extended view of country. In the valley below rises the beautiful mansion of Trebartha Hall (Mr. Rodd's), well sheltered from the visits of rude Boreas; above our heads the tremendous Hawk's Torr, frowning in lonely grandeur; and, far as eye can reach, the sterile moors of Cornubia. Here a few select ones were added to our party: Mr. C. Trelawney, who, by the bye, rode that morning from Plymouth (about thirty miles) in time for the start, having clipped it with three thorough bred hacks—this is the way to do the thing, and makes good the old adage, "where there is a will, there's a way"—the DEVONIAN, Mr. Coryton, Mr. W. Coryton, the latter on his celebrated chesnut nag Trooper, Mr. F. Glanville, and last (though by no means least) three fair maidens, two of whom were daughters of that thorough-bred one, Sir William Call of Kit Hill, and who, despising the sneers of an envious world, are often to be seen on their gay coursers in the thickest of the fray, adding a brilliancy and *cclat* which nothing can give so well as sweet Woman.

"Hail to those days of the hawk and the hound,

When Woman ran fleet o'er some new plough'd ground

On her courser light, as she welcom'd the day -

Shoot forth from the East its golden ray!

Oh! those were the days when up in the morn

The female rose early to hear the loud horn;

And, despising soft languishments, choosing, instead,

More ennobling ways to be won and well."

From the appearance of the ladies I augured sport, for what fox could be so ungallant as to remain in his kennel when three nice girls were anxiously waiting for him? The atmosphere, which in the valley was perfectly clear, was here obscured by one of those devilish mists common in hilly countries; and as the hounds were now threading the Torr, I began to feel pretty considerable alarm that if they did go away I could not see to go with them. It was almost resolved on to strike inland, when warnings from our canine friends told us not to hurry. Our hero was *at home*, and soon Racer gave him a salute by no means of a pleasant nature, and merrily joined the pack, carrying him springingly along over the rough. I rode up to the northern side of the hill, (luckily arriving before Reynard had reached the open,) to see the hounds bring on their game, which they did in handsome style. The melody of those voices still vibrates on my ear. I never shall forget the combination of sweet sounds that rose upon the air. It was really *music*. Music! thou food of love, I could write a volume on thy charms, thou art so varied, so ever new, and in all situations so delightful. How has my soul melted and rose into my eyes, on hearing thy soft notes warbled by a Tree or a Stephens! how does my heart leap to hear thee in the field, echoed by the lusty throats of a crack company of hounds! and how often has my heart been purified and lifted up in gratitude to its Maker, by listening to thy melodious breathings from the tiny pipe of a nightingale or a lark! I would give something to hear the sweet *ranz des vaches*

tapped on the chin by poor Michael Boai. In short I *love* thee, sweet Spirit; and whether thou "bringest airs from Heaven, or blasts from Hell," as long as thou comest not in the shape of a hurdy-gurdy or bagpipe, "I'll welcome thee!!"

On descending the side of the hill, the impetuosity of the crack ones carried them a little a-head: it was but for an instant, and their manner of rectifying the mistake, and returning to their places, shewed considerable science. Reynard hung for a moment in a small plantation, but the scent was too good to allow a stop, and on he padded it at a slapping gallop to Kill Mar, where he retrograded, and after pacing towards his old rendezvous for a while, took slap away over the open, passing several moors (the names of which I am ignorant of) at a great rate, on to Brown Willy, where he disdained to take shelter, although he might in those strong holds have defied his enemies. Ere we could get round this mountain, our hounds had sprung over the opposite moorland hillock, and the scent was so blazing, that, before we could cross a regular Tipperary bog, they were beyond the reach of the fleetest steed; and on they went, over many miles of moor, till they reached the inclosures, through which they drove their game, on to the parish of Duloe near Looe, where the brave trump gave up the ghost, after springing upwards of thirty-five miles without a single man that had started living to see the finish. This was, perhaps, as quick and gallant a run as ever hounds performed, and must stamp the pack as nothing but brilliants of the

first quality. I don't think any fox, put away upon *fair* terms, has a chance before them—they pack and run so well together that a varmint must be upon his guard every instant, or no mercy will he meet with. The mist was for the first half hour so tremendously thick we could not see five yards before us, but the scent, as is usual in such weather, was alarmingly brilliant, and in such a country it was almost as difficult for a stranger to get into

a safe harbour, as it is to get out of the maze at Hampton Court.

I could say more respecting the country, and the Gentlemen who were out that day; but as I have had an opportunity of seeing them with Mr. Bulteel's hounds, I shall speak of them at a future period. In the mean time, Mr. Editor, I will bid thee—Farewell!

GILBERT FORESTER.

Feb. 20, 1832.

CAPITAL RUN WITH COLONEL WYNDHAM'S HOUNDS.

SIR,
THESE hounds met at Duncton Hill on Monday, January 30th, the day calm and mild, and such as good hounds, not interfered with, would be likely to do justice to. After drawing several coverts between Duncton Hill and Bignor Hill, in one of which reynard had stolen away, the hounds (dog pack) were thrown in a favorite covert, and almost sure find, called The Hooks. This the fox soon left, to try his luck at the open, taking a good line of country on the South Downs towards Arundel Park, when he turned and took to the inclosures, thinking Dale Park would suit him better—the hounds leading on at him well, till old sly-boots encountered some game-keepers. Here was the first and only check; but the keepers made amends for the interruption of scent from their dogs, or what not, by calling out, "Down the lane, and over the bottom!" The hounds soon answered the summons, and again pressed him towards Dale Park, the plantations of which he en-

tered close by the house. Still no peace could he find; so faced the Downs again, running hard for the quarter where he was found, the covert of which he at length reached, but merely passed through, taking a fresh course through North Wood, and somewhat in the direction of Goodwood, as far as Ides Common; but finding his strength begin to fail him, he again turned, and eventually took refuge in what was called only a rabbit's burrow: however, rabbits' burrows are sometimes proved to be good fox-earths. It is the second instance I have known where two besides the hunted one have been dug out. The hunted gentleman was given to the hounds, after one hour's run within a minute, best pace all the way, and with only one temporary check, as before mentioned.

The thing was done well, and in style; and, mark my words, the hounds did it themselves. Whence, then, is it that this famous pack (second to none in beauty, breed, or condition)

should go out five weeks together without a death? Surely there must be something rotten in the state of Denmark! I never knew anything like this to occur when the Colonel himself hunted them, and Jem whipped the hounds in to him, as he now does to Arber. I myself have had such confidence in the hounds under the Colonel's management of them in the field, that after killing one fox, I offered to bet five pounds with any one that the next, found the same day, was either killed or driven to earth: on that occasion, I recollect, his bones were cracked.

Arber is a good kennel huntsman, a good horseman, but beyond that "this deponent saith not." It is a pity he should have been so much commended by so able a writer as DASHWOOD: he was puffed and spoiled by it, since he appears to think himself right in everything: he is all for riding and flying away, and is totally unmindful of even DASHWOOD's sensible and just remark, of catching hold of his hounds at the first momentary fault. The hounds, I boldly affirm, are under too good command; they trust to their ears, and not to their noses, by the lesson that is taught them, in meeting with a difficulty. Hounds may be marred, but never made, by lifting. "Look on and say nothing," should be a huntsman's maxim when every hound is trying to

his best; yea, look at the worst hound in the pack and see his cast, or learning to make one, before you endeavor to hunt the fox yourself. Arber's luck in killing a fox after the fifth week was generally regretted, since it was the wish of the Hunt that the Colonel should resume his place.

Arber is well supported by two whips, and a better than Jem could not well be: he has a good strong voice, and not noisy with it. The Colonel's men are always well mounted, and the nags in racing condition; in fact, not to every one's fancy in that particular. I, for my part, like to see some degree of soundness in a horse's barrel (admirably exemplified in the Number for the past month), and not straight from the girths to the flank.

Johnson is the Colonel's training groom, brought up in the Newmarket School: bleeding and physicking is the order of the day there. I was pleased to find that Mr. Green, Lord Egremont's training groom, disapproved of this system. "One of the fastest horses of his day," said he (Zany), "and in the best condition possible, could never be made to swallow a dose of physic." I think this horse was running last year.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
S.

February 11, 1832.

A FEW WORDS ON PICTORIAL CRITICISM.

BY A JURYMEN.

SIR,
A Friend put into my hands the other day what would never have been seen by me but

for his kind intentions—"a thing" called the *New Sporting Magazine*—and a more ungenerous,

scurrilous, and therefore unsporting-like production I never saw. Knowing something of the Marshalls, I could not bear to see such an unmerited attack upon them without making them acquainted with what they were living entirely unconscious of—that of having enemies in the world. For this purpose I called in Hackney-road yesterday, and was fortunate enough to find both father and son at home, preparing some new and beautiful subjects for the good old *Sporting Mag.* To my question of “What steps will you take to repel these scandalous and unchristian-like attacks made upon you?” — “None!” replied the elder: “no! I am too good a sportsman to charge a gun to shoot at *butterflies*; and too good a judge to waste powder and shot upon things as harmless as they are worthless. No, Sir! I am for higher game, not for the foolish fluttering thing of *one summer*. Besides, Sir,” said my old friend, “I have read in *the best of books* that if a man smite thee on the right cheek to turn him thy left also: though,” added he, “I could never find it forbidden anywhere to give a few ‘clippers’ in return. But,” continued he, laughing heartily, “they are come too late! Surely they cannot suppose that after living half a century in the Arts, in peace and uninterrupted success, I am going to let the tranquillity of my latter days be interrupted by the silly remarks of ignorant upstart adventurers, and men not of *doubtful* character or *doubtful* intentions: for is it not plain that their sole aim is to pull down the well-earned reputation of others, in order that

they may build their own vile structures on their ruins? As this, however, is seen so plainly, it is as easily prevented: and as regards my son, I am proud to say that he already stands too high for the shafts of *their* malice ever to reach him, and too much esteemed by men of worth, wealth, and judgment ever to let him want patronage. No! no! they cannot go to him; and, being so correct in his conduct, he can never *descend* to be on a level with them.”

The above was delivered with Marshall's usual light-hearted laugh so long as it regarded himself: but as soon as he began to relate the following, which had reference to others, he became much more serious, and at times seemed to be stifling feelings which I am sure he felt (in spite of the natural buoyancy of his temper) to weigh heavily upon him: and when I inquired the cause of this inveterate, nay *savage* opposition, he said, that “one of the party (I do not say the most impudent) insisted on having a full half-share of a business that had been fifty years in making, with the greatest industry, the greatest liberality, first-rate talent, and a large capital, and if it was not immediately complied with he should oppose it with all the means in his power; and another joined him because he was not longer paid a large yearly salary (for doing nothing) out of the same establishment.” “And why,” said I, “is not this opposition carried on by the New Magazine with more gentlemanlike feeling?” I got an answer to this by a question, “why do not cart-horses race? The fact is, Mrs. Pittman, the sole

proprietor of the *Old Mag.* is an honest, honorable, amiable, and liberal woman; but because she would not submit to their unbounded avarice, the war of burn, sink, and destroy is particularly levelled against her and her property—a widow, with six fatherless children—in limited circumstances for aught they knew; and then unblushingly boast through every egotistical page of their self-approved communications, that their sporting is *manly, plain, and straightforward!* Now if this is meant to apply to the fatherless and widow, I think no one will envy them their feelings, but at once thank God and rejoice that *they are not sportsmen.*"

On my return towards home I began to ponder over the things I had just heard and seen; and when I came to the pictures that had given me so much pleasure only a few minutes before, I exclaimed to myself, "an enemy has done this," meaning the illiberal remarks in the *New Mag.* but could get no farther then. On arriving at my own house, however, I found a funny friend there, who soon put me in possession of the whole, which I fear will be too long for your valuable pages, but pray give me all the room you can.

Of this friend I hastily inquired who this *pictorial critic* was? "What!" says he, "what! don't you know him?"—"No!"—"No? not know Nosey?"—"What, Nosey Brown?"—"No! Nosey Red!"—But that is neither here nor there—A Cooper may be brought up in a brewery, and still be no judge of what is good. While a Squire, and riding after his master like Sancho Panza, it is said he was a modest, well-

behaved good sort of young man; but when he got R. A. pinned to his tail, and *Esquire* at the end of it, it was rather too much for him—trotting about like a dog with a tin-pot to his tail, vainly supposing it was put there as a reward for merit, when every cur knew that it was put there merely to be in the way of promotion to other aspiring dogs. There cannot be any wonder at this narrow-minded critic making ill-natured and unjust remarks. Whenever did it happen that a discarded servant, discharged for a neglect of duty, did not find fault with the place he so left? Did not Milton's Devil, with his ghastly grin, find fault with the Heaven of Heavens because of his expulsion from it for improper practices? Was it not said of one of the finest pictures West ever painted, of "Christ in the Garden, with the Angels administering unto him," that he had made his Angels harlots and his Lord God an old clothesman? A shoemaker found fault with the slipper of one of the finest statues of Apelles; and because he gained the approbation of his brothers of the craft, he acquired presumption enough to make remarks upon the legs, and met, as he justly deserved, the inglorious rebuff, *Ne sutor ultra crepidam!* And you, Sir, may tell your friends, Marshall the father and Marshall the son, that they have nothing to fear from the criticising snob in the New scandalizing Magazine, as they are as devoid of candour, and vastly inferior in merit, to the man who ventured to pass his opinion on the works of Apelles.

A JURYMAN.

Feb, 11, 1832.

JUST RETRIBUTION—BY "THE DEVONIAN."

SIR,

A Long time has elapsed since I have been induced to forward a communication of any sort or kind to you, not arising from any unwillingness on my part to do so, but from a conviction that nothing from this part of the country could be in any way interesting to your readers in general. Happy, however, am I to say that the aspect of affairs has greatly changed during the last year. Many of the beagle establishments—those *curses to fox-hunting*—have been suppressed, and that capital hunting country in the North of this county, well known to the sportsmen of the West under the denomination of the *Tetcott* country, is again hunted by an established pack of fox-hounds, under the management of that thorough sportsman and first-rate rider, Mr. Phillipps, of Landue. Although matters may have assumed a favorable aspect, and that a fair promise is given of future sport from the somewhat brilliant commencement of the new establishment, it is not my intention for the present to offer any remarks; but I trust that in the course of a future season, the performances will be such that I shall feel both pride and pleasure in communicating the results of the exertions of the master and his hounds.

In the first place I have to offer my acknowledgments for the care and attention with which you have invariably treated my different communications—not always, I am afraid, forwarded in as correct a manner as I could wish: but the life of a Sportsman is passed in such a wild and

joyous manner, that the same recklessness and rapidity with which he sails over the open in the prosecution of his favorite pastime too often accompanies him when engaged in the more sober pursuits of the study. After the courtesy shewn to me, therefore, I should deem myself singularly ungrateful, if, whenever I consider the character of the *SPORTING MAGAZINE* unjustly aspersed, I did not come forward voluntarily to endeavour to vindicate it as far as my humble powers extend, and to return the malignant shafts of envy and malice upon those, who, unprovoked, have used them in oppression of *the widow and the orphan*.

Upon perusing the last Number of the *New Sporting Magazine*—a periodical conducted with considerable merit—I regret to find myself obliged to notice some passages with which, if only for the sake of its own reputation, its pages ought never to have been sullied. No acquirement is gained with greater ease than the unenviable and unamiable one of detecting errors; and, in the hands of malice and ill-temper, may be wielded in such a manner as to cause that mischief which is out of its power to remedy. As, therefore, the facility of blaming is great, animadversion on the misapplication and abuse of its power is an act of just retribution.

I pass over the criticism on the verses and letter of *THE SPECTATOR*, which I cannot but admit is perfectly reasonable; and the insertion of the "July Meeting"

undoubtedly amounted to an error of judgment; nor is the idea of bobbing for whale on the Giant's Causeway much more in harmony with the taste of the present day. But since the Editor of the *New Sporting Magazine* undertakes to assert boldly that nothing but mere *twaddle* ever appears in the pages of his *deduced cotemporary*, it is but natural to endeavour to ascertain whether the remark is correct or otherwise.

Turn we first to the communications of OBSERVATOR, who as a racing authority is second to none but the ever-to-be-regretted OLD FORESTER.—And here, by the way, allow me to hint that FORESTER is written with only one *r* in the second syllable, and not with *two*, as it invariably is in the elegant and erudite pages of the *N. S. M.*

The clear and concise mode of expression of THE YOUNG FORESTER renders his productions interesting even to those with whom racing is not first and first; and in this particular department the *OLD SPORTING MAGAZINE* remains as yet without any competitor.

The "Fugitive Pieces" of THE NATIVE would do credit to any periodical, nor is it possible to find lines of more, if equal, merit among the "Annuals" of the present year. I particularly allude to pages 71 and 72 of the December Number: and the unfeeling and unhappy individual who can peruse those lines without their awakening a responsive chord in his breast, must be utterly dead to the finer feelings of Nature, and must either be some civic glutton from the purlieus of

Edmonton, or some effeminate and emasculated vagabond, whose pulse never yet quickened at the magic touch of beauty, and whose heart is incapable of estimating the full value of female affection.

Can any circumstance be described with greater force and truth than the "breaking up of a hunting establishment," by THE HERMIT IN LONDON—the calm regret of one who has passed the grand "*climacterique*," contrasted with the high bearing and generous feeling of the younger sportsman? Forcibly as the scene is given, and glowing as is the colouring, we must still indulge the hope that the circumstance is one of rare occurrence; yet there are, I fear, few hunting districts in England which have not witnessed scenes of a similar nature: and even the writer of this has lived long enough to see the eye of many a proud son of Devon gladden at the mention of a name dear to every sportsman of the West—of one whose greatest gratification was derived from witnessing the enjoyment of his friends, and whose chief object in possessing fortune was to share it with them. Many a time has the purple libation been poured in his honour; and with the sparkling glass, high uplifted in the air, midst the deafening cheers of those who once followed him in the bright career of pleasure, full many a fervid prayer has been mentally ejaculated for his happiness and welfare.

Not being a "virtuoso" in the art of painting or engraving, it would be absurd to speak of the respective merit of the prints; yet I cannot but consider the print of Lord Kintore's Keeper,

and a Thorough-bred one falling at his Fence, to be no disgrace to the Magazine.

I will now finish my remarks on the merits of the *OLD MAGAZINE*, by simply stating that the clear and unaffected description of "Salmon Fishing in the Highlands of Scotland," by BLITZ, is superior, as a specimen of style, to anything that has as yet appeared in the pages of the *New Magazine*.

The Editor of this same periodical is for ever boasting of the distinguished talent which he avers he can at any time command at the shortest notice, and is never wearied of lauding his own merit—although the public would be much better pleased if that interesting topic was left to *Mr. Jorrocks*, or some other fox-hunting grocer. As he has indulged in some remarks on *SPECTATOR*'s doggrel verses, it is only fair to say that some of the poetical effusions of "*Sylvanus Swanquill*" are very much of the same calibre; and, as the December Number is now lying before me, I will merely refer to his "*Curl-paper Stanzas*," being one of the most reputable of that person's productions. We are very anxious to be informed what particular species of beverage is "*castaly*;" but we conclude it is some new mixture which is intended should supersede *at flash houses gin-twist* and *rum punch*. Neither were we aware that *Phæbus* ever performed on the harp; Apollo being the Deity of Music and Poetry, the lyre was sacred to him, and not the *Welch harp*, *Jew's harp*, *Irish harp*, or any harp whatsoever; and moreover he was apostrophized as *Phæbus* only as being the Deity of Light, from the Greek

world *φαιβος*. Any boy in the Lower Fourth at Eton would have had to write out the lessons of the day for a similar mythological error. The Muses were sometimes called "*Pierides*;" but, strictly speaking, they were the daughters of Pierus, who were changed into magpies—a bird whose properties "*Swanquill*" is peculiarly desirous of imitating; and he had far better indite his effusions with a quill extracted from a magpie's wing, than from the *wide flappers* of Pegasus, who, without exception, is the worst poetical hack we ever remember, and only fit to carry *gouty gentlemen* with "*swollen feet in measured pace beneath Apollo's banner*." Lord Byron *swam* the Hellespont—he *swum* it not—neither he, *Leander*, nor *Mr. Ekenhead*. Dryden, Milton, and *Shakspeare* are my authorities for this assertion. Pope, I admit, did make use of the word, but unconnected with the *act* of swimming. It is with feelings of deep commiseration that we hear "*Sylvanus's*" state of health renders it necessary for him to burn "*nocturnal lights*" in his chamber; and we trust that his "*taper waste*" (which ought to have been written *WAIST*, or the line altered in the first part) does not proceed from any severe "*nocturnal*" pains brought on by too close a contact with his "*merry Pierides*." He laments also not having the eye of "*Rubens*" and the *brush*, that is "*posterior*" (*pars pro toto*), of *Tintoretto*. It is impossible to construe the latter word in a periodical devoted to fox-hunting in any other way; and we regret it the more for the sake of the morality of the *New Sporting*

Magazine. No doubt such a picture would make "*Iris blush,*" and "*Aurora grow pale.*" As for the "*Sun's looking duller,*" that would be in favour of scent; and while he was about it, since he has evinced such an intimate acquaintance with the mythological deities, he might as well have interceded with Æolus to have sent a *Southerly wind* at the same time. "*Philomel's chaunt*" was inserted for the sake, we suppose, of propitiating Mr. Perceval, and preparatory to the general fast, by which time his "cold will be cured," "*his PIPE in,*" and his "*NOTES PASS HIS THROAT.*" Happily for all parties he states that he and "*HIS PEN HAVE SPLIT,*" and we leave him to the joyous performance of his "*pig-mental FEATS*" with the *merry Pierides*, refreshing himself *entre les actes* with a cup of genuine "*castaly.*"—So much for "*Sylvanus.*"

Now one word to the Editor of the *New Sporting Magazine*. Nothing can evince worse taste, or more fully prove a failing cause, than to thrust private affairs upon public attention, and to drag those events into light which had far better be concealed. An error of this description is the very acme of editorial atrocity, and justly deserving the severest censure. Whatever may have been the reasons which have induced many of the late contributors to secede from the pages of the OLD SPORTING MAGAZINE, the public can have no wish or curiosity to ascertain the cause of them. Periodicals of this description are, I hope, supported in great measure by voluntary contributions; and if a *literary bull-dog* is obliged to be kept for particular purposes, the less

the fact is blazoned forth the more is it to the credit of the parties concerned: for as great a difference exists between the *independent* writer and the *mental hireling*, as between the patriotic defender of his country and the hired bravo of Venice. By the term "*hireling,*" I mean one who, for the sake of profit, not only barter his talent, but blindly submits to the dictation of his employer, and ready at any time to espouse any cause, and asperse either the character of individuals, or their honest and upright means of subsistence.

"*Talent,*" says the Editor of the N. S. M., "cannot be procured without paying for it"—at the same time modestly hinting that money can always command it. Necessity certainly has no law, and quickly blunts the pointed *aiguilles* of honour; but still the exercise of talent and the prostitution of it are widely different—the latter being entirely subject to dictation, and the former simply obeying the natural impulse of the imagination. Too true it is that merit, or talent of even the most unworthy description, will readily find a market, whether it be the prostituted ability of the literary hireling, or the less equivocal and physical prowess of the gorged *cicisbeo* of the *octogenarian inamorata* of Italy. Their moral turpitude is nearly equal, and the feeling that the world entertains for each very much the same.

These remarks have been made in consequence of the unmanly attack in the last Number of the *New Sporting Magazine*, and are now directed *unequivocally* and *unhesitatingly* to the Editor of that periodical, from one who is

only governed by the dictates of caprice, and who follows no profession but the joyous one of pleasure. Should he, however, persist in continuing his unwarrantable attacks, he will find many who are ready to make use

of the small portion of talent that Nature may have accorded them in the cause and in the defence of an *unprotected female*.

I am, Sir, yours,

THE DEVONIAN.

February 18, 1832.

THE MALLARD, OR COMMON WILD DUCK.

Anas boschas.—LINN.

Engraved by BISHOP, from a Painting by W. SMITH.

THE Wild Drake weighs from thirty-six to forty ounces, and measures twenty-three inches in length and thirty-five in breadth. The bill is of a yellowish green colour, not very flat, about an inch broad, and two and a half long, from the corners of the mouth to the tip of the nail: the head and upper half of the neck are of a glossy deep changeable green, terminated in the middle of the neck by a white collar, with which it is nearly encircled: the lower part of the neck, breast, and shoulders are of a deep vinous chesnut: the covering scapular feathers are of a kind of silvery white, those underneath rufous; and both are prettily crossed with small waved threads of brown: wing coverts ash: quills brown, and between these intervenes the beauty-spot (common in the Duck tribe), which crosses the closed wing in a transverse oblique direction; it is of a rich glossy purple, with violet or green reflections, and bordered by a double streak of black and white. The belly is of a pale grey, delicately pencilled, and crossed with numberless narrow waved dusky lines, which, on the sides and long feathers

that reach over the thighs, are more strongly and distinctly marked: the upper and under tail coverts, lower part of the back, and rump, are black; the latter glossed with green: the four middle tail-feathers are also black, with purple reflections, and, like those of the domestic Drake, are stiffly curled upwards; the rest are sharp-pointed, and fade off to the exterior sides, from a brown to a dull white: legs, toes, and webs red.

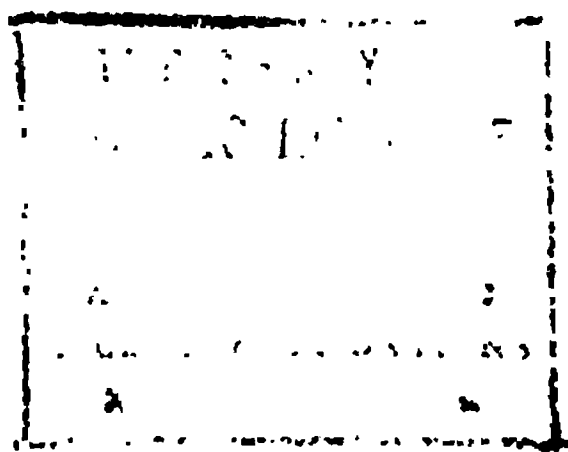
The plumage of the female is very different from that of the male, and partakes of none of his beauties except the spot on the wings. All the other parts are plain brown, marked with black. She makes her nest, lays from ten to sixteen greenish white eggs, and rears her young, generally in the most sequestered mosses or bogs, far from the haunts of man, and hidden from his sight among reeds and rushes—(BEWICK).

We have known the Wild Duck to have bred on dry heaths, and three instances of their nests being found in trees: one in an old magpie's nest, situated in a Scotch fir growing on a heath; the two others on the crown of willow pollards near the margin of a

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MALLARD.

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stream. For richness and harmony of colour, the Mallard can vie with any of the British birds. The cock Pheasant, though splendid, looks artificial and tawdry when compared with it. The flavour is delicious to the epicure; and to the sportsman the sight of one springing from a reed bed is delightful. It requires both caution and skill to approach their haunts to get a successful shot, as the Mallard is one of the most wary of birds, and delights in lonely and sequestered places; consequently awake to every sound of intrusion on its retirement. In the autumn these birds pass from north to south, and in spring again seek their northern abode. Franklin, in his "Narrative of an Overland Journey from Hudson's Bay, to discover a north-west passage," says, "in the spring vast flocks of Wild

Ducks, &c. made their appearance in this northern latitude for the purpose of incubation." Many breed with us, and about March may be found in pairs,

"Calm on the bosom of some little lake,
Too closely screened for ruffian winds to
shake."

To the unsophisticated sportsman the pursuit of wild-fowl yields infinite delight; to the clamorous *battue* abortive; to the skilful decoy man 'tis profitable; and to a man seated in a punt, firing his swivel guns, 'tis cloying drudgery—profit there may be.

The last Game Act has a clause to prevent wild-fowl from being killed from the last day of March to the first of October: this will prevent those squabs called flap-pers being destroyed in a very unsporting-like sort of sport. The penalty will save the birds until they arrive at maturity.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

The Turf.

THE Newmarket Craven Meeting commences on the 23d of April, and the Handicaps have filled remarkably well both for this and the First Spring Meeting.

Sir M. Wood's Galantine, 8st. 7lb. is matched against Captain Rous's Lioness, 8st. 3lb. Ab. M. 100, h. ft. to come off on the Thursday in the First Spring.

The Maiden Plate at Tenbury has been adjudged to Mr. Patrick's b. c. by May-day, it having been ascertained that the b. g. by Champion or Hobgoblin, and Rolla, both belonged to the same person (Mr. Davis), though the latter ran in Mr. C. Moulson's name.—See our *Racing Calendar*, Vol. iii. Second Series, p. 44.

Of the twenty-two entries for the

Liverpool Trade Cup (Maghull Course), all have accepted except Mr. Peel's Mouche.

Lord Grimston, the Hon. T. Brand, G. Payne, Esq. and G. Osbaldeston, Esq. have accepted the office of Stewards to the St. Alban's races, and from their influential character excellent sport is expected.

BETTINGS AT TATTERSALL'S.

The three favorites early in the month took the lead alternately, or rather shifted their positions, for the DERBY, with *bona fide* bets at even one against the other. Very little actual business, however, has been transacted. Spencer has since gone down one point, and it is difficult to say which has the pull—Margrave or Bei-

ram, these two being quoted at 9 to 1.—The Pastille colt has advanced, and is in great favour for the Riddlesworth, being backed for that stake at 5 to 3 P. P.—Emiliana still retains her place in the OAKS, and Fang in the LEGER. The following is the position in which the horses now stand:—

DERBY.

9 to 1 agst Margrave (taken).
9 to 1 agst Beiram (9½ taken).
10 to 1 agst Spencer (taken).
13 to 1 agst Byzantium.
13 to 1 agst Non Compos.
14 to 1 agst Pastille (16 taken).

OAKS.

7 to 1 agst Emiliana (taken).
9 to 1 agst Dryad (taken).
9 to 1 agst Advance.

ST. LEGER.

8 to 1 agst Fang.
7 to 1 agst Lord Exeter's lot.

The Hon. F. Ongley has purchased Mr. Hobson's half-bred horse Donnington, by Champion, 3 yrs old, for 500gs.

Mr. Champion's filly, by Filho da Puta out of Rough Robin's dam, and a colt by Sultan out of Waltz, were sold Feb. 13, at Tattersall's, to Mr. Coleman, of St. Alban's; the former for 185gs. and the other for 69gs.

Early Fools.—Polly Oliver, by Sir Oliver, dropped a bay colt foal (by Bay Malton) on Tuesday, January 3d. —Lord Scarbrough's Lady Georgiana by Catton dropped a fine chesnut colt foal (by Langar) on Monday, January 16th.—Mr. Garforth's celebrated mare Marciana, by Stamford, now 23 years of age, produced a fine colt foal by Lottery on Tuesday, February 7th.

Prolific Mare.—Mr. Wm. Couzens, coal-merchant, of Newbury, has a mare that has brought the astonishing number of eight colts in about three years—viz.: two in 1829, one in 1830, two in 1831, and three in 1832; six of which were foaled alive. The mare is now ten years old.

COURSING MEETINGS.

THE COCKNEY CLUB,

At Netherhaven, Wilts, Feb. 6th, 1832.

For the Cup and Goblet.—Mr. Baily's r. b. Butcherbird beat Mr. Anderson's r. b. Amiable; Mr. Reynolds' brin. b. Ruby beat Mr. Patient's yel. d. Pilot; Mr. Elmore's f. b. Eager beat Mr. Anderson's b. d. Arrogance; Mr. Elmore's f. b. Easy beat Mr. Patient's bl. b. Passable; Mr. Patient's red b. Primrose beat Mr. Clarke's b. and w. b. Colombine; Mr. Baily's b. d. Bustard beat Mr. Clarke's b. and w. b. Cora; Mr. Clarke's f. b. Comeagain beat Mr. Rice's b. d. Runner; Mr. Rice's f. b. Reality beat Mr. Tilbury's b. b. Trinket.

The Netherhaven Stake.—Mr. Clarke's r. b. Countess beat Mr. Patient's b. d. Priam; Mr. Baily's b. b. Bunting beat Mr. Elmore's w. b. Enterprise.

Tuesday the 7th, at Enford.

FIRST TIES FOR THE CUP.

Ruby beat Butcherbird.
Eager — Primrose.
Easy — Bustard.
Reality — Comeagain.

For the First Bath Goblet.—Mr. Rice's b. d. Runner beat Mr. Anderson's r. b. Amiable; Mr. Patient's b. b. Passable beat Mr. Clarke's b. and w. b. Cora; Mr. Anderson's b. d. Arrogance beat Mr. Clarke's b. and w. b. Colombine; Mr. Patient's yel. d. Pilot beat Mr. Tilbury's b. b. Trinket.

FIRST TIES.

Runner beat Passable.
Arrogance — Pilot.

Deciding Course for the Netherhaven Stake.—Mr. Clarke's Countess beat Mr. Baily's Bunting, and won the Stake.

Match.—Mr. Elmore's b. b. Trinket beat Mr. Patient's b. d. Priam.

Wednesday the 8th, at Netherhaven.

SECOND TIES FOR THE CUP.

Eager beat Ruby.
Easy — Reality.

The Cup and Goblet were won by Mr. Elmore's two, but not run out.

Deciding Course for the First Bath Goblet.—Mr. Anderson's Arrogance beat Mr. Rice's Runner, and won the Goblet.

For the Second Bath Goblet.—Mr. Tilbury's b. b. Trinket beat Mr. Anderson's r. b. Amiable; Mr. Clarke's b. and wh. b. Cora beat Mr. Clarke's b. and wh. b. Colombine.

Deciding Course for the Second Bath Goblet.—Mr. Clarke's Cora beat Mr. Tilbury's Trinket, and won the Goblet.

For the First Class of Jenner Stakes. Mr. Baily's r. b. Butcherbird beat Mr. Clarke's f. b. Comeagain; Mr. Baily's b. d. Bustard beat Mr. Patient's b. b. Passable.

Mr. Bailey won the Stakes.

For the Second Class of Jenner Stakes.—Mr. Clarke's brin. b. Cornelian beat Mr. Elmore's wh. b. Enterprise; Mr. Anderson's b. b. Aged beat Mr. Baily's b. b. Bunting.

Deciding Course for the Second Class of Jenner Stakes.—Mr. Clarke's Cornelian beat Mr. Anderson's Aged, and won the Stakes.

For the First Class of Enford Stakes.—Mr. Rice's f. b. Reality beat Mr. Patient's r. b. Primrose; Mr. Clarke's r. b. Countess beat Mr. Elmore's brin. b. Emerald.

Countess and Reality divided the Stakes.

For the Second Class of Enford Stakes.—Mr. Anderson's b. d. Arrogance beat Mr. Patient's yel. d. Pilot; Mr. Patient's b. d. Priam beat Mr. Rice's b. d. Rush.

Deciding Course for the Second Class of Enford Stakes.—Mr. Anderson's Arrogance beat Mr. Patient's Priam, and won the Stakes.

Match.—Mr. Elmore's Eager beat Mr. Baily's Butcherbird.

Finer coursing was never seen, and the goodness of the hares (with only one or two exceptions) afforded a fair trial on every course; and the friendly judgment of Mr. Akerman again gave perfect satisfaction to all parties.

ASHDOWN PARK.

This meeting commenced on the 31st of January and concluded on the 3d of February, making four days' good sport.—The Cup was won by Mr. Lawrence's w. d. Lieutenant beating in the deciding course Mr. Moreton's yel. b. Mayhap, the latter the Sovereigns.

The Claret Stakes was won by Mr. Etwall's yel. b. Empty beating Mr. Moreton's blk. b. Mirth.

The Craven Stakes was won by Mr. Etwall's blk. b. Erinny's beating Mr. Moreton's yel. b. Malibran.

The First Class of Ashdown Stakes was won by Mr. Morant's r. and w. b. Miss beating Mr. Pettat's blk. b. Polecat; and the Second Class, by Mr. Goodlake's blk. b. Guinea Fowl beating Mr. H. Fleetwood's bl. and w. b. Fairy Queen.

The Lambourn Stakes was won by Mr. Etwall's brin. d. Eurys beating Mr. Shard's w. b. Shadow.

The First Class of Botley Stakes was won by Mr. Moreton's w. b. Middleleg beating Mr. Pettat's f. b. Primrose; the Second Class, by Mr. E. Cripps's bl. and w. b. Emilia beating Mr. Astley's w. b. Amelia; and the Third Class, by Mr. H. Fleetwood's w. b. Heartsease beating Colonel Newport's w. b. Nanny Ho.

SWAFFHAM SPRING.

This Meeting took place, Tuesday, Feb. 14, in the First Westacre Field, Wednesday in Cley Field, Thursday in Narborough Field, and Friday in the Second Westacre Field.

The Cup was won by Mr. Wilkinson's Cat beating Mr. Chute's Hannibal.

The Cley Sweepstakes for Aged Greyhounds was won by Mr. Beridge's Trictrac beating Mr. Buckworth's Blush.

The Westacre Sweepstakes for First Season Greyhounds was won by Mr. Beridge's Topper beating Mr. Wilkinson's Clipper.

Thirty-nine Matches were run in the four days, and the sport on the whole was excellent.

EPSOM.

This Meeting commenced on Tuesday, Feb. 14, and the different Stakes came off as follows:—

The Cup was won by Mr. Ladbrooke's Louisa (late the property of the Duke of Gordon) beating Mr. Collins's Clara—the latter the Goblet.

The Headley Stakes was won by Mr. Wells's Whitelocks beating Mr. Hope's Hylas; the Union, by Mr. De Burgh's Nonpareil beating Mr. Hope's Highflyer; and the Ewell, by Mr. Hope's Hornet beating Mr. De Burgh's Nectar.

The Ashstead, Woodmanstern, Woodcote, and Fetcham Stakes did not fill.

Seventeen matches were run, but owing to the scarcity of hares several other matches were declared off.

ROCKLEY.

T. B. M. Baskerville, Esq. gave an elegant Silver Goblet to be run for on Thursday and Friday the 9th and 10th of February, by dogs named by Members of the Ramsbury and Aldbourn

Troop of Yeomanry Cavalry. Thirty-two dogs were entered, and the sport terminated on Friday, when the prize was won by a dog named by Mr. Brown, of Chisledon winning five successive courses.—Better sport was never seen; the successful dog was thought very little of; and the knowing ones were completely taken in. A handsome breakfast was each morning laid out at Rockley-house for the Members of the Troop and their friends.

GREYHOUND STALLIONS.

Colonel Elmhirst's black ticked dog BUGLE, winner of the Appleby Carr Stakes at the late Barton Coursing Meeting (the exact colour of Brunette), out of Levity, by Sir John Johnstone's Balloon, Brother to Brunette and Blue Ruin, at Scawby, near Brigg, Lincolnshire, at 5 sovs. each.

SENATOR, a yellow dog, the property of Captain Lidderdale, at Hungerford, Berks, at three guineas.

SNAIL, a blue dog, also the property of Captain Lidderdale, at the same place and on the same terms.

SPORTING OBITUARY.

Frank Buckle, the most celebrated Jockey of his day, died at Peterborough on the 7th of February, aged 68. In our January Number we announced the publication of his Portrait by Mr. Ackermann, jun. with a brief notice of his racing career; and for an interesting biography of the

veteran, we again refer to our 14th volume, N. S. p. 125.

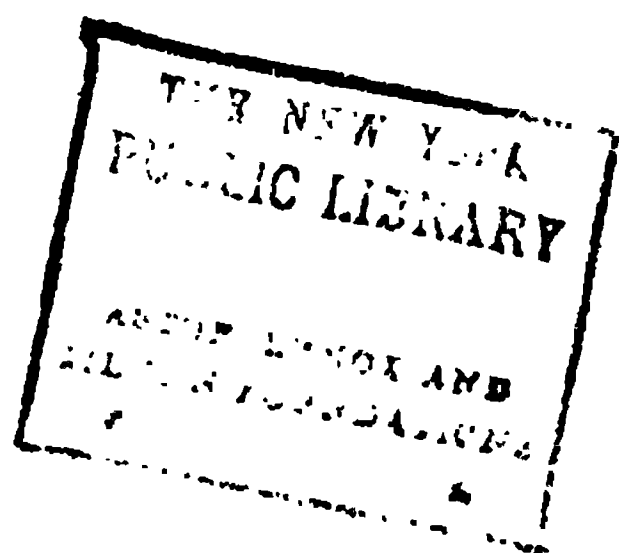
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Chester	7
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Cheltenham	17
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York.....	August 7
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Wolverhampton	13
Worcester	14
Leeds	15
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Lichfield	11
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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Many of the pages of the present Number are occupied with an *Exposé* which the Proprietors have, however reluctantly, been obliged to make, not only in justice to themselves from the false allegations which have been industriously propagated, but in deference to the suggestions of many valued Friends and Subscribers; together with a Reply to a most illiberal and unprovoked attack by a Rival Publication. That our Readers, however, may not be abridged of the usual portion of Sporting Articles we have given *twenty-four pages extra*: though, even with this addition, we have still to apologise for the non-insertion of several articles.

ERRATA.—In p. 255, first column, of our last Number, there is an error in the punctuation, which renders two sentences unintelligible: the passages should read thus:—"My own ideas, however, lead me to still think highly of him; and I hope, for the sake of his liberal and worthy owner, yet to see him (Zany) make zanies of those who consider otherwise.—As the violent bruise and strain which he met with at Goodwood might have totally finished his career, had it not been promptly and effectually attended to, Mr. Stonehewer was fortunate in meeting with the skilful and friendly assistance of Mr. Watts," &c.—P. 259, col. 2, line 26, for "the Guy horse," read "the grey horse."



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THE SPORTING MAGAZINE.

VOL. IV.
SECOND SERIES.

APRIL, 1832.

No. XXIV.

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Embellished with,

I. VIGNETTE TITLE PAGE.—II. THE YOUNG FOXHUNTERS.

III. PORTRAIT OF CURRICIE.

THE YOUNG FOX-HUNTERS.

MADAME VESTRISHaving just brought out at her Theatre "*The Two Hopefuls*," we beg leave to declare distinctly that this subject has no allusion whatever to the burletta of Madame: ours is from real life; the other most likely a fancy sketch—but we have not seen it. Ours is from horses that *can go*, and lads that *can ride*, and the scene near to which "*foxes have holes*."

On this title to our plate volumes might be written; as there are fox-hunters, though young in years, still old in experience, and others old in theory, yet young in practice, with others again (and by far the greatest number) who gallop about the fields all their lives without knowing why or wherefore, except that Squire Bugle and Sir Harry Highflyer do it; or for an excuse to take a

bottle or two extra at dinner to drink **FOX-HUNTING!** and Mr. Apollo Nimrod leave to gratify himself in nearly tearing off half the ears of those who surround him with his song of

“ A southerly wind and a cloudy sky.”

Fashion, too, does as much to spoil sport as it does at times to distort female beauty. Mr. Morant, a first-rater, once changing Bond Street for Leicestershire, on his return was saluted with, “ Well, Morant, what sport?—first, I suppose?”—“ No, I was not first, but I was two fields before the hounds.” Our Young Fox-hunters arrange things differently: they allow the fox to go first, the hounds to go next, and then everybody to go before themselves that can *get there*, and remain there, if they can *last long enough*. They know a hunted fox from a fresh-found one; when to speak, and when to hold their tongues (useful knowledge this in other places as well as the hunting-field): they know when they have good horses (as on the present occasion), how to keep them, and to prefer for every purpose a well-known *good one* to an unknown *new one*. The way to return home does not escape their consideration, regulating the pace according to the distance and the heat or cold of the weather, and on no account to allow

“ skylarking” and fox-hunting to take place with the same horses on the same day.

The Bay Mare in profile is by Hedley, and is “ all but thoroughbred;” and if the pedigree was carefully examined, perhaps the *but* might be omitted. She is a sensible careful leaper in trifling things; but if roused to great exertions, such is her natural courage that she thinks nothing in reason too high or too far for her, and never beyond her ambition: she is moreover as fast as anything in the chase or the chased.

The Black Mare foreshortened is not so well bred, but she seems to inherit in rare qualities what she loses in pedigree; is a superb leaper in all its varieties, with true beautiful action—the real source of durability in the field; and so fast, that, notwithstanding her “ cartish” appearance, on the turf, where she is no stranger, a person having a young racer that can beat her certain distances, may nurse it through the winter with well-founded hopes of being repaid his expenses and care in the spring.

This picture is painted by MARSHALL, Jun. shewing a versatility of talent carefully and industriously cultivated to a degree that never fails of success. The engraving is by ROMNEY, an artist as well known as he is universally admired.

LINES ON BUCKLE.

BUCKLE, farewell! though winded now,
 Thy juniors take the lead,
 Hold hard—make play for *wind*—for thou
 Must seek a higher *meed*.
 Another race awaits thy winning:
 Thy second heat is but beginning.

Fleet was thy long career on earth,
 As well in triumphs train'd ;
 And either goal, from earliest birth,
 Is but by *training* gain'd :
 The Devil takes both man and horse
 That bolts, or shies the forward course.

No knowing legs to buy thee stand,
 No rivals mar thy fame ;
 Nor Chifney's rush, nor Arnall's hand,
 Nor Goodisson's eye and game.
 Firm in thy *faith*, we weep thy loss,
 Thou bear'st no *token* of a cross.

Earth spread thee once her smoothest ways,
 But alter'd now thy style :
 Thou can'st not o'er "the Beacon" gaze—
 'Tis more than "Rowley's" mile.
 'Twas thine in this world (not in that)
 To triumph "over any *Flat*."

Thy mortal load was light—but yet
 Heaven seeks a different tale :
 Then may'st thou have no cause to sweat,
 Weigh'd in the eternal scale.
 For how the *Old One* will be taunting,
 If, weigh'd again, "thou art *fount wanting* !"

GILBERT FORESTER.

March 20, 1832.

LETTERS ON ANGLING.—No. I.

" Indeed, my friend, you will find angling to be like the virtue of Humility, which has a calmness of spirit and a world of other blessings attending upon it."

ISAAC WALTON.

SIR,

FEW men have written so incomparably as old Walton: the elegant simplicity, the philanthropy, and, above all, the fervent piety which pervade his works, give them a fascination rarely to be met with. The naturalist, the poet, and the historian, will all find information and amusement. In short, *The Complete Angler* (and, I trust, angling itself) is as it were an extract from the great book of Nature, teeming with subjects for contemplation and philosophy. The art, however, or rather the "science," has advanced so much

since his day, that his ideas on the immediate subject have become somewhat obsolete. In fact, could he but examine the delicate tackle used under the present system, his astonishment would be about the same as that which I could fancy the old pottering fox-hunter of sixty years ago would feel upon seeing the "quick thing" of modern times. I shall draw upon the old Gentleman for one quotation more, and conclude this short preface, as he does his, by saying, that "I shall stay the reader no longer than to wish him a rainy evening to read

the following discourse; and that, if he be an honest angler, the East wind may never blow when he goes a fishing!"

The winter months, for the most part, produce little or no sport, but they afford a good opportunity of re-fitting old tackle and providing new. Occasionally, when the weather is unseasonably mild, a little may be done, especially in small shallow brooks. The old sportsman, however, rarely turns out, well knowing that none but the smallest fish shew themselves, and even these, except in rivers on the coast, seldom if ever in season. In Wales, where probably as good fishing as any in Britain is to be had, some of the small mountain lakes are the first to produce fine fish. I speak of trout, which by the way I shall keep in view more particularly throughout, both because he is more generally known than any other, and because he requires the nicest dexterity of the art to catch him.

The artificial fly, which undoubtedly constitutes the most elegant as well as the most delightful part of this fascinating sport, will be of small service until late in March, inasmuch as, up to this time, "the Monarch of the Brook" will have scarcely ventured from his winter quarters. The flies as yet seen are these:—

A fly with four wings, which comes out in February.

The Cowdung, which is too well known to need description.

The Blue Dun, and the March Brown.

The first of these is made with wings from the short side-feather out of the tail of the cock pheasant, selecting them from the but of the quill, where the colour ap-

proaches nearly a grey: the body of brown silk, ribbed with some of a lighter colour; legs to correspond; hook small.

The Blue Dun is a beautiful little fly, which makes its appearance about the beginning of March, and continues until late in April. It is very hardy, and will remain on the water during the whole of the day in the coldest weather. Fish take it very greedily, especially when the Brown is not out. I have observed a slight difference in the wings of some of them; possibly it may be a distinction of sex, for, as they correspond precisely in size and shape, they are unquestionably one and the same fly. It is not easily imitated; as from the beautiful tint on its wing, it is scarcely possible to get a feather with fibres sufficiently fine and glossy. The starling's wing comes nearest to it: care must, however, be taken not to make the wings too full, *i. e.* with too much feather. One or two turns of fur from a hare's ear will make the legs; the body thence to the tail to be closely whipped over with peacock's harle stripped of its fibre. Make it very small and neat.

The March Brown (though so called) seldom makes its appearance until April, unless the weather be very mild with a warm sun, and then only for an hour or so at noon. It is a magnificent fly, and infinitely more destructive than any other. The directions which have usually been given for making it would produce anything but the right sort. I should recommend the following method. For wings, take a feather from the but of the wing of a pea-fowl poult, from three to five months old; this will be

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found to bear an exact resemblance to the natural colour. The legs are made with a feather from the rump of a snipe just above the tail; give it two turns close to the wings. Work the body with brown silk well waxed (cobbler's wax); rib it with pale brown or rather amber-coloured silk (not waxed). With regard to flies, I consider this, with a very few others which will be mentioned hereafter, to be sufficient for all seasons of the year. Many that come on are hardly worth imitating, and many which cannot be employed to any purpose. The Stone Fly, for instance, which, to be anything like nature, must be at least an inch long. As to throwing a fly which carries so much carcass as this, a man may as well fish with a cricket bat at the end of his line.

To your reel-line attach a foot-line, consisting of two or three lengths of twisted hair, tapering from six to four or even three hairs; to this add four feet of

fine gut, more being apt to double back when thrown against or on a side wind. Use two flies—say a Blue Dun for dropper, a Brown for leader, about three feet apart. Before you commence throwing, separate the wings of your fly by pressing your thumb strongly on them, so as to keep them nearly at a right angle. This will not only cause it to fall more lightly, but will give it generally a more natural appearance. The fly should be allowed to rest a second or two when it first alights, as, from the line having acquired a slight degree of twist in the action of throwing, it will be gradually unfolding itself, gaining thereby a very natural motion, and will not fail to entice the fish, if within reach. The first drop of the fly is decidedly the best, provided the angler has judgment to know where to throw, and his colour be right.

HALCYON.

March 1832.

PORTRAIT OF CURRICLE.

Engraved by ROMNEY from a Painting by MARSHALL.

WE have been rather profuse in our hunting pictorial subjects this month; but as the season is fast drawing to a close, and our Artists are about to commence on sports of a lighter nature, we were determined to mark with some strength the finish to this most manly, always fashionable, heroic, and truly national sport, for at least another summer. The brown horse CURRICLE, forming the subject of our second plate, was got by Trentham, out of a Sister to Gay, and bred by a late Duke of Richmond. As a race horse he was considered remarkably speedy, but neither shone in carrying weight nor running a distance. As a hunter, however, he possessed all the three rare qualities

quite to perfection. Though this may appear a little paradoxical, yet it is not the less true, as every man knows who is a judge of pace, and has a variety of horses, with patience to wait till he can find out the hidden mystery which almost every good horse possesses.

Stephen Goodall, the heaviest servant to hounds in the kingdom, rode CURRICLE for many years, and looking at the man—weighing something nearly twenty stone, a daring, bold, straightforward rider, and generally in a place during every part of the chase at which many of the light weights might occasionally look, but few imitate—this will prove that the powers of Cur-

RICKS were not only great but lasting. His fame, now spreading far and wide, at length reached the ears of His late Majesty when Prince of Wales, who made but few words about such bargains, and he was bought at a very high figure for His Royal Highness's own riding—the Prince ever after declaring that CURRICLE was not only *the finest* but *the best* horse he ever saw; and the best runs he ever witnessed were from the back of his "DEAR CURRICLE." But even here the horse had no sinecure, his present master nearly equaling the weight of the fat huntsman Stephen, and some of his services

were even harder:—for instance, waiting behind during the reduction of a fence, and catching the hounds again in the next field, though a pace of speed, yet was not a place of ease.

CURRICLE was not a good horse for the stud: but a want of judgment in those who sent little weedy mares to him, because he was a powerful bulky animal, were more in fault than he was. His best Son was Tom Tring, which poor Dearsley used to say (perhaps because he was his own) that he never met anything equal to him in the field. CURRICLE died at an advanced age at Donnington Park in Leicestershire.

STALLIONS TO COVER, 1832.

[The following charges do not include the Grooms' fees. The figures before the names denote the age of the horses on May 1st, 1832.]

- 6. **A** ARON, at Michelgrove, near Arundel, at 10 sovs.
- 10. Actæon, at Dringhouses, near York, at 10 sovs.
- 7. Albany, at Bildeston, Suffolk, at 5gs.
- 16. Banker, at Appleton Cottage Farm, near Warrington, at 10 sovs.
- 11. Brutanderf, at Bishop Burton Low House, near Beverley, at 10gs.
- 6. Bay Malton, at Altrincham, Cheshire, at 5 sovs.
- 9. Bedlamite, at Bildeston, Suffolk, at 15gs.
- 9. Belzoni, at Lutterworth, Leicestershire, at 7gs.
- 19. Bobadil, at Clearwell Court, Gloucestershire, at 12 sovs.
- 10. Brownlock, at Wells, Somersetshire, at 6 sovs.
- 11. Brutandorf, at Bishop Burton Low House, near Beverley, at 10gs.
- 11. Buzzard, at Newmarket, at 10gs.
- 9. Camel, at Stockwell, Surrey, at 12gs.
- 11. Canteen, at Smeaton Mains, Dalkeith, at 10 sovs.
- 23. Catton, at the Turf Tavern, Doncaster, at 10 sovs.
- 23. Comus, at Ledstone Hall Farm, Ferrybridge, at 6 sovs.
- 10. Chateau Margaux, at Petworth, Sussex, at 10gs.
- 10. Cleveland, at Croft Bridge, near Darlington, at 5gs.
- 0. Columbus, in York, at 5gs.
- 7. Colonel, The, at Hampton Court, at 12 sovs.
- 12. Conductor, at Eaton Stud House, Chester, at 5 sovs.
- 12. Corrector, Young, at Mr. Lucas's Repository, Liverpool, at 5 sovs.
- 11. Cydnus, at Stockwell, Surrey, at 5gs.
- 8. Defence, at Mr. Isaac Sadler's, Aldsworth, Northleach, at 5gs.
- 18. Duplicate, at Barnby Moor, at 7½gs.
- 12. Emilius, at Riddlesworth. The subscription is full.
- 20. Filho da Puta, at Farnsfield, near Southwell, Notts, twenty-five mares at 15 gs.
- 10. Flexible, at Bishop's Castle, Salop, at 10 sovs.
- 15. Flibbertigibbet, at Stockwell, Surrey, at 2gs.
- 6. Frederick, at Ham, near Arundel, gratis.
- 20. Frolic, at Prestbury, Cheltenham, at 5 sovs.
- 8. Gaberlunzie, at Petworth, Sussex, at 5gs.
- 8. Granby, at Stapleton Park Farm, Ferrybridge, at 5 sovs.
- 10. Greyleg, at the same place and price as Gaberlunzie.
- 10. Hal, at Brighton, near the Barracks, at 5gs.
- 16. Handel, at Newark and its neighbourhood, at 3 sovs.
- 11. Helenus, at the Kennel, Goodwood, near Chichester, at 6gs.
- 12. Hesperus, at Porkington, near Oswestry, at 3 sovs.

11. Jerry, at Middleham, Yorkshire, at 20 sovs.
8. Julian, at Ropley Lodge, near Alresford, Hants, at 2l. 5s.
22. Kexby, at Leven New Inn, near Beverley, at 5gs.
10. King of the Valley, at Melton Mowbray, at 5 sovs.
9. Lamplighter, at Newmarket, at 12gs.
15. Langer, at Tickhill Castle Farm, Bawtry, at 12 sovs.
9. Lapdog, at Bisterne, Ringwood, Hants, at 10 sovs.
8. Laurel, at Stockwell, Surrey, at 10gs.
12. Lottery, at Mr. Kirby's Stables, York, by subscription fifty mares at 20 sovs.
12. Luzborough, at Bow, near Crediton, Devonshire, at 7 sovs.
7. Magnet, at the same place and price as Kexby.
8. Majesty, at Denby Hall, Tipton, near Wolverhampton, at 5gs.
8. Mameluke, at Stockwell, Surrey, at 12gs.
10. Memnon, at Dean's Hill, Stafford, at 10gs.
7. Merchant, at Riddlesworth, near Thetford, at 3gs.
17. Merlin, at Riddlesworth, near Thetford, at 12gs.
6. Merman, at Warwick, at 10 sovs.
10. Middleton, at Scotsgrove, near Thame, Oxfordshire, at 10gs.
4. Monarch, at Yarmouth, Norfolk, at 5gs.
15. Mr. Lowe, at Pimlico, at 3gs.
0. Muscat, at Ivy Cottage, Shepherd's Bush, at 5 sovs.
0. Norfolk Phenomenon, at Stockwell, Surrey, at 5 sovs.
7. Olympus, at Newton, Warrington, at 6 sovs.
16. Pacha, at Hedgerley Park, Gerrard's Cross, at 5 sovs.
8. Pantaloon, at Chillington, near Wolverhampton, at 10 sovs.
6. Patron, at Newmarket, at 7gs.
21. Partisan, at Newmarket, twenty mares, at 15gs.
14. Peter Lely, at Nantwich, Cheshire, at 10 sovs.
24. Phantom, at Pimlico, at 5gs.
22. President, at Waitwith, Richmond, at 5gs.
10. Redgauntlet, at Burghley, near Stamford, at 10 sovs.
17. Reveller, at Hedgerley Park, Gerrard's Cross, at 20 sovs.
9. Royal Oak, at Oakley, near Bedford, at 10 sovs.
15. Rubens, Junior, at Pimlico, at 3gs.
9. Sailor, at Cranford Farm, Westbury, near Bristol, at 10 sovs.
5. St. Nicholas, at York, at 7½ sovs.—Twenty mares gratis, which have at any time won a Produce or Sweepstakes, or have bred a winner.
9. Saracen, at Euston, near Thetford, at 5 sovs.
7. Scipio, at Brighton, near the Barracks, at 10gs.
12. Shaver, at Alscot Park, near Stratford-on-Avon, at 10 sovs.
11. Skiff, at Putteridge Bury, near Luton, Herts, at 10 sovs.
13. Swap, at Cranford Farm, Westbury, near Bristol, at 10 sovs.
8. Shakspeare, at Newmarket, at 7 sovs.
6. Sir Hercules, at Summerhill House, Meath, Ireland, at 10 sovs.
19. Skim, at Petworth, Sussex, at 5gs.
11. Sligo, at Newmarket, at 12 sovs.
0. The Arabian Soliman, at Warefield, Berks, at 5gs.—Dams of winners gratis.
2. Straitwaist, at Ferring, near Worthing, at 5 sovs.
10. Stumps, at Bentley, near Broomsgrove, Worcestershire, at 10 sovs.
9. Tarrare, at Stockwell, Surrey, at 5gs.
16. Teniers, at Eaton Stud House, Chester, at 10 sovs.
15. The Duke, at Porkington, near Oswestry, at 5 sovs.
13. Theodore, at Willesden, near London, at 5gs.
8. Trumpeter, at Clearwell Court, Gloucestershire, at 6 sovs.
7. Vanish, at Farnsfield, Notts, at 7gs.
7. Varro, at Hoar Cross, at 10 sovs.
7. Velocipede, at Middlethorpe, near York, at 13gs.
6. Voltaire, at Boroughbridge, Yorkshire, at 10 sovs.
9. Wamba, at the Stud Farm, Ludford, Ludlow, at 10 sovs.
18. Waterloo, at Hampton Court, at 10 sovs.
15. Waverley, at Brompton-on-Swale, at 10gs.
0. Wildfire (a noted trotter), at Mr. Kirby's Stables, York, at 2gs.
12. Wiseacre, at Newmarket, at 10 sovs.
23. Woful, at Hoar Cross, at 20 sovs.
16. Wrangler, at Bildeston, Suffolk, at 10gs.
6. Wrangler (a cocktail), at Bow, near Crediton, Devonshire, at 6 sovs.
0. Young Fireaway, at Cawston, Norfolk.
7. Zinganee, at Newmarket, at 10gs.

A GOOD DAY WITH THE EAST SUSSEX.

SIR,
ON Thursday, March 8, the East Sussex Hounds met at Abbott's Wood: they were scarcely in at one end of a piece of gorse at the edge of the covert, when an old fox broke at the other. The hounds were halloo'd out, and settled to the scent close to Arlington church: they dropped their sterns, and set to over the fine deep pastures and strong fences between that village and Berwick at their best pace. Here they checked for five minutes, which brought in the rear-guard: then straight up the

South Downs, and nearly to Blatchington, but turned to the right to Norton, and, up-wind, although at a more moderate pace, into a rabbit earth in Lord Gage's ground at the top of Firle Hill.—This was a very excellent and satisfactory run of one hour and twenty-five minutes—the first twenty minutes at a tremendous bat; the last part at a good hunting pace. But few were near the hounds up to Berwick, and the distress was very great amongst the horses, as the country rode unusually deep.

SONG.—AIR... *Mozart's Waltz.*

Nor a hound in the furzes had spoken—
 Will holds up his cap as a token—
 "Tallyho! tallyho!"
 Like a shaft from a bow
 For Arlington village he's broken.
 To Berwick while merrily sailing,
 The Mc'Adamites soon begin tailing—
 Every nag shakes his brush
 At the brooks as we push,
 Or refuses to rise at the railing.
 What "bellows to mend!" and yet faster
 They fly through each deep riding pasture:
 "What's the matter with you?"
 "Why, I've just thrown a shoe".....
 "Tom, where's the fresh nag for your master?"
 There's a halloo, by Jove, up the hill, Sir;
 Each horse will have shortly his fill, Sir,
 With their sterns dropping low,
 On, on the pack go—
 Ride o'er them who can or who will, Sir.
 There's Goneril leading, depend on't;
 That hit from old Jovial's transcendant!
 By G—, what a purl!
 If he's running for Firle,
 The day will be warm ere the end on't.
 He's gone in this burrow to ground, Sir,
 I'd not see him dug for ten pounds, Sir:
 "Save his life," cries the Peer,
 "May he give us next year—"
 "Such a split with the East Sussex Hounds, Sir!"

SCARLET

MIGRATION OF THE SNIPE AND WOODCOCK—NORWAY
TEAL—GOLDEN-EYED DIVER.

SIR,

IN his communication, dated December 24, 1831, upon Snipe Shooting, PEREGRINE MARSHMAN informs us, "during our short stay in Grain all the snipes and various wild-fowl were journeying southwards: one flight of snipes (and we saw several) had at least from one to two hundred in it." Now this communication explains a fact to me which during these last ten years at least I have been endeavoring to decipher, if I may make use of the term. Here, far North, when we commence partridge shooting, every rill or spring holds its snipe, or more; and in a moor just below this Lodge, I *know* that they breed, and in great numbers, by repeated interviews with the little black crawlers, which at first resemble an overgrown insect more than a bird. At the period I speak of, *September*, they are nearly full grown, and in great plenty but bad condition, and seldom lying well; they remain here, according as the weather is mild or otherwise, generally about two months, and then disappear, and that so suddenly, that on the same ground upon which you might empty your powder flask at them on one day, there will not be a single snipe on the subsequent one. Now *westward*, I had *every* reason to think they did not go; northward or eastward I was almost certain was not their direction: still, though I had reason to think they did not go westward, their great plenty in Ireland induced me to conceive it must be thitherward they emigrated. I am now, however, convinced that they do go

(as PEREGRINE describes) southward, or more *properly* south-westward, and traverse the whole of England on their road to the "Emerald Isle." As I never saw any place except the Canadas, where snipes *lie* so *well* as they do in Ireland, I imagine that, when preparing for, or actually upon this extensive journey, they are fidgetty and unsettled; but when once arrived at their winter feeding-ground and domicile, they become settled, and put on condition.

It is in the beginning of November that snipes first become *plenty* in Ireland, and they *continue* so until March—all which coincides with the time they leave this, and return, and that in which PEREGRINE saw them on wing in the Isle of Grain. Except for the sake of trying your hand, or for their wings, which are excellent for trout flies, they are hardly worth firing at here, being wholly out of condition; whereas in Shamrockshire, at the period I mention (with the exception of the swamp of "Chateau Bichie," near Quebec), no finer snipes ever fired the imagination of Daddy Kitchiner himself.

PEREGRINE states that he was compelled to use No. 3 from dire necessity. If any person, who is in the habit of snipe-shooting, will in the *wildest* times use nothing over 8, and even then with one barrel (whichever they fire first) No. 9, they will (I most humbly suggest) find the weight of their game bag pleasingly increased.

Of the variety he mentions

with the orange legs I have not seen *any here*. But in *all* parts of the Canadas and United States in which I have been, I *have* seen them occasionally, and I shot *one* in the marshes near Dunkirk about 15 years since. Whether they are a distinct variety, or merely an occasional freak of Nature, like the white pheasants, I cannot presume even to offer an opinion.

A Gentleman with whom I was shooting just along the foot of the Grampians, about two months since, bagged one of the red-breasted genus, the *Scolopax Noveboracensis*, so very rare. Mr. Montagu, in his remarks on rare birds, addressed to the Editor of the *Philosophical Magazine* in 1808, says, "a small flock of these extremely rare birds made their appearance on the coast of Devon in the spring of the year 1803, one of which is now in my museum. Soon after I received information that a similar bird had been shot at Weymouth, and the skin of another was sent me from Sandwich in Kent, probably belonging to the same flock, as the account of the number seen last on the east coast tallied with what was first seen in the west, allowing for those which were shot." As this was in the spring, when the snipes revisit *us here* to breed, it corroborates my opinion that they traverse all England north-eastwardly in the spring, and south-westwardly in the beginning of winter. This philosophical communicator, however, did not condescend to explain to the public through his brother pheelozopher, the Editor, the late Mr. Pilloch, the marks, &c. of this "very rare bird." I did not see the one I allude to weighed,

but I should think it was a medium size between the common snipe and woodcock, about *the size of a Canadian woodcock*:—any one who has been in Canada, and shot, will understand me:—its breast streaked like the wind-thrush, but more strongly with red; its back and wings somewhat similar to the common snipe, but lighter in the shade of colours, and its legs deep orange. I never saw a red-breasted snipe before; I understand they are plenty in the Mauritius.

The winter here has been up to this day, which indicates a snow storm, unprecedentedly mild, and in consequence woodcocks have been tolerably plenty, which will account to your Welsh Correspondent "A. H." why they have not been so plenty with them: in a *hard* winter they are very scarce there, but revisit us in spring on their way home. I fully agree with "A. H." respecting the cock-shooting in Wales; although cocks are even more plenty in Ireland, where I have frequently averaged twenty couple, yet nothing can exceed for *pleasant* shooting the Birch Hangings of Wales—South Wales more particularly. I passed the best part of a season, about eighteen years ago, there purposely. The best sport I experienced was in the vicinity of a delightful little roadside house, the Lamb and Flag, at "Pontheath Vaughan," twelve miles from Neath on the road to Brecon. The landlord, Jones, had *then* a most admirable breed of spaniels, and I should imagine that, whether he is still there, or the house is in possession of another, it will yet be found an excellent billet for a cock shooter. Brecon is a very good one also:

indeed from Brecon south a man can hardly go wrong, and in every place will find (unless things are altogether changed) plenty of cock shooters, or rather poachers, to shew him the way, with well-trained dogs, and meet with hardly any interruption. He can also easily suit himself with a brace or two of cockers. Some of these men use a kind of mongrel setter, many of which are wonderfully sagacious, and steady perfect bag fillers.

While on the subject of wild game I beg leave to mention a species which in *hard* weather has within this last four or five years made its appearance in this district, but which the oldest wild fowl shooters do not recollect to have seen here previously, and to which they have given (why I do not know) the name of *the large Norway teal*. It is almost the same as the common teal in plumage, the grey feathers on the back being a little lighter, but it is very nearly the size of a duck. It does not keep in separate flights, as common teal generally do, but mingles promiscuously with other wild fowl. It is as delicate as the common teal, consequently an excellent bird both for the table and fly-fisher. Now the bird may be common enough in other parts of the kingdom, but it was positively not known here until within these few seasons. I killed several in the two last.

We have also occasionally in the rivers that fine bird, *the golden-eyed diver*, tolerably plenty in the Shannon, but so hard to get at and kill. I shot one about ten days since. It is a little larger than a common teal, white body with blackish wings, the feather of which at the bottom becomes about the colour of a starling's wing, though blueish at top, and is excellent for sea trout or loch flies; the head a very dark dusky green, the bill black and dirty below, the feet black. Of all the duck species it is the best *pour la bonne bouche*, and, like most good things, equally hard of attainment. Even when mortally hit, it dives in the last agony, and if only wounded or winged is hardly retrievable by the best dog. It keeps always in pairs, and separate from all other birds, and when once on wing flies with great rapidity, making a very peculiar sound with its wings, heard at a longer distance than any wild fowl I have observed. I had nearly forgotten to say that it derives its vulgar name from its eye, the outward circle of which is a deep gold colour. I do not know its proper denomination as one of the *ana* species, and I happen to have lent both Bewick and Hawker.

I am, Sir, &c.

A QUARTOGENARIAN.

— Lodge, West Highlands,
January 26, 1852.

QUALITIES OF GREYHOUNDS AS TO SEX AND COLOUR.

SIR,

AS a lover of the Leash, I sometimes amuse myself with perusing works on the subject of greyhounds; and I have been struck with several remarks,

which, to say the least of them, appear rather questionable. In a clever work, intitled *The Courser's Companion*, page 174, the Author observes, speaking of

greyhounds, that "the *dun*, or as some term it the *light fawn*, and the *brind* are indicative of a cross from the bull dog, which may be of a long anterior date; and, however remote that cross may be, the blood never gets entirely washed out, but its effects, as well as the colour, will sometimes re-appear;" and afterwards refers to Mr. Mundy, who, in speaking of the *brinded* greyhound, used to say, "that he never saw a real good one in his life of that colour, although he had seen many of them possessed of very great speed."—P. 175.

My reasons for doubting the soundness of this conclusion are—*first*, that Major and Sylvia, the brother and sister of Snowball, were both *brindled* (see *Stud Book*, p. 71); and, as Mr. Goodlake tells us, when in good running condition in their prime, they are reported never to have been beaten, nor to have exhibited symptoms of lurching to kill."—*Secondly*, the *Stud Book* contains the names of several greyhounds, *dun*, *fawn*, and *brindled*, the winners of prizes of the first class. *Brind* seems an inaccurate term, meaning *brinded* or *brindled*, both of which appear in Johnson as synonymous. "It is a received opinion," says Mr. Osbaldiston, "that a greyhound bitch will in common beat a greyhound dog, by reason that she excels him in nimbleness; but, if it be considered that the dog is longer and stronger, that opinion will seem to be but a vulgar error." (*British Sportsman*, tit. *Greyhound*.) "The Country Farm," cited in p. 164, of *The Courser's Companion*, treats it as an erroneous fancy that a bitch is swifter than a dog: "for the

good dog will ever beat the good bitch." My reasons for doubting this as an invariable rule are—*first*, that a cursory perusal of the *Stud Book* by no means confirms it, the bitches appearing to be winners of the first-class prizes as frequently, or nearly so, as the dogs: *secondly*, that the bitch *Clara* was of such distinguished excellence as to be sold for 150l. (*Stud Book*, p. 9.): *thirdly*, that the bitch *Czarina* won forty-seven matches without ever being beaten; and that is more than can be said of the famous dog *Miller*, for he was beaten by Mr. Hughes's *Duncan* (*Stud Book*, p. 53): *fourthly*, the reason which is given why the dog should beat the bitch is anything but satisfactory—because "he is longer and stronger." He may be longer, but it by no means follows that he is stronger; rather the reverse. I have at this moment a small black greyhound, and although he is the shortest dog I possess, and has to compete with very good but longer dogs than himself, in speed and stoutness he surpasses them all. The best greyhound I ever possessed was a bitch, and she was by no means a lengthy one, but of great depth of chest and width of loins, and full of excellent sinew. I conclude, therefore, that the sex of a greyhound is very immaterial; and that, as a good horse cannot, in the jockey's creed, be of a bad colour, so a good greyhound cannot be of a wrong gender.

Another idea very prevalent is, that "those are *always* fittest to be chosen among the whelps that weigh the lightest, for they will be sooner at the game." (*Osbaldiston's British Sportsman*.) This is rather a singular reason; because

as the same author (and in this respect many others concur with him) admits, that the greyhound bitch exceeds in quickness the greyhound dog, it would follow that a bitch puppy should be selected in preference to a male. If it be intended, however, to insinuate that the lightest puppy will generally become the quickest dog of the litter, my own observation by no means corroborates that conclusion. But, if it were so, the selection might only amount to this, that an animal might be chosen which possessed speed, but not stoutness. It must

be obvious that the *lightness* of the whelp cannot be the infallible criterion of its future excellence ; it may be questioned, indeed, whether it can be any criterion. The shape may *possibly* afford some ground of conjecture, for beyond conjecture we scarcely can expect to travel—moral certainty is not to be obtained.

If these remarks on the subject of greyhounds are deemed worthy of insertion in your very entertaining work, I will on a future occasion again trouble you.

I remain, Sir, &c.

J. B. (*b. v. b. v.*)

COCK SHOOTING IN WALES—THE SPANIEL AND ITS VARIETIES—THE COCKER, &c.

[We are aware that a month will sometimes produce many incongruities apparent in almost all sporting subjects, more particularly when relating to the migration of birds ; and we regret that previous arrangements precluded the insertion of the following Letter in our last Number. The communication is dated Feb. 11, 1832.]

SIR,

THE season for cock shooting is now drawing to a close, but though there are still a few birds to be met with, yet anything like sport can scarcely be depended on. I was, however, told by a gentleman and a sportsman that there would yet be a flight this month of the little black cock ; which flight, as I have before said, I do not believe in, although a few may be found collected near the sea-coast previous to their final departure, instead of having, as many suppose, just arrived (to *afford a little diversion* for the grand *finale*). When they are thus found at the latter end of February, or beginning of March, they are frequently covered over with a kind of dry scurf, which renders them scarcely

palatable. But when I was out yesterday, the sport seemed almost unnatural—the weather so mild that the birds were singing in every copse and dingle that I beat ; and scarcely a stream did my longing eyes encounter, but the trout were leaping in every direction at the fly, which is already on the water. Oh ! I must lay by my gun, properly *apportionate* my spaniels, and hie to the banks of the beautiful Tivy, to see what the trout are made of. I fancy I could spin out as long a *yarn* on that delightful subject as my own fly line : but I must hark back to my former subject. Here I am surrounded by brother sportsmen equally fond of both sports ; but the one they are anxious for, and the other they

are tired of. Their spaniels, their faithful spaniels, that have "through bog and briar" followed and worked hard throughout the season, are either shot, neglected, or forgotten; or, what is nearly equivalent, they are sent out "to walk," where they are too often badly housed and fed, kicked, buffeted, and suffered to go at large, because forsooth they are no longer wanted. To say nothing of the cruelty of the thing, they acquire numerous bad habits, such as self-hunting, thieving, chicken killing, sheep worrying, and a "thousand ills that even dog's *flesh* is heir to." But I must not say too much on this subject, lest some I know may individually apply that which is only meant as a general observation. At the same time, I could point out many whose treatment to their faithful followers is worthy of record, and one in particular (with whom I formerly used to shoot much, whose dogs, take them altogether, are the very best I ever followed), who never sits down to his own dinner until he sees his spaniels well fed and taken care of, and will even carry them across a river one by one, sooner than they should suffer from cold—which I believe spaniels feel more than any other species of dog. What is the result of such treatment? Not only that his dogs will come to time much oftener than any of his neighbours, but they are in their prime at half a score, which age, I believe, his greatest favourite has just attained.

But now let me say a word or two to such kind-hearted sportsmen on the breed of dogs, commonly called cockers—a general

name for all spaniels that can flush a cock. Nearly every one who has any pretensions to a cock-shooter has either the best *breed in England*, or the best *dogs in England*, both of which I see every day I shoot in company. For my part, I prefer the second best. The great desideratum for a spaniel, or indeed any other sporting dog, is to be a good *finder*. On that ground-work must alone depend the subsequent superstructure of a perfect spaniel. I have witnessed hundreds of dogs (of all breeds) who will beat through the thickest places—nay almost tear their hides off in search of game; but I have as often seen these very animals (will it be believed?) hunt for half a season without actually *finding* a head of game. A friend of mine last year possessed one of this description. He was as *handsome* as a *picture*—long ears, silky coat, short legged, well feathered, *real King Charles*, as he said. He brought it nearly three hundred miles, and gave an "out-and-out" price for this same splendid dog. I certainly admired him, but yet methought there was a want of sagacity about his countenance. We fixed a day, broke our fast by candle-light, which I always do in the season; the morning was fine; the dog hunted like a Trojan, and some cocks were killed; but about twelve came on that drizzling rain which we know too well who live in Wales, and our friend had seated himself under a furze bush for shelter, and nothing but actual force could remove him from his snug retreat. He seemed to say, "So, you call this pleasure?" I subsequently shot to him the whole

of the season, and never did I actually see him *find* but three cocks, although on fine mornings he would almost tear himself to pieces in the bushes. Others have I seen denominated the real Welsh red and white spaniel, hopping on three legs, mangy, and half-starved, never apparently looking for game, yet would be sure to move a cock if one laid within a reasonable distance. I do not think it depends so much on the breed of spaniels, as their breaking—setting out with the proviso of their possessing good noses. Doubtless the Norfolk, the Sussex, and various other breeds, are equally good, if properly broken. I should only prefer for cock-shooting those that had short ears (even small), strong, and hardy. I know many who would say that short-eared spaniels are not well-bred, and are not generally admired; perhaps both may be true: I only speak from experience: it has not fallen to my lot to observe a persevering and hardy (in all weather) spaniel with long ears. Will any of your correspondents tell me of half a dozen really good spaniels belonging to one individual. I have never seen more than three (or a couple and a half *Angliæ*), that is to say, one man's property, that, unbroken thoroughly from chasing hare, will hunt within a few yards of you, and come to time five times a week, and can actually hunt up to a cock in the same way that a beagle does a hare before she goes to form.

I believe such are rarely to be met with. The greatest and most common fault of spaniels is their fondness for other game, and particularly hares, the chasing of which is the very devil for sport.

From the time I set out cock shooting until I return, I never wish to find any other game, unless snipes, which are nearly the same kind of scent, and you either kill them immediately, which is not the easiest thing to do in covert, or else they give you no farther trouble. In some coverts we are obliged to shoot with very wild spaniels; and I think more shots may be obtained from dogs who hunt far from you, so that they will not chase, than many people at first imagine, although I do not generally recommend it. But with a good marker placed in a situation that can command the whole side of the dingle, a quick shot and a good dog may do wonders.

Many spaniels, and particularly large ones, have a sad *penchant* for the little mountain sheep, which in size do not much exceed a hare. A gentleman asked me one morning to go out with him, not so much for the sport, but to see the perfection of his dogs. A kind of rough Welsh keeper was sent on to meet us with these said spaniels in couples, that had just come from the lower part of Pembrokeshire. I heard the cry of "ware hare" vociferated with stentorian lungs, and four out of the five were in full cry on what I expected, with cocked gun, to be a hare, when catching a sight of these *perfect* dogs, one of them was hanging on an old mountain wether. It was then my turn to cry out, but before I could possibly make way to them it was who-whoop with poor baa-lamb, and five shillings were lugged out to stop the mouth of the farmer, who kept sight of us until another fox was found, when I turned tail and

went home: but never did I shoot again in that dingle without strong symptoms of suspicion and sundry exclamations in Welsh, of which happily I knew nothing.

Trusting that some of your abler correspondents will give me a wrinkle or two relative to the English breed of spaniels, I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,
A. H.

BY-GONE SCENES; OR, DAYS OF HOG HUNTING.—No. VI.

SIR,
THERE were few persons—probably none—who entered on the sports of the field with the magnificence of Hospitius. Everything that could conduce to the comfort of his guests—all the luxuries proverbially of the East which could excite the appetite or gratify the senses, were to be found among his splendid train; and among the last I could not pass over without some observations the set of Nautch girls who so often enlivened the long evenings of our Indian days. To the admirers of female beauty—and who are not?—some of these girls would offer every attraction. It will, I believe, be readily conceded, that the perfection of creation is personified in woman; for surely do all created things sink into insignificance when contrasted with feminine loveliness, with the perfect forms, the small delicate hands, and beautifully proportioned feet—the expressive eyebrow, and deep downcast eye, (often of that cerulean hue and mild expressiveness that we might fancy such was an emanation from Heaven,)—with the pensive forehead, and sweet soft voice (remarkably so) of the bewitching girls, who, in all their smiling innocence and unsuspecting confidence, are brought down from their mountain homes—from the borders of Cachmere and Cabal

—and by their ruthless parents, in whom the lust of gain hath smothered all the natural affections, and whom avarice hath so dreadfully demoralised, that they coldly and carelessly suffer the daughter of their early affections to be pulled forth from a bevy of trembling and alarmed young girls all clinging together, with their dark eyes averted from the unhallowed gaze of the unfeeling merchants in female loveliness, and to barter, even to the uttermost farthing, for the poor child, who in wonderment and with imploring looks gazes on the strange distorted features of her father, when, seizing both her little hands together, he places them within the merchant's grasp, and testifies by that act the condemnation of his child to slavery, and to the caprice of the stranger. Horrible, indeed, it is that such barbarities are admissible in any country, and these too practised where Nature hath so luxuriated in all her fancy—where are the most perfect models of the human form—where the high mountain and the lovely vale—(who has not heard of the Vale of Cachmere?)—the sweeping river and frothy torrent, dashing clear and chrystallised over fantastic rocks—where the citron and orange perfume the air—where the lotus, the emblem of the Eastern Cam-

deo, or god of love, droopeth its blushing head on every stream, and the bulbul warbles the live-long night in every fragrant grove: it bringeth to recollection the lines of our great Poet, as applied to another country yet lovely in decay:—

“Strange that where all was peace beside,
There passion riots in her pride,
And lust and rapine wildly deign
To darken o’er the fair domain.”

BYRON.

Snatched from the parental roof—snatched from the beautiful scenes of their early recollections—sold to the taskmaster—the daughters of the loveliest countries and climates in the world are carried down to the sultry confinement and seclusion of the harems of Lucknow and Delhi, or are disposed of in the splendid mansions raised by industry, but more from pride and ostentation, by some of our wealthy countrymen upon the flat and marshy banks of the sluggish Hoogly.

These poor Bayedéres, or Nautch girls, are taught a sort of plaintive song, and to move in harmony to the sound of the lyre, an instrument much in use at all Eastern entertainments, and where, with their national airs, the Nautch girls often succeed in whiling away many a wretched hour of the exile from his island home. But, oh! how different are our feelings! We behold them beautiful, perfect in shape, kind, and full of love; yet we, at least very many, long to enjoy the society of our own modest, sensible, and quiet countrywomen. Beauty fleets, love decays, but sense endures. To our ideas women are associated with and sympathise in all our actions

and sentiments: in their singleness and devotedness of love they more than repay us for all the ungrateful friends we may lose: possessing often high capacities, endowed with exquisite delicacy of feeling, they elicit from us not only natural adoration, but they obtain our fullest friendship; they are, above all, the cherished and beloved companions of our lives. But among the degraded Asiatics, where the female character, however adorned by beauty or by talent, has been held for ages in contempt, it is in vain to search for that reciprocation and high tone of understanding fitted to make them the mates of the lords of the creation. Education and sad example have taught them to be their slaves—(but even in those countries where the sex has been so degraded, some few noble characters have asserted their just claims, and have ruled the sceptre of a turbulent people with the hand of genius—allow me to recommend the perusal of the story of Allyha Bhye, in Sir J. Malcolm’s instructive *History of Central India*)—and higher they look not.

Thus it is that those who anticipate from their singularly perfect formation, from the fire of their eye, and from the classic shape of their features and hands, some vivid sparks of wit and intelligence, are sadly disappointed to find that their whole delight consists in the richness of their apparel, in the languid pleasures of a swing, or in the gratification of other equally enervating propensities. The dress of the up-country girls is peculiarly graceful: their loose flowing robes, which cover, but scarcely conceal, their charms, flutter in unison

with all their motions; and the rich bangles upon their delicate wrists and well-turned ancles jingle with the truest precision to the music of their measured dance. In singing, their voices, usually of a most melancholy softness, are raised to a high scream that sounds ungrateful to the European ear, but which in the East is considered perfection, where, strange to say, our superiority is admitted in arts as well as in arms, but not in song. The poetry of Hafiz,

the thousand love tales of the bulbul, or nightingale, and the flowery fictions of the East, filled up very agreeably many a long evening; the Persian Kalyan, a small hooka, lent its soothing aid; and the aromatic odours of Toolsee threw a languor over the guests, who, reclined upon ottomans, and spell-bound for the time, thought not of their native home, and of their happier and more intellectual clime.

JAVELIN.

FRAGMENTS CONCERNING A RAAL OULD IRISH SQUIRE.

SIR,

Kilmainham*, near Dublin, March 7, 1832.

AT the Ould Coort (Court) House (as it was familiarly called by the natives) of Lisnamona, in one of the finest counties of the fertile province of Munster, there dwelt, some score or more of by-gone years, Dominick Flaherty, Esq., whose greatest boast, among many, was that he was the only lineal descendant of the great Flahertagh, Rory More (I believe), and, by consanguinity, I know not how many more saffron-robed worthies, in whom Erin rejoiced "when she was in troth a land of Princes." At the period when, in the course of my campaigns in that most uproarious part of this pugnacious Island, I became acquainted with "dis bit of steel to de back bone, dis jewel of an Ould Irish Squire, dis raal ould crack o'de whip," as he was familiarly termed by the boys, i. e. the peasantry of his immediate vicinity, he was past his 70th year. His life, though a long, had not been a very che-

quered one; but the career of an Irish Gentleman of those days, especially his younger ones, could not be altogether devoid of adventure, though there was no great variety, and the Ould Squire had not been very dissimilar to most of his contemporaries, few of whom, however, were then (as the Munster proverb has it) "to the fore." In short he was one of the last survivors of a rare race of men who have now totally disappeared even from the remotest parts of green Ireland.

Mr. Flaherty had received a truly so-and-so education, but had very vivacious parts, a little polished by a short residence abroad: had thence gone early into the army, where he had fought (according to the usage of the times), and killed not only his man, but nearly three at once, as he used to narrate with somewhat of eccentric emphasis and whimsical melancholy. He then ran away with (from a fire-eating

* The English reader is informed that the Royal Hospital at Kilmainham is, the same as Chelsea, for old soldiers.

rival) and married the girl of his choice, and, on the death of the *ould Milesian*, retired to the *ould Coort House*, where he hunted, shot, fished, farmed (it was so termed *there*), drank, danced, and begat sons and daughters like a Patriarch. Whether this self-boasted remnant of a by-gone race had the organ of philoprogenitiveness powerfully developed or not, being no phrenologist (indeed in those days never having heard of that science, or seen the *Ould Squire* without his wig), I cannot even conjecture: but a Patriarch he *was* in practice, as, besides a large family by the wife of his bosom, those by his handmaids and others of his people* would have disgraced no quondam Israelite on record. Many of these last served him as domestics and in other occupations, for he acted conscientiously, taking (I suppose) for his example those wonderful men of remotest antiquity; and to the *very last* he piously obeyed the mandate to increase and multiply.

The duty which called me into Munster was to keep the rival factions of Caravats and Shanevists† from breaking one another's heads, and cutting off those of other people—burning houses, after the Tipperary fashion, with the inmates inside them—robbing the mails, &c.; and, in the course of this service, I found myself placed in very disagreeable quarters within a short distance of the *ould mansion of Lisnamona*.

The proverbial hospitality of the country is always more than proffered, for it is extended to a military man; and I had not

time to cater for my first dinner ere the *Ould Squire* in person walked into my miserable room. "This is no place for the like of *yu*, Captain: git yure horse, and bring yure things to Lisnamona. By J—— (a gun caught his eye), *yu'r* a sportsman are *yu*?"—I bowed.—"Och then, *yu'r* doubly welcome to me and mine."—I declined staying all night on account of my duty; and we set off to the *ould ancient Coort House*.

Mr. Flaherty was a short stout man, wearing a powdered wig with two tier of coachman's curls appearing from below a hunting cap (for he had just returned from that amusement, and had no time for ceremony), around which was tied a white handkerchief, with a large bow in front, to be in readiness (as I afterwards learnt) to defend his neck in case of rain. To this wig was appended a natty pig-tail, which, from a habit he had of inclining his head a little on one side, always got between his coat collar and his neck, and stuck (ludicrously enough) out under his left ear. The countenance was that of a hardy, hearty, hard-drinking country gentleman, the cheeks being streaked with red veins like a winter apple, but there was no appearance of a sot. His eye was small, volatile, keen, and expressive. He wore a long grey frock coat, evidently nailed together by the household snip, and a pair of leather breeches which he *boasted* had never been cleaned since he first put them on. His nether legs were cased in a pair of black boots without tops, similar to a heavy dragoon's, though

* This term is common to the Jews and Irish: "Our Peoplesh," Pierce Egan acquaints us with; and the poorest Irishman must be buried among his people. †

† Caravats, men with the cravat—Shanevists, men with the waistcoat.

reaching only to the knee; and these were garnished with a pair of solid silver spurs, which *Goldfinch* himself might have envied*.

The mare which this ould Nimrod bestrode was a counterpart to himself—low, muscular, flinty, and flippant—with an eye indicating plenty of pluck, though she *shewed* little of what is commonly termed blood.

As this is a mere string of fragments, I have no time to dilate; so we reached Lisnamona, of which suffice it to say, that in point of architecture it resembled exactly two large tea-canisters stuck together by the interposition of a smaller one, which served for hall, staircase, &c.; but it was a large, commodious, indifferently well-furnished, not over-nicely kept mansion, *abounding* in meat and drink. It harmonized, however, from age well enough with its old avenues, and the scenery around, a country rich in corn and grass, and inclosed with such double ditches and stone walls as are to be found nowhere else, or to be surmounted by any other horses than the native ones on earth. The distance was terminated by the splendid Shannon and blue Galtees mountains, and formed altogether a prospect wide and delightful.

We rode into a stable yard close to the house, and as I dismounted I found, by their charming, that the Squire kept harriers—bagles (beagles) he called them. A rough-looking lad took my horse, and I was following in to see that he was properly fastened, when the Ould Squire prevented me. "I have a breed of these

vagabones about me," he said; "and though they're a little in the rough, sure enough, divil a groom on the Curragh can take bitter care of a harse. So make yure mind asy, Captain, and come in to yure dinner." This was said with perfect *nonchalance*, and I was often not a little amused with it afterwards, when I discovered that he had a *breed* of them about him with a vengeance, as every mother's son of them had (if they were not actually so) as good a chance of being his as the fathers that *owned* them.

We were met on the steps by *several* of his sons of all grades and sizes, and ushered into a large drawing-room by a pursy gouty ould butler, who in a great measure verified the adage of "like master like man." His wig was an imitation or a cast-off one of the Ould Squire's, the pig-tail sticking out under the left ear with ridiculous verisimilitude, the cast of his countenance denoting the faithful and favorite retainer, a most quaint eye, a ludicrously thirsty expression of mouth, particularly about the corners: his shuffle and swathed ancles evidently denoted that he was well acquainted with the heel taps of bottles, and that he lived in a house of cheer. Indeed, all in and about bore the appearance of rough plenty—the yard swarmed with poultry and Chinese pigs, and I particularly noted a formidably looking bottle rack, which was chock full. In this drawing-room (which was well though old-fashionedly furnished) the Ould Squire introduced me to his "womankind"—these were

* *Tom Goldfinch*—"Not a Gentleman? d—me! look at my spurs!"

his two daughters: the youngest one, whom he called Liddy (Lydia), was one of the finest creatures I ever yet saw. The Squire, who had left us, now reappeared, bedecked in silk stockings and actually dancing pumps—these he always sported, being a very tiger to dance even yet, as I afterwards saw; he would dance a whole night through, and always took special care to get hold of the prettiest girls in the room. He was such a wonderful gay hero for his time, that he was a universal favorite.

Dinner was now announced. I have not room, in a fragment, to say more, than that it was plain, *good*, but plentiful to extremity. Behind the Ould Squire's chair there was posted a fellow with a grin like a satyr, and a nose which in a hot day it was absolutely painful to look at: talk of "fiery red," there never was any red in this habitable globe but its own that could come near it. He was attired in a long green coat with a hare on the buttons, *red* waistcoat, *clean* leathers, shoes, &c. I soon perceived that this uncouth attendant was severely crippled. He made a shift to wait, however, and a disagreeable one it was to one unused to him. I saw he was the *huntshman*, and was informed by the youngest son, (an awkward hobbledohoy, or as they term it there, a "kiowlawn,") with a most edifying brogue, that he was a great favorite of the Ould Squire, and that though he had almost every bone broken with desperate falls, he was still the *bouldest* horseman in all Ireland. The room was very plainly furnished, but it was large and comfortable. A tremendous sideboard, garnished with lemons, and loaded

with all sorts of drinking apparatus, under which were crowded wine coopers of all sizes and descriptions, full and empty, denoted that this was a place, if ever there was one, where Bacchus might sing, "Hold, or I die!"

Alas! that my limits will not allow me to describe St. Patrick's day and the Patrick's pot!—Powers of Drunkenness, I must have invoked you—but I will proceed. Little wine was drunk at dinner, and the ladies soon left us. The Squire whispered something in the ould butler's ear, which caused him to regard me with a most ludicrously searching look, as if he was scanning my capability to stand the severity of the on-coming symposium: out he shuffled, and presently returned, grunting and floundering under the weight of a dozen-bottle cooper, the contents of which proved to be the choicest claret. At it we went, father and sons, and (as was only befitting) saw no more of the ladies that night.

These *excellent* people treated me from first to last like a son and brother. Luckily Miss Liddy was pre-engaged, or I should have been desperate: as it was, I spent more than a twelvemonth among them—some of the happiest days of my life.

The Ould Squire's harriers—or *bagles* as he called them—were like the rest of his establishment (with the exception of his beautiful daughter), more useful than ornamental. They packed well together, and carried a good head; but they were of all sorts and sizes. His dog language (for the huntsman was more properly whip) was the most extraordinary I ever heard, and generally much

too *rich* for your miscellany. One particular I can relate: Whenever on a trail two or three staunch hounds denoted to the "Ould Crack" that they were near the game, he used to sing out, "Go to her, my babbies, the little red bitch; now let every man rason (rosin) his bow." This he accompanied with suitable action: playing on his bridle with his fingers like a fiddler, and drawing his whip bow fashion across his elbow, humming the while a stave of the "Kilruddery Hunt," the inimitable absurdity of his look and manner beggars description.

He was a capital snipe shot, too, and his eccentricity failed him not there: he shot in reflecting glasses, having had an eye turned in his head by a pike wound in the storming of Vinegar Hill. Whenever a fair shot rose, his "By Dad, I'll have yu on a bit of toast," or "Come here, my tight fillow, yu must sup with me to-night"—both of which were certain death warrants—must have been heard to be duly appreciated. In short,

"I ne'er shall look upon his like again."

In ordinary life and in the house he was one of the kindest of beings, absolutely spoiling *all* his children; but a stranger seeing him in the field would have taken him for the greatest brute alive. *All* his sons attended him but the eldest, who was a cripple from a fall, occasioned, as the Ould Squire thought, by his own awkwardness—a thing (being himself one of the very best horsemen I ever saw) he could not pardon. When this occurred, as his son and heir lay senseless in one of the gripes of a yawning

double ditch, he coolly rode over him, exclaiming, "The divil take yure awkward bones, shawn bwee," (yellow Jack,)—he had fair hair: "yu'll brake yure nick yit." On another occasion he forced his youngest son into a swollen river, where he was all but drowned; and as his galloway's feet went from under him off a rock, he roared out, "Bad luck to yu, Ulic, ye bos-toon, do yu nat know the foord?" (ford). This boy was the very apple of his eye.

The *huntshman* Tim, whom I have already mentioned, had always to be helped into the saddle; but when he once was there, and his "morning" (a stiff glass of whiskey, which the Squire administered in person) tucked into him, he was, "by the powers, a disperate fillow all out intirely." He seemed to be out for no other purpose than spanking a one-eyed cock-tailed *chisnut* mare (more like a deer than a horse) over every break-neck thing that could come in his way, to the interminable delight and approbation of the Ould Squire and his sons.

Another worthy, frequently out, was Jack Mara, the groom and *coul*t breaker. The Ould Squire bred his own horses, and Jack was celebrated even among that desperate set of centaurs, the Irish horsebreakers. On one occasion the *bagles* found a fox, and ran in to him on the banks of the Shannon, in an orchard which a gentleman had been newly making, around which a stiff stone wall, upwards of six feet high, had been erected: over this wall, after a sharp run, Jack rode a young mare, got by Kildare; and though such hops are not miracles in

Munster, it caused some talk among the sporting gentry, one of whom happened to meet Jack a few days after. "The top of the marning to yure Honor!"—"Well, Jack, how is all at Lisnamona? that was a raal skelp you had on Monday: is it true that you rode the Kildare mare over Harry Cahill's garden wall?" "Is it true?" cried Jack; "is there water in the Shannon! and the divil a word of lie in that."—"But tell me, Jack, now in arnest—was it as high as they spake about?"—"By Jazus," roared Jack, "an is it yure Honor's silf that's after axing that ar of me? Blud and nouns, wasn't it a wall for nailing paches (peaches) against?"

Of all beings that ever lived Mr. Flaherty was the most forgetful. If ever man should have emigrated to Laputa, it was he. It would take a volume to record his obliviscences—a few fragments must suffice.

He *mortally* hated reading or writing; but being, like most of his neighbours, a *little in law*, or as they call it there expressively "*Clamber*," he had once a letter to write by a certain day which could not be dispensed with. This grievous evil he put off until he was too late for the post, and sweet Lidthy, who could best manage him on such occasions, had to sit down by him until he performed the feat. As the mail passed his gate, he went down to give it to the guard, but he could not make them hear him, so he mounted his mare and set off after the coach. This he caught after about sixteen Irish miles hard riding, and as soon as he saw it, he commenced, "Hollo! hoy! stap the mail—stap the mail

—here—here—here, guard my boy, here's half-a-crown for yu—put the litter in to the twopinny post in Dublin, or nivir luk me in the face agin."—"My sarvice to your Honor," bowed the guard, fobbing the coin: "but the litter if you plase." The "Ould Crack" meanwhile had been rummaging his pockets. "The litter, the litter?—eh! eh! eh!—Och, by Jabus, I'm the most infortunate man that ivir drew the brith of life—I'm the inluckiest *villian* that God yit let live—the litter! Divil burn it, I must have lift it on the chimney piece!"

I have before mentioned the excellence of his claret. This he *always* bottled himself. While once so employed, a Nobleman, from whom he expected something for one of his sons, called, and he waited on him as soon as he could, having previously (as he thought) secured all matters. The visit did not last long, and Dominick returned to his task. I think I yet hear the war-whoop he gave vent to when he opened the cellar door, and which brought every soul in the house to witness the extremity of his wretchedness. He had only forgot *one* thing, but that was to turn back the cock, which was running out of the hogshead into a smaller vessel, and he opened the door just in time to see it dropping the dregs of the fragrant and costly liquor which was fast subsiding in the earthen floor.

Having at another time determined on a large dinner party, Lidthy (who had been as well educated as Dublin would allow, and who wrote a fine hand) made out the invites, and was about to despatch them; but the Ould Squire was going into a fair at

the market town, and would put them in the post. Liddy was aghast at this determination, but the "ould 'un" was sometimes positive. "How could he forgit when he had litters besides to put in?" To have reminded him of the mail coach adventure was more than even his fair daughter dare do, so the notes were put in one pocket, the letters in another. When he came home he was questioned "Had he been to the post?"—"Yes."—"And put in the notes?"—"Certainly—litters, notes, and all." The day and dinner-hour arrived, and the Ould Squire, in his best wig and pumps, fidgetting about, when five came, and no guests—six came: the ladies were in horror—up rose Liddy, and going to the Squire's room returned with the notes which lay *in statu quo* in the pocket they had been put into. He *had* put in the letters, and imagined he had done the same with the notes.

He had a good many anecdotes, amusing enough when he did not run the one into the other. The one of his treble duel "*that had nearly been,*" I shall give in his own words, as it is an absolute fact, and highly illustrative of the country and times in which it happened.

"Feth (faith), Sir, I was a jolly young Cornet in His present Majestee's (then Prince of Wales), God bless him, fincible cavalry, and quartered at Kilkenny. It happened, Sir, that I had bin, and alone, at the thaatre (theatre), and returning to the barracks, I lucked (looked) in at the Hole in the Wall—it was a tavern, Sir, noted in those days for mutton kidneys and raspberry whisky punch. I was taking my tumber (tumbler) when Lard——, Colo-

nel——, and Captain——, interred—all officers in the Kilkenny militia. Feth, Sir, I percaved they were flustered, and quarrels were plinty as swords thin. So I only bowed; on which his Lardship asked me if I was too drunk to spake? I wished to take this in jist, but he repated it, and gitting angry I tould him, though he had the title of a Lard, he wanted the manners of a jintleman. On this they all three threw their glasses (they had got a battle of claret) at me, and I rose and struck his Lardship with my sheathed sword, and desired the other two to concave themselves struck as well, and lift the room. The nixt morning we ware out yu may be sartain, but I had the advantage though they were three to one, being sober, which they were not. The first man who tuk his ground was the Colonel: he fell at the first fire; nimir stirred hand or feet. The Captain was the nixt. I hit him in the right hip, and he is, as you know, lame for life. Though my blood was up, I could not help feeling a *little sarious* now, but what cud a man do, and his second handing him the thirl pistol without a word? His Lardship nimir tuk his ground, but coming up to me, said enough blood had been shed, and that he begged my pardon. I thought so to, but my blood was up, and I thought him a mane (mean) fillow at the time; but I have since percaved I was in the wrong. It was the fashion of those days, howivir, and no man knew whin it might be his own chance."

One *concerning* Irish posting the Ould Squire used to narrate with great glee, as imparted to him by a Baronet of his acquaint-

ance. This Gentleman was going from Dublin to the late Lord Clare's, at Mount Shannon, near Limerick. It was the time of the general Assizes, and there was a great run on the road. At Nenagh, a town about eighteen miles from Limerick, he was detained, and at last furnished with a pair of horses that could but just crawl, and who could get no farther than Kilmestullagh, a miserably thatched road-side house, eight miles short of his destination, where some posters were kept; but they were all out. A greater sink of iniquity never yawned upon an ill-fated traveller than this same Kilmestullagh (as I once bitterly experienced), and the Baronet, an out-and-out *bon vivant*, yearned in his very bowels as he contrasted the sordid solitary frouzy dog-hole with the splendid cheer and company which he was only eight miles short of, but apparently cut off from. His distress was so great that it went to the heart of his late driver, who, having fed his garrons, "tould him that there was one thing he cud do far his Honor—his harses had ate der oats, an he wud walk his Honor on a mile to Bird Hill, where they kipt a chai; may be it might not be to the fore, but any ways the plough harses would be in it, and his Honor should have his chai." To Bird Hill they got; the post horses were out, but the chai was in it; "and sure the plough harses would be got in no time at all: sure they wudn't lave his Honor on de road, and him going to the Lard Chancellor's, far whom they were bound to live or die jist as he plased." At last the Baronet was *nailed* into the chai; he *was* literally so, for

there was no handle to the dour (door), and it was fastened by a tinpinny nail driven into a sort of hasp by a stone. There was much difficulty to start the horses; at last off they went like shot. It was quite dark, and the Baronet found that the chai was lurching at every five yards from one side of the broad road to the other. Still they went a "hell of a bat," the driver shouting, "success to you, Billy, my darlant—whoop whey, ye ould bald bitch," while his whip never ceased a moment. The Baronet thought him drunk, but they were getting on gallantly; and leaving the horrors of Kilmestullagh, they reached the gate of Mount Shannon in quick time. *Luckily* it was open, and they swept through it like wind, the wheel just grazing the stone pier. Up the avenue they flew, and came in sight of the house, when the driver flung himself from the bar, and getting to the horses' heads, stopped them. While the Baronet was in vain endeavoring to knock out the tinpinny nail, Pat thus addressed one of his cattle—"An by de piper dat played afore Moses, I'll nivir forgit this to ye's, Billy my jewel; och Billy, agrah, you are de boy."—"D—n you, you scoundrel," roared the Baronet, "come and let me out of this cursed tub, and don't stand talking to that rip."—"Rip, rip!" rejoined Pat, in deep indignation; "the divil a drap of rip's blood about him, and that your Honor's silf wud say if ye knew but all—is it Billy a rip? blood and oundsh, isn't he de coult, and sorrow a ha'p'orth ivir he was axed to do bad, gud, or indifferint, till we cudn't lave yure Honor on de road, an you going to de

Lard Chancellor's! divil sweep the bridle on any kind at all at all he'd even luk at; and haven't I rowled yure Honor here wid noting, barring de whip and de ould bald mare"

Being ordered to the Peninsula, I took a sorrowful leave of my ever regretted friends at Lisnamona. After a few years "I escaped from the slaughter," and returned to Ireland. I was not long inquiring after "the ould haro" (hero) and his family. He

was dead from a fall hunting; his sons had quarrelled about the property, and the "ould Coort House" was shut up and going to ruin. Sweet Lidthy (the only cheering intelligence) was married to her heart's content. In short, there was not a fragment left to have reminded me of my old hospitable entertainer—the "raal ould Irish Squire."

I am, Sir, &c.

AN OULD DRAGOON.

HOITT—SOMERVILE'S HUNTSMAN.

"No more, when the hounds are unkennell'd at morn,
Shall we hear the loud blast from his shrill sounding horn;
No more hear the halloo the old sportsman gave—
For green grows the sod on poor Tallyho's grave!"

"For see ye yon mound, where the moonbeams now play,
Where the wild flowers grow, and the moss looks so gay,
Where the sad weeping willow the foliage doth wave:—
'Neath those wild flowers and moss is poor Tallyho's grave!"

SIR,

AS you have inserted in your valuable Miscellany a short and hasty Memoir of the Poet Somervile, I am emboldened to hope the humbler record of his faithful Huntsman (to whom your entertaining Correspondent GILBERT FORESTER has only slightly alluded) will not be unacceptable. There is a liberality in the mind of a man who passes much of his life amidst the glorious scenes of Nature and the exhilarating pursuits of the field, which inclines it to feel an interest in all, however lowly their estate, whose lives have been similarly employed; and if, *not* the greatness of the part assigned to you on life's stage, but to act *well* that part, deserve approbation, then does poor John Hoitt,

who has long made his exit from this fretful scene, and gone to that land from which neither huntsman nor hounds were ever known to return, right well deserve a chronicler. Be mine, then, the task to rescue from oblivion the memory of one over whose humble remains is seen

"No storied urn, or animated bust."

John Hoitt was born at Henley-on-Arden, of humble parents, and shewed even as an infant that decided turn for the field and its appliances which most children evince for some pursuit or other, and in which (if they were indulged) they might become great. *Buonaparte* was a warrior from his cradle; and at school, whilst cricket and marbles

formed the amusements of his companions, devoted every leisure moment he had to the study of that art in which he afterwards attained a higher eminence than any hero of modern times. *Handel* was born a musician; *Fuseli* a painter; and although violently opposed by his parents in choosing a profession which demands the sacrifice of every social pleasure of life, and which, of all others, is the most difficult to excel in, he chose it. It was his passion, his gift—and he made himself a name. I question, however, whether the whole world would have trembled at the name of Napoleon, or been enchanted at that of Handel, had the former been a village apothecary, or the latter a hair-dresser. But John Hoitt's genius was not checked in its birth; for it was noticed by Somerville, who, admiring the varmint taste of the youngster, elected him one of his household, where he figured first of all (for every one must have a beginning) as a sort of fac-totum, cleaned boots and knives, rubbed down horses, fed the pigs, did the maid's dirty work, and bore the blame of everything. At the same time he was instructed by his master in all the mysteries of the chase—the walk, the find, the double, the cast, and kill, the management of the kennel, and, in fact, everything necessary to complete the education of a sportsman. Here he lived, through youth and manhood, under the best of masters; and left not till he had followed, with a sorrowing heart and tearful eye, that lamented master to an early grave.

In the "short and simple annals of the poor" there is little to

relate. Hoitt, on the death of Somerville, was of course obliged to seek another situation, in which, I doubt not, he performed his duties faithfully; but the closing and most brilliant scene of his life—his last day's hunting—is all that remains for the pen of the historian to transmit to after-ages. In 1804, at the advanced age of 77, Hoitt, like an expiring lamp, which throws up one bright spark ere it is dimmed for ever, expressed a longing wish once more, and for the last time, to head a pack of hounds; and to revive for a few hours the glory of departed times. This desire, evincing so strongly the "ruling passion," his master determined to gratify, exclaiming with Jove—

"Yet live, I give thee one illustrious day,
"One blaze of glory ere thou fad'st away;"

and that nothing might be wanting to complete the happiness of the old man, permission was asked, and most kindly and cheerfully given by Sir Edward Smith, lord of the manor of Wooton Wawen, to hunt as near as possible to the ancient house of Edstone, the residence of Hoitt's revered and regretted benefactor. Through the kind exertions of the Vicar of Wooton, and some other gentlemen, who all felt eager to contribute to the happiness of the veteran, a dinner was fixed on, to be given at the Bull's Head at Wooton; to which all the gentlemen and farmers for miles round were invited. The hounds kept in the neighbourhood of Warwick were engaged for the purpose; and the tenth of February was the day destined to witness John Hoitt's glory.

At ten o'clock precisely on that

morning the hounds met at the mansion of Sir Edward Smith, and were immediately delivered over to the management of the hero of the day. The muster was most brilliant, two hundred horsemen and as many foot having assembled; the bells from every neighbouring steeple rang joyfully, and the very heavens condescended to shed their brightest beams in honour of the weather-beaten huntsman. Everything being ready, Hoitt, dressed in his old green plush coat (rather the worse for wear), black cap, couples suspended to his belt, and Somervile's old whip in his hand, mounted on a rough, but well-made pony, somewhere about fourteen and a half hands high, sounded his bugle, and thus addressed the company:—

“Gentlemen, I thank you all for thus gratifying my last wish in allowing me once more before I die to conduct the hounds myself. I am glad to see so many fine horses out. Gentlemen, look well to your nags, and I doubt not you'll ride them well; but don't ride too near, and *pray* don't hurry the dogs past the scent. Let them alone to do their work themselves. My little nag is rather rough, to be sure, but his wind is good, and he must not be despised. I'll take care to save the hare, and pick her up in the bargain.”

Away now went the cavalcade, commanded by the veteran with the spirit and judgment of his best day; and in the course of an hour, on a dry bank in a meadow facing the South, where the hounds had been for some time trailing, a hare was found, which after one view-halloo was fol-

lowed by horse and foot the distance of a mile, when a little check took place. At this, Hoitt was regularly up in his stirrups—his hounds had been too much pressed upon; he begged them all to stand still, and be as “silent as the grave itself;” and, casting back, he hit the scent to a lane, leaping the hedge to find where she had left the road. The hounds now went off at score, and after running two excellent and extensive rings, ran in to her in an hour and nine minutes. The old sportsman redeemed his pledge, by picking up the hare before any other horseman was up; and on delivering it to Sir Edward Smith, exclaimed, whilst his furrowed countenance beamed with the mingled feelings of gratitude and triumph, “Sir Edward, I thank God I have lived to see this day. Gentlemen, I thank you all for your attention and kindness to me. I shall never hunt again, but I shall now die happy. I never saw a better pack of dogs in my life.”

He then left the field, first pointing out the spot where another hare might be found; which was true enough, one being turned from her form, and killed after a run of five-and-thirty minutes without a check.

Whilst deliberating whether they should hunt any more, another puss was seen stealing off, which was killed at a distance of eight miles, after an hour and sixteen minutes of very fast running.

This finished the day's hunting, and the dinner (not the *least* important part of the business) commenced immediately after, to which fifty Gentlemen sat down. The viands were good and abun-

dant; and although wine was prohibited, there was plenty of the Englishman's beverage—good ale, with lots of rosy punch. After dinner, Hoitt was called upon for a toast, when he gave, "To the memory of my old master, Somervile; and may you all, Gentlemen, enjoy hunting as much as he did, and *live* to enjoy it as long as I have: good health to you all, and God bless you for ever!" Many other varmint toasts were given, many a chaunt on the joys of hunting given in the loud and manly voices of its votaries, making up in expression what they might want in harmony. Reminiscences of "lang syne" were conjured up, and told for the hundredth time; and stories of white ghosts and black ghosts, and ghosts without heads, and all manner of ghosts, went round as quickly, and were swallowed with as much *goul* as the accompanying bumper of rum punch. In short, so captivating was the

re-union, that I question whether those jovial fellows would have separated till the next day, had not the village clock, sounding a very rakish hour of the night, or rather morning, reminded them there were such things as *wives* and *curtain lectures*.

Hoitt lived about six years after this, but the activity of mind and body was gone. It seemed as if, in taking leave of the field, which for so many years had been his occupation and delight, he had done with life; and he sank into that helpless state when the soul no longer exercises her functions, and its frail tenement *exists*, but cannot be said to *live*—that melancholy state which ends "this strange eventful history," and to which death is a relief. His epitaph, of which the subjoined is a copy, was written by the Vicar of Wooten Wawen, as a proof of the respect in which he was held by all who knew him, and is simple and elegant.

"Here lies the body of John Hoitt, of Henley-on-Arden, who died the 2d day of May 1812, aged 85 years. He was huntsman to Somervile, and others nearly 70 years; but his occupation in the field, where he eminently excelled, did not preclude his attention to other business, or prevent him bringing up a large family, by care and industry, with credit; the eldest of whom, *Thomas*, caused this stone to be erected to his memory, as a small token of his duty and affection.

"Here Hoitt, all his sport and labour past,
Joins his loved master, Somervile, at last!
Together wont the echoing fields to try,
Together now in silent dust they lie:
Tenant and Lord, when once we yield our breath,
Huntsman and Poet, are alike in death.
Life's motley drama calls for powers and men
Of different casts to fill her changeful scene;
But all the merit that we justly prize,
Not in the *part*, but in the *acting* lies.
And as the lyre, so may the huntsman's horn,
Fame's trumpet rival, and his name adorn."

BIOGRAPHILOS.

Cheese Wring, March 10, 1832.

INSTINCT—FROM THE “PERCY ANECDOTES.”

“Reason serves when press’d,
But honest instinct comes a volunteer.”

RETRIBUTION—THE SWAN AND THE DEER.—PART X. p. 71.

THAT man is very fond of lying,
Earth’s records prove there’s no denying ;
That man is also fond of fighting,
In sword and pistol takes delight in,
And if he has no sword, I whist,
Will take to cudgel or to fist,
Is also true—who will gainsay it ?
If so, I quickly will display it.
That bird and beast love fighting too,
As well as man, is also true :
But there’s this difference in the keeping,
They never lie—except when sleeping !
Ergo—they are more moral creatures,
Despite of our more worthy features.
But sometimes they e’en find a way to
Enact the two-legged cock of Plato,
Copy our passions—not our graces—
And condescend to what most base is :
But there’s this contrast i’ th’ declension,
They mock us in their condescension.

Once on a time there was a Swan,
A sort of duck-legged, feather’d man,
Who held a wide domain of water,
Was married to a neighbour’s daughter,
A lady of most high descent
Upon her native element.—
But Mr. Swan, ’tween me and you,
Was rather of a *parvenu*.
’Twas said his mother was a Goose,
Whom his late father did seduce,
Whose wife had to his great relief
Soon after died, ’twas said thro’ grief—
Otherwise she’d have gone of course
To Goose’s Commons for divorce !
After her death he went to roost
With the said Goose he had seduced.
Thenceforth all of the tribe of Swan
Thought him an honorable man ;
For bird, like man, has got his passion—
Of course I mean a bird of fashion !
And Swans are *Royal* birds, and so
They wive as Royal people do ;
That is, they ape the lordly tone,
And love all wives except their own !
This bird whom now my muse runs on
Was the effect of said *crim. con*.
A Goose his mother, somewhat tended
To make him rather low descended,

So to patch up his father's pairing,
 He was quite proud and overbearing,
 And domineer'd o'er all he could
 In a true *parvenuish* mood.
 Around his sovereignty of lake
 Were many a green wood, bower, and brake,
 And a large park, where all the year
 Fed antler'd stag and brousing deer.
 These deer offended Swan it seems,
 Because they drank his royal streams,
 Or perhaps presumed, when warm with basking,
 To bathe without permission asking,
 Insult so foul he swore he would
 Revenge the first true day he could :
 An opportunity he waited—
 It came at last, as here related.

One morn upon the level lawn
 Beside the lake he spied a fawn—
 A weak and trembling thing, scarce nursed—
 Come to the lake t' assuage its thirst :
 It drank—when Swan, intent on slaughter,
 Pull'd its frail body in the water,
 And with large wing and greater strength
 Drowned the poor harmless fawn at length.
 He never thought he'd murder done—
 What a kind heart had Mr. Swan !
 So man, that intellectual biped,
 His conscience frequently has wiped,
 And justified immoral deeds
 By "might is right when its succeeds."
 The herd was distant, but they saw
 'The action foul and breach of law ;
 And vow'd revenge, past all controlling,
 Whene'er they caught the rascal strolling :
 For villany, when once detected,
 Meets its reward ere least expected.

One day the Lake's most pompous Lord
 Stepp'd from the wave to walk abroad,
 Conceiving that his condescension
 And Royal mien must claim attention ;
 For pride being ever out of season,
 Imprisons common sense and reason.
 He strutted on, without one fear,
 Close to where broused the antler'd deer :
 They spied him—lo ! the signal's sounded,
 And in a circle Swan's surrounded.
 He, fearless, still thought with emotion
 'Twas but a tribute of devotion ;
 And thus lured on to his own fate,
 Repented only when too late.
 At signal sound of solemn foot,
 At Mr. Murderer Swan they but ;
 They toss him—gore him—high have thrown him—
 His Mother Goose would not have known him !

They tear him, trample on him, beat him,
 His vilest foes would not have eat him !
 Dead and despised, upon the lawn
 He lies a sacrifice to Fawn,
 A record to the feather'd race
 That roguery bears its own disgrace,
 As scorpion in its mailed sheath
 Bears her own instrument of death.

Thus may be learnt from Mr. Swan—
 Be learnt by bird, by beast, and man—
 That soon or late the tyrant feels
 The force of cruelty he deals :
 That he who wields a despot's sabre,
 Will make a *patriot* of his neighbour !

H. C. D.

Abbey Cottage.

THE BOY AND DOG—PART X. p. 69.

WHEN Horace said, "no pointed dart
 By him who had a guiltless heart,
 Nor Moorish bow, were needed,"
 He spoke a solemn truth, no doubt—
 For Virtue can do well without
 Much better than e'er he did.

For Innocence, like Truth's pure stream,
 Requires no aid of mortal theme,
 No mortal strength to charm her :
 Unsullied as the light of morn,
 From the first moment she was born,
 She wore celestial armour !

A little tale I will relate
 To prove the truth of what I state,
 How Innocence is equal
 In man and child—in strong and weak—
 In all who love her paths to seek :
Videlicet—the sequel.

One day a dog of furious nature,
 A quarrelling, growling, vicious creature,
 Thro' Bath in anger hurried ;
 All fled his brutal rage, forsooth,
 Not fancying much his polish tooth,
 Or wishing to be worried.

But there was one, a dauntless child,
 Who at the flying cowards smiled,
 And struck the tyrant stranger :
 Fierce growled the furious dog amazed,
 And turn'd upon the child, who gazed
 Unconscious of the danger.

His foaming jaws the savage shews,
Two horrid, shining, polished rows,
To tear him into pieces.
The child, unheedful of alarms,
Rush'd on and clasp'd him in his arms—
The monster's anger ceases!

He to the child's caress replies,
And round him playfully he flies,
Calm'd by the noble daring.
Thus Innocence protects the heart :
He wants nor bow nor pointed dart,
Who has a virtuous bearing.

H. C. D,

Abbey Cottage.

FRIENDSHIP IN ANIMALS.—PART X. p. 95.

OH boast not of the social ties
That bind mankind to one another !
Boast not that heart to heart replies—
'That each one holds within a brother !

Affection is a hallowed charm,
And of Divinity the token :
A holy chain 'tween earth and heaven—
Alas ! by man too often broken.

Pride, passion, selfishness, desire,
Disfigure all that's bright and fair,
'Till 'neath the level of the brute
Abased descends Creation's heir.

Yea, the untutor'd brute displays
Affection man might blush to see,
And copy, from their destined slaves,
True brotherhood and charity.

A horse of the old Norman breed,
Dark as the night, with flowing tail,
For many a year a warrior bore
Until his strength began to fail.

Once he had loved the battle-burst—
The banners on the wild winds sailing :
E'en now—'twas all he could—he neigh'd
'To hear the battle-trumpet wailing.

Yet, still amongst the warrior's stud
The noble patriarch fondly fed ;
But age so swiftly o'er him stole
He scarce could eat his daily bread.

Two younger steeds, on either side,
In pity to his failing sense,
Tended, as youth should tend on age,
With studied love and reverence.

And, blush thou image of High Heaven—
 Blush at the lesson given to thee!
 They chew'd his corn, that he might eat
 More easily and daintily.

Month after month his hay and corn
 They chew'd, and fed him with true love:
 Did man feed man, it would bring down
 The purest blessings from above.

Learn, child of clay! learn, whilst the hours
 In sunlight warm thy pilgrimage,
 There's nought so sweet in earthly bowers,
 As youth attendant upon age.

H. C. D.

Abbey Cottage.

A BRIEF SKETCH OF THE WRITINGS, WITH A MEMOIR
 OF THE LATE STRICKLAND FREEMAN, ESQ., OF FAW-
 LEY COURT, BERKS,

*Author of "Observations on the Mechanism and Natural Spring of the
 Horse's Foot," and "The Art of Horsemanship."*

By B. HART, Zoetrist and Surgeon.

"The evil that men do generally live after them;
 While the good is too often interred with their bones."

THE latter part of this quotation has never been more completely verified than in the character which forms the subject of this Memoir—a Gentleman so attached to the study of the horse, that hitherto as an author he stands unrivalled.

The annals of literature do not afford a more singular or striking circumstance than the fate of the excellent and valuable works of our two best, and I may very justly add, only original veterinary writers, on that very important organ, the horse's foot—STRICKLAND FREEMAN, Esq. the author of a splendid, masterly, and unequalled book, published in 1796—and that of a farrier and anatomist, Jeremiah Bridges,

a concise and truly original treatise, which appeared about 1752, a work for the period in which it came forth that must be memorable to common sense, when compared with the hypothetical dogmas and works on the foot of a Coleman or a Bracy Clark.

Unfortunately the writings of Mr. Freeman have been so little seen, read, or even heard of by the public or veterinarians, and that of Bridges still less, that certain persons have been so despicably mean as to attempt to palm opinions and notions derived from these writers, on the ignorant and unthinking, as their own—as *new discoveries*! And one of these characters had the effrontery to send forth a work

on the horse's foot, grounded (though very erroneously) on Mr. Freeman's beautifully accurate descriptions and delineations, and even also the baseness not long since to republish it—after admitting privately that the merit was due to Mr. F. for describing the elasticity of the horse's foot, and which he has doubtlessly done in a clear and perfect manner—all this without once reverting to his name, or to the work, evidently the chief source of a garbled *far-rago*: nay, even still more, the craft to import a semi-exotic *non-descript* to herald the claim, and, like the trumpeter in battle, to keep in the rear.

Fate seems to have decreed that veterinary science should retrograde; for no sooner does a glimmering ray appear, than the powerful influence of Avarice, which ever withholds the portion that Misery claims; Ambition, which aims to be highest; Envy, which can bear no superior; Selfishness, which knows no wants but its own; Jealousy, which apprehends affronts and injuries that were never intended; Anger, which refuseth to deliberate; and Pride, which owes no obligation—is instantly roused and employed to extinguish the latent rising flame. But, notwithstanding, let us yet hope, that as on the writings of men the grave is a severe and impartial critic; that what does not deserve notice will have no long celebrity; and that what has emanated from a powerful mind, with even the germ of truth for its principle, will never drop into oblivion: may the fleeting forms of error, therefore, vanish before the next generation, and wrong be ever confined to capricious taste!

No effort, I trust, however feeble, will be ultimately lost to the cause of truth and science, and that, "like bread cast on the waters," it will "be found after many days."

"The progress of truth is slow," says Helvetius, "and may be compared to a stone thrown into a lake: the waters separate at the point in contact, and produce a circle; that circle is surrounded by another, and that by others still larger, and so on, until they break against the shore, and become mingled with the general mass."

It is by these slow degrees that all new truths are propagated, because they must necessarily meet with considerable opposition from those whose interests would be likely to be injured, and from minds too narrow to admit of the adoption of any new truths.

The name of Strickland appears to have been given to our author in consequence of an intermarriage with the well-known family of Strickland, of Boynton in Yorkshire; and that he was born in March 1754, at Aston in Hertfordshire, where his father, John Freeman, Esq., then resided; and, after the usual school education, he was entered at the University of Oxford, and, having there furnished himself with a good stock of classic lore, for some years subsequently travelled on the Continent. In 1781 he married his cousin, Elizabeth, the eldest daughter of Sir George Strickland, Bart.; and at the death of his uncle Sambroke Freeman, Esq., in 1786, who died without issue, he succeeded to the entailed family mansion of Fawley Court and valuable estates

surrounding, and at the death of his father, in 1794, to the extensive domains of Chute in Wiltshire.

Sambroke and John Freeman were descendants from a daughter of Sir Jeremy Sambroke, Bart., of Gubbins in Hertfordshire; and, in 1751, John married Elizabeth, the only daughter of Sir William Strickland, Bart. of Boynton in Yorkshire, who gave birth to Strickland, the subject of this memoir, and four daughters, the last surviving of whom died about a year since, leaving the bulk of her ample fortune, to the amount of 30,000*l.*, to the Deaf and Dumb and Indigent Blind Charities—thus nobly proving that the true spirit of philanthropy pervaded the family to the last.

Mr. Freeman was rather below the middle size in stature—light and active in figure, with manners polite and elegant, and a quick, intelligent, and comprehensive mind. In youth he was a keen sportsman with the gun as well as hounds—a bold and expert horseman. But a severe injury at the back of the head from a bench in the riding house, by a restive horse falling backwards with him, ever afterwards incapacitated him from using the gun, and also precluded him for several years from his darling exercise. But for this accident, possibly the able work on the Foot might never have appeared—as we are informed in the preface it was through this he became acquainted with the late Mr. John Hunter, and subsequently Sir Everard Home and Mr. Clift, who, he acknowledges, rendered him very important assistance.

As an author, the labours of

Mr. F. were not confined to the horse; for, independently of the two splendid quarto volumes, (that *on the Foot*, published in 1796, which so admirably explains the *mechanism* and the *natural spring*, and, as far as I have been able to trace, the *only* work that has ever given a true and clear description—and the other on *Horsemanship* in 1806, a book of principles of the art,) he had commenced a series of illustrations of specimens of British plants, in folio, with elegant engravings, in which no expense, it appears, was spared; but which, though somewhat far advanced, he did not live to complete.

The following extracts from the work on the Foot will not only tend to prove what I have asserted, if attentively examined and minutely compared with the organ itself, and remove all doubts and mystery on this *supposed* complicated subject (to me beautifully clear); but instantly shew how the drivelling plagiarist has preyed on our worthy author's indefatigable labours, which I trust henceforth to be able to defend against further spoliations, and at some future day to make all crafty pretenders disgorge their ill-begotten, unenvied, ephemeral fame, for

“ I hate the man that builds his fame
On ruins of another's name.”

“ The hoof of a horse is in its nature similar to the nails of the human body, each proceeding from the cutis, or true skin. Where the true skin begins to produce it, the hoof is extremely soft, thin, and white, becoming harder and thicker towards the extremities. The outward part, which is the hardest, is called the crust, or wall; the front the toe,

the sides are the quarters. This part, though solid, is of a fibrous texture. The fibres are closely united, and their direction lies from the upper part, which is called the coronet, downwards. They may be easily detached by maceration, but will frequently shew themselves without any artificial aid—in very strong crusted hoofs—by cracks; which, from harbouring sand, are called *sand-cracks*. In the interior part of the hoof these fibres become a laminated substance, following the same direction, and placed, as I shall hereafter describe, in such a manner as to be peculiarly subservient to the *elasticity* of the hoof.”—Page 2.

“ The nail of the human body is made as the hoof is—soft, and white at the root; and harder and thicker as it proceeds farther. It is hardest in the middle, and softer and thinner on the sides: in consequence of which, any exertion may be best carried on, by a given elasticity, quite to the middle of the nail. The hoof of the fore foot of a horse is of the same construction, which produces an elasticity, continued from the quarters to the point of the toe. That point is the fulcrum of the spring when most violently exerted—as when a horse is galloping in full speed, or when drawing the greatest weight. The toe of the fore foot is naturally, therefore, the hardest part; that it may be best enabled to resist the violent concussions to which it is continually subject, from encountering hard and uneven substances. The sides of the wall are thinner towards the heels, to give room for the free motion of the flexor tendon, when that part of it which unites itself

to the foot bone is forced downwards by violent pressure of the toe against the ground.”—P. 3, 4.

“ The walls, from the coronet downwards, diminish in height as they come to the heels: at this place they are folded back as a covering to the lower posterior extremities of the cartilages of the foot bone, and terminate nearly in a point when they have formed a complete covering. These returns, inwards and forwards, take the name of the *bars* or *binders*. They enclose these extremities of the cartilages in the same way as the quarters cover the heels, and equally admit of *expansion* and *contraction*; so that, when a horse is in full gallop, there is a repeated alternation of these opposite actions: for when his feet strike the ground, the *elasticity* of the bars aids the pressure of the bones in the *expansion* of the heels; which are again immediately *contracted* by the quarters, the moment his heels are again in the air.”—Page 13.

“ The coronet returns from the heels inwards and forwards, like a dart; and extending itself over the skin of the fleshy sole, constitutes its last outward covering, and in this part takes the name of the *frog*.

“ It is enabled to yield to the *expansion* of the foot by having a longitudinal cleft or opening in the middle, which *expands* and *contracts* itself upon violent exertions, when it is permitted to touch the ground. It also yields to the binders in the expansion of the heels, and to the bones in their play upon one another. Though the frog is thicker than the parts from which it proceeds, it is less compact in its texture. Exterior moisture, though absolutely ne-

cessary, does not penetrate into it in the least; nor does it, as it is sometimes imagined, receive any oil strained off from the fatty cushion, which is placed between the flexor tendon and the upper surface of it."—Pages 15, 16.

To quote more from this truly intelligent and enlightened author may appear unnecessary; but I cannot help introducing another passage for its beautiful clearness and the correct simile.—"Colts which have the sides of the walls of the hoof neither too high nor too low, and moderately drawn in by nature, prove in general to have the best feet, as the heels are in that case *contracted like a bent spring not in use*, which gives them the greater *elasticity* when any extraordinary exertion is required. But it sometimes happens that the walls of the fore feet of a colt are so strong that the heels do not *expand* themselves; and, as soon as they are shod, the contraction increases by the decrease of moisture, and by being allowed less friction against the ground."—Page 43.

On comparing this description with Mr. Bracy Clark's erroneous and uncouth *simile*—that of the horse's hoof being formed like a *Turkish bow*—his *wonderful discovery* of a *bow-string*, and his motto of *In hoc signo vinces*—who will cease to exclaim, what a barbarous distortion!—what a poor jumbling manufacture!!—what a mean perversion!!!

To say more than that the whole of the work teems with the same clear, simple, and plain language would be superfluous—but to attempt to compare it with the unintelligible jargon, mystification, and crack-jaw semi-Greek of a late pilfering writer,

would be an outrage on common sense, and an insult to the meanest capacity.

The style in which this work was got up is unprecedented. The masterly pen of the author, a perfect scholar, was aided in his dissections by the talents of Sir Everard Home, and the indefatigable Clift, now the Conservator to the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons, where the original preparations are deposited, and presented by our author during his life-time, and, as originals, are well worth the notice of the curious: the drawings were executed in the best style by the well-known draftsman, Kirkland, and the engravings are by the masterly hand of the celebrated Skelton.

An early and intimate acquaintance commenced between Mr. F. and that profound and justly-celebrated horseman, the late Sir Sidney Medows, who resided in the neighbourhood of Chute, the latter residence of Mr. Freeman's father; and we need only to turn to the work on Horsemanship to see recorded the labours of a brilliant scholar and of a skilful and able instructor. A riding house was erected by Mr. F. at Fawley Court, exactly corresponding with the plan laid down in the work: and he was accustomed for two hours every morning (Thursday and Sundays excepted) to work and dress his own horses, most of which were of his own breeding. He usually resided two months in the year in London; and so attached was he to his darling pursuit, that, during the time, he hired the use of a riding-house near Grosvenor Place, now in the possession of Mr. Fauset, and unremittingly

worked his two hours daily, and was frequently visited there by several Members of the Royal Family, particularly George III. and the late King when Prince of Wales, to whom he dedicated his valuable work on this art, and by numerous of the Nobility and Military men. The improvements in the art of horsemanship, which Mr. F. has laid down, as altered and abbreviated by Sir Sidney Meadows, consist in plain bits, mild treatment, and general kindness to the animal. This, when compared with the Duke of Newcastle's severe system, or even as improved by the Earl of Pembroke, is highly commendable; but to a great observant mind like Mr. F.'s, Nature appears never to be lost sight of; and in proof, "I remark," he says, "for all the art of man cannot shew a horse off in such fine attitudes as when galloping loose about a field. The head is then constantly raised, and the stops are made upon the haunches."

The work on Horsemanship is got up in the same splendid style as that on the Foot, and is replete with valuable information drawn wholly from practice. The drawings were executed from life and action by that talented animal painter, H. B. Chalon, and the engravings by the celebrated Skelton; and though a considerable portion of these works has been slumbering for a long time before, as well as since the death of the intelligent author, they have been, however, lately brought to light, and now grace the splendid collection of Mr. Carpenter, bookseller, in Old Bond-street: and I have not the least hesitation in saying, that whoever wishes to clearly understand the true

action of the horse's foot can find it only described in Mr. Freeman's book—that they need only to study it, to learn a real principle, which cannot be changed without likewise altering even Nature herself, whatever our mighty *Greeks* may attempt: and he who calls himself a horseman, without having read and studied Mr. Freeman's book, has yet much to learn; and no library can possibly be complete which does not contain both, as works of reference.

Excepting the short stay in London, Mr. Freeman chiefly resided at Fawley Court, where he passed his time in social intercourse with his neighbours, actively employed in the public business of the counties of Berks, Oxford, and Buckingham, in all of which he possessed considerable property—in cultivating a large farm—in improving and ornamenting his mansion and whole property. He also, as Colonel, held the command of a regiment of volunteers in Buckinghamshire. His liberality and generosity appear to have been great, and he actually sold his large unincumbered property in Wiltshire to enable him to improve and beautify the entailed mansion and estate at Fawley Court; in furthering which object he expended more than 50,000*l.*, notwithstanding he was quite unacquainted with all the future claimants to the property, who were only very distantly related to him.

Mr. Freeman died at Mezieres, while on a tour through France, in 1821, at the age of 67, and the entailed property passed into the possession of Admiral Peere Williams, who, I have been just informed, died lately at Hoddes-

don, in his 91st year, and who, when he succeeded to the estates at Fawley Court, assumed the name of Freeman.

The writer has to acknowledge the kind assistance of H. E. Strickland, Esq., of Cracombe House, Worcestershire, and to thank him for much trouble, relative to this Memoir, for information which he could not otherwise possibly have obtained; and however apparently brief, the account may appear of so distinguished and celebrated a horseman and real promoter of horse-knowledge—for be it known to the wide world that Mr. Freeman's book on the Horse's Foot appeared when the veterinary art was thought less of than in the present day, and before a monopolising establishment like the Veterinary College had the power to mislead, and carry the sway—every covert has been carefully drawn and every quarter hunted for information, and infinite trouble and pains taken to collect more, but without avail. How oft

has it not happened that the truly useful man, with a powerful mind, has remained in oblivion, living and dying unheeded, almost unknown and unheard of, run to earth, and not even a storied urn to record who rests below! Not so with our author: his fame must live for ever—it now rises from long obscurity, to sink no more.

Who knows but the happy and noble thought that led the kind and generous hand to prefix to his labours the shade of worth, and of a departed friend and teacher, (*see the profile of Sir Sidney Medows as a frontispiece to "The Art of Horsemanship,"*) that a feeble ray of hope might not have glanced through his intelligent and perceptive mind, softly whispering, "Perchance some friendly hand may do the like for me!" Fortunately I have been able to procure, not only an excellent outline of form and character, but likewise a correct and happily striking likeness.

March 12, 1832.

VISIT TO NORTHAMPTONSHIRE—A DAY AT MELTON.

SIR,
CHANCE placed it in my power to be able to spend some time in Northamptonshire; and a friend having offered me a mount occasionally, I have been able to see the *celebrated Squire* and his beautiful pack; and if it will afford any amusement, I will scribble you some account of what occurred.

The first time I saw these hounds the fixture was at Stanford Hall, the seat of Mr. Otway Cave, and when I rode up, I found about one hundred and

fifty horsemen in the park. The hounds—with their two whippers, Shirley and the famed Jack Stevens—were walking about, but the Squire had not arrived. In the mean time I amused myself scanning the pack, which seemed to me to be perfect; and a very old master of hounds, who was also out for the first time, declared them the most beautiful he ever saw. From them my attention was turned to the men. They were mounted on two capital thorough-bred nags, though

looking rather the worse for their hard season ; but both them and their horses were just what you could conceive of whippers to such a pack—the men light, active, hardy, determined-looking fellows, respectful in their manner, and ready to exchange a word with any sportsman who addressed them.

About eleven o'clock the Master arrived, and I must say I was rather astonished at his appearance. He is a very short man, but remarkably large about the chest, and rides with very short stirrups, and when galloping sits like a jockey. His face is good looking, but he has lost some of his front teeth from a fall, and when he speaks you perceive it: age apparently about forty-five ; but what makes him appear most singular, is his riding in a cap, a single-breasted coat with short skirts, and one of his top-boots is made to lace up at the outside, in consequence of his broken leg, which was done some years ago, when he kept the Quorn, having been ridden over by some of the field. He seemed to have a great deal to say, and kept continually talking till we reached the covert. He was riding an uncommon neat horse, nearly thoroughbred, but rather small, a beautiful goer, and which he had only bought a short time, having seen the horse go well one day at Melton. His weight is about 11st., therefore he does not require them very big ; but this horse's gallop is perfection, and that is everything in a hunter ; for if they can gallop, they are sure to make jumpers : and in a country like this you require a fast one, and to cover a great deal of ground at their fences.

There were some very large fences about this fixture, and good many doubles : but I have never yet seen any of the ox fences ridden over. I suspect such a thing rarely happens : to me they seemed impracticable, at least from one side. They consist of a rail, ditch-rail, and a small ditch : to cover all, a horse must jump at least twenty-two feet. Tom Smith used to say he never cared if he could get his horse's fore-legs over, and it is as much as you can expect, I believe. Fortunately, there is generally some broken place to let you out, or else a gate ; but, unless you are first, I would never recommend making for a gate, for you are sure to lose time among the crowd : therefore, if there is a practicable place in the fence, I prefer it even with a fall, if hounds are running hard.

Any horse that can go at all, and jump one or two of these fences, is worth 300l. The famous Polecat was bought first for 50l. Some Melton man, during a run, observed a farmer's lad on a great ill-conditioned mare jump two of these fences, and bought her directly, and sold her next season for 300l. She was a great loose-looking thing, and only fit to come once a fortnight, but was then splendid. The famous Clincker, who was sold for six hundred guineas, was another extraordinary horse ; when in the humour nothing could beat him. At other times he would not jump over anything, but rush headlong into every fence he came to.

After drawing a spinny blank, we went to a small gorse, and in about three minutes there was a challenge ; and in three more he came at the upper end, an

went away. Unfortunately there was a bad scent, and after taking a ring for twenty minutes, with divers checks owing to overpressing the hounds, he brought us back to the park, where we lost him.

We then went to a covert near some hills, with trees on them, and immediately found, and went away at a capital pace. He took one ring round the foot of the hill, and then, crossing the canal, went over a beautiful country for about five miles, during the whole of which I do not remember seeing a single fallow field, and seldom less than forty acres. We had one or two checks, for the scent was not good; and at last, finding myself twenty-one miles from home, I left them at a check, but I heard they did nothing.

I met them again at Lamport, the seat of Sir Justinian Isham—a large field out. It was rather a cold day, with a good deal of wind. We found two foxes in the early part of the day, but could not do anything with them. About three o'clock we went to a small wood about five miles from Lamport, and almost immediately one of Jack Stevens's thrilling halloos set us all in motion. He went away with the hounds close at his brush, and, I should think, about twelve or fourteen of the field got *well away* at the same time; but the pace was so tremendous, and some part of the ground deep, that only three men besides the whip were with the hounds up to the Duke of Buccleuch's wood, about five miles and a half, straight as a crow would fly, *which was done in twenty minutes*. A Mr. Isham, a feather-weight, on a thoroughbred, was first. Mr. Harris, a

10st. man, had a good place for some time; and a Mr. Caldwell, a heavy weight, also, up to the wood; but both horses sadly blown. Here a check for a few minutes let in about a dozen more of the field. They hit it again, ran through the avenues leading to the park, across the road, and he went to ground in a drain in the park wall, whence they bolted and killed him—thirty-five minutes to ground. Had I not been out this day, I could not have conceived it possible hounds could go such a pace: no horse can live with them *more than twenty minutes*, and the slightest turn will throw you out on such a day. The whippers ride splendidly, and to see them charge some of the fences is beautiful.

I was rather surprised at the Squire's manner of getting over a country. He is by no means what is called a hard rider with hounds, and seldom goes first at a fence. He comes up, if no one has gone over before him, looks at it, and, if he likes it, goes back about thirty yards, and then charges it. He likes his horses to go quite clear, and not to blunder: nevertheless, I believe, if he had 1000l. on a match, few men could beat him. It is wonderful how a man will ride at a place when he knows it may make a difference of 500l. taking that or looking for a better place. You will not be much surprised at his feat of two hundred miles in ten hours, when I tell you he thinks nothing of riding forty miles after hunting. I remember his coming rather late to covert one morning, which was explained by his saying, "My confounded hack did nothing but

tumble for the last ten miles." He had ridden from Cambridge, upwards of sixty miles, in 4½ hours, on four hacks. I looked at him in astonishment. His great secret in riding is making the most of his horse, and not wantonly pressing; for if the ground is deep, the best horse in England may be beat in five minutes: however, sometimes you must press them; as for instance—A friend of mine was out with the bitch pack one day: they found a fox, and went away. There was rather a long hill at first starting, and about half-way up Jack Stevens came galloping by, pushing his horse at the top of his speed, which occasioned my friend to say, "Take care, Jack, or you will blow him."—"Blow him!" replied Stevens; "if there is anything left in that *old thorough-bred of yours*, take it out of him, or you will never see them again." My friend did so, and got up to the top, but they then saw the hounds a mile a-head, running mute, coursing their fox apparently over a splendid country, and though they kept along, they never caught them for five miles, when they had killed.

There is one thing about Mr. Osbaldeston's manner of hunting his hounds which particularly struck me, and this was dividing the pack at a check, and casting different ways; thereby, perhaps, hitting off the fox in half the time. I have seen the thing done before, but the quickness with which he does it is admirable. However, on the other hand, I think he very often wants perseverance; for unless he fancies he is pretty lose on his fox, he

will give him up at the first check. I remember one day at a check there was a halloo; away he galloped: to the person who said he was only three minutes before the hounds. "Three minutes!" said the Squire, "why that is two minutes and a half too much to-day," and he gave him up at the next check. Luckily he has plenty of foxes, which, perhaps, encourages him to do this.

There are, of course, some capital riders with these hounds; but a Captain Pierson seemed to me to be generally first, and is certainly a very hard rider, going at any place. I saw him charge a big place one day, and his horse landed half into the ditch, but they blundered out. He turned round to the man following, and said, very coolly, "I recommend you to put a little more *steam* on than I did." He did so, and charged gallantly, and got over. Though a bold reckless rider, I suspect few horses could live a long run with him. They used to say of Tom Smith, that no horse could run away with him—he always ran away with them; and I believe the same would apply to Captain Pierson.

As a contrast to this man, I was shewn a person the other day with Sir Harry Goodricke's hounds, who hunts three or four days a week, and always contrives to get up at the end of a run, yet had never ridden over a fence for three seasons. He generally hunts with Mr. Dansey. He has good horses, and is only a 12st. man. He used occasionally to ride over a fence, but for the last three years has quite given it up: however, his brother, a gallant

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ailor, jumps for both, being always on the look-out for a place to go at.

Of all annoying things in the world, nothing makes me more savage than after a good burst, when you fancy you have got out of the crowd, and think yourself in for a good thing, to see a parcel of fellows galloping along a road, and coming in just before hounds, perhaps, at a check, and riding up to you with his horse apparently fresh (when compared with yours who has been going over fences, and in deep ground) and making some observation as to where the fox had gone. I always cut such a fellow's acquaintance the first opportunity. There is no time when silence is so necessary as at the first moment of a check; and to hear one of these magpies chattering away, always brings forth a suppressed curse from me.

While I was in this part of the world, being only 25 miles from Melton, I was tempted to go there one day when the fixture was at Lord Wilton's House in Melton. I had heard it was to be quite a show day, and well worth a stranger seeing; and accordingly, having sent on a horse the night before, I rode over in the morning. During the night there had been a frost, which made it late before the hounds came up from their kennel, which is at a place called Six Hills, some distance from Melton; but there was full amusement for an hour in observing the beautiful horses and women which crowded the streets and windows. The former were literally crammed with the number of grooms walking the horses about, and groups of men

in red coats were collected at each corner: others were seen walking about arm in arm, with ladies, while every moment a britscha full of lovely women would dash in from the neighbourhood. It had all the appearance of a country town on a race day. After some time the hounds arrived, and immediately with most of the horses adjourned to the field in rear of Lord Wilton's house, where they waited the Master's signal to move to the field of action.

In about ten minutes Lady Wilton, accompanied by another Lady, drove into the field in her phaeton, with the pair of beautiful cream-coloured ponies, and I was particularly struck with her manner of driving. She hardly appeared to touch the reins; and though the ponies were full of spirit, yet a thread seemed sufficient to guide them. She was immediately surrounded by a number of men paying their devoirs, and shortly afterwards Sir Harry gave the order to move off. We went to a gorse covert at the foot of a hill about a mile from the town; and nothing could be finer than the appearance of the field just before the hounds entered the covert. There was an immense number of foot people, being so close to the town, but they were admirably managed. They all drew up in three distinct masses on the side of the hill, whence they could see the start perfectly, and in the intervals, like artillery between columns of infantry, were the carriages with the Ladies, accompanied by such Gentlemen on horseback as merely came for the sight; while the hunters, to the

number, of seven hundred were distributed along one side of the gorse, whence they could get away some at each end. The hounds then entered the covert, and all waited in anxious expectation; it was extremely thick, and very difficult for hounds to get through: we found almost immediately, but I suppose it was ten minutes before we could get a fox away. They chopped one, and another came out and in again twice before he would make up his mind: at last two broke almost at the same moment at different ends, and went away. Two or three couple of hounds were going off with the one from the upper end, but were stopped in time; but it had the good effect of dividing the field, and thereby affording the other half a better chance of a start. However, as it happened, there was nothing very quick, being a wretched scent, and of course hounds were too much pressed by the crowd.

They hunted him for some time, when a check occurred, and an extraordinary circumstance happened. The other fox was viewed crossing the road, and at the same moment our hunted fox jumped out of a hedge-row into the road, and close to hounds, over the opposite fence, with three hounds hard at him, who fairly coursed him across a field, and caught him close to a stile where he was killed. Sir Harry jumped off his horse in an instant, and taking hold of him threw him across his horse, at the same time saying to Will Derry, "Now, take them away, and clap them on to the other fox," which was done like lightning, and in five minutes we were run-

ning again. However, he was also a bad one, and after ringing and dodging for some time, we lost him. We then drew two or three coverts blank, and it being late, and a long way from home, I took my departure with the satisfaction of having seen one of the finest sights in the world, consisting of the most aristocratical looking men, the most beautiful women, and the finest thorough-bred horses.

I remarked one little group apart from the rest, which I should almost say was matchless. It consisted of an uncommon handsome young man in a red coat, standing in the grounds chatting with a young and lovely female, whose eyes surpassed in brilliancy all I have ever seen, even among the Isles of Greece. In one hand he held the rein belonging to his gallant steed, a most superb thorough-bred bay, who was on the other side of the rails, while with the other I saw him receive some token—a shrub, or something of the sort—which he placed in his breast; and then jumping over the paling, he vaulted into his saddle and joined the crowd. I saw her eyes follow his movements, and I sighed as it recalled to mind the time when I also was accustomed to receive cautions from her I loved not to be too rash, which most probably this lovely creature had just been giving him, on whose safety all her happiness in this world perhaps rested. Who they were I know not, but they bore the stamp of "noble blood," and were evidently attached to one another, or my eyes deceived me much, and they seldom do in such matters. I hope he returned in safety, for there was

not a little danger in being ridden over, and I heard one or two men were a good deal hurt. I heard a very old Meltonian say he never

saw such a large field, nor so many falls as there were on this day.

I am, &c.

MILES.

March 12, 1832.

LEICESTERSHIRE, AND NEIGHBOURING COUNTIES.

SIR,

AS I perceive by your last Number that I have the honour to be ranked among your efficient Correspondents, I cannot do better than transmit you a few lines respecting our sport in Leicestershire and the neighbouring counties—not so full a one as I could have wished, as I have been much of an invalid of late, and when unwell I find no employment so utterly irksome as writing. The season has been particularly open, and until February there was not a day to prevent hounds going out. The country was particularly heavy during the first part of the season and at the beginning of the present year many of the Melton horses were *hors de combat*. Sir Harry's stud is of that quality and magnitude which is proof against the severest trials. He has consequently hunted five and six days a week throughout; and though the Belvoir pack may have had rather more brilliant sport, Sir Harry has no reason to be discontented with the exploits of his own pack, which labour under the disadvantage of having a new huntsman. Mounford being not well enough to undergo the fatigues of that post, it is still filled by Will Derry, the first whip, who, though far from a bad huntsman, does not possess the experience of Mounford, and has not yet attained the very superior judgment which characterised his management of hounds. There

is in my humble opinion too great a propensity to lift hounds at every halloo. This is all very well now and then; but when practised to any considerable extent, hounds cease to exert themselves when in difficulties, and instead of stooping and puzzling out a cold scent, lift up their heads and listen for the accustomed aid. I am happy to say that when left alone they will work on the worst scenting day, as I had an opportunity of seeing during the past week, when they worked up to their fox in a style that would have done honour to any pack, picking out the scent field by field, never being able to get over two together without a check, but, by persevering, reached the covert in which pug was harboured nearly unassisted.

Sir Harry had some very good runs during the first part of the season. The following was in November.

Found in a patch of gorse on Dalby Wolds, ran through Dalby Wood by Goodyer's Gorse, near Saxilby, then to Holwell Mouth; thence to Hasleton and Piper Hole; then turned towards Waltham, went between Goadby and Croxton Park, doubled back, and killed in the open near Eastwell, after a very fast run of sixty-one minutes. Colonel Lowther was a leading man at starting, but dropped a-stern long before the finish. A Mr. Fairfax, who came down for a few weeks to teach

us how to ride, and shew how the thing should be done, after bleeding his horse, had the pleasure of leading him home. Lord Stormont and his horse were fast in a ditch near Eastwell, and were rescued by a team which was fortunately ploughing in an adjoining field. Mr. White is never beat, but his horse fell very lame on seeing some very deep ground. This is a complaint to which the Melton horses are subject: it generally attacks them in ploughed fields towards the latter part of a run. There were only seven besides the servants up at the death. These were, Sir Harry, Lords Wilton and Gardiner, and Mr. Gilmore, all Meltonians; Mr. Henson, and two other farmers.

Another day I had the pleasure of seeing Lord Albanley going in the olden style. Like other old folks I am a *laudator temporis acti*. Found in Cradock's Gorse, Walton Morns, a very quick eleven minutes to Willoughby Gorse. Two fresh foxes went away, but the hounds were not allowed to follow them. Our fox, after being run in covert near an hour, resolved to attempt his escape, but was killed near Broughton in twenty-eight minutes, the last two miles being run in view.

I reserve one or two very brilliant days with Sir Harry for my next epistle, and now give you an account of a middling day with the Belvoir. Found at Holwell Mouth, in some gorse near the turnpike; went to Clauson Morns, turned up the hills by Piper Hole, went nearly to Lord Plymouth's, leaving Kettleby to the right; then to Melton Spinny, over the Melton Brook, beyond Melton to Brentingby. Pug here made a

double directly back through Goadby Park, towards Piper Hole; then took the hills, and was lost near Belvoir Castle. The horses were rather distressed on reaching Melton, so that Lords Forester, Rancliffe, and Wilton, and Sir Harry Goodricke, who were leading men, forded it under the pilotage of Goosey, the huntsman. One Gentleman with whom I am not acquainted, but who, I presume, is one of those to whom MILES describes as riding like devils, came at the brook fifty-miles an hour, evidently intending to shew up the creepers. When at the bank his horse scotched, over his head went the rider, horse following. The biped disappeared, but speedily emerged on the opposite bank, not having fully recovered his self-possession after so unexpected a cold bath: he ran up the brook looking for his horse, who was quietly making his way down, to the no small delight of the Gentlemen who were to have been eclipsed by the far-famed Th——ll.

Thursday last I met Mr. Dansey's hounds, a pack I am not partial to, as their fixtures are almost always at a distance from the coverts they purpose drawing, and I like to get quickly to business. Having had the usual trail, the hounds were put into the upper Edwalton covert, where they soon found, ran between Flawford Church-yard and Rudington, towards Deepdale, in Sir Harry's country; inclined to the left by Stanton, left Widmerpool hill to the left, nearly up to a gorse called The Curate, when the noxious animal turned to the right; having nearly reached Willoughby Gorse, he altered his

mind, and turning again to the right went down to Widmerpool village; turned again to the right through the plantations, crossed his former course, and ran to ground in a drain on the Foss road, a short distance from Widmerpool Inn, on the Leicester side. Being in Sir Harry's country no attempt was made to bolt him. The run lasted an hour and thirty-five minutes, and was done by the hounds entirely unassisted, Mr. Dansey never lifting hounds when they run over a strong country, not usually being very near them. There had been much rain in the night; the country was deep, and the brooks more than bank full. Among the company out were, Mr. Musters, Col. Hanson, who both had falls, and most of the Nottinghamshire men. I think the leaders were, at Widmerpool, Lord Rancliffe, Messrs. Sherwin, and another. Lord Rancliffe's horse, a little grey, distinguished himself: being more than bank full, it was difficult to know when to make a spring; his Lordship rode at a place where there was a small fence visible above the water; the horse cantered through the flood, and on reaching the fence made his spring, and cleared the brook. Mr. Sherwin, a little lower down, got a ducking, as his horse never rose; he is, however, too old a fox-hunter, though a young man, to mind a trifle of this sort.

Sir Harry had a good run the week before last from Bunney; found in Rancliffe Wood, ran by Windmill Hill to Willoughby Gorse, leaving Whysall to the right: by Dalby and Dalby Wood, almost to Kettleby village; turned back, came by Parson's

gorse and Kinoulton to Widmerpool, where a fresh fox went away and ran a ring. The leading men were, Sir Harry, Lord Rancliffe, and Will Derry. Will had certainly the best of it: it was a good race between the Honorable Baronet and the Noble Lord.

Sir Harry has very handsomely given up to Mr. Dansey the country extending from Leke Hills, along the Trent, to Nottingham. This is a great acquisition to the latter Gentleman, as his country was a very confined one South of Trent, and will enable him, if so inclined, to hunt four days a week.

Talking of countries, I see in your last Number, in GILBERT FORESTER's letter, that the pack he was out with had a blank day, Mr. Newton's hounds having scoured the country a day or two previous. This I cannot understand, unless it were a neutral country; as a *sportsman* would as soon think of shooting a brother M. F. H. as of drawing within his limits without permission. Some persons I know think that money will do everything—*par exemple*: Sir Harry having decided upon giving up Winnstay—not quite an outside covert by the bye—some of the Nottinghamshire people immediately desired it should not be cut up, as they would take it, being a rented covert. There is no proposition in *Euclid* more incontrovertible than this—no *Gentleman* can draw any covert, not in his own country, without leave from the M. F. H. within whose limits said covert is. The proprietor of the soil has nothing to do with it: he may discharge his own M. F. H., but cannot authorise

any other M. F. H. to draw his coverts—*vide* Meynell, Lambton, Warde, and a host of authorities too numerous to mention, *passim*. Q. E. D.

In my next I hope to give you

a full, true, and particular account of the Belvoir pack, and their unparalleled performances.

Au revoir!

WILL CARELESS.

March 18, 1882.

ANOTHER PEEP AT THE SUFFOLK HOUNDS—THE HUNTS- MAN AND FIRST WHIP.

By RINGWOOD.

PRIMROSES and goslings have shewn their ugly yellow heads—(marvel not, fair reader, if any such should glance her eye over these pages—I am writing with the feelings of a fox-hunter)—and we have now time to look back and canvass our doings in “the year that’s awa.” Such a season as the last, so trying to horses and foxes, is not perhaps in the memory of the oldest sportsman, and he must be a glutton indeed who with a good stable of horses and a good stock of health, has not had his fill of hunting during the last five months. The accounts from the different counties with regard to sport are various, and those packs that had all the fun last season have in many instances been doomed to disappointment in this. But in any country a real good run with a fox now-a-days is almost in the same proportion as the large prizes used to be to the blanks in the old lotteries.

In my last letter to you respecting the Suffolk hounds, I had to record a blank day when they met at Stowlangtoft, and I there ventured an opinion that our disappointment was occasioned by the neglect of the earth-stopping, and as on the next day of meet-

ing there (the 14th of February following) we soon found a brace of foxes (the last of which gave us a fair day’s sport), I think I was fairly borne out in my calculation. A resident in the neighbourhood confessed he had taken a hint from the contents of my letter, and on this occasion had himself superintended “sporting the oak” against Mr. Charley—so much for a word in season. We found immediately in one of the Stowlangtoft groves, and pug was off in a moment. The hounds settled well, and as the country the fox had chosen was a good one, we thought we were in for a run. The scent, however, was of the ticklish order, and the field in no order at all. The cocktails, being frisky and full of jump in the morning, soon beat the hounds into fits: the fox himself was over ridden, obliged to dodge, run back, and was soon lost. An hour’s draw before our next find, however, busily done across a good strong country, produced a little quiet in men and horses; some of the breakfast jumping-powder had evaporated, and from Banger Wood a good fox was halloo’d away. The scent had greatly improved. We again started on good terms with our

game, and the result was a good rattling gallop for nine or ten miles a-head over a strongly-fenced country. On what is termed the Duke of Norfolk's Show Farm, at Fornham, the hounds came to a check, and the opinion that many men hold, that a fox, after running straight for an hour, *cannot turn*, saved the varmint's life, for we were just beginning to be upon speaking terms with him, without waiting for the opinion of the hounds on the subject. They were immediately held straight on past half a dozen ploughmen at work, and I can assert without any hesitation that in riding across two or three fallow fields there were at one time more hares running about than hounds. In this trial the pack performed to admiration: at last, after making *sundry inquiries*, the hounds were brought back, and a cast being made in a country where a fox could run without being observed, they just owned the scent; but too much time had been thrown away, and after picking along for another hour we were obliged to do, as we used with one of Billy Black's best conundrums, "give it up," sorely against the will of our (*pro tempore*) huntsman, Sam Hibbitts, who, had he been left to himself, in my opinion would have sent home for fresh horses and hounds, and hunted the animal till Sunday. Had Sam but taken time to *think* when his hounds first threw up their heads, that, although a ploughman within fifty yards of a fox may not see the wily animal, the varmint is certain to see him, in all probability he would have had the satisfaction of informing Mr. Rose on his return home that it was he, Samuel Hibbitts,

who had killed the best fox in Suffolk. - But on this day the honour was not to be awarded to him: the brush did not form his wreath of triumph; but it being St. Valentine's-day, I hope the Saint sent him, to soothe his disappointment, a myrtle one in its stead, some *gage d'amour*, some proof of constancy from the girl he loves, so dear to the heart of every true fox-hunter.

Will Rose, the huntsman, having been confined for many weeks with the scarlet fever, was the reason of the command devolving upon this said Sam, the first whipper-in, who although endowed with all the zeal and learning necessary to form a perfect man in his particular vocation, has no doubt by this time found out, that the duties required from a huntsman and whip are not exactly parallel. The bustle, the ubiquity, the almost perpetual motion that marks the valuable *aid-de-champ* of the huntsman, are the very qualities that have prevented so many of them from shining when promoted to the chief command. A quick eye, a merry heel, and a varmintscreech, may be sufficient for the one character, but a mind accustomed to think before it acts can alone form the other. Of Will Rose, as a huntsman, I shall venture a few observations, and "nothing extenuate nor set down aught in malice."

Like most of the species he possesses some beauties and many faults. In the first place he draws his coverts in a negligent slovenly manner, and when a fox is found, unless everything goes on smoothly, he soon gets tired of the sport. Difficulties he does not like to contend with, and

always appears about one o'clock to be listening for the dinner bell. On the contrary, if things begin well, Will shews from whom he is descended, and his beautiful halloo, the very echo of Ould Tom's, has made many a heart leap with joy, and live its young days over again, as he cheers his hounds to their fox in the depths of Fakenham Wood. Then it is that he rides well to his hounds, and, as he seems to be up to the manoeuvres of the animal he pursues, is able to afford that assistance which all hounds occasionally require. With these capabilities, and the strong prejudice in favour of a Son of Suffolk's Idol that preceded his appearance in the county, how much it is to be regretted that he omits paying that proper deference to the Gentlemen, and that civility to the fox-hunting yeomanry of the Hunt, which can alone insure towards him such feelings as all men who really respect themselves wish to possess! I am fully aware how often a huntsman's command of temper is put to the trial by the *gaucheries* of some, and the foolish questions of others, but he may always have a deaf side to his head; and if he occasionally ventures a reproof, it must be pertinent and well timed, and is then sure of taking effect. But if Mr. Rose thinks that surliness, coarseness, and vulgarity uncalled for, can add consequence to his character, he is not the first man who has made

the experiment, and found out his mistake too late to remedy it. He may have heard, or perhaps remember, that his sire, but for this fault, was perfect: "but why, in copying the *old 'un* (and no better model can he take), does he not endeavour to possess his excellencies and not his defects? for he has many of the former yet to learn; and, trite as the observation may appear, and satisfied as he may be with his own performances, we have seen enough of him to know that Will Rose is not yet *Ould Tom*, and in all probability never will be.

One hint more, and I have done. It is asserted, and I sincerely hope it is correct, that Will Rose in a pecuniary point of view is what is termed an independent man. But even in that case it may do him no harm occasionally to remember that he is also a Gentleman's servant, and that that Gentleman always brings those manners into the field with him, which if he will *condescend* to imitate will insure his popularity and respectability, however humble may be the imitation, and that if he wish to remain where he is, he must "mend his manners;" for be it known that none fall so low (when they do fall) as quondam favorites.

(Our valued Correspondent then proceeds to examine impartially the present system of fox-hunting as generally adopted in most countries; but we must postpone this portion of his letter till our next.)

ST. ALBAN'S STEEPLE CHASE.

SIR,
IT is peculiarly gratifying in this universal stagnation of trade and pleasure, this season of

fasts and opium, this age of impudence and humbug, to know there is one set of men who have

courage enough to defy cholera and the doctors; who still take their claret without fear of *consequences*; are not to be frightened into fits by a touch of the cholic; and can "go the pace" across country with the spunk of an Englishman. This was amply proved on Thursday last at St. Alban's, where a pretty strong muster of the *right sort* took place, and did their work in a style which would take the shine out of the lads of green Erin, or any other lads.

The town, which for some days previously manifested *symptoms* of a spree, on Wednesday gave unequivocal proofs that a steeple chase was to be the "go." Carriages of every make and shape, descriptive and *non-descriptive*, with horses to match, were seen thronging towards the *scene* of action; smiling faces and bustling looks met you at every turn; inns were overflowing; "lodgings to let furnished," snapped up in a twinkling; cholera and

the "Bill" seemed banished by common consent; and expectation, literally with outstretched neck, stood on tiptoe for the result. The Stakes (10 sovs. each) were small, notwithstanding a score of those who can go a bit were booked for the enterprise, and safely lodged, some in the stables of Mr. Coleman, of the Turf Hotel, the spirited conductor of the affair, some in the immediate neighbourhood. The weights were 11st. 7lb.—nothing out of the way for crack ones to carry—the last in the race to pay for the second, and the winning horse to change hands for 400 sovs. if demanded within three hours of the *finale*.

The rendezvous was at the Turf Hotel, where, at a given time, nineteen of the candidates (the twentieth, Mr. Smith, having drawn his horse Mameluke), attired in their many-coloured silken jackets, assembled for the important business of weighing, and thus stood the entries:—

Mr. Elmore's b. g. Moonraker	rode by Mr. Seffert.
Mr. Thomas's b. m. Corinthian Kate.....	Captain Beecher.
Mr. Evans's g. h. Grimaldi	Mr. M. Mostyn.
Colonel Charitté's Napoleon	Mr. Crommelin.
Sir W. Geary's b. m. Arab.....	Sir W. Geary.
Mr. Tuppin's b. h. Peacock	Weston.
Mr. Cox's ch. g. Rough Robin ..	Mr. Osbaldeston's whipper-in.
Mr. Johnson's Leporello	Stubbs.
Mr. Forbes's b. h. Zanga.....	Mr. Forbes.
Mr. Orbell's b. h. Bloomfield.....	Mr. C. B. Codrington.
Captain Horne's c. h. Lucifer	Captain Horne.
Mr. Cluff's g. g. Redstart	Mr. Hall.
Mr. Thornhill's h. h. Creeper	Mr. Patrick.
Mr. Carey's g. h. The Monk.....	Mr. Carey.
Mr. Adams's b. m. Lily.....	Mr. Wesley.
Mr. Comyn's b. h. Talisman.....	Mr. Comyn.
Mr. Solloway's Countess	Mr. Solloway.
Mr. Lelly's br. m. Bounce.....	Mr. Parker.
Mr. Neville's ch. g. Hotspur.....	W. Bean.
Mr. Anderson's g. h.	

Not a little anxiety was manifested by these Gentlemen to be

let into the secret of the country over which their skill was to be

exercised; but "*mum*" was the word:—they learnt, indeed, that a paddock at the back of Mr. Coleman's premises was the point for contention—*au reste* the grave itself could not be more silent. To prevent confusion in starting, it was arranged that all the riders should saddle and mount in the yard of the Turf Hotel, which was sufficiently extensive for the purpose, and proceed thence under the escort of their umpire (the Squire of Pytchley) and the clerk of the course (Mr. Coleman) to the starting post. This judicious arrangement precluded all unfairness in the onset, and also enabled the spectators to gratify their curiosity by a full view of the animated procession as it moved away. The "Book gentry" had very little business, betting being at a low ebb. Moonraker and Grimaldi had the first call at three to one; Creeper and Bounce third, at six to one. Grimaldi's owner offered to come it strong against every other, but it was "no go."

At one o'clock the bugle sounded as a signal for saddling and mounting, and reading the articles (the principal of which was, that the course would be marked by flags, to the left of which all who wished to win must keep); and everything being in readiness, the cavalcade, headed by Mr. Osbaldeston, left the yard, proceeding to Ellenbrook Green, on the borders of Colney Heath, and within a mile or so of Hatfield. A considerable time was occupied in riding to the starting post, during which a fair view of the country was obtained, which shewed some formidable raspers, and heavy work cut out,

but which seemed not in the slightest degree to damp the ardour of these candidates for fame.

During the adjustment of the preliminaries, not being a party concerned, I took an opportunity of glancing over the field of action. To approach the flag of victory I saw was no easy task, as it could only be accomplished by dinging at a stiff bank, from the top of which the brushwood had been removed; and then dashing between two high trees, a point requiring some generalship. At the bottom of the first meadow was a quickset hedge and drain; the second meadow, the same sort of fencing, where the ground became elevated. Here the first flag was planted; and hence the view was uninterrupted. At this favorable point for spectators hundreds were assembled, eager to have a peep at the brave *cortege*; and the shouts of the people, the gay apparel of the men, the fine condition of the horses, and the bright beams of the sun, combined to render it a truly animating sight!

On the opposite hill also crowds of persons were assembled—some in carriages, some on prads, and some on *pads*, who had a commanding view of the country, its galling fences, and rough land, leading to a higher hill, on which floated flag the second. From this the course turned sharp to the left, and a change of station became necessary to follow the riders on to Ellenbrook Green, which (with the exception of such changes as might be necessary for the safety of the riders) was in a perfectly straight direction to the post of honour.

From this sketch, all imperfect

as it is, I think it will be seen no better line of country for the business could have been chosen. At half-past three the little army, consisting of twenty (that number being completed by Mr. Anderson, of Piccadilly, instead of Mr. Smith) made the grand start, headed in *devilish* good style by *Lucifer*, and followed by the rest at a swinging pace.

The first two or three fences were well topped, but in the third field Captain Beecher, who had been playing first fiddle upon Corinthian Kate, had the misfortune to be capsized; and Miss Kate (wicked little jilt) gave him a dance half over the field before she would surrender, and suffer him to remount.

To describe minutely the place occupied by each horse in such a scramble as a steeple chase would be impossible. I can fairly say, both man and horse did their duty. Many first-rate leaps were taken, and a few hard knocks received too; but the spirit of emulation which appeared to animate every bosom, the wish of being the *best* out of twenty good ones, prevented these low cares of *earth* receiving any attention.

There was one point of country which reminded me strongly of Tattenham Corner: this was an angle at the farm house, whence a good view of the winning post, with its flag of victory, could be obtained. The struggle here to turn the corner was most desperate. Moonraker made a bold stroke for a race, and came round in grand style, followed immediately by Kate, Grimaldi, Bloomfield, Napoleon, and two or three others. The dash down hill was glorious; it was ten to nothing in favour of Moonraker. Two or

three leaps were superbly taken; when Moonraker, in gaining the hill, reached the third fence from home with Kate almost abreast. They both topped it well, but Moonraker swerving a little to the left, was overtaken by Kate on the right, who had rather the advantage in leaping the next rasper. Fortune now seemed to shine upon Kate; but Fortune, we know, is a fickle jade, and in a few strides "Moonraker was himself again," and rushing vigorously at the last fence, cleared nearly seven yards in the spring, and shook his rider to fits.

Kate now fell off, and Grimaldi (who had evidently saved himself for the final struggle, and who, from the splendid leaps he had made, promised to be no mean antagonist) now appeared in the lists, and challenged Moonraker to deadly combat. And now the struggle was truly desperate. "War to the *spur*" seemed the motto of each, and nothing could be better contested. Both the competitors reached the goal at the same moment, but *Moonraker* was half a neck in advance, and was consequently declared *winner*.

People, as usual in such cases, were prodigal of their *ifs*:—*If* Mr. Mostyn had pushed a little sooner; *if* he had gone at score up the hill to the farm house; with fifty other *ifs* quite foreign to the purpose, he would have been the "fortunate youth." The fact is, *if* those horsemen who were so indiscreet as to run across him had kept out of the way, *I* should say Mr. Mostyn would have had a much greater chance for success. As it was, he has no cause on earth to blame himself for the issue: he rode admi-

rably, displaying both judgment and courage; but "the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong;" and it was "not to be."

With those who were left behind, the struggle was principally between Corinthian Kate, Napoleon, and Bloomfield—the two former of which came in third and fourth. Bloomfield might have been better placed but for an unfortunate plunge into a chalk pit, in which disagreeable situation both horse and rider were compelled to remain till too late to do any good.

Of Captain Beecher, that prime horseman, I, his staunch admirer, cannot say too much. He rode nobly throughout the piece; and in my opinion has to thank Miss Kate's coquetry for not being the first in.

Of Mr. Seffert's management of his Pegasus, which was indeed a *winged* one, his success in the race sufficiently speaks.

Mr. Codrington also piloted his charger ably; in fact he is a clipper at all sorts of work. He seems pretty confident, had he not so unluckily "fallen into the pit," he would have won; in proof of which opinion he offered to ride Bloomfield against Moonraker over the same ground again.

The outsiders came up to the scratch at their best pace, all doing their *possible*, since the envied situation of *first* was not to be theirs, to avoid the *unenvied* one of *last*; and most of them shewing outward and visible signs of a tussle with the green sod. The whipper-in of the party was Hotspur, whose beaver, I suppose, was *not* up on this occasion.

Upon the whole, this was a

bright day for St. Alban's, and many thanks are due from Mr. Coleman's townspeople for the pleasure and advantages they derived from it. The thing was admirably conducted, and, except a few little accidents caused by the rush of the people, went off with perfect harmony. To those who love the manly sport of steeple racing it was a real treat, and one which no other country could produce in such perfection. Long may that manly sport, and the brave fellows who follow it, flourish in Old England, defying Medical Boards and all such humbug! And now, my brave lads,

"Dismount, dismount, for the gallop is ended,
And cheers, blithe cheers, the welkin has rended;
That berry-brown steed and that gallant grey
Have accomplish'd the goal, and have sped thro' the day:
And few shall forget, till their life's course is done,
The swift chase which they tried, the stiff race which they run."

I am, Sir, &c.

SLASHING HARRY.

March 10, 1832.

GRAND MATCH CONSEQUENT UPON THE ABOVE.

ALTHOUGH there was much talk at the dinner given at St. Alban's on the day of the Steeple Chase of the probability of there being another to try the merits of Grimaldi again, I considered it a matter of too much uncertainty to wait for it. However I was wrong; for so sanguine it seems were each party touching the respective merits of their prads, that nothing but another tussle would satisfy them; and Mr. Osbaldeston accordingly offered to put down 500 sovs. to Mr. Elmore's 450, on condition that he should (if so inclined) pilot the *Clown* himself; and Tuesday the 13th was the appointed day.

On such an occasion, when two picked ones were to perform, the tongue of the public was not idle; but as far as coin goes it was a blank. Each nag of course had his party; but although odds were quoted, little speculation was entered into. Four miles was the distance to be clipped, which were to be selected by Colonel Charitté and Mr. Meyrick—the former for Mr. Elmore, the latter for the Squire: the rendezvous to be at Mr. Elmore's farm, and the hour two o'clock. Early in the day the course was marked out—Mr. Copeland's farm on the Edgeware Road, gradually descending over a level country at the base of Harrow Hill, into a field in front of Mr. Hawkins's farm house at Harrow Weald—a country by no means difficult, indeed not half enough so to entitle it to the name of Steeple Chase. Not a single trying fence or hard leap was there from beginning to end; it was a course in point of fact much more like a race course than anything else; and highly favorable to Grimaldi, whose capabilities are more for speed than up-and-down work.

The roads conducting to the scene of action, as on the former occasion, were thronged by men, vehicles, and horses of every character and description. Harrow absolutely overflowed with company, and the neighbourhood of Mr. Hawkins's farm, where the race was to be brought to an anchor, crowded with spectators. Before the ground was selected, the stakes were declared to be "all right;" that is, each man's cash was in the pocket of his friend or umpire—a way, by the bye, of settling the matter both strange and novel. It was now known to the spectators that Osbaldeston's magic wand would regulate the tricks of the clown, Monsieur Grimaldi, and Mr. Seffert pilot Moonraker, upon which he had been so successful at St. Alban's; and all parties were waiting most anxiously for their arrival. But time passed on, and the day began to wane, and they came not. The company seemed to grow excessively tired of looking at themselves;

the ladies had eye'd each other from head to foot, and discussed the merits or demerits of this one's gown, and that one's bonnet, till even the never-ending subject of dress grew stale. The gin bottles of the snobs began to wax low, and their voices high; and some were actually on the move, thinking there would be "no go" that day, when the opportune arrival of the parties smoothed the brows of the ladies, stopped the mouths of the snobs, and set matters to rights. But "there's many a slip," as the old saying is, and now, just as things began to be in trim, another cause for difficulty and delay started up. Mr. O. had been told by some officious person that Mr. S. had seen the ground (the fact was that Mr. Seffert had ridden a part of the way to see the flags placed), and Mr. O. insisted upon having the same privilege. Away, therefore, went the combatants upon hacks, followed by a troop of horsemen, whose various mishaps caused much merriment to the spectators; and all being now ready, the business of the day was at length opened by the important operation of weighing. The Squire was so fortunate as to require little addition to make him the standard weight (11st. 7lb.), while his antagonist, not being so much *à la mode d'Hottentot*, was obliged to encumber himself with sixteen pounds dead weight. Each gentleman wore a silk jacket and jockey cap.

During these preparations, the flags were hoisted at convenient points over the run, and at five o'clock, instead of three, after having tired out the patience of every spectator, and sent some home, "steady boys, steady," was the word, and off they went at a slashing pace, Moonraker leading the way, with Grimaldi in his wake.

About two miles from the starting post, Mr. Seffert, after springing his leap, swerved towards a stile, but immediately retraced his way, thereby making an angle. The Squire in the meantime sailed on in a straight direction, and (he says himself) accidentally came athwart Moonraker.

Mr. Seffert, it is also said, exclaimed at the time against this act of Mr. Osbaldeston, and said, however the race might terminate, he should notice it. On then he went, Grimaldi still waiting behind, and in this position proceeded to within half a mile of home, when crossing a fence he rushed towards a gate, thinking to obtain a more direct line to the winning post, while the Squire quickened his pace, and pointed his steed straight on. Moonraker's pilot now discovered his error, and made the best of his way into the field again; but Osbaldeston had taken such good advantage of the mistake as to be at least a hundred yards a-head. Mr. Seffert now redoubled his exertions, and poor Moonraker was spun at the very top of his speed to catch his opponent, but the struggle was vain; the lost time could not be regained, his chance was lost—Grimaldi had the lead, and seemed determined to keep it, and in coming through a gap in the corner of the last field his success was ensured. Moonraker came in much distressed, having lost the race by some lengths; and Grimaldi was hailed winner by the united voice of the spectators.

It is said Grimaldi is the youngest horse, and has not had so much taken out of him as Moonraker. He is twelve years old, his sire Grimaldi, out of Miss Bab, by Highland Fling out of Lady Bab, and bred by Mr. Clifford, of Gloucestershire. Moonraker is a "dark horse," and cannot trace his descent on either side. He was purchased at one period for thirty-five guineas, and, after distinguishing himself, was sold for eighty. He won laurels in Warwickshire, and was sent up to town as a prime one. He has done an immensity of work, and has won two successive steeple chases near St. Alban's, besides his recent victory there; and, although

defeated now, I cannot consider he has lost any of his high renown by the circumstance. He had much against him: Mr. Seffert, who piloted him so ably in the last struggle, had certainly not the same nerve of self-possession on the present occasion.

Mr. O. is a host to contend against, and this perhaps Mr. Seffert was aware of; but he should have remembered that the road to victory in a steeple chase is like the road to Heaven, *narrow and difficult*—no looking to the right nor to the left for short cuts or easy leaps; but on, on, *straight*, with the eye ever directed towards the winning post, is the duty alike of the sportsman and the christian.

Mr. Seffert blames Mr. Osbaldeston for crossing him; all I can say is the opportunity should never have been given. On this ground an objection was made to giving up the stakes. A meeting was had in town on the subject, and much discussion and many letters passed, when by the consent of all parties, the matter was referred to the decision of the Hon. Colonel Anson, whose verdict was immediately in favour of the winner.

Thus ended the business. Upon the whole, this race was far from slap-up. There was too much suiting each other's convenience, and a great deal too much delay; indeed, it was six o'clock before the thing was concluded, and there are few, particularly of the fair sex, who are hardy enough to remain out till that hour, exposed to the searching and biting winds of an English March. Many of the Aristocracy and some first-rate equipages were present, filled with ladies, whose anxiety to witness the race was only equalled by their patience in waiting for it—a virtue, which it is to be hoped, will never be so severely tried again. SLASHING HARRY.

March 17th.

EPITAPH ON BUCKLE.

No better rider ever cross'd a horse—
Honour his guide, he died without remorse.
Jockeys, attend—from his example learn
The meed which honest worth is sure to earn!

H. W.

A LAY OF LEICESTERSHIRE.

SIR,

IF you will allow these lines a place in the next Number of your delightful *Sporting Magazine*, "*qui est plus à la mode que jamais*," you will confer an obligation on

A CONSTANT READER.

March 20, 1832.

"I saw young Harry, with his beaver up."—*Henry the Fourth.*

AGAIN! the joy-inspiring horn
 Sounds tuneful in the vale,
 On Echo's jocund pinions borne,
 Blithe fairy of the gale!
 Each gallant hunter paws the ground,
 Impatient of delay,
 Then pricks its ears at the joyous sound—
 "Away! hark, hark, away!"
 SIR HARRY heads his splendid pack
 With looks of conscience pride,
 And late Meltonians spur the hack
 To reach the covert side.
 Then nods, and smiles, and ready joke,
 Hope beams on every face;
 When suddenly, "He's broke! he's broke!"
 The signal for the chase.
 Amidst th' illustrious array,
 A PHANTOM* there is seen;
 Which like a spirit leads the way,
 Rode fearlessly by GREENE!
 Lord GARDINER follows in his wake;
 And THYNNE, and ROKEBY true;
 Choice spirits! who a fence can take—
 And clear it neatly too!
 "On, Stanley on!" is oft the cry
 Of one long-fam'd for wit;
 I mean the gallant ALVANLEY,
 Who flinches ne'er a bit!
 KINNAIRD†, with countenance so bland,
 Checks his impatient steed;
 Warmly extends his lib'ral hand
 To aid the child of Need.
 And ETHERINGTON‡, with smile sincere,
 All hearts must e'en allure;
 For gentle Ladies cannot fear
 "*Si bel un Dieu d'Amour!*"

* PHANTOM, a famous hunter, the property of Mr. GREENE, of Rolleston Hall. This gentleman is a very distinguished rider in the Quorn Hunt, and a great favorite with the *elite* of Melton, who are sure of a warm reception and liberal treatment whenever the hounds meet near. Rolleston is generally acknowledged to be the *Beau-ideal* of a hunting seat—surrounded by gently undulating hills, clothed perpetually with almost vernal green, a peep at a flourishing fox covert or too, and such claret! dealt out with no niggardly hand, I can assure you.

† Lord KINNAIRD is proverbial for his unbounded benevolence and amiability.

‡ Mr. ETHERINGTON is known here by the flattering *sobriquet* of Cupid, from his pleasing person, I suppose. He certainly does not appear to possess the more

Nor must the Apollo of the throng
 In silence be pass'd o'er,
 Whose gentle soul's enslaved by song—
 The elegant GILMOUR :
 And MAHER and MOORE, and brave SIR JAMES,
 Bound firm in Friendship's knot ;
 A trio of bright sporting names
 Which ne'er will be forgot !
 Young Noblemen of high renown,
 Of Foreign Courts the grace,
 Flock to our little country town,
 Gay votaries of the chase.
 Fair Ladies, with their sunny eyes,
 And gem-encircled neck,
 With their young Lords will sympathise
 'Bout coming to a check ;
 Or fondly smile, to hear them tell
 Their wonderous exploits :
 How *here* a brother sportsman fell,
 And *there* they cried " Hoicks ! hoicks !"
 Yes ! Woman, through each varied hour,
 Reigns with resistless sway,
 Adds joy to joy's exciting power,
 Or charms distress away !
 Ah me ! I feel with fond regret
 The season's near its close ;
 But, let us hope its sun will set
 As cloudless as it rose ;
 And that the next ensuing year,
 Like " true and trusty men,"
 To the green fields of Leicestershire
 They'll all " hark back again !"

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

The Turf.

THE King's horses in training, ten in number, will be sold at Newmarket on Wednesday in the Craven Meeting ; and the yearlings (nine) at Messrs. Tattersall's on the 14th of May next. His Majesty intends to keep a breeding stud for the public advantage, and to *sell all without reserve* every May at Hyde Park Corner.

The hoof of Eclipse is to be set in gold, and ran for as a Challenge Prize, the

arrangement of the conditions of which are left by His Majesty to the Jockey Club.

His Majesty's Plates.—In future the King's guineas will not be given unless three reputed race-horses start belonging to different parties.

The Craven Meeting commences on Easter Monday, April 23.

Ascot Gold Cup.—The following are the names of the horses entered :—Marcus,

terrible qualities of the Blind God, and the most timid young lady need not fear him, he is so remarkably good-natured.

The other Gentlemen I have mentioned are too celebrated to require any comment of mine : but I beg to observe generally that, if an ardent desire to conciliate all ranks, an invariably gentlemanlike conduct, and a strict observance of propriety, are qualities calculated to render persons acceptable to a county, the present distinguished visitors to Melton may fairly lay claim to universal esteem and approbation.

The closing season has been unusually brilliant, both for sport and fashion ; and as long as hunting is so ably advocated, as it has been hitherto in your *unique publication*, there is no fear of its becoming otherwise ; for, in spite of futile attempts, yours must ever remain *THE Sporting Magazine par excellence* !

Lucetta, Camarine, Mahmoud, Anthony, Terry Alt, Archibald, Sarpedon, The Saddler, Variation, Protocol, and Rowton.

Liverpool Spring Races commence on the 16th of May over the Maghull Course; and His Majesty is said to have granted 100gs. to be annually run for over the Aintree Course.

Races for April.—Croxtan Park and Bishop Auckland 4, Holderness Hunt 5, Bath Spring 11, Bedford Spring 12, Leeds Spring, King's Meadows, and Newmarket Craven 23, Catterick Bridge 25, Caistor 30.

Pilgrim.—In "A Peep at the Village," in our July Number, vol. iii. *Second Series*, p. 157, there appears to be an error respecting this horse. He is there stated to have been bred by the Duke of Devonshire, and not exactly thorough-bred. The following has been handed to us from a high authority.—"Pilgrim, foaled in 1822, bred by Sir William Milner, was got by Ardrossan out of Banshee (the dam of Langtonian, Osmond, &c.), by Sorcerer, her dam Blowing's dam by Potbo's out of Maid of All Work by Highflyer.—Ardrossan was got by John Bull out of Miss Whip by Volunteer."

Mr. Maberly's Racing Stud was sold by Messrs. Tattersall on Monday, March 26, as follows:—

Bay Colt, rising 3 yrs, by Wamba, out of Stingtail:—23gs.

Ches. Filly, 3 yrs, by Woful out of Tramper's dam:—35gs.

Bay Filly, rising 3 yrs, by Partisan out of Pomona:—50gs.

Bay Yearling Filly, by Richard out of Eliza Leeds:—48gs.

Bay Yearling Filly, by Truffle out of Naughty Girl:—32gs.

Chesnut Yearling Filly, by Middleton out of Favorite:—77gs.

Br. Yearling Filly, by Sultan, dam by Woful, out of Holbein's dam:—100gs.

Ches. Filly Foal, by Middleton out of Agnes:—38gs.

Erymus, by Moses out of Eliza Leeds:—160gs.

BROOD MARES.

Eliza Leeds, with a filly foal at her foot by Sultan:—400gs.

Agnes, by President, with a filly foal at her foot by Camel:—130gs.

Woful Mare, out of Holbein's dam:—91gs.

Verdict, by Nicolo:—60gs.

Nannette, rising 3 yrs, by Partisan out of Nanine:—570gs.

Sceptre, rising 3 yrs, by Partizan:—80gs.

Farce, rising 4 yrs, by Swiss:—150gs.

Mr. Forth has purchased Gratis, by Middleton out of Cetus's dam, for 1000gs.

Lord Exeter has sold Ada (brood mare) for 200gs. and Terapia for 100gs.

Horses purchased to go Abroad.—Dream, by Soothsayer, in foal to Camel; Br. Mare, by Tiresias out of Scratch, in

foal to Partisan; Bay Mare, by Smolensko, dam by Selim; Bay Mare, by Orville out of Laurel Leaf, in foal to Truffle; and Ches. Filly, by Moses out of Dream—to His Highness the Duke of Schleswic-Holstein-Augustenburg.—Ch. Mare, by Tiresias out of Mary by Sir Peter (Neva's dam)—to the Baron Biel.

FINE ARTS.

It is with satisfaction we find our Editorial labours this month relieved by the power of bestowing praise where it is really deserved—a task at all times most pleasing to ourselves, and gratifying to a liberal public, which is ever ready to foster merit in whatever shape it may appear. To remark that the Art of Engraving has now reached a degree of perfection which leaves other countries far behind us, is almost superfluous, since every picture-shop in London proves the fact; but in no department, we may venture to say, has its genius been so widely exercised—we may also add, so liberally appreciated—as in and by the *Sporting World*, who have to thank their indefatigable caterer, Mr. ACKERMANN, jun. of Regent-street (who spares neither cost nor trouble to procure something choice for their approval), for the portraits of CHORISTER and RIDDLESWORTH, from drawings by that clever artist Ferneley, engraved by Duncan and Webb. Chorister was bred by the Marquis of Cleveland, the winner of last year's Leger, and a scion of one of the gamest and stoutest runners of his day (Lottery), and the first of his sons who entered the lists, in which he has already distinguished himself. Behold him, the very *moral* of his reverend sire—a big-boned, slapping, lengthy bit of blood, with as fine black under-standers as any racer betwixt the Bushes and York can produce; a capital middle piece, broad and well let-down quarters, stern very prettily set on, good racing-like forehead, with immense muscular arms, a neck neither too long nor too short, and a frontispiece corresponding with his other good points. We said he was his father's son; and this the artist convinces us of, for he has caught him in one of those ticklish tempers in which his sire occasionally indulged, and to which he owed his cognomen of Lottery. Lottery was a complete proof that horses can give themselves airs as well as their masters. Catch him in the right humour, and he would go like a devil; but when he chose to be queer, the devil himself would have hard work to move him. In Chorister, the ears cunningly laid back, the sly ogle, and sulky under lip, are seen to the life as the trainer holds him, whilst John Day, armed cap-à-pie for the start, eyes him with a countenance that says, "you're a rum'un, my covey, but you can go, and if you will but be honest we'll see whether we can't show the knowing ones who venture their rhino

against us a little *Day-light*." John's likeness is so perfect, that a stranger who had never been in his presence might select him from the motley group in Cheapside at any hour of the day. The figures of one or two of the competitors, and the Grand Stand, are sketched in the back, and form a good relief to the group in the foreground.—Turn we now to Riddlesworth, winner of *the Riddlesworth*, &c., and bred by My Lord Jersey—a beautiful chestnut horse with a blaze over his forehead. Externally, he has not the powers of Chorister; but he has that which shews he can, "like a fairy, dance upon the green." He is lengthy and large of clip in the saddle, quarters long and racy, and a swan-like neck, with a head on it as graceful and bloodlike as one of Araby's best breed. In his *tout ensemble* much of the Soothsayer blood may be seen. Jem Robinson's phiz, with its bent brow and screwed-up mouth, wears a most determined air, seeming to say, "Who's afraid!" The firm seat and natty figure (arrayed in beautiful costume) of this honest jock are well depicted, and a blind man might guess the pull that fingers the check-strings. In the back ground is seen the weighing crib with a few knowing ones round it, waiting for the horse, which is just come out, and shewing much anxiety respecting it; and in the distance, the white booths and assembled spectators, towards which a rare grey nag is rattling at his best stride. The outline of these pictures is natural; the lights and shades of colouring on each horse are not undeserving a comparison with many an oil painting; and the figures of the men, as we have before remarked, complete portraits. In fact, they are pictures our grandfathers would have been proud to have seen enshrined in handsome frames, decorating their best apartments. We trust their descendants will not shew less taste, by neglecting this opportunity of adding two such gems to their cabinets. A full and correct pedigree of each horse accompanies the pictures, which we hope will meet with the admiration they merit, and thereby encourage the spirited publisher to continue the *course* he is running, and in which we feel confident he will run to win.

EXTRAORDINARY LEAP.

SIR—Some time ago I was coursing at Bushy Park, and a hare crossed over a bridge unseen by the dogs, until she came on the opposite bank of the river, or rather water, when a little greyhound I had there sprang, and, however incredible it may appear, cleared *thirty feet and a half*, and killed her hare. It was measured at the time by one of His Majesty's (then Duke of Clarence) keepers.—Yours, &c.—SLIPS.

PEDESTRIANISM.

Private Michael Kennedy, of the 18th

(Royal Irish) Regiment, aged 23 years, weighing 11st. 10lb., and measuring in height 5 feet 9½ in., having undertaken to run a quarter of a mile in a minute, the event came off on Saturday the 10th of March, on the Race-course near Northampton, where a great concourse of persons of all descriptions assembled.—The man started shortly after two P. M., and performed his task in *fifty-four seconds and three-quarters* (the time having been kept by timemakers appointed for that purpose).—Our Correspondent assures us, that a Gentleman of the *very first* sporting celebrity in the kingdom told him, on the morning of the 10th, that he thought the distance would not be done within the minute. The odds, however, were rather in favour of the man.

SPORTING OBITUARY.

It is our painful task this month to record the decease of Delmè Radcliffe, Esq., who suddenly was taken from this fretful scene of ours at his domicile in Conduit-street, when surrounded by his friends Lord Albemarle and Sloane Stanley. The Turf has lost a firm supporter in one who was practically acquainted with its every move, and society has been bereft of a generous and well-informed friend. In early days Mr. Radcliffe was well known for his excellent finger in steering the best sons of Eclipse to victory and glory; and at Bibury and other courses, which at that period was graced with the presence of our late lamented Sovereign, then Prince of Wales, figured in splendid rivalry with that excellent amateur jock Lord George Germaine. The esteem in which Mr. Radcliffe's high character stood with His late Majesty was amply evinced by his having the enviable office of Gentleman of the Horse placed in his hands—a sure criterion of his well-earned integrity and probity—and continued to him by our now revered Monarch, whose horses have by this bereavement lost their engagements for the present year.

On the 12th of March, at Fidget Farm, Newmarket, Lord Cleveland's famous stallion Whisker, aged 20, having been bred by the Duke of Grafton in 1812. He was own brother to Whalebone, Waterloo, Web, Woful, Wire, and other celebrated racers. He won the Derby and seven other races, and received four forfeits: he ran nineteen races. His stock have been very fortunate; up to the end of last season he was sire of 123 winners, who had won 309 prizes, amounting to 45,961l. 7s. 8d. He was sire of Memnon, The Colonel (both St. Leger winners), Abron, Mustachio, Maria, Emancipation, &c. &c.

On the 11th of March, at Mr. John Scott's stables, Whitewall Corner, near Malton, that very promising colt Beauport, the property of the Hon. E. Petre,

got by Comus out of Rowton's dam. He won the Hornby and another Stakes, at the late York August Meeting, and was, previous to his death, the second favorite for the York and Derby, and also a favorite for the Doncaster St. Leger.—In the same stable, George Walker, Esq. lost three—viz. Melody, by Jerry out of Chorister's dam; Caroline, by Partisan out of Quadrille (both in the Oaks 1833); and a colt, by Muley out of Margrave's dam (in the Derby 1833).—Mr. Bower has also lost his Figaro colt out of Chancellor's dam.

PUGILISM.

At the late Stafford Assizes, Brown of Bridgnorth brought an action against Mr. Beardsworth, the stakeholder in the fight between him and Sampson at Pegburn Leys, near Doncaster, Sept. 17, 1831, to recover 200l. which the defendant had paid over to Sampson, after he had been officially told not to do so. Brown only claimed his own deposit, in consequence of foul play—See *Sporting Magazine*, Second Series, vol. iii. p. 468—and the Jury unhesitatingly returned a verdict for the plaintiff.

BETTINGS AT TATTERSALL'S.

THE three favorites for the DERBY—Beiram, Spencer, and Margrave—have been ringing the changes during the month, each having the call on particular days in the early part; whilst latterly the two former excited the most attention, and Margrave receded. Non Compos has been gradually getting up, and now stands on a par with Margrave. The latest account gives, Beiram 8 to 1, Spencer 8½ to 1, Margrave and Non Compos 12 to 1.—Of the double events with these horses, we notice the following:—700 even on Beiram and Margrave against Spencer and Non Compos; and this gave rise to two other bets, viz. 1100 to 1000 Spencer against Beiram, and then 1500 even between the two.—A bet was also made 1000 even Non Compos against Margrave.

Little has been doing in the Oaks. Lord Exeter's Advance filly now stands first favorite at 8 to 1, having taken Emiliana's place, who is at 9 to 1.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE have to return our most grateful acknowledgments to very many friends who have written to us on the subject of our "Address" in the last Number: but, however flattering their opinion, we decline inserting any of their favours—first, because the "facts" stated in some of them were previously known to us, and if we had thought proper to deal in personalities we had ample scope; but as these are proofs of little minds and characteristics of ignorant and bad reasoners, we refrain: and secondly, because, as the public cannot feel the least interest in the private controversies of individuals, we shall no longer intrude *our affairs* on the patience of our readers: the *mens conscia recti* is our best shield against the shafts of malignity and *falschood*, from whatever quarter they may come, and with this impression we take leave of the subject for ever!

IN consequence of the Indexes to the Volume and the Racing Calendar, and completing the latter, we have *again* given three extra half sheets, or twenty-four pages. Still we have been obliged to postpone numerous interesting and valuable communications, particularly the conclusion of GILBERT FORESTER's Tour to the West Countree; a Week with Mr. Bulteel's Hounds at Tetcott; Letters from THE YOUNG FORESTER, A QUARTOGENARIAN, PISCATOR, &c. &c.—The several Coursing Meetings must also stand over till our next.

THE addition to MILES's Letter from Leicestershire to ONECFUS came too late.

WE beg to acknowledge the receipt of two letters from known Correspondents complaining of an error into which FLASHMAN has fallen with respect to the Tidworth Hounds. That all men see not with the same eyes, is a very true and trite maxim, and we are unwilling to believe that FLASHMAN's account of these hounds could have originated in anything but a *difference* of opinion. We of course must depend on the accuracy of our friends who kindly favor us with their occasional contributions; and we can hardly believe any Gentleman would make so mean and disgraceful a use of the power afforded to him by our pages as to convey information *untrue* and injurious to another. We at all times *have*, and *will*, refuse to sully our respectable work with contributions arising from malice, envy, or any uncharitable feeling. Our Magazine is for *sport* and not *spite*; and we should consider it a poor return to that public which has for so many years honoured us with its patronage, were it otherwise.

INDEX.

RACING CALENDAR, 1831. ✓

NEWMARKET JULY MEETING.

MONDAY, July 11.—SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, for three-year-olds :—colts, 8st. 6lb. ; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—New T.Y.C.—Eleven subs.

Sir M. Wood's ch. f. *Camarine*, by Juniper, dam by Rubens, out of Tippettywiche, (Robinson) 1

Lord Egremont's b. f. by Whalebone—Harpalice..... 2

The following also started but were not placed :—Mr. Hunter's b. c. by Whalebone, out of Agnes by President, grandam by Hambletonian—Marcia ; Mr. Peel's b. c. Lochinvar, by Swap ; Mr. W. Chifney's br. f. by Emilius, out of Surprise ; Duke of Grafton's b. f. Blassi, by Emilius—Minuet ; Col. Russell's b. f. Papillote, by Mustachio ; Lord Exeter's b. f. by Catton, out of Dulcinea ; and Mr. Henry's ch. c. Tam o'Shanter, by Tiresias.—Three to 1 on Mr. Chifney's filly. Won by a neck.

MATCH for 100, h. ft.—Ab. M.

Mr. Osbaldeston's b. c. *Apuntador*, by Blacklock, dam by Walton, 4 yrs old, 9st. (Robinson) 1

Mr. Wagstaff's b. f. Landrail, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. 2

Six to 4 on Apuntador. Won by a head.

SWEEPSTAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. for fillies, 8st. 2lb. each.—T.Y.C.—Three subs.

Gen. Yates's br. f. by Bedlamite, out of Lady of the Lakewalked over.

Second Year of the Renewal of the JULY STAKES of 50 sovs. each, 30 ft. for two-year-olds :—colts, 8st. 6lb. ; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—New T.Y.C.—Twenty-eight subs.

Lord Exeter's ch. c. *Beiram*, by Sultan, out of Miss Cantley by Stamford (W. Arnall) 1

Gen. Yates's ch. c. Non Compos, by Bedlamite 2

The following also started but were not placed :—Duke of Grafton's b. f. Destiny, by Centaur, out of Dervise's dam by Waxy ; Mr. Prince's c. Brother to Nessus, by Centaur ; Lord Jersey's b. c. by Middleton, dam by Merlin, out of Oscar's dam ; Mr. Chifney's ch. f. by Emilius, dam by Whisker, out of Castrella ; and Lord Verulam's ch. f. by Truffle, out of Tredrille.—Six to 4 agst Lord Jersey's colt, 5 to 2 agst Beiram, 7 to 1 agst Mr. Chifney's filly, and 10 to 1 agst Non Compos.—Won by a length.

Gen. Grosvenor's b. f. Gerardine, by Wrangler, out of Charlotte, rec. ft. from Mr. Goddard's b. f. Bobbinette, by Robin Adair, 8st. 4lb. each, D.M. 50, h. ft.

TUESDAY, July 12.—MATCH for 25 sovs. 11st. each.—B. M.

Gen. Grosvenor's ch. m. *The Hertfordshire Mare* (G. Edwards) 1

Lord Chesterfield's dun h. Golden Egg 2

Three to 1 on The Hertfordshire Mare. Won easy.

MATCH for 50, h. ft.—T.Y.C.

Lord Anson's b. f. *Zillah*, by Whisker, out of Elizabeth, 8st. 12lb. (J. Chapple)... 1

Gen. Grosvenor's b. f. Gerardine, 3 yrs, 7st. 11lb..... 2

Six to 4 on Zillah. Won by a length.

The OATLANDS STAKES of 20 sovs. each.—A. F.—Eight subs.

Lord Worcester's b. h. *Coulon*, by Whisker, out of Miss Cranfield, 6 yrs old, 9st. 6lb. (Robinson) 1

Sir M. Wood's ch. c. Captain Arthur, 4 yrs, 8st. 12lb..... 2

The following also started but were not placed :—Mr. Sowerby's b. c. Paradox, 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. ; Mr. Roberts's ch. c. Cloudeley, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. ; Mr. Hunter's gr. f. Christina, 4 yrs old, 7st. 13lb. ; Sir M. Wood's ch. c. Adam Brock, by Blacklock, 3 yrs old, 6st. 10lb. ; and Mr. Rogers's b. c. Varlet, 3 yrs old, 6st. 10lb.—Seven to 4 on Varlet, and 5 to 1 agst Coulon. Won by a neck.

FIFTY POUNDS:—three-year-olds, 6st. 9lb. ; four, 8st. ; five, 8st. 8lb. ; six, 8st. 12lb. ; and aged, 9st.—D.I.

Col. Wilson's br. c. by Comus, out of Rotterdam, by Juniper, 4 yrs old (Buckle)... 1
Sir M. Wood's br. m. Lucetta, by Reveller, 5 yrs old..... 2
Seven to 4 on Lucetta. Won by a length and a half.

WEDNESDAY, July 13.—The **TOWN PURSE** of 50l. for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 4lb. ; fillies, 8st.—Last mile and a distance of B. C.

Sir M. Wood's ch. f. *Camarine*, by Juniper, dam by Rubens, out of Tippettywiche (Robinson)..... 1
Col. Wilson's br. c. by Tiresias, out of Schedam 2
Mr. Hunter's b. c. by Whalebone, out of Agnes..... 3
Five to 2 on Camarine. Won by half a length.

MATCH for 50.—T. Y. C.

Lord Anson's b. f. *Zillah*, by Whisker, out of Elizabeth, 4 yrs old, 9st. (W. Arnall), 1
Lord Chesterfield's b. f. Kittums, 2 yrs old, 6st. 4lb..... 2
Five to 2 on Zillah. Won by half a length.

SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each:—two-year-olds, 6st. 11lb. ; and three, 9st.—**New T. Y. C.**

Sir S. Graham's b. f. *Little Fanny*, by Morisco, out of Fawn, 3 yrs old (Pavis)..... 1
Mr. Rogers's c. by Partisan, out of Fawn, 2 yrs old 2

The following also started but were not placed:—Mr. Cooper's b. c. Will Scarlet, by Robin Hood, 2 yrs ; Mr. Rush's ch. f. by Phantom, out of Discord, 3 yrs ; Mr. Henry's f. by Partisan, out of Scribe, 2 yrs ; Mr. Ridsdale's b. c. by Lottery, out of Oceana, 3 yrs ; Lord Exeter's b. f. by Catton, out of Dulcinea, 3 yrs ; Mr. Hunter's b. f. Seviglia, by Figaro, 3 yrs ; Mr. Harris's ch. c. by Manfred, out of Palmyra by Sorecerer, 3 yrs ; and Lord G. H. Cavendish's b. c. by Partisan, out of Barossa by Vermin, 3 yrs.—Eight to 1 agst Will Scarlet. Won by a length.

MATCH for 50, h. ft.—T. Y. C.

Lord Mountcharles's b. c. *Carwell*, by Filho da Puta, dam by Hambletonian, 3 yrs, 8st. (J. Robinson) 1
Lord Anson's b. f. *Zillah*, 4 yrs old, 9st. 4lb. 2
Six to 4 on Carwell. Won by a neck.

MATCH for 50, h. ft. 8st. 4lb. each.—T. Y. C.

Lord Chesterfield's b. f. *Kittums*, by Abjer, dam by Filho da Puta, out of Miss Catton (Connolly) 1
Lord Mountcharles's c. Bassetlaw, by Catton, dam by Soothsayer, out of Miss Hap, 2
Three to 1 on Bassetlaw. Won by a length.

HANDICAP STAKES of 15 sovs. each, 10 ft. for three-year-olds and upwards—To start at the starting-post of B. M. and run to the end of New T. Y. C.

Mr. Pettit's b. c. *Steamer*, by Champignon, out of Salvadera, 4 yrs, 8st. (E. Pavis), 1
Lord Mountcharles's b. c. *Carwell*, 3 yrs, 7st. 11lb. 2

The following also started but were not placed:—Lord Worcester's b. h. Coulon, 6 yrs, 9st. 6lb. ; Mr. Cooke's b. h. Harold, 5 yrs, 9st. 2lb. ; Mr. Sewerby's bl. h. Corner, 6 yrs, 9st. ; Lord G. H. Cavendish's br. c. by Godolphin, out of Mouse, by Sir David, 4 yrs, 8st. 6lb. ; Mr. Batson's ch. m. Acacia, 5 yrs, 8st. 6lb. ; Mr. Ramsbottom's br. c. Zucharelli, 4 yrs, 8st. 3lb. ; Mr. Wagstaff's b. f. Landrail, 4 yrs, 8st. 11lb. ; Lord Chesterfield's b. c. by Middleton, out of Cressida by Whiskey, 3 yrs, 6st. 10lb. ; and Gen. Grosvenor's b. f. Gerardine, by Wrangler, out of Charlotte, 3 yrs, 6st. 8lb. (carried 6st. 11lb.)—Eight to 1 agst Steamer. Won by a length.

PRESTON MEETING.

TUESDAY, July 12.—The **SIXTH STANLEY STAKES** of 10 sovs. each, with 30 added, for horses of all ages.—One mile and a quarter.

Mr. Riddell's b. c. *Emancipation*, by Whisker, dam by Ardrossan, 4 yrs, 8st. (R. Johnson)..... 1

Mr. Clifton's b. h. Fylde, by Antonio, aged, 8st. 12lb. 2

Sir J. Gerard's br. c. Rex, by Figaro, 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb..... 3

The following also started but were not placed:—Lord Derby's gr. c. Speculator, 3 yrs, 6st. 9lb. ; Mr. Ferguson's b. c. Tetotum, 3 yrs, 6st. 9lb. ; Mr. Johnson's ch. h. Jupiter, by Tramp, aged, 8st. 12lb. ; and Lord Scarbrough's b. h. Cambridge, 6 yrs, 8st. 12lb.—Even betting on Fylde, and 2 to 1 agst Emancipation.—Won cleverly.

FIFTY POUNDS, the gift of the Proprietors of Stands, for horses, &c. that never won the value of 50l.—Heats, twice round and a distance.

Mr. Mostyn's br. c. <i>Shonin</i> , by Emilius, out of <i>Lupina</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 10lb. (T. Lye).....	5	1	1
Lord Derby's gr. c. <i>Speculator</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 10lb.....	1	3	3
Mr. Hobson's ch. c. <i>Winton</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st.....	6	2	2
Mr. Hutchinson's b. f. by Grey Malton, 3 yrs old, 8st. 7lb.....	3	dis.	
Mr. Duckworth's b. f. <i>I'm-sure-I-shan't</i> , by Champignon, 3 yrs old, 6st. 7lb... 2	dr.		
Sir W. Wynne's br. c. <i>Belmont</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 10lb.....	4	dr.	

PRODUCE STAKES of 50 sovs. each, for three-year-olds.—One mile and three-quarters.—Seven subs.

Mr. Clifton's b. f. <i>The Screw</i> , by Banker, out of Euxton's dam, 8st. 2lb. (Wright), 1	
Sir T. Stanley's ch. f. <i>Mima</i> , by General Mina, 8st. 2lb.	2
Lord Grosvenor's br. c. <i>Mangel Wurzel</i> , by Whisker, out of Passamaquoddi, 8st. 5lb. 3	
Mr. Whittaker's br. c. by Lottery— <i>Woful</i> , 8st. 5lb.	4

Seven to 4 agst *The Screw*, and 3 to 1 agst *Mima*. Cleverly.

WEDNESDAY, July 13.—**SWEEPSTAKES** of 25 sovs. each, for three-year-old fillies, 8st. 2lb. each.—One mile and a quarter.

Mr. Clifton's b. f. <i>The Screw</i> , by Banker, out of Euxton's dam (Wright)	1
Mr. Blakelock's b. f. <i>Fancy</i> , by Osmond—Catton	2
Mr. Ogden's b. f. <i>Sarah</i> , by Tramp— <i>Polly Oliver</i>	3

A good race.

The GOLD CUP, value 100gs., added to a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, for horses of all ages.—Two miles and a quarter.—Sixteen subs.

Mr. Riddell's b. c. <i>Emancipation</i> , by Whisker, dam by Ardrossan, 4 yrs old, 8st. (Johnson)	1
Lord Scarbrough's br. c. <i>Windcliffe</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st.....	2
Mr. Clifton's br. h. <i>Guido</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb.	3
Mr. Shepherd's ch. c. <i>Revolution</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st.	4
Mr. Nowell's gr. h. <i>Roundwaist</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb.	5

A good race.

FIFTY POUNDS, for three and four-year-olds.—Heats, one mile and a quarter.—Fourteen subs.

Mr. Mostyn's b. f. <i>Her Highness</i> , by Moses, out of Princess Royal, 3 yrs old, 7st. 1lb. (T. Lye)	1	1
Mr. Duckworth's <i>I'm-sure-I-shan't</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 1lb.....	3	3
Mr. T. Carter's b. c. <i>All's-well</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb.....	6	2
Mr. Blakelock's b. f. <i>Fancy</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 1lb.	2	dr.
Mr. Arnold's b. f. <i>Delly</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb.....	4	dr.
Sir W. Wynne's b. c. <i>Penrhos</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb.	5	dr.

THURSDAY, July 14.—**SWEEPSTAKES** of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds.—One mile and a quarter.—Five subs.

Mr. Ferguson's br. c. <i>Tetotum</i> , by Lottery, dam by Smolensko, out of Miss Cannen, 8st. 4lb. (Lear)	1
Lord Derby's ch. c. <i>Filcher</i> , by Tramp, 8st. 4lb.	2
Mr. Nowell's b. c. by Muley, out of <i>Lucinda</i> , 8st. 4lb.	3

Two to 1 on *Filcher*. Won easy.

SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 30 added, for horses of all ages.—Heats, one mile and a quarter.—Four subs.

Lord Scarbrough's b. c. <i>Windcliffe</i> , by Waverley, dam by Catton, 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. (G. Nelson)	1	1
Mr. Ferguson's b. h. <i>Young Patrick</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb.	3	2
Mr. Clifton's b. m. <i>Butterfly</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 8lb.	2	dr.

SEVENTY POUNDS, given by the Earl of Derby, for horses of all ages.—Heats, two miles and a distance.

Mr. Mostyn's b. f. <i>Her Highness</i> , by Moses, 3 yrs old, 6st. 9lb. (T. Lye) ...	5	1	1
Mr. Johnson's ch. h. <i>Jupiter</i> , aged, 8st. 12lb.	1	3	3
Lord Scarbrough's b. h. <i>Cambridge</i> , by Catton, 6 yrs old, 8st. 12lb.....	4	2	2
Mr. Shepherd's ch. c. <i>Revolution</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 5lb.....	2	dr.	
Mr. Ferguson's b. c. <i>Kangaroo</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st.	3	dr.	

Two to 1 agst *Cambridge*, and 2 to 1 agst *Her Highness*.

TAUNTON MEETING.

TUESDAY, July 12.—The **TAUNTON STAKES** of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft., with 30 added, for horses of all ages.—Two miles.

Mr. Taunton's b. h. <i>Coronet</i> , by Catton, dam by Paynator, 6 yrs old, 8st. 8lb. (Trenn)	1
Mr. Hobart's ch. h. <i>Cornelian</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 3lb.	2
Mr. Reeves's b. m. <i>Flora</i> , 5 yrs old, 7st. 12lb.	3
Mr. Radclyffe's br. h. <i>Brownlock</i> , aged, 8st. 8lb.	4
One subscriber paid 15 sovs. ft., and eighteen others having declared by the time pre-scribed paid only five sovs. each.	

The **BOROUGH MEMBERS' PURSE** of 50l., added to a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, five ft. for horses of all ages.—One-mile heats.

Mr. Gauntlett's b. c. <i>Donxelli</i> , by Bustard or Orville, 4 yrs old, 8st. (T. Cowley)	1	2	1
Mr. Haddy's b. h. <i>Dandelion</i> , aged, 9st. 6lb.	3	1	3
Mr. Houldsworth's b. g. <i>Gilbert</i> , 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb.	2	dr.	

SUBSCRIPTION PURSE of 50l. for horses of all ages.—Heats, one mile and a distance.

Mr. Hobart's ch. h. <i>Cornelian</i> , by Rubens, dam by Woful, 5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. (Farlow)	1	1
Mr. Smith's br. m. <i>Rigmarole</i> , aged, 9st. 4lb.	2	2
Mr. Wreford's br. f. <i>Wilna</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 8lb.	3	dr.

HUNTERS' STAKES of 15 sovs. each, 10 ft. for horses, &c. not thorough-bred.—Gentlemen riders.—Three miles.

Mr. Reeves's ch. g. *Moses*, by Walthamstow, aged, 12st. walked over.

WEDNESDAY, July 13.—The **LADIES' PURSE** of 50l. added to a Sweepstakes of three sovs. each, for horses of all ages.—Heats, one mile and a distance.—Five subs.

Mr. Houldsworth's b. g. <i>Gilbert</i> , by Sherwood, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. (Farlow) ...	1	1
Mr. Hobart's ch. h. <i>Cornelian</i> , 5 yrs old, 9st. 2lb.	3	2
Mr. Haddy's b. h. <i>Dandelion</i> , aged, 9st. 5lb.	2	dr.

HANDICAP STAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 20 added.—One mile and a half.

Mr. Reeves's b. m. <i>Flora</i> , by Cannon Ball, dam by Hit or Miss, 5 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. (Wakefield)	1
Mr. Haddy's b. h. <i>Dandelion</i> , aged, 9st. 8lb.	2
Mr. Smith's br. m. <i>Rigmarole</i> , aged, 8st. 11lb.	3

The **TOWN PURSE** of 50l. for horses of all ages.—Heats, from the Red-post, and once round.

Mr. Reeves's b. m. <i>Flora</i> , by Cannon Ball, 5 yrs, 8st. 13lb. (Wakefield)....	2	1	1
Mr. Hobart's ch. h. <i>Cornelian</i> , 5 yrs old, 9st.	1	3	2
Mr. Houldsworth's b. g. <i>Gilbert</i> , by Sherwood, 4 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. (post entrance)	3	2	dr.

KENDAL MEETING.

TUESDAY, July 19.—**SWEEPSTAKES** of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for three-year-olds.—One mile and a distance.—Three subs.

Mr. Westgarth's br. c. *Goldfinch*, by Helwith, out of Julietta, 8st. 3lb... walked over.

MAIDEN PURSE of 50l. for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Smith's br. g. <i>Brown Stout</i> , by Jack Spigot, or Young Phantom, 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb. (T. Lye)	1	1
Mr. Westgarth's br. c. <i>Goldfinch</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st.	0	2
Mr. Bowser's b. g. <i>Barrister</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 7lb.	0	3
Mr. Newell's br. f. by Orville, 4 yrs old, 8st.	3	4
Mr. Hodgson's ch. c. <i>William the Fourth</i> , by Abjer, 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb.	2	dr.

WEDNESDAY, July 20.—The **GOLD CUP**, value 100gs. by 10 subs. of 10gs. each, for horses of all ages.—Three miles.

Mr. R. Williamson's b. h. <i>The Earl</i> , by Percy, dam by Remembrancer, 6 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. (Jaques)	1
Mr. Shepherd's ch. c. <i>Revolution</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st.	2
Mr. J. Smith's br. c. <i>Speculation</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 8lb.	3
Mr. Humphries's b. c. by Swiss, out of Wilful, 3 yrs old, 6st. 8lb.	4
Mr. Margetson's br. f. <i>Salmonia</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 5lb.	5

SWEEPSTAKES of seven sovs. each, with 20 added, for horses of all ages.—Heats, one mile and a distance.—Four subs.

Mr. Nowell's gr. h. <i>Roundwaist</i> , by Whalebone, 5 yrs old, 8st. 13lb. (J. Jaques)	2	1	1
Mr. Serjeantson's br. f. <i>The Golden Pippin</i> , by Swiss, 3 yrs old, 7st.....	1	2	3
Mr. Walker's b. m. <i>Duchess</i> , aged, 8st. 11lb.	3	3	2

THURSDAY, July 21.—**SWEEPSTAKES** of 20 sovs. each, h. ft. with 20 added, for two-year-olds.—One mile.—Three subs.

Sir E. Dodsworth's br. c. by Brutandorf, out of St. Patrick's dam, by Dick Andrews, 8st. 5lb.	1
Mr. Nowell's b. f. by Muley, dam by Cato, 8st. 2lb.	2

The **TOWN PURSE** of 50l. for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. R. Williamson's b. h. <i>The Earl</i> , by Percy, 6 yrs old, 9st. 5lb. (J. Jaques)	1	4	1
Mr. Mostyn's br. c. <i>Shonin</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 3lb.....	0	1	3
Mr. Carter's b. c. <i>All's-Well</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 6lb.....	0	2	2
Mr. Ferguson's b. c. <i>Kangaroo</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb.	2	3	4
Mr. Smith's br. g. <i>Brown Stout</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb.....	3	dr.	

The first heat a good race, the second won by a head, and the third by a length.

HANDICAP STAKES of seven sovs. each, with 20 added.—Two-mile heats.—Five subs.

Mr. Westgarth's br. c. <i>Goldfinch</i> , by Helwith, 3 yrs old, 7st. (W. Thompson),	1	1
Mr. Ferguson's b. h. <i>Young Patrick</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 6lb.	3	2
Mr. Margetson's br. f. <i>Salmonia</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 9lb.	4	dis.
Mr. Humphries's b. c. by Swiss, 3 yrs old, 7st.....	2	dr.

CHELTENHAM MEETING.

TUESDAY, July 19.—**SWEEPSTAKES** of 30 sovs. each, h. ft. for two-year-olds:—colts. 8st. 7lb. ; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—Last half-mile.—Three subs.

Mr. Griffiths's b. c. <i>Soubahdar</i> , by Champignon, out of Sylph, by Spectre, (Cheswass).....	1
Mr. Twamley's ch. f. by Paulowitz, out of Tintoretta	2

PRODUCE STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds.—One mile and a quarter.—Five subs.

Lord Warwick's b. f. *Water Witch*, by Whalebone, out of Niobe, 8st. 4lb. walked over, but some of the subscribers claim to withdraw in consequence of the removal of the Course.

RENEWAL of the **GLOUCESTERSHIRE STAKES** of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft. and only five if declared, &c. for horses of all ages.—Two miles.

Mr. Watt's ch. c. <i>Maxeppa</i> (late Confederacy), by Godolphin, out of Frogmore's dam, 4 yrs old, 7st. 6lb. (A. Pavis)	1
Sir L. Glyn's ch. c. <i>Bryan</i> , by Blacklock, 4 yrs, 8st. 2lb. (received back his stake)...	2
Mr. Bristow's br. h. <i>Dr. Faustus</i> , aged, 9st. 2lb.	3
Mr. I. Sadler's ch. m. <i>Device</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 7lb.	4

The following also started but were not placed:—Mr. Dickinson's ch. h. *Lawn Sleeves*, 5 yrs, 8st. ; Mr. Yates's gr. m. *Cicely*, 5 yrs, 7st. 12lb. ; Mr. Twamley's b. f. *Sappho*, 4 yrs, 7st. ; and Mr. Ormsby Gore's b. c. *Jasper*, 4 yrs, 7st.—Eleven subscribers paid 15 sovs. ft. and 23 others having declared by the time prescribed paid only five sovs. each. Won cleverly.

The **SALPERTON STAKES** of 10 sovs. each, h. ft. with 20 added.—Two miles.—Five subs.

Mr. Day's b. f. by Whalebone, out of Sloe's dam, 3 yrs old, 8st. (A. Pavis).....	1
Mr. Sadler's ch. m. <i>Device</i> , 5 yrs old, 9st. 2lb.....	2

SWEEPSTAKES of 15 sovs. each, h. ft. for horses, &c. not thorough-bred.—Heats, one mile and a quarter.—Five subs.

Mr. Ongley's gr. g. <i>The Flyer</i> , by Swap, 6 yrs old, 12st. (Owner).....	1	1
Mr. I. Day's b. g. <i>Brilliant</i> , aged, 12st. 2lb.....	2	2

The first heat an excellent race, the second won easy.

WEDNESDAY, July 20.—The **SHERBORNE STAKES** of five sovs. each, with 30 added, for horses of all ages.—New mile.—Eighteen subs.

Mr. Yates's gr. g. *Gab*, by Swap, out of *Gabrielle*, by Partisan, 3 yrs old, 7st.

(a Lad) 1
Mr. Dickinson's ch. h. *Lawn Sleeves*, 5 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. 2

The following also started but were not placed :—Mr. Yates's gr. m. *Cicely*, 5 yrs, 8st. 7lb. ; Mr. Griffiths's b. c. *Thorn Grove*, 4 yrs, 8st. 4lb. ; Mr. I. Sadler's ch. f. *Design*, 4 yrs, 8st. ; Mr. Twamley's b. f. *Sappho*, 4 yrs, 7st. 9lb. ; Lord Warwick's b. f. *Water Witch*, 3 yrs, 7st. 4lb. ; Mr. I. Sadler's b. f. *Keepsake*, 3 yrs, 7st. 3lb. ; and Mr. Thompson's ch. f. *Sister to Swiss*, 3 yrs, 7st.—All the horses started except *Gab*, and the race was won by *Thorn Grove* ; but the Stewards having decided it to be a false start, there was a second race, when *Thorn Grove* fell, and his rider was slightly injured.

SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, with 20 added, for horses of all ages.—Two miles. Eight subs.

Mr. Watts's b. c. *Shark*, Brother to *Grampus*, by *Whalebone*, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb.

(A. Pavis)..... 1
Mr. I. Sadler's b. f. *Keepsake*, 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb..... 2
Mr. Bristow's br. c. *Brussels*, by *Waterloo*, out of *Sprite*, by *Phantom*, 3 yrs old, 7st. (bolted) 3

HANDICAP STAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 10 added, for horses that have been regularly hunted.—Two miles.—Four subs.

Mr. Ongley's gr. g. *The Flyer*, by Swap, 6 yrs old, 12st. (Owner) 1
Mr. Lawrence's b. c. *Fright*, 4 yrs old, 10st. 2
Mr. Peel's ch. f. *Figarina*, by *Figaro*, 4 yrs old, 10st. 2lb..... 3

HANDICAP STAKES of five sovs. each, with 20 added.—Once round.

Mr. Griffiths's b. c. *Thorn Grove*, by *Smolensko*, out of *Fanny Leigh*, 4 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. (*Cheswass*) 1
Mr. Dickinson's ch. h. *Lawn Sleeves*, 5 yrs old, 9st..... 2
Mr. Sadler's ch. f. *Design*, 4 yrs old, 8st. 6lb. 3

The following also started but were not placed :—Mr. I. Day's b. f. by *Whalebone*, 3 yrs, 7st. 7lb. ; Mr. Peel's ch. f. *Figarina*, 4 yrs, 7st. 7lb. ; Mr. Davis's b. c. *Change-ling*, by Swap, 3 yrs, 7st. ; and Mr. Thompson's ch. f. *Sister to Swiss*, 3 yrs, 7st.

ENFIELD MEETING.

WEDNESDAY, July 20.—The **TOTTENHAM and EDMONTON PURSE** of 50l. for horses of all ages that never won the value of 50l. at any one time.—Heats, once round and a distance.

Mr. G. Edwards's ch. f. *Zarina*, by *Middleton*, out of *Butterfly*, 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb. (*C. Edwards*)..... 1 1
Mr. Coleman's ch. f. *Petticoats*, 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb. 2 3
Mr. Simpson's b. c. by *Wrangler*, 3 yrs old, 7st. 5lb..... 3 4
Mr. Holloway's b. f. *Snack*, 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb. 4 2

The **MIDDLESEX STAKES** of five sovs. each, with 25 added, for horses of all ages.—Heats, once round and a distance.—Five subs.

Mr. Cavell's b. m. *Windfall*, by *Reveller*, out of *Legacy*, 5 yrs old, 9st. (*S. Mann*) 1 1
Mr. Thomas's ch. g. *Blinker*, 5 yrs old, 9st. 3 2
Mr. Frith's b. f. *Betsy Calvert*, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb..... 2 3
Mr. Oliver's *Frizzle*, 6 yrs old, 9st. 4lb. (bolted)..... dis.

The **GROVE STAKES** of five sovs. each, with 25 added, for horses not thorough-bred. Seven subs.

Mr. Frith's br. m. *Henrietta*, 11st. (*Captain Beecher*)..... 1 1
Captain Elton's br. g. *Scarecrow*, 11st..... 5 2
Mr. Ongley's br. h. *King Arthur*, 11st. 4lb. 2 3
Mr. Lambdon's b. g. *Avenue*, 11st. 3 4
Mr. Hungerford's br. g. *Teddy*, 11st. 6 5
Mr. Arnold's Miss *Clarke*, 11st. 4 6
Mr. Coleman's Sober *Robin*, 11st. (ran on the wrong side of a post) dis.

The owner of *Scarecrow* claimed the Stakes, on the ground that *Henrietta* was thorough-bred, and *Scarecrow* walked over for the third heat.

THURSDAY, July 21.—The **WALTHAM ABBEY PURSE** of 50l. for horses of all ages.—Heats, once round and a distance.

Mr. G. Edwards's ch. f. <i>Zarina</i> , by Middleton, out of Butterfly, 3 yrs old, 7st. (C. Edwards).....	2	1	1
Mr. Simpson's br. h. Souter Johnny, by Reveller, 5 yrs old, 9st. 3lb.....	1	2	3
Mr. Holloway's b. f. Snack, 3 yrs old, 7st.	3	3	2
Mr. Pearce's br. m. Crane, 5 yrs old, 8st. 9lb.	4	dr.	

The CHESHUNT STAKES of five sovs. each, with 25 added, for the beaten horses,—Heats, once round and a distance.

Mr. Coleman's ch. f. <i>Petticoats</i> , by Bobadil, dam by Young Alexander, 3 yrs old, 7st. (C. Edwards).....	2	1	1
Mr. Thomas's ch. g. Blinker, 5 yrs old, 9st.	1	3	3
Mr. Simpson's b. c. by Wrangler, 3 yrs old, 7st.	3	2	2
Mr. Fish's b. g. Sober Robin, 5 yrs old, 8st. 4lb.	4	dis.	

HUNTERS' STAKES of 10 sovs. each, free for any horse, &c. 11st. 7lb. each.—Gentlemen riders.—Heats, once round and a distance, and two leaps to be taken in each heat over hurdles.—Five subs.

Mr. Coleman's b. g. <i>Sober Robin</i> , 5 yrs old	1	1	1
Captain Beecher's Picturesque, 6 yrs old.....	3	2	2
Lord Deerhurst's b. g. Otho, aged	2	3	dr.
Mr. Taylor's b. g. Roland, 6 yrs old	4	2	3

There was a dispute about the first heat, so it was run over again, when Sober Robin won it, as he did all of them; but neither he nor the other two having cleared the hurdles, the race was awarded to Roland.

STAMFORD MEETING.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 20.—The BURGHLEY STAKES of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft. and only five if declared, &c. with 25 added.—Once round, starting at the New Mile Post.

Mr. Flintham's b. g. <i>Anti-Catholic</i> , by Wothorpe, 5 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. (Perkins) ...	1		
Lord Exeter's br. m. Varna, 5 yrs old, 9st. 7lb.	2		
Mr. Platel's ch. m. Conviction, aged, 8st. 12lb.	3		
Three subscribers paid 15 sovs. ft. and nine others having declared by the time prescribed paid only five sovs. each.			

SWEEPSTAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds.—New Mile.—Three subs. General Grosvenor's b. c. *Sarpedon*, by Emilius, out of Icaria, by The Flyer, 8st. 4lb. (W. Arnall)

Dr. Willis's ch. c. by Tancred—Snowdrop, 8st. 4lb.	2		
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The DONATION CUP value 50 sovs. by subscription of five sovs. each, with 20 added, for horses of all ages, not thorough-bred.—Heats, once round and a distance.—Gentlemen riders.—The surplus in specie to the second horse.—Nine subs.

Mr. Standwell's b. g. <i>Mercury</i> , by Dinmont, 5 yrs old, 11st. 11lb. (Mr. Wilders),	1	1	
Mr. G. Coll's ch. m. Doubtful, aged, 11st. 7lb.	2	2	

The NOBLEMEN and GENTLEMEN'S PURSE of 50l. for horses of all ages.—Heats, twice round.

Mr. Ridsdale's b. c. <i>Caspian</i> , by Lottery, out of Oceana, 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb. (a Lad)	3	1	1
Mr. Broomhead's b. c. Butcher Boy, by Catton, out of Eleanor, 3 yrs, 7st. 2lb.	1	2	2
General Grosvenor's b. f. Gerardine, by Wrangler, 3 yrs old, 7st. 2lb.	2	3	dr.

THURSDAY, July 21.—SWEEPSTAKES of 20 sovs. each, for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 6lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—T.Y.C.—Five subs.

Mr. Rogers's b. c. by Partisan, out of Fawn (W. Arnall)	1		
Mr. Platel's b. f. Kitty, by Smyrna, out of Chasm	2		
General Grosvenor's b. f. Generous, by Stainborough, out of Barbara Allen, by Camillus	3		

The GOLD CUP, value 100 sovs. by ten subs. of 10 sovs. each, for horses of all ages.—Thrice round.

Mr. Flintham's b. g. <i>Anti-Catholic</i> , by Wothorpe, 5 yrs old, 8st. 13lb. (Parkins) ...	1		
Lord Exeter's br. m. Varna, 5 yrs old, 8st 13lb.	2		

The TOWN PURSE of 70l. for three-year-olds.—Heats, once round.

Lord Exeter's br. f. by Catton, out of Dulcinea, by Cervantes, 8st. 4lb. (W. Arnall).....	1	0	2	1
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Mr. Ridsdale's b. c. Caspian, 8st. 10lb. 3 0 1 2
 Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. Simon, 8st. 7lb. 2 dr.

The FARMERS' STAKES of five sovs. each, with 25 added, for horses, &c. not thorough-bred.—Heats, from the Half-mile Post, and once round.—Five subs.

Mr. Banks's ch. m. *Kitty Clover*, by Apollo, 5 yrs old, 11st. 11lb. 1 1
 Mr. Hill's gr. g. Meltonian, 5 yrs old, 11st. 11lb. 2 2
 Mr. Spriggs's bl. g. Sailor, 5 yrs old, 11st. 11lb. dis.

FRIDAY, July 22.—SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 10 added, for horses, &c. not thorough-bred.—Gentlemen riders.—Two-mile heats.—Four subs.

Mr. Standwell's b. g. *Mercury*, by Dinmont, 5 yrs, 11st. 11lb. (Capt. Beecher), 1 1
 Mr. G. Coll's ch. m. Doubtful, aged, 12st. 2lb. 2 2
 Mr. Bird's br. m. by Cannon-ball, out of Teneham's dam, 5 yrs old, 11st. 11lb.... dis.

FOAL STAKES of 30 sovs. each, 20 ft. for three-year-olds: colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—New Mile.—Three subs.

General Grosvenor's b. c. *Sarpedon*, by Emilius, out of Icaria (W. Arnall) ... 1
 Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. Simon, by Comus, out of Miss Maltby's dam 2

FIFTY POUNDS, given by the Marquis of Exeter, for horses of all ages.—Heats, twice round.

General Grosvenor's b. f. *Gerardine*, by Wrangler, out of Charlotte, 3 yrs old, 6st. 6lb. (a Lad) 1 1
 Mr. Broomhead's b. c. Butcher Boy, 3 yrs old, 6st. 9lb. 2 2

EXETER MEETING.

WEDNESDAY, July 20.—The EIGHTH DEVONSHIRE STAKES of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft. and only five if declared, &c.—About one mile and a half.

Sir L. Glyn's b. f. *Jenny Vertpre*, by Bobadil, out of Bella Donna, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. (J. Day) 1
 Mr. Davis's b. g. Granby, by Spectre, aged, 8st. 8lb. 2
 Two subs. paid 15 sovs. ft. and 22 others having declared by the time prescribed paid only five sovs. each.

A PIECE of PLATE, value 100 sovs. for horses of all ages.—Heats, once round and a distance.—Nine subs.

Mr. Biggs's b. m. *Whisk*, by Whisker, out of Sister to Benedict, 6 yrs old, 8st. 8lb. (J. Day) 1 1
 Mr. Wreford's b. f. Woodbine, by Middleton, 3 yrs old, 5st. 13lb. 3 2
 Mr. Elton's b. f. Clematis, by Sir Huldibrand, 4 yrs old, 7st. 3lb. 2 dr.

SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, 5 ft. with 50 added by the County Members, for horses of all ages.—Gentlemen riders.—Three-mile heats.

Mr. Taunton's b. m. Candidate, aged, 11st. 4lb. 1 1
 Mr. Elton's b. f. Clematis, 4 yrs old, 10st. 4lb. 3 dis.
 Mr. S. Wreford's bl. h. Wrangler, 5 yrs old, 11st. 2 dr.
 Mr. Fawcett's br. c. Reflection, 4 yrs old, 10st. dis.

PRODUCE STAKES of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft. for three-year-olds.—One mile.—Six subs.

Mr. S. Wreford's b. f. *Wilna*, by Smolensko, out of Snare, by Scud, 8st. 4lb. (T. Cowley) 1
 Mr. C. Trelawny's b. f. by Whalebone, out of Lucinda, by Cervantes, 8st. 11lb. 2
 Mr. S. Trelawny's f. by Orgar, out of Gulnare by Colossus, 7st. 8lb. 3

THURSDAY, July 21.—PURSE of 100 sovs. given by the Inhabitants of Exeter for horses of all ages.—Heats, once round a distance.

Mr. Radclyffe's br. h. *Brownlock*, by Blacklock, aged, 9st. 3lb. (T. Cowley), 1 1
 Mr. Goodlake's ch. h. Geoffrey Crayen, by Rubens, 5 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. 3 2
 Mr. Taunton's b. h. Coronet, 6 yrs old, 9st. 3lb. 2 dr.
 Mr. H. Cornish's gr. f. Agate, 8 yrs old, 6st. 9lb. dis.

FIFTY POUNDS, given by the City Members, for horses of all ages.—One-mile heats, over the New Course.

Sir L. Glyn's b. f. *Jenny Vertpre*, by Bobadil, out of Bella Donna, 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb. (J. Day) 1 1
 Mr. C. Trelawny's b. f. by Whalebone, 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb. 3 2
 Mr. Biggs's b. m. Whisk, 6 yrs old, 9st. 2lb. 2 dr.

THE RACING CALENDAR, 1831.

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The LADIES' PURSE of 50l. for horses of all ages.—Heats, one mile, over the New Course.

Mr. Biggs's b. m. <i>Whisk</i> , by Whisker, out of Sister to Benedict, 6 yrs old, 9st. (J. Day).....	2	1	1
Mr. Haddy's b. h. <i>Dandelion</i> , aged, 9st.....	1	2	3
Mr. Wiltshire's b. h. <i>Lawrence</i> , aged, 8st. 4lb.....	3	2	2
Mr. Goodlake's <i>Geoffrey Crayon</i> , 5 yrs old, 7st. 10lb.....	4	dr.	
Mr. S. Trelawny's f. by <i>Orgar</i> , 3 yrs old, a feather.....	dis.		

Two to 1 on *Dandelion*. A good race.

SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, with 25 added, for horses, &c. not thorough-bred.—Two-mile heats.—Six subs.

Mr. Nettle's roan mare (T. Farlow)	1	1
Mr. Sweete's b. g. <i>Tom Moore</i> , aged.....	3	2
Mr. Fawcett's br. c. <i>Reflection</i> , 4 yrs old.....	2	3
Mr. Cousins's <i>Brown Barney</i> , 5 yrs old	4	4

Four to 1 on *Tom Moore*.

ROCHDALE MEETING.

THURSDAY, July 21.—The ROCHDALE STAKES of 80 sovs. added to a Handicap Stakes of 10 sovs. each, five ft. and only three if declared, &c. for horses of all ages.—Two miles.—Ten subs.

Mr. Healey's b. h. <i>Flambeau</i> , by Grey Malton, out of Sister to Torchbearer, 5 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. (Heseltine)	1	
Mr. Thompson's br. g. <i>Orthodox</i> , by Filho da Puta, aged, 8st. 2lb. (received back his stake)	2	

The following also started but were not placed :—Mr. Palin's br. g. *Pluralist*, 5 yrs, 8st. 2lb. ; Mr. W. Turner's b. f. *The Nabb*, 4 yrs, 7st. 9lb. ; Mr. Ferguson's b. c. *Tetotum*, 3 yrs, 7st. 2lb. ; and Mr. Hoyle's br. f. by *Wanderer*, 3 yrs, 6st.

SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, with 20 added, for horses, &c. not thorough-bred.—Gentlemen riders.—Heats, two miles and a distance.—Six subs.

Mr. T. F. Dearden's br. g. <i>Surveyor</i> , aged, 12st. (Mr. Griffiths)	1	1
Mr. Travis's br. f. <i>Deborah</i> , 4 yrs old, 10st. 8lb.	2	2

MAIDEN PURSE of 50l. for horses of all ages.—Heats, twice round and a distance.

Mr. Somerville's br. h. <i>Renishaw</i> , by Amadis, 5 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. (J. Dodgson),	1	1
Mr. Hobson's ch. c. <i>Winton</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb.	0	2
Mr. Cooke's b. f. by <i>Catten</i> , out of <i>Orphan</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb.	2	0
Mr. Allanson's b. c. <i>Shaver</i> , by <i>Gulliver</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st.	0	0
M.. Thompson's br. f. <i>Wigan Lass</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb.	0	0
Mr. Brookes's ch. c. <i>Independent</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb.....	0	0

FRIDAY, July 22.—The TOWN PURSE of 50l. for horses of all ages.—Heats, twice round and a distance.

Mr. Thompson's br. m. <i>Armida</i> , by Master Henry, 5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. (Shelton)	1	1
Mr. Hobson's ch. c. <i>Winton</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb.....	4	2
Mr. Brookes's ch. c. <i>Independent</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 5lb.....	2	3
Mr. Whitworth's br. m. <i>Moll-in-the-Wad</i> , by <i>Constable</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 7lb....	3	dr.

SWEEPSTAKES of seven sovs. each, with 25 added, for horses, &c. not thorough-bred.—Gentlemen riders.—Heats, two miles and a distance.—Seven subs.

Mr. Milward's b. g. <i>Junior</i> , Brother to <i>Hexgrave</i> , 5 yrs old, 11st. 8lb. (Mr. Kent).....	1	1
Mr. T. F. Dearden's br. g. <i>Surveyor</i> , aged, 12st.....	2	2
Mr. Dyson's b. m. <i>Water Witch</i> , aged, 12st.....	3	dr.

KNUTSFORD MEETING.

TUESDAY, July 26.—The PRODUCE STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds.—Two miles.—Eight subs.

Lord Grosvenor's br. c. <i>Caractacus</i> , by <i>Conductor</i> , out of <i>Caractacus</i> , 7st. 13lb. (Calloway)	1	
Lord Grosvenor's br. c. <i>Mangel Wurzel</i> , by <i>Whisker</i> , 7st. 13lb. (received back his stake)	2	

Sir T. Stanley's ch. f. <i>Mina</i> , 7st. 10lb.	3
Lord Derby's b. f. by Master Henry— <i>Loyalty</i> , 7st. 10lb.	4
Two to 1 on Lord Grosvenor's two. Won very easy.	

A PIECE of PLATE, value 100 sovs., with 50 added, by 14 subs. of 10 sovs. each, for horses of all ages.—The owner of the second horse received 20 sovs.—Three miles.

Mr. Beardsworth's br. c. <i>Birmingham</i> , by Filho da Puta, 4 yrs old, 7st. 12lb. (Calloway).....	1
Mr. R. Turner's ch. c. <i>Recovery</i> , by Emilius, 4 yrs old, 7st. 12lb. (fell lame)	2
Mr. Chapman's b. c. <i>The Cardinal</i> , 4 yrs old, 7st. 12lb.	3
Mr. Clifton's ch. f. <i>Moss Rose</i> , 4 yrs old, 7st. 10lb.	4
Three to 1 on Birmingham. Won easy.	

MAIDEN PURSE of 50l. for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Clifton's ch. f. <i>Moss Rose</i> , Sister to <i>Velocipede</i> , by Blacklock, 4 yrs old, 7st. 9lb. (Wright)	1	1
Mr. Bower's b. f. <i>Tartarina</i> , by Tramp, 4 yrs old, 7st. 9lb. (recd. 10l.).....	0	2
Mr. Wilken's b. f. <i>Isabella</i> , by Astbury, 3 yrs old, 6st. 7lb.	3	0
Mr. Peacock's b. f. <i>Polly Jean</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 7lb.	0	0
Mr. Thompson's b. h. <i>Master Watkin</i> , 6 yrs old, 8st. 10lb.	0	0
Lord Derby's ch. f. <i>Roseleaf</i> , 4 yrs old, 7st. 9lb.	2	dr.
Even betting on Moss Rose. Won easy.		

WEDNESDAY, July 27.—The PEPPER STAKES of 10 sovs. each, for horses of all ages.—Once round, and a distance.—Twelve subs.

Mr. Clifton's br. h. <i>Guido</i> , by Peter Lely, out of Miss Syntax, 5 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. (J. Spring).....	1
Mr. Beardsworth's br. c. <i>Birmingham</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 5lb.	2
Sir J. Gerard's br. c. <i>Rex</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb.	3
Five to 2 on Birmingham, 3 to 1 agst Guido, and 10 to 1 agst Rex. Won easy.	

SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, with 40 added, for three and four-year olds.—Heats, about one mile and a half.

Mr. Nanney's b. f. <i>Wedlock</i> , by Figaro, dam by Smolenske, 3 yrs, 7st. 4lb. (Jones)	0	1	1
Mr. Cooke's b. f. by Catton, out of Orphan, by Camillus, 3 yrs, 6st. 11lb.	1	2	2
Mr. Hoyle's br. f. by Wanderer, 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb.	0	0	3
Mr. G. Ogden's b. f. <i>Sarah</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 13lb.	2	0	dr.
The winner was claimed according to the articles for 120 sovs. Six to 4 agst Wedlock. Won easy.			

A SILVER CUP, value 50l., given by Lord Grey, of Groby, for horses, &c. not thorough-bred.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Chandler's br. m. <i>Needless</i> , by Banker, 5 yrs old, 11st. 4lb.	0	1	1
Mr. Shuttleworth's b. m. <i>Flora</i> , 5 yrs old, 11st. 4lb. (recd. 10 sovs.)	1	0	2
Mr. Wood's gr. g. <i>Brinnington</i> , 5 yrs old, 11st. 4lb.	0	2	3
Mr. Plester's b. g. <i>Oliver</i> , 5 yrs old, 11st. 4lb.	2	0	dr.
Mr. Roscoe's gr. g. <i>Paul</i> , 6 yrs old, 12st.	0	dr.	
Mr. Massey's b. f. <i>Fusee</i> , 4 yrs old, 10st. 9lb.	0	dr.	

THURSDAY, July 28.—SIXTY POUNDS, for all ages.—Heats, two miles and a distance.

Mr. Jackson's br. h. <i>Hazard</i> , by Waverley, 5 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. (T. Arthur), 2	1	1
Mr. Nanney's bl. f. <i>Georgiana</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 1lb.....	1	4 2
Mr. Thompson's br. m. <i>Armida</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb.....	3	3 3
Lord Grosvenor's b. c. <i>Thermometer</i> , by Whisker, 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb.....	4	2 dr.
Seven to 4 agst <i>Georgiana</i> , 7 to 4 agst <i>Thermometer</i> , and 5 to 2 agst <i>Hazard</i> .		Won
cleverly.		

HANDICAP STAKES of five sovs. each, with 30 added.—Heats, Peover Course.—Ten subs.

Sir T. Stanley's ch. f. <i>Augustina</i> , by Tramp, 4 yrs, 6st. 10lb. (Templeman),	1	0	1
Mr. Nanney's br. c. <i>Belmont</i> , by Figaro, 3 yrs old, 7st. (recd. 10L.).....	0	1	0
Mr. Howden's ch. g. <i>Orangeman</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb.....	0	0	2
Mr. G. Ogden's b. f. <i>Olive</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 7lb.....	2	0	3
Mr. Wiatt's b. f. <i>Maria</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 9lb.....	0	0	0
Mr. Hammond's ch. g. <i>Hawk's Eye</i> , by Merlin, aged, 8st. 10lb.....	0	0	0
Mr. Shingler's b. f. <i>Smallwaist</i> , 4 yrs old, 7st. 8lb.	0	0	0
Mr. Thompson's br. f. <i>Wigan Lass</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 7lb.	0	0	0

Mr. Cooke's br. g. Bhurtpore, 6 yrs old, 9st..... 0 2 dr.
 Mr. Summerville's b. h. Renishaw, 5 yrs old, 8st. 12lb..... 0 0 dr.
 Five to 2 agst Augustina; after the second heat even betting on Belmont. Won cleverly.

EDINBURGH MEETING.—OVER MUSSELBURGH COURSE.

TUESDAY, July 26.—The UNION STAKES of 25 sovs. each, with 20 added, for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 3lb.; fillies, 8st.—One mile and a half.

Lord Elcho's b. f. *Fair Witherington*, by Warkworth, out of his Arab mare (G. Nelson) 1

Mr. Ramsay's b. f. *Miss Dulwich*, by Richard, out of Vanish..... 2

Sir J. Boswell's b. f. *Mordelia*, by Monreith, out of Hambletonia..... 3

The winner the favorite. Won by a length.

SWEEPSTAKES of 50 sovs. each, for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st.; fillies, 7st. 11lb.—One mile.—Four subs.

Lord Belhaven's ch. f. *Cranberry*, by Monreith, out of Susanne.....walked over.

The GOLD CUP, value 100 sovs., by Subscription of 10 sovs. each.—Two miles.—Eleven subs.

Sir D. Baird's b. c. *Carolán*, by Catton, out of Joseph's dam, by Dick Andrews, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. (T. Lye)..... 1

Lord Elcho's b. h. *Gondolier*, 5 yrs old, 8st. 9lb..... 2

Mr. Ramsay's br. h. *Pilgrim*, 5 yrs old, 8st. 9lb..... 3

Sir J. Boswell's ch. m. *Silk Sleeves*, 5 yrs old, 8st. 7lb..... 4

Even betting between Carolán and Pilgrim. Won by half a neck.

CITY PURSE of 50l. for horses of all ages.—Heats, two miles and a half.

Mr. Peacock's b. f. *Pea-chick*, by Whisker, out of Calypso, by Sorcerer, 3 yrs old, 6st. 6lb. (T. Lye)..... 1 1

Mr. Fletcher's ro. g. by Stainborough, 4 yrs old, 7st. 12lb. 2 dr.

Mr. Quarton's b. g. by Fitz-Orville, dam by Whisker, 4 yrs old, 7st. 12lb..... 3 dr.

Won in a canter.

WEDNESDAY, July 27.—The LOTHIAN STAKES of seven sovs. each, with 30 added, for horses of all ages.—Two miles.—Five subs.

Mr. Ramsay's br. h. *Pilgrim*, by Blacklock, dam by Prime Minister, 5 yrs old, 9st. (R. Johnson)..... 1

Lord Elcho's br. h. *Brunswick*, aged, 9st. 4lb. 2

Mr. Quarton's b. c. *The Flea*, 3 yrs old, 7st. 5lb..... 3

Sir J. Boswell's ch. m. *Silk Sleeves*, 5 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. 4

Even betting on Brunswick. Won easy.

HIS MAJESTY'S PURSE of 100gs. for horses of all ages.—Four-mile heats.

Mr. Ramsay's b. h. *Round Robin*, by Borodino, dam by Cerberus, 5 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. (Johnson)..... 1 1

Mr. Dick's b. g. *Charley*, aged, 8st. 12lb. 4 2

Sir D. Baird's b. c. *Carolán*, 4 yrs old, 7st. 4lb..... 2 3

Mr. Smart's br. g. *Baillie Jarvie*, by Champignon, out of Jenny Rintherouter, yrs old, 8st. 2lb..... 3 4

Carolán the favorite. Won cleverly.

FIFTY POUNDS, for horses of all ages.—Heats, one mile and a half.

Lord Elcho's b. h. *Gondolier*, by Fitz-Orville, out of Gondola, 5 yrs old, 9st. (G. Nelson) 1 1

Mr. Ramsay's b. f. *Miss Dulwich*, 3 yrs old, 7st. 11lb. 4 2

Mr. Peacock's b. f. *Pea-chick*, by Whisker, 3 yrs old, 7st. 11lb. 2 dr.

Mr. Hope Johnstone's b. c. by Peter Lely, dam by Orville, 3 yrs old, 7st. 3lb. 3 dr.

Gondolier the favorite. A good race.

THURSDAY, July 28.—**SWEEPSTAKES** of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for two-year-olds—Half a mile.—Six subs.

Mr. Gilmour's b. c. by Canteen, out of Mary Ann, by Blacklock, 7st. 11lb. (G. Nelson) 1

Mr. Steward's b. f. by Cleveland—Fame, 7st. 11lb..... 2

Two to 1 on the winner. A good race, won by half a length.

FIFTY POUNDS, given by the Duke of Buccleuch, for horses, &c. the property of Farmers.—Two-mile heats.—Eight subs.

THE RACING CALENDAR, 1881.

Mr. T. Wilson's ch. c. <i>Private</i> (late <i>Taurus</i>), by <i>Ardrossan</i> , 6 yrs, 12st.....	2	1	1
Mr. Robb's ch. h. <i>Conjurer</i> , by <i>The Juggler</i>	1	2	2
Mr. Summers's b. g. <i>Physic</i> , aged, 12st.	0	3	3
Mr. Laing's ch. c. <i>Ivanhoe</i> , 4 yrs old, 11st. 9lb.....	3	0	dr.
Mr. G. Fermes's b. g. <i>Moonlight</i> , aged, 12st.....	0	0	dr.
Mr. Watson's br. m. <i>Purity</i> , 5 yrs old, 11st. 9lb.	0		dr.
Mr. Barclay's b. m. <i>Maria Darlington</i> , 6 yrs old, 12st.....	0		dr.
Mr. Binnie's <i>Lauderdale Lassie</i> , 5 yrs old, 11st. 9lb.	dis.		

Won by half a head.

FIFTY POUNDS, given by R. A. Dundas, Esq. M.P. for the City, for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Lord Elcho's br. h. <i>Brunswick</i> , by <i>Comus</i> , out of <i>Byram's</i> dam, aged, 8st. 8lb. (G. Nelson).....	1	1
Mr. Dick's b. g. <i>Charley</i> , aged, 8st. 6lb.	2	2

Even betting. Won by a head.

MATCH for 50 sovs. each, both three years old, 8st. each.—Two miles.

Str J. Boswell's b. f. <i>Mordella</i> , by <i>Monreith</i> (Lye).....	1
Mr. Quarton's ch. f. <i>Cranberry</i> , by <i>Monreith</i> (bolted).....	2

MATCH for 50 sovs. each.—Rode by the owners.—Twice round.

Mr. I. Scott's b. g. <i>Captain</i> , by <i>Ardrossan</i> , aged	1
Mr. Chisholm's ch. m. <i>Queen Jessie</i> , 6 yrs old.....	2

SALISBURY MEETING.

TUESDAY, July 26.—The **WILTSHIRE STAKES** of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft.—Two miles.—Fifteen subs., 12 of whom having declared ft. by the time prescribed paid only five sovs. each.

Mr. Houldsworth's br. g. <i>Crescent</i> , by <i>Blacklock</i> , out of <i>Miss Maltby</i> , by <i>Filho</i> , 4 yrs old, 7st. 12lb.....	walked over.
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The **COUNTY MEMBERS' PLATE** of 50l. for all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Wyndham's b. f. <i>Sister to Colleger</i> , by <i>Rubens</i> , out of <i>Dorina</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb. (J. Martin).....	2	0	1	1
Mr. Radclyffe's b. f. <i>Susanna</i> , by <i>Figaro</i> , out of <i>Effie Deans</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb.....	1	0	2	2
Mr. Balcher's b. f. <i>Miss Larle</i> , by <i>Centaur</i> , out of <i>Harriet</i> , 4 yrs, 8st. 2lb. 3	3			dr.
Mr. Fullbrook's ch. h. <i>Fencer</i> , by <i>Anticipation</i> , out of <i>Rosbud</i> , aged, 9st. 8lb.....	4			dr.

The **COCKED HAT STAKES** of one sov. each, with a Purse added.—Heats, one mile and a half.

Mr. Freake's b. f. <i>Virgin</i> , 3 yrs old, 9st. 4lb. (Boffey).....	1	1
Mr. Mills's gr. g. <i>Dwarf</i> , 6 yrs old, 11st. 4lb.....	2	2

WEDNESDAY, July 27.—**SWEEPSTAKES** of 10 sovs. each, in lieu of the Cup.—About two miles and a half.—Six subs.

Mr. Houldsworth's br. g. <i>Crescent</i> , by <i>Blacklock</i> , out of <i>Miss Maltby</i> , by <i>Filho</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st.....	walked over.
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The **CITY MEMBERS' PLATE** of 50 sovs. for all ages.—Heats, two miles.

Mr. Ley's b. h. <i>Omen</i> , by <i>Orville</i> , out of <i>Whizgig</i> , by <i>Rubens</i> , 6 yrs, 9st. 7lb.,	1	1
Mr. Davis's b. g. <i>Granby</i> , aged, 9st. 4lb.....	2	2
Mr. C. Finch's b. m. <i>Benefit</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 12lb.....	3	dr.

The **CITY BOWL**, for all ages.—Heats, about two miles and a half.

Mr. C. Finch's b. m. <i>Benefit</i> , by <i>Oiseau</i> , dam by <i>Prime Minister</i> , out of <i>Lady Ern</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 7lb.....	1	1
Mr. Balcher's b. f. <i>Miss Larle</i> , 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb.	2	2
Mr. Fullbrook's ch. h. <i>Francis</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb.	3	3

THURSDAY, July 28.—His **MAJESTY'S PURSE** of 100ga., for four-year-olds and upwards.—Four-mile heats.

Mr. Sadler's br. g. <i>Jocko</i> , by <i>Filho da Puta</i> , aged, 12st.....	walked over.
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SUBSCRIPTION PURSE of 50l. for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Ley's b. h. <i>Omen</i> , by <i>Orville</i> , out of <i>Whizgig</i> , by <i>Rubens</i> , 6 yrs, 9st. 2lb.	1	1
Mr. Davis's b. g. <i>Granby</i> , aged, 9st. 4lb.	3	2
Mr. C. Finch's b. m. <i>Benefit</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 11lb.	2	dr.

HANDICAP STAKES of five sovs. each, with 25 added.—One-mile heats.—4 subs.
 Mr. Hobart's ch. g. *Cornelian*, by Rubens, dam by Woful, 5 yrs, 16st. 10lb. 2 1 1
 Mr. Ley's b. h. *Omen*, 6 yrs old, 11st. 2lb. 1 2 dr.
 Mr. Wyndham's b. m., 6 yrs old, 9st. 6lb. 3 3 dr.

The **CAVALRY CUP** was won, in three heats, by Mr. Haywood's b. m. *Miss Why-*
not, beating two others.

CHELMSFORD MEETING.

TUESDAY, July 26.—His MAJESTY'S PURSE of 100gs. for mares of all ages.—
 Two-mile heats.

Lord Exeter's ch. f. *Schumla*, by Sultan, out of Bess, 4 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. (P.
 Connolly) 5 1 1
 Sir M. Wood's br. m. *Lucetta*, 5 yrs old, 8st. 13lb. 1 2 2
 Capt. Bulkeley's b. f. *Bustle*, 4 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. 2 3 3
 Sir G. Heathcote's b. f. *Cantatrice*, 4 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. 6 4 dr
 Mr. Hunter's gr. f. *Christina*, 4 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. 3 dr.
 Mr. Hawkins's b. m. *Caradori*, 5 yrs old, 8st. 13lb. 4 dr.

SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, with 25 added by the Members for the County, for
 horses of all ages.—Heats, the New Mile.

Mr. Rush's ch. f. by Phantom, out of Discord, 3 yrs, 7st. 2lb. (Pavis, jun.), 1 4 1
 Mr. Ycasley's b. c. *Coventry*, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. 7 1 2
 Mr. Hawkins's b. f. *Pandora* (late *Scarlet Runner*), by Wrangler, 4 yrs old,
 8st. 4lb. 3 2 3
 Mr. Wilson's gr. f. *Corea*, 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. 2 3 4
 Mr. Hunter's b. c. by Whalebone, out of Agnes, by President, 3 yrs old,
 7st. 5lb. 6 5 dr.
 Mr. Harris's ch. c. *Will the Weaver*, by Manfred, out of Palmyra, 3 yrs old,
 7st. 5lb. 4 dr.
 Mr. S. Day's b. f. *Marchioness*, 3 yrs old, 7st. 2lb. 5 dr.

WEDNESDAY, July 27.—The CUP STAKES of 10 sovs. each, for horses of all
 ages.—Three miles.

Lord Exeter's ch. f. *Schumla*, by Sultan, out of Bess, 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. (Connolly), 1
 Captain Bulkeley's br. c. *Whalebone*, 3 yrs old, 7st. 11lb. 2
 Mr. Beecher's ch. f. by Woful, out of Trumper's dam, 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb. 3
 Mr. Rush's ch. f. by Phantom, out of Sister to M'Adam, 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb. 4
 Sir G. Heathcote's b. f. *Cantatrice*, 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. 5

The **TOWN PURSE** of 60 sovs. for horses of all ages.—Heats, once round and a
 distance.

Mr. Hunter's gr. f. *Christina*, by Gustavus, 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. 1 3 1
 Mr. Bromley's ch. h. *Gambol*, 5 yrs old, 9st. 11lb. 2 1 2
 Mr. Rush's b. c. *Ikey Solomons*, by Moses, out of Reserve, 4 yrs, 8st. 7lb. 3 4 3
 Mr. Harris's ch. c. *Will the Weaver*, 3 yrs old, 7st. 3lb. 4 2 dr.

THURSDAY, July 28.—The STEWARDS' PURSE of 50 sovs. for horses of all
 ages.—Heats, once round and a distance.

Mr. Bromley's ch. h. *Gambol*, by Nicolo, out of Romp's dam, 5 yrs old,
 9st. 11lb. (Watling) 2 1 1
 Mr. Hawkins's b. m. *Caradori*, 5 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. 1 3 3
 Mr. Hunter's b. c. by Whalebone, 3 yrs old, 7st. 3lb. 3 2 2

SWEEPSTAKES of three sovs. each, with 38 added, for the beaten horses.—Heats, the
 New Mile.—Four subs.

Mr. Hawkins's b. f. *Pandora*, by Wrangler, 4 yrs, 8st. 4lb. (T. Robinson) 2 1 1
 Mr. Beecher's ch. f. by Woful, 3 yrs old, 7st. 2lb. 1 2 2
 Mr. Rush's ch. f. by Phantom, 3 yrs old, 7st. 2lb. 3 3 3

WENLOCK MEETING.

TUESDAY, July 26.—SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 20 added by the
 Town, for horses, &c. of all ages.—Twice round the Course, and a distance.—
 Seven subs.

Mr. Gifford's b. h. *Sampson*, by Ambo, dam by King Bladud, aged, 9st. 2lb.
 (W. Lear) 1
 Mr. Jones's br. g. by King of Diamonds, 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb. 2
 Mr. Yates's br. f. *Lilla*, by Bobadil, 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb. 3

SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, for horses, &c. not thorough-bred.—Heats, two miles and a distance.—Fourteen subs.

Mr. Pelham's b. f. <i>Alice Gray</i> , 4 yrs old, 10st. 4lb.....	4	1	1
Mr. Walford's b. m. by Old Orion, 6 yrs old, 11st. 11lb.....	1	2	2
Mr. Kempson's b. m. Miss Oakley, 6 yrs old, 11st. 11lb.	5	3	dis.
Sir E. Smyth's br. c. Tom Whittington, by Filho da Puta, 4 yrs, 10st. 7lb. 2	4	dr.	
Sir W. W. Wynn named b. f. by Pilgarlick, dam by Alexander, 4 yrs old, 10st. 4lb.....	3	dr.	

FIFTY POUNDS, given by B. P. Thompson, Esq. M.P. for horses of all ages.—Heats, twice round and a distance.

Mr. Giffard's ch. c. <i>Faithless Billy</i> , by Figaro—Leviathan's dam, 3 yrs old, 7st. (Robinson).....	1	3	1
Mr. Matthews's b. f. Sultana, 4 yrs old, 8st. 11lb.....	5	1	2
Mr. O. Gore's Peg, by Rowston, 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb.....	2	2	3
Mr. George's ch. f. Acco, 4 yrs old, 6st. 11lb.	4	4	dr.
Mr. Salisbury's b. f. Merry Legs, 4 yrs old, 8st. 11lb.	3	dr.	

The last heat won only by a head.

BRIDGNORTH MEETING.

WEDNESDAY, July 27.—**SWEEPSTAKES** of 10 sovs. each, with 10 added, for horses of all ages.—Twice round and a distance.—Eight subs.

Mr. Yates's br. f. <i>Lilla</i> , by Bobadil, out of Aglaia, 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb. (Brown)...	1		
Mr. Morris's br. m. Gazelle, 5 yrs old, 8st. 7lb.....	2		
Sir G. Pigot's ch. c. Cupid, 4 yrs old, 8st.....	3		
Mr. Foster's b. m. by Strephon, 5 yrs old, 8st. 7lb.....	4		
Mr. O. Gore's b. h. Porkington, 5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb.....	5		

MAIDEN PURSE of 50l. for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Matthews's b. f. <i>Peri</i> , by Master Henry, 4 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. (H. Arthur),	1	1
Mr. Pee's b. m. Miss Prime, 5 yrs old, 8st. 7lb.....	5	2
Mr. Neville's br. f. Mania. 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb.	2	3
Mr. Thornes's ch. f. My Cousin, 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb.....	3	4
Mr. O. Gore's gr. f. Peg, 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb.....	4	dr.

THURSDAY, July 28.—**FIFTY POUNDS**, given by W. W. Whitmore, Esq. M.P. for horses of all ages.—Heats, twice round and a distance.

Mr. Jones's br. g. by King of Diamonds, dam by All-Dickey, 4 yrs old, 8st. (Wright).....	3	1	1
Mr. Painter's b. m. by Strephon, dam by Camillus, 5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb.....	1	2	2
Mr. E. Hobson's br. f. Miss Georgiana, by Swiss, 4 yrs old, 8st.	2	3	dr.

HUNTERS' STAKES of five sovs. each, with 10 added.—Heats, twice round and a distance.—Twelve subs.

Mr. Milner's b. g. <i>Jerry</i> , by Spectre, aged, 11st. 7lb.	1	1
Mr. White's gr. g. Admiral, 5 yrs old, 10st. 11lb.	3	2
Mr. Forbes's b. c. Grumlo, 4 yrs old, 10st. 2lb.	2	3
Mr. Pee's b. m. Miss Prime, 5 yrs old, 10st. 11lb.	4	4

SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 10 added, for three-year-olds :—colts, 8st. 5lb. ; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—Two miles.

Mr. Yates's gr. f. <i>Sylph</i> , by Swap, out of Sigh.....	1	
Mr. Ormsby Gore's ch. c. Buskin, by Tramp	2	
Mr. Spencer's b. c. by Piscator, dam by Hit-or-Miss	3	
Sir G. Pigot's b. f. Fairy, by Figaro	4	

BRIGHTON MEETING.

WEDNESDAY, July 27.—The **BRIGHTON STAKES** of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft. and only five if declared, &c. with 100 added, for horses of all ages.—Two miles.

Mr. Grant's br. m. <i>Lady Emily</i> , by Emilius, out of Antiope, 5 yrs, 8st. 11lb. (Forth),	1	
Lord Stradbroke's b. m. Gallopade, 5 yrs old, 8st.	2	
Lord Exeter's b. c. Mahmoud, 4 yrs old, 8st. 10lb.	3	
Duke of Richmond's gr. c. Ciudad Rodrigo, by Emilius, out of Dandizette, 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb.....	4	
Mr. Gates's b. f. by Little John, out of Vulcan's dam, 3 yrs old, 6st. 5lb.....	5	
Mr. Cosby's b. h. Rasselas, 6 yrs old, 8st. 10lb.	6	

One subscriber paid 15 sovs. ft. and nine others having declared by the time prescribed paid only five sovs.—Two to 1 agst Mahmoud, 3 to 1 agst Lady Emily, and 7 to 2 agst Ciudad Rodrigo. Won easy by a length.

The MEMBERS PURSE of 50l. for horses of all ages.—Heats, the New Course.
 Mr. Hungerford's ch. c. *Camillus*, by Cannon Ball, aged, 9st. (S. Mann) 1 1
 Lord Stradbroke's b. m. Gallopade, by Reveller, 5 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. 6 2
 Mr. Singleton's b. g. Albion, by Centaur, out of Doctor Busby's dam, 4 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. 5 3
 Mr. Scaith's b. f. Harmony, 4 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. 2 dr.
 Capt. Locke's ch. h. Rossignol, 5 yrs old, 9st. 3 dr.
 Mr. Gardner's b. c. by Cydnus, 3 yrs old, 7st. 4lb. 4 dr.
 Six to 4 on *Camillus*; after the first heat, 3 to 1 on him. Each heat won easy by a length.

The SUSSEX PURSE of 50l. for horses of all ages.—Heats, the New Course.
 Lord Exeter's ch. c. *Anthony*, by Tramp, out of Augusta, 3 yrs old, 7st. 7lb. (J. Chapple) 3 1 1
 Lord Egremont's b. f. by Whalebone, out of Harpalice, 3 yrs old, 7st. 11lb. 1 2 2
 Mr. Dockeray's b. g. Abel, 5 yrs old, 9st. 11lb. 2 3 3
 Six to 4 agst Lord Egremont's filly; after the first heat, 7 to 4 on her.

THURSDAY, July 28.—The GOLD CUP, value 100gs. given by his Majesty, added to a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, for horses of all ages.—Two miles.—Eight subs.

Lord Exeter's b. c. *Mahmoud*, by Sultan, 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. (W. Arnall) 1
 Lord Orford's b. f. Naiad, 3 yrs old, 6st. 9lb. 2
 Mr. Gratwicke's b. h. Frederick, 5 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. 3
 Mr. Gardner's br. c. Leander, 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb. 4
 Mr. R. Clarke's b. c. by Borodino, dam by Glowworm, 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb. 5
 Six to 4 agst Mahmoud, and 2 to 1 agst Frederick. Won easy.

SWEEPSTAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for two-years-olds:—colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—Last three quarters of a mile.—Three subs.

Lord Egremont's br. f. by Whalebone, out of Elfrid (Arnall) 0 1
 Duke of Richmond's f. by Whalebone—Harpalice 0 2
 Six to 4 on Lord Egremont's filly; and after the dead heat, 2 to 1 on her. Won by a length.

The TOWN PURSE of 50 sovs., added to a Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, for horses of all ages.—Two mile heats.

Mr. Hungerford's ch. g. *Camillus*, aged, 9st. 11lb. (S. Mann) 1 1
 Mr. Brown's b. b. Watchman, 5 yrs old, 9st. 4 2
 Mr. Gardner's ch. c. King William, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. 2 dr.
 Mr. S. Stonehewer's b. f. Ipsala, 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. 3 dr.
 Five to 4, and after the first heat, 4 to 1 on *Camillus*.

FRIDAY, July 29.—The GOLD CUP (handicap) for horses of all ages.—One mile.
 Captain Byng's gr. c. *Ciudad Rodrigo*, by Emilius, 3 yrs old, 6st. 10lb. (A. Pavis), 1
 Mr. Gardner's ch. c. King William, 4 yrs old, 6st. 10lb. 2
 Capt. Locke's ch. h. Rossignol, 5 yrs old, 7st. 5lb. 3
 Duke of Richmond's ch. c. Shirley, 3 yrs old, 6st. 6lb. 4
 Seven to 4 agst Ciudad Rodrigo, and 5 to 2 agst Rossignol. Won easy.

The LADIES' PURSE of 50l. for horses of all ages.—Heats, the New Course.
 Mr. Scaith's b. f. *Harmony*, by Reveller, dam by Seymour, 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. (Arnall) 1 1
 Mr. Clarke's ch. c. by Robin Hood, out of Cantaloupe, 3 yrs old, 7st. 4lb. 2 2
 Mr. Dockeray's bl. h. Cupid, 6 yrs old, 9st. 5lb. 5 3
 Mr. Gardner's b. c. by Cydnus, 3 yrs old, 7st. 4lb. 3 4
 Captain Locke's ch. h. Rossignol, 5 yrs old, 9st. 11lb. 4 dr.
 Six to 4 agst Harmony; after the first heat, 3 to 1 on her.

The VISITORS' PURSE of 50l. for horses of all ages.—Heats, the New Course.
 Mr. Brown's b. c. *Fawn*, by Wanderer, out of Avon Lass, 3 yrs old, 7st. 4lb. (Bradford) 3 1 1
 Mr. W. Day's br. h. Rasselas, 6 yrs old, 9st. 3lb. 1 3 2
 Mr. Dockeray's b. g. Abel, 5 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. 2 2 dr.
 Seven to 4 on Abel; after the first heat, 5 to 4 on Rasselas, and 3 to 1 agst Fawn; after the second heat, 3 to 1 on Fawn.

HANDICAP PURSE of 50l.—Two mile heats.

Lord Egremont's bl. f. by Whalebone, out of Thalestris, 3 yrs old, 7st. 2lb. (Bradford).....	1	1
Capt. Locke's ch. h. Rossignol, 5 yrs old, 8st. 4lb.	2	dr.
Lord Ranelagh's Lady Alt, recd. ft. from Mr. Hammond's b. h. Frank, one mile, 100, h. ft.		

NORTHAMPTON MEETING.

WEDNESDAY, July 27.—The CUP STAKES of 10 sovs. each, for horses of all ages.—Twice round, three miles.—Twelve subs.

Mr. Theobald's bl. c. <i>The Pilgrim</i> , by Don Cossack, 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb. (Edwards)	1	1
Mr. Tomes's b. h. <i>The Burgess</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 12lb.	2	
Mr. Odell's b. h. Linkboy, aged, 9st. 5lb.	3	
Lord Ongley's ch. c. Suffolk Punch, 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb.	(bolted)	

The COUNTY PURSE of 50gs. for horses of all ages.—Heats, once round and a distance.

Mr. Tomes's b. h. <i>The Burgess</i> , by Filho da Puta, 5 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. (Lamb)	1	1
Mr. Roberts's br. c. <i>Walter</i> , by Whalebone, out of Electress, 3 yrs old, 7st. 3lb.,	2	2
Mr. G. Ongley's br. c. Washington, 3 yrs old, 7st. 3lb.	3	dr.

THURSDAY, July 28.—The TOWN PURSE of 50gs. for horses of all ages.—Heats, twice round.

Mr. Roberts's br. c. <i>Walter</i> , by Whalebone, 3 yrs old, 6st. 9lb. (Edwards)	1	1
Lord Ongley's ch. c. Suffolk Punch, 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb.	2	2
Mr. Odell's b. h. Linkboy, aged, 9st. 4lb. (broke down)	dis.	

HEREFORD MEETING.

MONDAY, August 1.—The CITY STAKES of five sovs. each, with 50 added, for horses of all ages; weight for age.—A winner this year to carry 3lb.; twice, 7lb. extra.—Heats, two miles and a distance.

Mr. Griffiths's b. c. <i>Thorn Grove</i> , by Smolensko, out of Fanny Leigh, 4 yrs old (Cheswase)	1	1
Mr. Watts's b. c. <i>Shark</i> , by Whalebone, 4 yrs old	2	2
Mr. M. Ongley's gr. g. <i>The Flyer</i> , 6 yrs old	3	3
Mr. Ormsby Gore's b. g. <i>The Judge</i> , 3 yrs old	4	dr.

The HEREFORDSHIRE STAKES of 20 sovs. each, h. ft. and only five if declared, &c. with 50 added.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Reeves's b. m. <i>Flora</i> , by Cannon Ball, 5 yrs old	1	1
Mr. Peel's ch. f. <i>Figarina</i> , by Figaro, 4 yrs old	3	2
Mr. Ormsby Gore's b. c. <i>Jasper</i> , by Spectre, 4 yrs old	2	3
Mr. Thornes's b. g. <i>Worcester</i> , 5 yrs old	4	4
One subscriber paid h. ft. and one other having declared by the time prescribed paid only five sovs.		

The CORPORATION PURSE of 50l. for horses of all ages.—Two mile heats.

Mr. I. Day's b. g. <i>Little Boy Blue</i> , by Paulowitz, out of Berenice, 6 yrs old, 8st. 13lb.	1	1
Mr. M. Ongley's gr. g. <i>The Flyer</i> , 6 yrs old, 9st. 4lb.	2	dr.
Mr. Thornes's b. m. by Reveller, 5 yrs old, 8st. 9lb.	3	dr.

TUESDAY, August 2.—The CITY and COUNTY GOLD CUP, value 100 sovs. added to a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, for horses of all ages.—Four miles.—Four subs.

Mr. Watts's b. c. <i>Shark</i> , Brother to Grampus, by Whalebone, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb.	1	
Mr. Griffiths's b. c. <i>Thorn Grove</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb.	2	
Mr. Ormsby Gore's b. c. <i>Jasper</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb.	3	

FIFTY POUNDS, given by Lord Somers, for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. M. Ongley's gr. g. <i>The Flyer</i> , by Swap, 6 yrs old, 9st.	2	1	1
Mr. Price's b. m. Cholestrey Lass, aged, 9st.	1	3	3
Mr. J. H. Peel's ch. f. <i>Figarina</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st.	3	2	2

The two first heats won by only a head.

The HUNTERS' STAKES of five sovs. each, with 20 added.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Patrick's b. g. by Hedley or Manfred, dam by Moorcock, 5 yrs old, 11st. 7lb.	2	1	1
Colonel Gilbert's br. g. Knepp, 5 yrs old, 11st. 3lb.	1	2	dr.
Mr. M. Ongley's gr. g. The Flyer, by Swap, 6 yrs old, 12st. 4lb.	3	3	dr.

YORK AUGUST MEETING.

TUESDAY, August 2.—The GREAT YORKSHIRE STAKES of 25 sovs. each, 10 ft. for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—St. Leger Course.—Six subs.

Mr. Walker's br. c. <i>Roubilliac</i> , by Filho da Puta, out of Miss Chantry (W. Scott)...	1
Mr. W. Fox's ch. f. <i>Gitana</i> , by Tramp	2
Mr. Rowe's b. c. <i>Barkston</i> , by Welbeck— <i>Pandolpho</i>	3

Seven to 4 on *Roubilliac*. A good race. Run in 3 min. 25 sec.

PRODUCE STAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. for four-year-olds.—Four miles.—Six subs.

Mr. Houldsworth's br. f. <i>Christiana</i> , by Filho da Puta, out of Treasure, 8st. 4lb. (S. Darling)	1
Mr. F. Richardson's br. c. <i>St. Nicholas</i> , 8st. 4lb.	2

Six to 4 on *St. Nicholas*. Won easy.

SWEEPSTAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—Last mile and a half.—Six subs.

Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. <i>Bradley</i> , by Filho da Puta, dam by Orville, out of Epsom Lass (S. Darling)	1
Mr. Gascoigne's b. c. by St. Patrick, out of Cora	2

Seven to 2 on *Bradley*. Won easy.

SWEEPSTAKES of 200 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—One mile and three quarters.—Six subs.

Colonel Cradock's b. c. <i>Brother to Homer</i> , by Catton, out of Queen Coil, by Sweet- william (G. Nelson).....	1
Lord Fitzwilliam's br. c. <i>Hamilcar</i> , by Morisco	2
Lord Kelburne's ch. f. by Comus, out of Georgiana	3

Six to 4 agst Lord Kelburne's filly, and 2 to 1 agst *Hamilcar*. Won easy. Run in 3 min. 31½ sec.

HIS MAJESTY'S PURSE of 100gs.:—four-year-olds, 10st. 7lb.; five, 11st. 7lb.; six, 11st. 12lb.; and aged, 12st.—Four miles.

Lord Scarbrough's br. c. *Windcliffe*, by Waverley, 4 yrs old walked over.

WEDNESDAY, August 3.—SWEEPSTAKES of 20 sovs. each, for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—T.Y.C.—Twenty-two subs.

Mr. S. Fox's br. c. <i>Julius</i> , by Jerry, out of Lady of the Tees, by Octavian (S. Templeman)	1
Mr. Walker's br. f. by Partisan—Miss Fanny's dam.....	2
Mr. T. O. Powlett's gr. f. by Figaro, dam by Whisker.....	3

The following also started but were not placed:—Mr. T. O. Powlett's b. f. by Whisker—Miss Fanny; Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. *Discount*, by Banker—Rubens; Col. Cradock's c. by Lottery, dam by Blacklock; Mr. Hope's b. c. by Figaro, out of Grecian Queen; Mr. Allen's b. f. *Castiliana*, by Confederate.—Six to 4 agst Whisker filly, 5 to 2 agst Mr. Walker's filly, 6 to 1 agst Figaro filly, 6 to 1 agst *Julius*, and 7 to 1 agst Mr. Hope's colt. Won easy by a length.

ONE-THIRD of the GREAT SUBSCRIPTION of 25 sovs. each, with 50 added by the Corporation, for four-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—Two miles.—Thirteen subs.

Lord Cleveland's b. f. <i>Maria</i> , by Whisker, out of Gibside Fairy, by Hermes (T. Lye)	1
Mr. Petre's b. c. <i>Brunswicker</i> , by Figaro	2
Duke of Leeds's ch. f. <i>Lady Mowbray</i> , by Blacklock	3
Lord Scarbrough's b. c. <i>Chancellor</i> , by Catton	4

Six to 4 on *Maria*, and 3 to 1 agst *Brunswicker*. Won easy. Run in 4 min. 48 sec.

The CORPORATION PURSE of 50l. for three and four-year-olds.—Heats, one mile and three quarters.

Mr. J. Scott's b. c. *Rodolph*, by Der Freischutz, 3 yrs old, 7st. 5lb. (J. Holmes) 4 1 1
 Mr. Attwood's b. f. *Penthesilea*, 4 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. 1 4 3
 Mr. S. L. Fox's b. f. by Lottery, out of Wathcote Lass, 3 yrs old, 7st. 4lb. 2 3 2
 Mr. Cropper's ch. f. by Whisker, dam by Remembrancer, 4 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. 3 2 dr.
 Six to 4 agst *Penthesilea*, 2 to 1 agst Mr. Fox's filly; after the first heat, 6 to 4 agst *Rodolph*; after the second heat, 5 to 2 on *Rodolph*. Won very easy.

THURSDAY, August 4.—ONE-THIRD of the GREAT SUBSCRIPTION of 25 sovs. each, with 50 added:—five-year-olds, 8st. 7lb.; six, 8st. 12lb.; and aged, 9st.—Four miles.—Thirteen subs.

Lord Scarbrough's b. h. *Cambridge*, by Catton, dam by Sir David, 6 yrs old (G. Nelson) 1
 Duke of Leeds's ch. m. *Jenny Mills*, 6 yrs old 2
 Lord Fitzwilliam's b. h. *Medoro*, aged 3
 Six to 4 on *Medoro*. A most excellent race, and won by only a neck. Run in 8 min. 15 sec.

The HORNBY STAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—T. Y. C.—Seven subs.

Mr. Petre's ch. c. *Beaufort*, by Comus, out of Katherine, by Woful (W. Scott) ... 1
 Mr. Houldsworth's ch. c. *Buffoon*, by Comus—Auburn 2
 Three to 1 on *Beaufort*. Won easy.

PRODUCE STAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds.—Two miles.—Eighteen subs.

Mr. Robinson's b. c. *Liverpool*, by Tramp, dam by Whisker, out of Mandane, 8st. 2lb. (W. Scott) 1
 Lord Fitzwilliam's b. c. *Creole*, by Catton, out of Desdemona, 8st. 5lb. (received back his stake) 2
 Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. *Tiberius*, by Filbo, 8st. 2lb. 3
 Mr. Crompton's ch. c. *Eddie Ochiltree*, by Tramp, out of Zirza, by Amadis or Blacklock, 8st. 2lb. 4
 Lord Kelburne's ch. f. by St. Patrick, out of Blue Stockings, by John Bull, 8st. 2lb. 5
 Seven to 4 on *Liverpool*, and 5 to 1 agst *Creole*. *Tiberius* took the lead, and made severe play until the gravel road, when he was headed by *Liverpool* and *Creole*, and the race was severely contested between the two, and won by only a head. Run in 3 min. 39 sec.

SWEEPSTAKES of 30 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-old fillies, 8st. 5lb.—One mile and three-quarters.—Five subs.

Lord Milton's br. Sister to Ballad Singer, by Tramp, out of Clinkerina (H. Edwards) 1
 Col. King's gr. *Gallopade*, by Catton—Camillina 2
 Five to 2 on Lord Milton's filly. Won by a length.

FRIDAY, August 5.—ONE-THIRD of the GREAT SUBSCRIPTION of 25 sovs. each, with 50 added:—four-year-olds, 8st. 3lb.; and five, 8st. 10lb.—Two miles.—Thirteen subs.

Mr. Petre's ch. h. *Rowton*, by Oiseau, out of Katherine, by Woful, 5 yrs old (W. Scott) 1
 Lord Scarbrough's br. c. *Windcliffe*, 4 yrs old 2
 Lord Cleveland's b. h. *Tamboff*, 5 yrs old 3
 Duke of Leeds's ch. c. *Redstart*, 4 yrs old 4
 Six to 4 on *Rowton*. Won easy. Run in 3 min. 32 sec.

MATCH for 200 sovs. h. ft. both two-year-olds.—T. Y. C.

Mr. Petre's ch. f. *Lady Barbara*, by Catton, out of My Lady, 8st. walked over.
 Lord Kelburne's b. c. by Jerry, out of Blue Stockings, 8st. 5lb. paid forfeit.

The SILVER TUREEN, value 100 sovs. (given by the Fund), added to a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, for horses of all ages.—Two miles.—Nine subs.

Lord Cleveland's b. f. *Maria*, by Whisker, out of Gibside Fairy, 4 yrs old, 7st. 13lb. (T. Lye) 1
 Lord Fitzwilliam's b. h. *Medoro*, aged, 9st. 2
 Major Yarburgh's b. h. *Laurel*, aged, 9st. 3
 Six to 4 on *Maria*, 3 to 1 agst *Medoro*, and 4 to 1 agst *Laurel*. Won easy. Run in 3 min. 35 sec.

SWEEPSTAKES of 30 sovs. each, 10 ft. for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—One mile and a quarter.—Twenty subs.

Mr. Skipsay's br. c. <i>The Saddler</i> , by Waverley, out of Castrellina, by Castrel (T. Nicholson)	1
Lord Scarbrough's b. c. Brother to Tarrare, by Catton	2
Mr. F. Richardson's b. f. Lady Elizabeth, by Lottery	3
Mr. Walker's ch. f. Victoire, by Whisker	4

The following also started but were not placed:—Mr. Gascoigne's b. f. by Catton, out of Trulla; Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. Bradley, by Filhoda Puta; and Mr. Golden's br. c. Thimbleman, by Tramp—Maiden.—Six to 4 agst Lady Elizabeth, 4 to 1 agst *The Saddler*, and 5 to 1 agst Lord Scarbrough's colt. A good race between the first three. Run in 2 min. 21 sec.

SUBSCRIPTION of 25 sovs. each, for horses, &c. *bona fide* the property of a Subscriber or his declared confederate.—Two miles.—Nine subs.

Lord Cleveland's b. c. <i>Chorister</i> , by Lottery, out of Crowcatcher's dam, 3 yrs old, 7st. 2lb. (Lye)	1
Mr. Houldsworth's ch. m. Fortitude, 5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb.	2
Lord Scarbrough's br. h. Cistercian, 5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb.	3
Duke of Leeds's ch. f. Lady Mowbray, 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb.	4
Lord Milton's br. f. Sister to Ballad Singer, 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb.	5
Five to 4 agst Chorister, and 3 to 1 agst Fortitude. Won easy. Run in 3 min. 36 sec.	

SWEEPSTAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—T. Y. C.—Five subs.

Mr. Petre's ch. c. <i>Beaufort</i> , by Comus (W. Scott)	1
Duke of Leeds's b. or br. f. Lady Maud, by Jerry	2
Six to 4 on Lady Maud. Won easy by two lengths.	

SATURDAY, August 6.—FIFTY POUNDS, given by the Innkeepers of the City of York, for horses of all ages.—One-mile heats.

Duke of Leeds's ch. c. <i>Redstart</i> , by Whisker, out of Rhodacantha, 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. (Templeman)	1	1
Mr. Crumpton's ch. c. Edie Ochiltree, by Tramp, 3 yrs old, 6st. 10lb. (rec. 10l.)	3	2
Mr. W. Fox's ch. f. Gitana, 3 yrs old, 6st. 10lb.	2	dr.
Even betting on Redstart. Won easy.		

FIFTY POUNDS, given by the Members of the City of York, for horses of all ages.—Heats, one mile and a half.

Mr. Scott's b. c. <i>Rodolph</i> , by Der Freischutz, 3 yrs old, 6st. 7lb. (T. Lye)	5	1	1
Mr. Fox's ch. f. Gitana, 3 yrs old, 6st. 4lb.	1	3	2
Mr. Bell's b. f. Cinderella, 3 yrs old, 6st. 9lb.	4	2	3
Mr. Crumpton's Edie Ochiltree, 3 yrs old, 6st. 7lb.	2	dr.	
Lord Queensberry's br. c. Wilsden, by Whisker, 3 yrs old, 6st. 7lb.	3	dr.	
Six to 5 on Rodolph; after the first heat, 3 to 1 on him. Won very easy.			

HUNTINGDON MEETING.

TUESDAY, August 2.—The CUP STAKES of 10 sovs. each, for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.—Nine subs.

Lord Exeter's ch. f. <i>Schumla</i> , by Sultan, out of Bess, 4 yrs, 8st. 6lb. (Wheatley),	1	1
Captain Andrews's b. g. Proprietor, 5 yrs old, 8st. 9lb.	3	2
Col. Peel's b. f. by Partisan, out of Chintz, by Alexander, 4 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. ...	2	dr.

The HINCHINBROOK PURSE of 50l. for horses of all ages.—Heats, once round.

Mr. Ridsdale's b. c. <i>Crispin</i> , by Lottery, out of Oceana, 3 yrs old, 7st. 3lb. (Flatman)	4	1	1
Mr. G. Edwards's ch. f. Zarina, 3 yrs old, 7st.	1	2	2
Colonel Peel's b. f. by Partisan, 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb.	2	3	dr.
Mr. Platel's ch. f. Reform, 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb.	3	4	dr.
A good race. The winner was claimed, according to the articles, for 150 sovs.			

WEDNESDAY, August 3.—SWEEPSTAKES of 25 sovs. each, for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—The last half mile.—Three subs.

Col. Peel's br. f. <i>Eccentricity</i> , by Bedlamite, out of Lady of the Lake, by Sorcerer,	1
Gen. Grosvenor's b. f. Generous, by Stainborough	2
Won by half a neck.	

SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, with 20 added, for three-year-olds.—Heats, once round.—Six subs.

Mr. G. Edwards's b. c. <i>Crispin</i> , by Lottery, out of Oceana, 3 yrs old, 8st. 8lb...	1	1
Lord Exeter's b. f. by Catton, 3 yrs old, 8st. 5lb.	2	2
Mr. Roberts's br. c. Walter, 3 yrs old, 8st. 8lb.....	3	dr.

Won easy. The winner was claimed, according to the articles, for 150 sovs.

HUNTERS' STAKES of five sovs. each, for horses, &c. not thorough-bred.—Two-mile heats.—Eleven subs.

Mr. Johnson's br. m. <i>Brown Bess</i> , 5 yrs old, 12st. 7lb. (Capt. Beecher).....	1	2	1
Mr. Lovell's ch. h. by Buffalo, 5 yrs old, 12st. 7lb.	2	1	2
Gen. Onslow's ch. h. by Abjer, 5 yrs old, 12st. 7lb.	3	3	3

THURSDAY, August 4.—The **HUNTINGDON STAKES** of five sovs. each, with 20 added, for horses of all ages.—Heats, once round.—Eight subs.

Mr. G. Edwards's ch. f. <i>Zarina</i> , by Middleton, 3 yrs old, 7st. (C. Edwards) ...	1	1
Mr. Price's ch. c. Bulton Park, by Merlin, 3 yrs old, 7st.....	2	2
Capt. Beecher's b. g. <i>Mercury</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 9lb.....	4	3
Capt. Andrews's b. g. <i>Proprietor</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 9lb.	3	4
Mr. Flintham's b. f. <i>Zamora</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb.	5	dr.

The **MEMBERS' PURSE** of 50l. for horses of all ages.—Heats, once round.

Lord Exeter's b. f. by Catton, out of Dulcinea, 3 yrs, 7st. 2lb. (Wakefield),	2	1	1
Col. Peel's b. f. by Partisan, 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb.	1	2	2
Mr. Roberts's b. c. Walter, 3 yrs old, 7st. 6lb.	3	3	dr.

OXFORD MEETING.

TUESDAY, August 2.—The **OXFORDSHIRE STAKES** of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft., and only five if declared, &c.—Two miles.

Mr. Pryse's ch. c. by Duplicate, out of Frances by Ambrosio, 4 yrs old, 7st. 7lb. ...	1
Mr. Sadler's ch. m. <i>Device</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 7lb.	2
Mr. I. Day's b. h. <i>Fantoccino</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 7lb.....	3
Lord Ranelagh's br. c. <i>Donegani</i> , 4 yrs old, 7st. 9lb.	4

Two subs. paid 15 sovs. ft., and 20 others having declared by the time prescribed paid only five sovs. each.—Six to 4 on *Donegani*, and 5 to 2 agst Mr. Pryse's colt. Won only by a neck.

SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, with 35 added, for horses of all ages.—Two miles.

Mr. Sadler's ch. f. <i>Design</i> , by Tramp, out of Defiance by Rubens, 4 yrs, 7st. 10lb. ...	1
Mr. Blandy's b. c. <i>Bivouac</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb.....	2
Mr. Dundas's b. c. by Whalebone, dam by Dick Andrews, 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb.....	3

Even betting on *Design*. Won easy.

The **COUNTY PURSE** of 50l., added to a Sweepstakes of three sovs. each, for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.—Five subs.

Mr. E. Peel's b. c. <i>Sinbad</i> , by Swap, dam by Manfred, 3 yrs old, 7st.....	1	1
Mr. Sadler's b. f. <i>Keepsake</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb.	2	2
Mr. I. Day's b. f. by Whalebone, 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb.....	3	3
Mr. Goodlake's ch. h. <i>Geoffrey Crayon</i> , by Rubens, 5 yrs old, 8st. 12lb.....	5	4
Mr. Dundas's b. c. <i>Scrub</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 5lb.	4	dr.

Won cleverly. The winner was claimed, according to the articles, for 200 sovs.

WEDNESDAY, August 3.—The **CUP**, value 140 sovs., added to a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each.—Two miles and a quarter.—Nine subs.

Mr. Watts's ch. c. <i>Mazeppa</i> (late Confederacy), by Godolphin, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb...	1
Mr. Blandy's b. m. <i>Anna</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 9lb.....	2
Mr. E. Peel's br. h. <i>Cadland</i> , 6 yrs old, 9st. 3lb.	3

Two to 1 on *Cadland*, and 3 to 1 agst *Mazeppa*. Won easy.

The **CITY MEMBERS' PURSE** of 50l. for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Goodlake's ch. f. <i>Dolly Mop</i> , by Tramp, out of Figarina's dam, 3 yrs old, 6st. 9lb.....	1	1
Mr. Blandy's b. c. <i>Bivouac</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb.	3	2
Mr. I. Day's b. f. by Whalebone, 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb.....	2	3
Mr. Williams's b. f. by Gainsborough, 3 yrs old, 6st. 9lb.	4	4

Two very fine heats.

HANDICAP STAKES of 25 sovs. each, 10 ft., with 25 added.—About two miles.—Four subs.

Mr. Sadler's ch. m. *Device*, by Tramp, out of Defiance, 5 yrs, 8st. 2lb.....walked over.

DERBY MEETING.

TUESDAY, August 2.—The **GOLD CUP**, by subscription of 10*gs.* each, for horses of all ages.—Three miles.—Nine subs.

Mr. Charlton's ch. m. <i>Kalmia</i> , by Magistrate, out of Zephyrina, 5 yrs, 8st. 10lb....	1
Mr. Giffard's b. h. Sampson, by Ambo, aged, 9st. 3lb.	2
Mr. Johnson's ch. h. Jupiter, aged, 9st. 3lb.	3
Mr. Arnold's b. f. Dolly, by Figaro, 4 yrs old, 8st.	4

Won by a head.

The **DEVONSHIRE STAKES** of 25*gs.* each, 15 ft. for three-year-olds :—colts, 8st. 7lb. ; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—Once round and a distance.

Mr. Beardsworth's b. c. <i>Warwick</i> , by Filho da Puta, dam by Comus, out of May-fly's dam.....	1
Mr. Morris's b. c. Bluebeard, by Whisker, out of Muta	2
Mr. Giffard's ch. c. Captain Bob, Brother to Captain Arthur, by Bobadil, dam by Cervantes	3

Won by only a head.

MATCH for 50 sovs. 10st. each.—Once round.

Mr. Wynn's b. m. <i>Little Fanny</i>	1
Mr. Brearey's His Little Queen (late Polly Parker)	2

SIXTY GUINEAS, given by His Grace the Duke of Devonshire, for maiden horses. Two-mile heats.

Mr. Neville's br. c. <i>The Serpent</i> , by Dr. Syntax, out of Hell Cat, 3 yrs old, 7st. 2lb.	1	1
Mr. Billington's b. c. Brother to Rolla, 3 yrs old, 7st. 2lb.	0	2
Mr. Onaley's b. f. by Waverley, 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb.	0	3
Mr. Houldsworth's br. c. Philip, 3 yrs old, 7st. 2lb.	2	0
Mr. Burton's b. c. by Majocchi, 3 yrs old, 7st. 2lb.	0	0
Mr. Jackson's b. c. by Waverley, 3 yrs old, 7st. 2lb.	3	dr.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 3.—**SWEEPSTAKES** of 20*gs.* each, for two-year-olds :—colts, 8st. 4lb. ; and fillies, 8st. 2lb.—Half-a-mile.—Five subs.

Mr. Beardsworth's br. c. <i>Ludlow</i> , by Filho da Puta, dam by Smolensko ; grandam by Shuttle	1
Mr. Houldsworth's br. f. Clara, by Filho da Puta	2
Mr. Charlton's c. Rokeby, by Abjer, out of Zephyrina	3
Mr. Giffard's ch. c. by Truffle—Master Watkin's dam	4

SWEEPSTAKES of 5*gs.* each, for three-year-olds :—colts, 8st. 7lb. ; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—One mile and a half.—Fifteen subs.

Mr. Beardsworth's b. c. <i>Warwick</i> , by Filho da Puta, dam by Comus, out of May-fly's dam.....	1
Mr. Morris's b. c. Bluebeard, by Whisker	2
Mr. Williams's b. c. by Banker, out of Lark	3

The **DONNINGTON PARK STAKES** of 7*gs.* each, with a Fat Buck, the gift of the Marquis of Hastings, for horses, &c. not thorough-bred.—Two-mile heats.—Sixteen subs.

Mr. Taylor's b. c. by Champion, out of Atlas's dam, 3 yrs old, 9st.	1	1
Mr. Ordish's br. m. by Muley, 5 yrs old, 11st. 3lb.	2	2
Mr. Jones's br. g. Tommy Tickle, aged, 12st. 7lb.	0	3

Seven others started but were not placed.

SUBSCRIPTION PURSE of 60*gs.* for horses of all ages.—Three-mile heats.

Mr. Jackson's b. h. <i>Hazard</i> , by Waverley, 5 yrs old, 8st. 7lb.	3	2	1	1
Mr. Arnold's b. f. Dolly, 4 yrs old, 7st. 5lb.	1	3	3	2
Mr. Giffard's b. h. Sampson, aged, 8st. 10lb.	2	1	2	dr.

PLYMOUTH AND DEVONPORT MEETING.

TUESDAY, August 2.—The **SALTRAM STAKES** of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft. and only five if declared, &c.—Once round and a distance.

Mr. Radclyffe's br. h. <i>Brownlock</i> , by Blacklock, aged, 8st. 10lb. (T. Cowley).....	1
Sir L. Glyn's b. f. Jenny Vertpre, by Bobadil, 4 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. (received back his stake)	2
Mr. Taunton's ch. c. Firman, 4 yrs old, 8st.	3
Ten subs. paid 15 sovs. ft. and 49 others having declared by the time prescribed paid only five sovs. each.	

SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, five ft. with 100 added by the Town of Plymouth, for horses, &c. of all ages.—Heats, about two miles and a distance.

Sir L. Glyn's b. f. <i>Jenny Vertpre</i> , by Bobadil, 4 yrs old, 7st. 13lb. (J. Day) ...	1	1
Mr. Wreford's b. f. <i>Wilna</i> , by Smolensko, 3 yrs old, 6st. 7lb. (received back his stake)	2	2
Mr. Biggs's b. m. <i>Whisk</i> , 6 yrs old, 8st. 13lb.....	3	3

FIFTY POUNDS, given by the Officers of the United Services at Plymouth, for horses of all ages.—Heats, once round the Course.

Mr. Biggs's b. m. <i>Whisk</i> , by Whisker, out of Slater to Benedict, 6 yrs old, 9st. 9lb. (J. Day).....	1	1
Mr. Wiltshire's b. h. <i>Lawrence</i> , aged, 10st. 11lb.....	2	dr.
Mr. C. Trelawney's b. f. by Whalebone, out of Lucinda, 3 yrs old, 7st. 4lb....	3	dr.

WEDNESDAY, August 3.—**SWEEPSTAKES** of five sovs. each, two ft. with 50 added by the Ladies, for horses of all ages.—Heats, about one mile and a half.

Mr. Taunton's b. h. <i>Coronet</i> , by Catton, 6 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. (Trenn).....	1	1
Mr. Condry's b. m. <i>Czarina</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 4lb.	3	2
Mr. Wreford's b. f. <i>Wilna</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 4lb.	2	dis.

The GOLD CUP, value 100gs. the gift of His Majesty King William the Fourth.—Three-mile heats.

Sir L. Glyn's b. f. <i>Jenny Vertpre</i> , by Bobadil, 4 yrs old, 10st. 7lb. (J. Day) ...	1	1
Mr. Radclyffe's br. h. <i>Brownlock</i> , aged, 12st.	2	2

HANDICAP PURSE of 50gs. given by His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, Lord High Steward of Plymouth, for horses of all ages.—One-mile heats.

Mr. Biggs's b. m. <i>Whisk</i> , by Whisker, 6 yrs old, 10st. 11lb. (J. Day)	5	1	1
Mr. M. Elton's b. f. <i>Clematis</i> , 4 yrs old, 7st. 7lb.	1	5	dr.
Mr. C. Trelawney's b. f. by Whalebone, out of Lucinda, 3 yrs old, 6st. 10lb.	2	2	dr.
Mr. S. Trelawney's b. f. <i>Toad</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st.....	3	3	dr.
Mr. Cornish's b. m. <i>Casket</i> , 6 yrs old, 8st.	4	4	dr.

THURSDAY, August 4.—**HANDICAP PURSE** of 100L. given by the Towns of Devonport and Stonehouse.—Heats, once round and a distance.

Mr. Taunton's b. h. <i>Coronet</i> , by Catton, 6 yrs old, 9st. 8lb. (T. Cowley),	3	0	1	1
Mr. Gould's ch. c. <i>Firman</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 9lb.....	2	3	2	3
Mr. Biggs's b. m. <i>Whisk</i> , 6 yrs old, 9st. 12lb.....	4	4	4	2
Sir L. Glyn's b. f. <i>Jenny Vertpre</i> , 4 yrs old, 9st. 10lb.	1	0	3	dr.

The second was a dead heat between *Coronet* and *Jenny Vertpre*.

SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, with 25 added, for horses not thorough-bred.—Gentlemen riders.—Heats, once round.

Mr. Nattle's gr. g. <i>Reformer</i> , 6 yrs old, 12st. (Owner)	3	1	1
Mr. Condry's b. m. <i>Czarina</i> , 5 yrs old, 11st. 7lb.....	1	3	2
Mr. Bayntun's b. m. <i>La Fiancée</i> , 5 yrs old, 11st. 7lb.....	2	2	3

SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, with 30 added, for horses that have started and not won during the Races.—One-mile heats.

Mr. Wreford's b. f. <i>Wilna</i> , by Smolensko, out of Snare, 3 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. (a Boy).....	1	1
Mr. Trelawney's b. f. by Whalebone, out of Lucinda, 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb.	3	2
Mr. M. Elton's b. f. <i>Clematis</i> , 4 yrs old, 7st. 12lb.....	2	3
Mr. Wiltshire's b. h. <i>Lawrence</i> , aged, 11st. 7lb.....	4	4

LEWES MEETING.

THURSDAY, August 4.—His MAJESTY'S PURSE of 100gs. for four-year-olds and upwards.—Four-mile heats.

Lord Exeter's b. c. <i>Mahmoud</i> , by Sultan, out of Advance, 4 yrs old, 10st. 7lb. (W. Arnall).....	1	1
Mr. Rush's b. c. <i>Ikey Solomons</i> , 4 yrs old, 10st. 7lb.....	3	2
Mr. Bromley's ch. h. <i>Gambol</i> , 5 yrs old, 11st. 7lb.	2	dr.

SWEEPSTAKES of 20 sovs. each, h. ft. for two-years-olds:—colts, 8st. 4lb.; and fillies, 8st. 11lb.—T.Y.C.

Mr. Lumley's ch. f. by Partisan—Nanine (Robinson)	1
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Lord Egremont's ch. f. by Greyleg, out of Guppy 2
 Mr. R. Clarke's b. f. by Peter Lely, dam by Glow-worm 3
 Won easy.

The MEMBERS' PURSE of 50l. for horses of all ages.—Heats, the New Course.
 Mr. Brown's b. h. *Watchman*, by Comus, out of Poozy, 5 yrs old, 8st. 12lb.

(Buckle)..... 2 1 1
 Lord Stradbroke's b. m. *Gallopade*, by Reveller, 5 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. 1 2 2

FRIDAY, August 5.—The LADIES' PURSE of 60l. for horses of all ages.—One-mile heats.

Lord Egremont's b. f. by Whalebone, out of Harpalice, 3 yrs old, 7st. 2lb. (R. Bradford) 1 1

Mr. Dickinson's ch. h. *Lawn Sleeves*, 5 yrs old, 9st..... 5 2

Mr. Rush's ch. f. by Phantom, out of Discard, 3 yrs old, 7st. 2lb..... 4 3

Sir G. Heathcote's b. c. *Ferdousi*, 3 yrs old (carried 7st. 7lb.) 3 4

Mr. Norton's br. f. by Gulliver, out of Laurel-leaf, 3 yrs old, 7st. 2lb. 2 dr.

Mr. Norton's filly broke her hind leg whilst running the second heat, and was shot on the Course.

FIFTY POUNDS, for horses of all ages.—Heats, one mile and half.

Mr. Thomas's ch. g. *Blinker*, by Godolphin, 5 yrs, 9st. 2lb. (G. Walker)... 2 1 1

Lord Egremont's ch. f. by Centaur, out of Sola, by Partisan, 3 yrs, 7st. 2lb., 1 2 2

Mr. Brown's b. g. *Hastings*, 6 yrs old, 9st. 5lb. 4 4 3

Mr. Cavell's b. m. *Windfall*, 5 yrs old, 9st. 2lb. 3 3 dr.

SATURDAY, August 6.—The TOWN PURSE of 70l. for horses of all ages.—Heats, the New Course.

Lord Stradbroke's b. m. *Gallopade*, by Reveller, 5 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. (W. Arnall) 4 1 1

Lord Ongley's ch. c. *Suffolk Punch*, by Wrangler, 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. (received 10l.) 1 2 2

Mr. Clark's ch. c. by Robin Hood, out of Cantaloupe, 3 yrs old, 7st. 4lb. ... 3 3 dr.

Mr. Bromley's ch. h. *Gambol*, by Nicolo, 5 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. (broke down) 2 dis.

The COUNTRY PURSE of 50l.:—three-year-olds, 7st. 5lb.; four, 8st. 7lb.; five, 9st.; six and aged, 9st. 5lb.—A winner once in 1831 to carry 4lb., twice 7lb. extra.—Beaten horses once in 1831 to be allowed 4lb., twice 7lb.—Heats, one mile and a half.

Mr. S. Stonehewer's b. f. *Ipsala*, by Sultan, out of Ada, 4 yrs (W. Arnall) 1 2 1

Captain Locke's ch. h. *Rossignol*, 5 yrs old 0 1 2

Mr. W. Day's b. h. *Rasselas*, 6 yrs old 0 3 3

Mr. Singleton's br. g. *Albion*, by Centaur, 4 yrs old 0 0 0

Mr. Pearce's bl. m. *Parfaite*, 5 yrs old..... 0 0 0

Mr. Clark's b. c. by Borodino, dam by Glowworm, 3 yrs old... 0 0 0

Mr. Norton's ch. f. by Woful, out of Trumper's dam, 3 yrs old..... 0 4 dr.

Mr. Gibbs's gr. f. *Artichoke*, by Skim, 4 yrs old 5 0 dr.

Mr. Thomas's ch. g. *Blinker*, 5 yrs old 4 dr.

Mr. Norton's f. came to the post too late for the third heat.

BISHOP'S CASTLE MEETING.

THURSDAY, August 4.—The CASTLE STAKES of five sovs. each, with 25 added by Lord Clive, for maiden horses.—Heats, about one mile and three-quarters.

Mr. Moulson's b. c. *Rolla*, by Catton, out of Loo Choo, 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. (Davies)..... 2 4 1 1

Mr. T. Ricket's b. c. *Tag*, Brother to Garlic, 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb..... 3 1 2 2

Mr. O. Gore's gr. f. *Peg*, 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb..... 1 2 4 dr.

Mr. Jones's *Felicity*, by Anticipation, out of Manœuvre, 3 yrs old, 6st. 7lb..... 4 3 3

The WOODCOT STAKES of three sovs. each, with 25 added, for horses not thoroughbred.—Heats, about one mile and a half.—Five subs.

Mr. Hickman's b. g. *Jerry*, by Spectre, aged, 10st. 11lb..... 1 1

Mr. Marler's b. m. *Hebe*, 5 yrs old, 9st. 8lb..... 2 dr.

Mr. W. Patrick's b. f. by Manfred, 4 yrs old, 8st. 10lb..... 3 dr.

FRIDAY, August 5.—The TALLY-HO STAKES of five sovs. each, with a Cup value 25 sovs. for regular hunters, 12st. each.—Twice round.—Five subs.

Mr. W. Oakley's ch. g. *Rioter*, 6 yrs old (Capt. Oakley)..... 1

Mr. Griffiths's b. m. *Little Bessy*, aged (bolted) 0

The MEMBER'S PURSE of 50l. :—three-year-olds, 7st. ; four, 8st. 4lb. ; five, 8st. 11lb. ; six and aged, 9st. 1lb.—Mares and geldings allowed 3lb.—A winner this year to carry 3lb. extra ; horses having started once this year, and not won, allowed 2lb. ; twice, 4lb.—Heats, twice round.

Mr. Moulson's b. c. <i>Rolla</i> , by Catton, 4 yrs old (Davies)	4	1	1
Mr. Davies's b. f. by Pilgarlick, 4 yrs old.....	1	3	4
Mr. Ormsby Gore's gr. f. Peg, 3 yrs old	2	2	2
Mr. Patrick's b. f. Miss Forester, 4 yrs old	3	4	3
Capt. Oakley's br. m. Henrietta, aged	5	dr.	

Forced Handicap.—Heats.

Mr. Marler's br. m. <i>Hebe</i> , 5 yrs old, 9st. 10lb. (Tate).....	1	1	1
Mr. Jones's Felicity, 3 yrs old, 7st.....	2	2	
Mr. Patrick's b. f. by Manfred, 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb.	3	dr.	

WORCESTER MEETING.

TUESDAY, August 9.—SWEEPSTAKES of 20 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds :
—colts, 8st. 7lb. ; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—One mile and a quarter.—Three subs.

Mr. Thornes's ch. f. <i>My Cousin</i> , by Anticipation, out of My Aunt by Pioneer (Brown)	1
Mr. Haywood's b. f. <i>Amella</i> , by Filho da Puta (fell).....	2

Six to 4 on My Cousin. Won easy.

The WORCESTERSHIRE STAKES of 20 sovs. each, h. ft. with 20 added.—One mile and a quarter.

Mr. Chapman's b. c. <i>The Cardinal</i> , by Waxy Pope, out of Medora, 4 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. (Wright).....	1
Mr. E. Griffiths's b. c. <i>Thorngrove</i> , 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb.....	2
Mr. J. Bristow's br. h. <i>Dr. Faustus</i> , aged, 9st.....	3
Mr. Beardsworth's br. h. <i>Hedgeford</i> , 6 yrs, 8st. 13lb.....	4

The following also started but were not placed :—Mr. Lewis's b. m. *Garlic*, 5 yrs, 8st. ; Mr. J. Day's b. g. *Fantoccini*, 5 yrs, 8st. 5lb. ; Mr. Thornes's b. g. *Harry*, 4 yrs, 7st. 2lb. ; and Lord Warwick's b. f. *Water Witch*, 3 yrs, 6st. 7lb.—Two subscribers paid 10 sovs., and six others having declared forfeit by the time prescribed paid only five sovs. each.—Two to 1 agst Dr. Faustus, 5 to 2 agst Hedgeford, 4 to 1 agst Thorngrove, and 5 to 1 agst The Cardinal. A remarkably fine race, and won only by a head.

SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 20 added, for horses of all ages.—Two miles.—Four subs.

Mr. Tongues's b. f. <i>Vigornia</i> , by Master Henry, out of Valve, 4 yrs old, 7st. 13lb. (Lowe)	1
Mr. Thornes's b. g. <i>The Ghost</i> , 4 yrs old, 7st. 13lb.	2
Mr. T. Pickernell's br. c. <i>Duc de Reichstadt</i> (late Reform), by Vanloo, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb.	3

Six to 4 and 2 to 1 on The Ghost. A good race.

SWEEPSTAKES of ten sovs. each, with 10 added, for horses, &c. not thorough-bred.—Two-mile heats.—Five subs.

Mr. Brookes's b. c. <i>Donnington</i> , by Champion, out of Atlas's dam, 3 yrs, 9st. 5lb. (S. Darling).....	1	2	1
Mr. Reeves's ch. g. <i>Moses</i> , aged, 12st. 1lb.....	3	1	2
Mr. Ongley's gr. g. <i>The Flyer</i> , 6 yrs old, 12st. 1lb.	2	3	dr.

Two to 1 on Donnington ; after the second heat, 3 to 1 on Moses. Each heat well contested, and won only by a neck.

WEDNESDAY, August 10.—SWEEPSTAKES of 25 sovs. each, for two-year-olds :
—colts, 8st. 5lb. ; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—T. Y. C.—Five subs.

Mr. E. L. Charlton's b. c. <i>Gnostic</i> , by Manfred, out of Libra by Zodiac (Arthur)...	1
Mr. Beardsworth's b. f. by Catton, dam by Walton	2
Mr. Twamley's ch. f. by Paulowitz, out of Tintoretto	3
Lord Warwick's ch. c. by Rubens—Double Entendre	4
Mr. Cooke's br. c. <i>Finikin</i> , by Tramp, out of Sister to Coxcomb	5

Six to 4 agst Gnostic, and 2 to 1 agst Mr. Beardsworth's filly. Won easy.

The SEVERN STAKES of five sovs. each, with 25 added, for horses of all ages.—One mile and a quarter.—Eight subs.

Mr. Taylor's br. f. *Rosa*, by Figaro, dam by Stamford, out of Sister to Star, 3 yrs old, 7st. (Wadlow) 1
 Mr. Price's ch. f. *Lady Bird*, 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. 2
 Colonel Johnson named b. f. by Gainsborough, out of Sister to Chaddington, 3 yrs old, 7st. 3
 Mr. Thornes's ch. f. *My Cousin*, 3 yrs old, 7st. 0
 Mr. Lewis's b. m. *Garlick*, 5 yrs old, 8st. 13lb. 0
 Mr. Charlton's b. g. by Tramp—*Rebecca*, 3 yrs old, 7st. 0
 Two to 1 agst *Rosa*, 3 to 1 agst *Lady Bird*, and 4 to 1 agst *My Cousin*. Won very cleverly.

The GOLD CUP, by subscription of 10 sovs. each, for horses of all ages.—Three miles. Fourteen subs.

Mr. Beardsworth's b. g. *Independence*, by Filho da Puta or Sherwood, 5 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. (Darling) 1
 Mr. I. Day's b. g. *Liston*, by Ambo, aged, 8st. 13lb. 2
 Mr. Chapman's b. c. *The Cardinal*, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. 3
 Six to 4 on *Independence*, 3 to 1 agst *Liston*, and 4 to 1 agst *The Cardinal*. A well contested race, and won by a neck.

The CORPORATION PURSE of 50l. for maiden horses.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Matthews's b. c. *Malwa*, by Master Henry, 3 yrs, 6st. 12lb. (Robinson), 3 1 1
 Mr. Davis's b. c. *Changeling*, 3 yrs old, 6st. 10lb. 1 2 2
 Mr. Charlton's b. g. by Tramp, 3 yrs, 6st. 10lb. 4 3 3
 Mr. Taylor's b. f. *Rosa*, 3 yrs, 6st. 10lb. 2 4 dr.
 Mr. Neville's br. f. *Mania*, 3 yrs, 6st. 10lb. 5 5 dr.

The CITY MEMBERS' PURSE of 50l. added to a Handicap Stakes of five sovs. each. Two-mile heats.

Mr. Griffiths's b. c. *Thorn Grove*, by Smolensko, 4 yrs old, 8st. 6lb. (Brown), 4 1 1
 Mr. Reeves's b. m. *Flora*, 5 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. 1 2 2
 Mr. Beardsworth's br. h. *Hedgeford*, by Filho da Puta or Magistrate, 6 yrs, 9st. 2lb. 2 3 dr.
 Mr. Thornes's b. g. *Harry*, 4 yrs old, 7st. 7lb. 3 dr.
 Mr. Patrick's f. by Manfred, 3 yrs, 5st. 10lb. dis.
 Three to 1 agst *Hedgeford*, 3 to 1 agst *Flora*, and 4 to 1 agst *Thorn Grove*. Mr. Patrick's filly fell in the first heat, and the boy was slightly hurt.

The COUNTY MEMBERS' PURSE of 50l.—Heats, three miles.

Mr. T. Pickernell's br. c. *Duc de Reichstadt*, by Vanloo, 4 yrs, 9st. 11lb. (Arthur) 1 1
 Mr. Haywood's b. m. by Bustard, 5 yrs old, 10st. 10lb. 3 2
 Mr. F. Charlton's b. g. *Pollard*, 6 yrs, 11st. 4lb. 2 3
Duc de Reichstadt agst the field. Two excellent heats, the last won by only half a head.

TAVISTOCK MEETING.

TUESDAY, August 9.—The BEDFORD STAKES of 20 sovs. each, h. ft. and only five if declared, &c. for horses of all ages.—One-mile heats.

Mr. Taunton's b. h. *Coronet*, by Catton, dam by Paynator, 6 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. (Trenn) 1 1
 Mr. Wreford's b. f. *Wilna*, 3 yrs old, 6st. 2 2
 Mr. Gould's ch. c. *Firman*, 4 yrs old, 7st. 12lb. 3 3
 Three subs. paid 10 sovs. ft. and four others having declared by the time prescribed paid only five sovs. each.

The ENDSLEIGH STAKES of five sovs. each, with 20 added, for horses not thoroughbred, 12st. each.—Gentlemen riders.—Heats, over the two-mile Course.—7 subs.

Mr. Nattle's gr. g. *Reformer*, aged (Mr. W. Nattle) 1 1
 Mr. Harness's br. g. *Chancellor*, aged 2 2

HANDICAP STAKES of two sovs. each, with 15 added.—Heats, over the long Course. Thirteen subs.

Mr. Swete's b. g. *Tom Moore*, by Anacreon, aged, 8st. (Trenn) 1 1
 Mr. Coad's Rob Roy, aged, 10st. 7lb. 3 2
 Mr. Lakeman's ch. f. *Laundry Maid*, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2 3
 Several others started.

FIFTY POUNDS, given by His Grace the Duke of Bedford, for horses of all ages.—
One mile and a distance.

Mr. Gould's ch. c. <i>Firman</i> , by Sultan, dam by Haphazard, 4 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. (Trenn).....	1	1
Mr. Wreford's b. f. <i>Wilna</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 7lb.	2	2

The **LADIES' CUP**, for horses not thorough-bred.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. S. Trelawney's b. f. <i>Toad</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 13lb. (Horsley)	1	1
Mr. R. Nattle's gr. g. <i>Reformer</i> , aged, 11st. 1lb.....	2	2
Mr. Lakeman's ch. f. <i>Laundry-Maid</i> , 8st. 13lb.	3	3

HANDICAP STAKES of three sovs. each, with 10 added, for the beaten horses.

Mr. Coad's <i>Rob Roy</i> , aged, 9st. 7lb. (Owner)	1	2	1
Mr. Lakeman's ch. f. <i>Laundry-Maid</i> , 4 yrs old, 7st. 3lb.	3	1	2
Mr. Clutterbuck's gr. g. <i>Rob Roy</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 9lb.....	2	3	3

POTTERY MEETING.

TUESDAY, August 9.—The **GOLD CUP**, value 100 sovs., added to a Subscription of five sovs. each.—Heats, twice round and a distance.—Eight subs.

Mr. Nanney's bl. f. <i>Georgiana</i> , by Welbeck, out of Banshee, 4 yrs, 7st. 12lb.	0	1	1
Sir T. Stanley's b. f. <i>Lady Constance</i> , 4 yrs, 7st. 5lb. (received back his stake), ..	1	3	2
Mr. Johnson's ch. h. <i>Jupiter</i> , aged, 8st. 7lb.	2	2	0
Mr. Thompson's br. g. <i>Orthodox</i> , aged, 8st. 5lb.	3	0	0
Mr. Bower's b. f. <i>Tartarina</i> , 4 yrs old, 7st. 7lb.	0	0	0

SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, with 30 added, for horses of all ages.—Three miles—Seven subs.

Mr. Jackson's b. h. <i>Hazard</i> , by Waverley, out of Negotiator's dam, 5 yrs, 8st. 8lb.	1
Mr. Painter's b. m. by Strephon, 5 yrs old, 8st. 6lb.	2
Lord Derby's ch. f. <i>Rose-leaf</i> , 4 yrs old, 7st. 12lb.....	3

HUNTERS' STAKES of five sovs. each, with 25 added, for horses not thorough-bred.—Heats, twice round and a distance.

Mr. Cooke's br. g. <i>Bhurtpore</i> , by Paul Potter, 6 yrs old, 12st.	1	1
Mr. Hobson's gr. g. <i>The Admiral</i> , 5 yrs old, 11st. 6lb.....	3	2
Mr. Borradaile's b. m. <i>Phaenomena</i> , 5 yrs old, 11st. 6lb.	2	3

Five others started, but were not placed.

WEDNESDAY, August 10.—**SWEEPSTAKES** of five sovs. each, with 25 added, for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 3lb.; fillies, 8st.—Once round and a distance.—Five subs.

Mr. Nanney's b. f. <i>Wedlock</i> , by Figaro—Smolensko	1
Mr. G. Ogden's b. f. <i>Olive</i> , by Tarragon—Dispatch	2
Mr. G. Rogers's ch. c. <i>Cube</i> , Brother to Cant, by Waxy Pope.....	3
Sir T. Stanley's br. c. <i>Frankenstein</i> , by Manfred	4

The **WORKMEN'S PLATE** of 50 sovs. added to a Sweepstakes of three sovs. each.—Heats, twice round and a distance.—Nine subs.

Mr. Jackson's b. h. <i>Hazard</i> , by Waverley, out of Negotiator's dam, 5 yrs old, 8st. 8lb.	1	1
Mr. Thompson's br. g. <i>Orthodox</i> , aged, 8st. 5lb.	2	2
Mr. Morris's b. f. <i>Zulima</i> , 4 yrs old, 7st. 7lb.....	3	dr.

MAIDEN PURSE of 50L. added to a Sweepstakes of two sovs. each.—Heats, twice round and a distance.

Mr. Roper's b. c. <i>Giovanni</i> , by Filho da Puta, 3 yrs old, 7st.....	1	1		
Mr. Nanney's br. c. Belmont, 3 yrs old, 7st.	0	2	1	1
Mr. Shingle's br. f. Straitwaist, 4 yrs old, 8st.....	2	3	2	2
Sir T. Stanley's br. c. Frankenstein, 3 yrs old, 7st.	0	0		
Mr. W. Billington's b. c. Brother to Rolla, 3 yrs old, 7st.....	0	0		
Mr. G. Ogden's b. f. Olive, 3 yrs old, 7st. 11lb.....	0	0		
Mr. Hind's ch. c. Aide-de-Camp, 3 yrs old, 7st.....	0	0		
Mr. Arthur's b. g. Tally-ho, 4 yrs old, 8st. 6lb.....	0	0		
Mr. R. Golden's ch. c. Cube, 3 yrs old, 7st.....	0	0		

This race was disputed on the ground that *Giovanni* was not a maiden horse; two extra heats were run as above, and the race remains in dispute.

BANBURY MEETING.

TUESDAY, August 9.—**HANDICAP STAKES** of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft., and only five if declared, &c., with 50 added.—Two miles.

Mr. Sadler's ch. f. *Design*, by Tramp, out of Defiance, by Rubens, 4 yrs old, 7st. 13lb. (Chapple) 1
 Mr. I. Day's bl. m. *Busk*, by Whalebone, aged, 9st. 2
 Three subs. paid 15 sovs. ft., and two others having declared by the time prescribed paid only five sovs. each.

A SILVER CUP, value 25 sovs., added to a Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, for horses, &c. not thorough-bred.—One-mile heats.—Five subs.

Mr. Tawney's b. g. *Harlequin*, by Young Grimaldi, aged (Owner) 2 1 1
 Mr. Merry's b. c. by Fitz-Walton, jun. out of Maid of the Mill, 3 yrs old ... 4 2 2
 Mr. Kendrick's br. m. 5 yrs old 3 3 dr.
 Mr. Brickwell's ch. h. *Brunswicker*, 5 yrs old 1 dis.
 The first heat won easy. *Brunswicker* fell in running for the second heat.

WEDNESDAY, August 10.—SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, for two-year-old colts and fillies, not thorough-bred :—colts, 8st. 7lb.; and fillies, 8st. 4lb.—Half a mile.—Five subs.

Mr. Hick's br. c. by Fitz-Walton, dam by Tandem (Chapple) 1
 Mr. Merry's gr. c. by Rubens, out of Maid of the Mill 2
 Mr. Umber's b. f. by Fyldener, dam by Pacha 3

The CHERWELL STAKES of five sovs. each, with 40gs. added by the Members for the County.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Sadler's b. f. *Keepsake*, by Filho da Puta, dam by Rubens, 3 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. (Chapple) 1 1
 Mr. I. Day's br. g. *Little-Boy-Blue*, 6 yrs old, 9st. 10lb. 3 2
 Mr. Ellis's ch. h. *Lucifer*, 5 yrs old, 9st. 4lb. 2 3

The WARDEH HILL STAKES of 10 sovs. each, h. ft. with 20 added, for horses, &c. not thorough-bred.—Two-mile heats.—Four subs.

Mr. Montague's ch. g. *Twin*, by Polygar, dam by Grimaldi, 6 yrs old, 12st. (Mr. Morton) 1 1
 Mr. Robbins's b. c. by York, 4 yrs old, 10st. 9lb. 2 2

TONBRIDGE WELLS MEETING.

WEDNESDAY, August 10.—The MANOR STAKES of five sovs. each, with 45 added.—Heats, two miles and a distance.

Mr. Thomas's ch. g. *Blinker*, by Godolphin, out of Vignette, by Rubens, 5 yrs old, 8st. 13lb. 1 1
 Mr. Forth's br. m. *Harriet*, aged, 9st. 5lb. 2 2
 Mr. Sebright's b. h. *The Palfrey*, aged, 9st. 5lb. 3 dr.
 Won by a head.

The TONBRIDGE WELLS PURSE, by Subscription of five sovs. each, with 40 added. Heats, two miles and a distance.

Mr. Coleman's ch. f. *Petticoats*, by Bobadil, by Young Alexander, 3 yrs old, 7st. 4lb. 2 1 1
 Mr. Pearce's br. m. *Crane*, 5 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. 1 2 2
 Mr. Griffiths's ch. m. (half-bred), 5 yrs old, 8st. 3 dis.
 Won easy.

THURSDAY, August 11.—The KENT and SUSSEX PURSE of five sovs. each, with 45 added, for horses of all ages.—Heats, two miles and a distance.

Mr. Firth's br. m. *Harriet*, by Cannon Ball, aged, 9st. 5lb. 1 1
 Mr. Griffiths's ch. m. (half-bred), 5 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. 3 2
 Mr. Coleman's ch. f. *Petticoats*, 3 yrs old, 7st. 13lb. 2 dr.

SWEEPSTAKES of three sovs. each, with 40 added, for the beaten horses.—The first heat two miles and a distance, the second one mile and a half.

Mr. Sebright's b. h. *The Palfrey*, by Abjer, out of Paleface, aged, 8st. 4lb. ... 1 1
 Mr. Coleman's ch. f. *Petticoats*, 3 yrs old, 7st. 6lb. 2 2
 Mr. Firth's br. m. *Harriet*, aged, 9st. 5lb. 3 dr.

STOCKTON MEETING.

THURSDAY, August 11.—SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 20 added, for horses of all ages.—Two miles.—Five subs.

Colonel Cradock's ch. c. *The Barber*, by Figaro, out of Violet, by Cornus, 4 yrs old, 8st. (J. Garbutt) 1

Mr. Dickson's ch. m. Lucy, by Tramp, 5 yrs old, 8st. 4lb.	2
Mr. Wormald's b. c. Bullet, 4 yrs old, 8st.	3
Duke of Leeds's ch. f. Lady Mowbray, 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb.	4
Even betting Bullet agst the field. A good race, and won only by half a length.	

The MAIDEN PURSE of 50l. for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Arrowsmith's ch. g. <i>Orangeman</i> , by Doctor Syntax, 3 yrs old, 6st. 7lb. (T. Lye)	0	1	1
Mr. Williamson's br. g. The Peacock, by Hollyhock, 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb.	1	2	4
Mr. Brooke's ch. c. Independent, 4 yrs old, 8st.	0	0	2
Mr. Thistlewood's b. c. by Filho da Puta, 3 yrs old, 6st. 10lb.	0	3	3
Mr. Lockey's b. m. Harriet Wilson, 5 yrs old, 8st. 6lb.	2	0	0

FRIDAY, August 12.—The GOLD CUP, value 100 sovs. by eight subs. of 10 sovs. each, with 20 added, for horses of all ages.—Two miles and a distance.

Mr. Bower's br. c. <i>Chancellor</i> , by Minos, out of Angelica, 3 yrs old, 6st. 7lb. (T. Lye)	1
Mr. Wormald's b. c. Bullet, 4 yrs old, 8st.	2
Mr. Russell's br. c. Brown Stout, 3 yrs old, 6st. 7lb.	3
Duke of Leeds's ch. m. Jenny Mills, 6 yrs old, 8st. 11lb.	4
Colonel Cradock's ch. c. The Barber, 4 yrs old, 8st.	5

The WYNYARD STAKES of seven sovs. each, with 30 added by the Marquis of Londonderry, for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.—Four subs.

Mr. Jacques's br. f. by Swiss, out of Galena, by Walton, 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb.	1	1
Mr. Reeves's ch. c. Will o' the Wall, 3 yrs old, 7st. (received back his stake)	2	2

SATURDAY, August 13.—SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, P. P. for horses, &c. not thorough-bred.—Gentlemen riders.—Two miles.—Five subs.

Mr. J. Scott's gr. g. <i>Ainderby</i> , by Grey Middleham, 5 yrs old, 11st. 9lb. (Mr. Singleton)	1
Mr. Milward's b. g. Junior, 5 yrs old, 11st. 6lb.	2
Mr. Skipsey's ch. c. Jerry Hawthorne, 3 yrs old, 9st. 2lb.	3
Mr. Nowell's b. h. by Walton, 5 yrs old, 11st. 6lb.	4

FIFTY POUNDS, for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Duke of Leeds's ch. m. <i>Jenny Mills</i> , by Whisker, 6 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. (S. Templeman)	1	1
Mr. Dickson's ch. m. Lucy, 5 yrs old, 8st. 9lb.	2	2
Mr. Fox's ch. f. Gitana, 3 yrs old, 6st. 7lb.	3	3

SOUTHAMPTON MEETING.

THURSDAY, August 11.—SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 100 added, for horses of all ages.—Three miles.—Five subs.

Mr. Dundas's ch. h. <i>Honest Robin</i> , by Robin Adair, out of Euphrasia, 5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. (Chapple)	1
Mr. Pryse's ch. c. by Duplicate, out of Frances, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb.	2
Mr. Hayward's br. h. Terror, 6 yrs old, 9st.	3

MEMBERS' PURSE of 50l. for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. C. Finch's b. m. <i>Benefit</i> , by Oiseau, dam by Prime Minister, 5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. (Cowley)	0	0	1	1
Mr. S. Stanley's b. c. The Whig, 3 yrs old, 7st. 2lb.	0	0	2	2
Mr. Dundas's b. c. Scrub, 4 yrs old, 8st. 5lb.	1	0	dr.	
Mr. Dilly's ch. h. Zeuxis, 5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb.	0	0		

The second a dead heat between The Whig and Scrub.

HUNTERS' STAKES of five sovs. each, with 20 added, for horses of all ages.—Gentlemen riders.—Two-mile heats.—Seven subs.

Captain Elton's br. g. <i>Scarecrow</i> , by Ardrossan, aged, 11st. 13lb. (Mr. Palmer)	0	1	1
Mr. E. Delme's ch. h. Little-Boy-Blue, 6 yrs old, 12st.	1	2	3
Mr. Hopkins's b. m. Miss Wolverton, 6 yrs old, 11st. 11lb.	2	0	2

MATCH for 50 sovs.—Two miles.

Mr. Hewitt's br. g. <i>Jocko</i> , aged (Chapple)	1
Mr. Butcher's ch. m. Harvest Home, aged, 9st.	2

FRIDAY, August 12.—The SOUTHAMPTON STAKES of 20 sovs. each, 10 ft. and only five if declared, &c. with 50 added.—Heats, once round and a distance.

Mr. Dundas's ch. h. *Honest Robin*, by Robin Adair, 5 yrs old, 8st. 6lb.
 (Chapple) 3 1 1
 Mr. Ley's b. h. *Omen*, 6 yrs old, 8st. 8lb. 1 2 2
 Mr. Pryse's ch. c. by Duplicate, out of Frances, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2 3 dr.
 Two subscribers paid 10 sovs. ft. and three others having declared by the time pre-
 scribed paid only five sovs. each.

The TRADESMEN'S PURSE of 50 sovs. added to a Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, for
 horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Houldsworth's br. g. *Gilbert*, by Sherwood, 4 yrs old, 7st. 13lb. (Chapple)... 1 1
 Mr. Goodlake's ch. f. *Dolly Mop*, 3 yrs old, 6st. 4lb. 2 2
 Mr. Dilly's ch. h. *Zeuxis*, 5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. 3 3

HANDICAP PURSE of 50L. added to a Sweepstakes of two sovs. each, for horses of all
 ages.—Heats, once round and a distance.

Mr. Dundas's b. c. *Scrub*, by Pyramus, out of Brush's dam, 4 yrs old, 8st.
 (Chapple) 1 1
 Mr. Hayward's br. h. *Terror*, 6 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. ... 4 2
 Mr. Jones's b. f. *Slander*, 4 yrs old, 8st. 3 3
 Mr. Goodlake's ch. f. *Dolly Mop*, 3 yrs old, 6st. 7lb. 2 dr.

The SILVER CUP, given by C. Brett, Esq. for horses not thorough-bred.—Two-
 mile heats.

Mr. Chamberlayne's ch. g. *Harkaway*, aged, 12st. (Mr. Palmer) 1 1
 Mr. Guy's b. g. *Red Rover*, aged, 12st. 0 2

MATCH for 50 sovs.—Once round and a distance.

Mr. Marsham's ch. g. aged, 11st. 4lb. 1
 Mr. Dolphin's br. g. aged, 10st. 6lb. 2

WOLVERHAMPTON MEETING.

MONDAY, August 15.—PRODUCE STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-
 olds.—One mile and a quarter.—Eight subs.

Mr. Pickernell's b. f. *Harolda*, by Master Henry, out of Loto, by Popinjay, 7st. 13lb.
 (H. Arthur) 1
 Mr. Charlton's b. f. by Master Henry, dam by Soothsayer, out of Cobbea, by Sky-
 scraper, 7st. 13lb. 2
 Mr. Giffard's ch. c. *Marston*, by Manfred, 8st. 5lb. 3
 Two to 1 on Marston. Won in a canter.

SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 20 added :—two-year-olds, 6st. 10lb.; three, 9st.
 Half a mile.—Seven subs.

Mr. L. Charlton's b. c. *Gnostic*, by Manfred, out of Libra, by Zodiac, 2 yrs old
 (Robinson) 1
 Mr. J. Morris's b. f. *Rosalind*, by Paulowitz, 2 yrs old 2
 Mr. Painter's ch. f. by Champion—Sarsaparilla, 3 yrs old 3
 Mr. Peel's br. f. *Linnet*, by Paulowitz, 3 yrs old 4
 Five to 2 on Gnostic. Won easy.

The TRADESMEN'S PURSE of 100 sovs. added to a Handicap Stakes of 25 sovs. each,
 15 ft., and only five if declared, &c.—Twice round and a distance.

Mr. Painter's b. g. *Russell*, by Corinthian, out of Creeping Kate, 5 yrs old, 8st. 11lb.
 (J. Spring) 1
 Mr. Price's b. h. *Fag*, 5 yrs old, 7st. 12lb. 2
 Mr. Chapman's b. h. *Perseverance*, 5 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. 3

The following also started but were not placed :—Sir T. Stanley's b. c. *Pedestrian*,
 4 yrs, 8st.; Mr. Giffard's ch. g. *Chester Billy*, 6 yrs, 8st. 10lb.; and Sir W. Wynne's
 bl. f. *Georgiana*, 4 yrs, 7st. 11lb.—Three subs. paid 15 sovs. ft., and fourteen others
 having declared by the time prescribed paid only five sovs. each.—Two to 1 agst Rus-
 sell, 5 to 2 agst Perseverance, and 3 to 1 agst Fag. Fag took the lead, closely followed
 by Chester Billy, Perseverance, Russell, Pedestrian, and Georgiana, and they all kept
 their places till they approached the Stand the second time round, when Russell came
 out and won cleverly.

The WROTTESLEY STAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 20 added, for three and four-year-
 olds.—Heats, once round.—Three subs.

Mr. Mostyn's b. f. *Her Highness*, by Moses, 3 yrs, 7st. 4lb. (J. Dodgson) ... 1 1
 Mr. Morris's b. c. by Banker—Lark, 3 yrs old, 7st. 7lb. 2 dr.
 Four to 1 on Her Highness. Won very easy.

SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 20 added, for horses, &c. not thorough-bred.—
Heats, twice round.—Six subs.

Mr. Patrick's b. g. <i>Bilberry</i> , by Hedley or Manfred, 5 yrs, 11st. 5lb. (Lear),	1	4	1
Mr. Morris's br. m. <i>Gazelle</i> , 5 yrs old, 11st. 12lb.	2	1	2
Mr. Hobson's b. f. <i>Sister to The Admiral</i> , by Cannon Ball, 3 yrs, 9st. 5lb....	3	3	dr.
Mr. Brooke's b. g. <i>Atlas</i> , 6 yrs old, 12st.	0	2	dr.
Mr. Walker's b. g. <i>Columbus</i> , 6 yrs old, 12st.	0		dr.

Six to 4 agst *Bilberry*. The first heat severely contested; the last won easy.

TUESDAY, August 16.—The CHILLINGTON STAKES of 25 sovs. each, for two-year-olds :—colts, 8st. 3lb.; fillies, 8st.—Straight half mile.—Four subs.

Mr. Beardsworth's br. c. <i>Wolverhampton</i> , by Abjer, out of Miss Craigie, by Orville (S. Darling)	1
Mr. Hellier's ch. f. by Humphrey Clinker—Gadabout	2
Mr. Lord's b. c. by Swiss, dam by Coriolanus—Marske	3

Five to 2 on *Wolverhampton*. Won cleverly.

SWEEPSTAKES of 30 sovs. each, 20 ft. for three-year-olds :—colts, 8st. 3lb.; fillies, 8st.—One mile and a quarter.—Five subs.

Mr. Beardsworth's br. c. <i>Colwick</i> , by Filho da Puta, out of Stella, by Sir Oliver (S. Darling)	1
Mr. Giffard's ch. c. <i>Captain Bob</i> , Brother to Captain Arthur	2
Sir W. Wynne's b. f. <i>Wedlock</i> , by Figaro	3

Three to 1 on *Colwick*. Won easy.

The CLEVELAND CUP, value 100 sovs. by subscription of 10 sovs. each, with 50 added, for horses of all ages.—Thrice round and a distance.—Sixteen subs.

Mr. Beardsworth's br. g. <i>Independence</i> , by Filho da Puta or Sherwood, 5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. (Darling)	1
Mr. Applewhaite's b. m. <i>Dandina</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb.	2
Mr. Mostyn's ch. h. <i>Mona's Pride</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 7lb.	3

Two to 1 agst *Independence*, 4 to 1 agst *Dandina*, and 5 to 1 agst *Mona's Pride*. Won easy.

The FILLY STAKES of 50 sovs. each, P. P. for two-year-olds, 8st. each.—Straight half mile.—Three subs.

Mr. T. Evans's br. f. <i>Mystery</i> , by Astrologer, dam by Chanticleer (Brown)	1
Mr. R. Thacker's b. f. <i>Adelaide</i> , by Alfred, dam by Fitzjames	2

Two to 1 on *Mystery*. Won cleverly.

The LADIES' PURSE of 50l.—Heats, once round and a distance.

Mr. T. Pickernell's b. f. <i>Harolda</i> , by Master Henry, out of Loto, 3 yrs old, 6st. 4lb.	0	1	1
Mr. Robinson's ch. c. by Blacklock, 3 yrs old, 6st. 7lb.	2	0	0
Mr. Spencer's b. c. by Piscator, 3 yrs old, 6st. 7lb.	0	0	0
Mr. Giffard's ch. c. <i>Captain Bob</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 4lb.	1	2	dr.
Mr. Neville's b. c. <i>Higgler</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 4lb.	3	0	dr.
Mr. Davis's br. c. <i>Changeling</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 7lb.	0	3	dr.

Two to 1 agst *Harolda*. Won easy.

WEDNESDAY, August 17.—FIFTY POUNDS, for horses of all ages.—Heats, twice round and a distance.

Mr. Jones's br. g. by King of Diamonds, dam by All-Dickey, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. (Wright)	1	1
Mr. Mostyn's b. c. <i>Shonin</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 3lb.	2	2
Mr. Robinson's ch. c. by Blacklock, 3 yrs old, 7st.	4	3
Mr. Nevill's br. c. <i>The Serpent</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st.	3	4

Five to 4 on *Shonin*.

The STAND PURSE of 50l. added to a Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, for horses of all ages.—Heats, twice round.—Seven subs.

Mr. F. R. Price's b. h. <i>Fag</i> , by Master Henry, out of Zadora, 5 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. (Arthur)	4	1	1
Mr. Jones's br. g. by King of Diamonds, dam by All-Dickey, 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb.	1	2	2
Mr. E. Yates's gr. f. <i>Sylph</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st.	2	3	dr.
Mr. Giffard's ch. c. <i>Faithless Billy</i> , by Figaro, 3 yrs old, 7st. 3lb.	3	4	dr.

Six to 4 agst *Sylph*, and 7 to 4 agst *Fag*.

MATCH for 50 sovs. h. ft.

Mr. T. Evans's ch. f. <i>Fretful</i> , by Whittington, dam by Walton (Brown)	1
Mr. Stubbs's ch. g. <i>Barleycorn</i> , by Astrologer—Recruit	2

Five to 1 on *Fretful*. Won easy.

The CAVALRY STAKES of five sovs. each, with 40 added, for horses, &c. not thoroughbred.—Heats, one mile and a half.—The second recd. 10 sovs.—Ten subs.

Mr. Hampson's b. f. *Fair Oak*, by Alderman Wood, 4 yrs old, 10st. 9lb.

(Mr. Burton)	0	1	1
Mr. E. Clark's b. m. Miss Frizel, 6 yrs old, 12st. 2lb.	1	2	2
Mr. Marshall's gr. g. Grimston, 4 yrs old, 10st. 9lb.	2	0	dr.
Mr. W. Taylor's b. h. by Astrologer, 5 yrs old, 11st. 9lb.	0	0	dr.
Mr. Fleetwood's b. m. White Serjeant, aged, 12st. 2lb.	0	0	dr.

GOODWOOD MEETING.

TUESDAY, August 16.—Sir S. Graham's b. c. *Turk*, by Tramp, out of Sister to Sultan, 3 yrs old, 7st. 1lb. (Wakefield), beat Capt. Byng's ro. m. Miss Craven, aged, 8st. 6lb., Match for 50 sovs., One mile.—Five to 4 on Turk. Won by a head.

The DRAWING ROOM STAKES of 25 sovs. each, with a bonus by independent Subscriptions of 10 sovs. each, for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—New Course, about two miles and a half.—Thirty-nine subs. to the Sweepstakes, and forty-seven to the bonus.

Mr. I. Sadler's b. f. *Delight*, by Reveller, out of Defiance, by Rubens (Chapple) ... 1
Lord Verulam's b. c. *Vestris*, by Whalebone, out of Varennes (received 100 sovs. out of the stakes)..... 2

Mr. Forth's b. c. by Champignon—Thomasina 3
Lord Lowther's Midhurst, Brother to Gayhurst, by Whalebone..... 4

The following also started but were not placed:—Lord Lowther's b. c. *Varlet*, by Whalebone; Duke of Richmond's b. f. *Conciliation*, by Moses; Capt. Martin's ch. f. *Minette*, by Woful, out of Posthuma; Lord Chesterfield's b. c. by Middleton—*Cressida*; Lord Exeter's br. c. *Hæmus*, by Sultan, out of Bess; Mr. Rush's b. c. *Roadster*, by M'Adam, out of Rhoda; Mr. Forth's ch. c. by Muley—*Lacerta*, by Zodiac; Mr. Gardnor's br. c. *Leander*, by Abjer; and Lord Egremont's gr. c. by Skim, out of Caroline.—Four to 1 agst *Vestris*, 9 to 2 agst *Delight*, 8 to 1 agst Mr. Forth's colt, 10 to 1 agst *Hæmus*, 10 to 1 agst *Varlet*, and 10 to 1 agst *Roadster*. Won easy by a length.

The LAVANT STAKES of 50 sovs. each, 30 ft. for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—Half-a-mile.—Thirteen subs.

Lord Chesterfield's br. f. *Margravine*, by Smolensko or Waterloo, out of Electress (P. Connolly)..... 1

Duke of Richmond's b. f. by Whalebone—*Harpalice*..... 2

Mr. Gratwicke's gr. f. by Middleton, out of Jest..... 3

Lord Egremont's bl. f. Sister to Tom Thumb, by Whalebone, dam by Gohanna..... 4

Mr. Gardnor's b. c. *Tarquin*, by Moses—*Luna's* dam..... 5

Two to 1 agst Lord Egremont's filly, 3 to 1 agst *Tarquin*, and 5 to 1 agst *Margravine*. Won easy, by two lengths.

MATCH for 100 sovs. both three-year-old.—One mile and a half.

Lord Exeter's ch. c. *Anthony*, by Tramp, out of Augusta, by Woful, 8st. 7lb. (W. Arnall)..... 1

Capt. Byng's gr. c. *Ciudad Rodrigo*, 8st. 3lb. 2
Five to 2 on Anthony. Won by half a length.

SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, with 25 added, for horses of all ages.—One-mile heats.—Five subs.

Mr. Henry's b. c. *Sketch-Book*, by Rubens, 4 yrs, 8st. 7lb. (G. Edwards)... 3 1 1

Mr. Scaith's b. f. *Harmony*, 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. 1 4 3

Mr. S. Stonehewer's b. f. *Ipsala*, 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. 2 2 2

Duke of Richmond's br. f. *Syma*, 3 yrs old, 7st. 4lb. 5 3 dr.

Lord Egremont's ch. f. by Centaur, out of Sola, by Partisan, 3 yrs, 7st. 4lb. 4 dr.

Two to 1 agst *Harmony*; after the first heat, 6 to 4 agst *Sketch-Book*, and 2 to 1 agst *Harmony*. Each heat well contested.—The winner was claimed, according to the articles, for 80 sovs.

WEDNESDAY, August 17.—The LADIES' PURSE of 50l. added to a Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, for horses of all ages.—One-mile heats.—Ten subs.

Lord Chesterfield's ch. h. *Carthusian*, by Comus, aged, 9st. 4lb. (Connolly), 1 5 1

Lord Jersey's b. g. *Glenartney*, aged, 9st. 1lb. 6 1 2

Mr. Dickinson's ch. h. *Lawn Sleeves*, 5 yrs old, 9st. 4 4 3

Mr. Gates's b. f. by Little John, 3 yrs old, 7st. 4lb. 2 2 dr.

Mr. Hobart's ch. h. *Cornelian*, 5 yrs old, 9st. 3lb. 3 3 dr.
 Mr. Walker's b. f. by *Straitwaist*, out of *Ally*, 3 yrs old, 7st. 3lb. 5 dr.
 Seven to 4 agst *Carthusian*, 7 to 4 agst *Glenartney*; after the first heat, 6 to 4 on *Glenartney*; after the second heat, 5 to 2 on him. Won by a head.

THE GOODWOOD STAKES of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft. and only five if declared, &c.—
 Once round.

Duke of Richmond's b. f. *Conoiliation*, by *Moses*, out of *The Duchess*, 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb. (A. Pavis) 1
 Mr. Grant's br. m. *Lady Emily*, by *Emilius*, 5 yrs old, 9st. 1lb. (received 50 sovs.), 2
 Mr. Henry's b. c. *Agreeable*, 4 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. 3

The following also started but were not placed:—Mr. Lumley's b. c. *Erymus*, 4 yrs, 9st. 3lb.; Mr. Cosby's b. h. *Hindoo*, 5 yrs, 9st. 2lb.; Mr. S. Stonehewer's b. f. *Variation*, 4 yrs, 9st. 1lb.; Mr. Rush's b. h. *Oatlands*, 5 yrs, 8st. 7lb.; Lord Verulam's b. c. *Whip*, 4 yrs, 8st. 5lb.; Mr. Houldsworth's br. g. *Crescent*, 4 yrs, 8st. 5lb.; Mr. G. Bulkeley's b. f. *Bustle*, 4 yrs, 8st. 5lb.; Mr. Ramsbottom's br. c. *Zucharelli*, 4 yrs, 8st. 3lb.; Mr. Coleman's b. g. *Sober Robin*, 5 yrs, 7st. 9lb.; Mr. Biggs's br. c. *Wassailer*, 4 yrs, 7st. 9lb.; Mr. Rush's b. c. *Roadster*, 3 yrs, 7st. 9lb.; and Mr. Forth's b. f. *Echo*, by *Emilius*, dam by *Scud* or *Pioneer*, out of *Canarybird*, 3 yrs, 6st.—Twenty-two subs. paid 15 sovs. ft., and 35 others having declared ft. by the time prescribed paid only five sovs. each.—Three to 1 agst *Lady Emily*, 3 to 1 agst *Agreeable*, 7 to 1 agst *Variation*, 7 to 1 agst *Wassailer*, 12 to 1 agst *Whip*, 20 to 1 agst *Confederacy*, and 20 to 1 agst *Echo*. Won by a length.

THE COWDRAY STAKES of 25 sovs. each, for three-year olds.—T. Y. C.—Three subs.
 Mr. Pettit's ch. c. *Adam Brock*, by *Blacklock*, dam by *Shuttle*, 8st. 7lb. (J. Robinson) 1
 Duke of Richmond's ch. c. *Shirley*, 8st. 7lb. 2
 Two to 1 on *Adam Brock*. Won in a canter.—The winner was claimed, according to the articles, for 150 sovs.

THURSDAY, August 18.—FIFTY POUNDS, given by the Members for the City of Chichester.—Heats, once round.

Capt. Cosby's b. c. *Sketch-Book*, by *Rubens*, dam by *Caleb Quot'em*, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. (Robinson) 1 1
 Duke of Richmond's br. f. *Syma*, 3 yrs old, 7st. 1lb. 3 2
 Mr. F. Charlton's b. g. *Falconbridge*, by *Manfred*, 5 yrs, 8st. 11lb. (broke down), 3 3
 Even betting between *Sketch-Book* and *Falconbridge*; after the first heat, 3 to 1 on *Sketch-Book*. Won easy.—The winner was claimed, according to the articles, for 200 sovs.

MATCH for 50 sovs. h. ft.—Three miles.

Mr. Dockeray's b. h. *Zephyr*, by D. I. O., 9st. 3lb. (W. Arnall) 1
 Capt. Byng's ro. m. *Miss Craven*, aged, 10st. 1lb. 2
 Eleven to 8 on *Zephyr*. Won cleverly.

HANDICAP STAKES of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft.—One mile.—Three subs.

Lord Worcester's b. h. *Carthago*, by *Pioneer*, out of *Reserve*, aged, 9st. 10lb. (Robinson) 1
 Lord Chesterfield's ch. h. *Carthusian*, aged, 9st. 4lb. 2
 Two to 1 on *Carthago*. Won easy.

THE GOLD CUP, value 300 sovs. by subscriptions of 20 sovs. each, with 100 added, for horses of all ages.—Once round.—Thirty-seven subs.

Lord Chesterfield's b. c. *Priam*, by *Emilius*, out of *Cressida*, 4 yrs old, 9st. 5lb. (P. Connolly) 1
 His Majesty's b. m. *Fleur de Lis*, by *Bourbon*, aged, 9st. 11lb. (recd. 100 sovs.) ... 2
 Mr. S. Stonehewer's b. f. *Variation*, 4 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. 3
 Six to 5 agst *Priam*, 5 to 4 agst *Fleur de Lis*, and 4 to 1 agst *Variation*. Won easy, by two lengths.

FRIDAY, August 19.—SWEEPSTAKES of 50 sovs. each, for three-year-olds.—One mile.—Fourteen subs.

Lord Verulam's b. c. *Vestris*, by *Whalebone*, out of *Varennnes*, by *Selim*, 8st. 13lb. (P. Connolly) 1
 Duke of Richmond's br. c. *Selectar*, by *Moses*, 8st. 7lb. 2
 Mr. Gates's b. f. by *Little John*, out of *Vulcan's* dam, 8st. 4lb. 3
 Lord Orford's br. f. *Naiad*, by *Whalebone*, 8st. 4lb. 4
 Six to 4 on *Vestris*, 3 to 1 agst *Naiad*, 5 to 1 agst Mr. Gates's filly, and 6 to 1 agst *Selectar*. Won easy.

The WATERLOO PURSE of 50l. added to a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, for horses of all ages.—Gentlemen riders.—Heats, T.Y.C.

Mr. Greville's ch. c. *Adam Brock*, by *Blacklock*, 3 yrs old, 10st. 7lb.
(Mr. Bouverie) 1 1
Duke of Richmond's br. h. *Wandering Boy*, by *Oiseau*, 5 yrs old, 11st. 11lb.... 3 2
Mr. Gardnor's ch. g. *Guildford*, 5 yrs old, 11st. 11lb. 2 3
Mr. Bulkeley's b. g. *Sober Robin*, 5 yrs old, 11st. 11lb. 4 4
Five to 4 agst *Adam Brock*, after the first heat 2 to 1 on him. The winner was claimed according to the articles for 100 sovs.

His MAJESTY'S PURSE of 100gs. for horses of all ages.—Three miles.

Lord Lowther's b. c. *Midhurst*, Brother to *Gayhurst*, by *Whalebone*, out of *Spree's* dam, 3 yrs old, 7st. (Chapple) 1
Lord Exeter's ch. c. *Anthony*, 3 yrs old, 7st. 2

The following also started but were not placed :—Mr. Henry's b. c. *Agreeable*, 4 yrs, 8st. ; Lord Worcester's b. h. *Carthago*, aged, 9st. 8lb. ; and Duke of Richmond's b. f. *Refugee*, 4 yrs, 8st.—Even betting on *Agreeable*, 7 to 2 agst *Anthony*, 4 to 1 agst *Carthago*, and 5 to 1 agst *Midhurst*. Won by a length.

DUKE OF RICHMOND'S PURSE of 100l.—Last Mile.

Duke of Richmond's gr. c. *Ciudad Rodrigo*, by *Emilius*, out of *Dandizette*, 3 yrs old, 7st. (A. Pavis)..... 1
Lord Exeter's ch. c. *Anthony*, 3 yrs old, 7st. 8lb. 2

The following also started but were not placed :—Lord Worcester's b. h. *Carthago*, aged, 10st. ; Mr. Gratwicke's b. h. *Frederick*, 5 yrs, 9st. ; Mr. Cosby's b. h. *Hindoo*, 5 yrs, 8st. 7lb. ; Mr. Hobart's ch. h. *Cornelian*, 5 yrs, 8st. 6lb. ; Mr. Dickenson's ch. h. *Lawn Sleeves*, 5 yrs, 8st. 6lb. ; Lord Uxbridge's b. c. *Sketch-Book*, 4 yrs, 8st. 3lb. ; Mr. Ramsbottom's br. c. *Zucharelli*, 4 yrs, 7st. 12lb. ; Lord Lowther's b. c. *Varlet*, 3 yrs, 7st. ; Lord Egremont's bl. f. by *Whalebone*, out of *Thalestris*, 3 yrs ; Lord Chesterfield's b. c. by *Middleton*, 3 yrs, 6st. 10lb. ; and Mr. Rush's ch. f. by *Phantom*, out of *Discord*, 3 yrs, 6st. 10lb.—Five to 1 agst *Anthony*, and 7 to 1 agst *Ciudad Rodrigo*. Won by a length.

HAVERFORDWEST MEETING.

TUESDAY, August 16.—The PEMBROKESHIRE STAKES of 20 sovs. each, h. ft. and only five if declared, &c. with 30 added, for horses of all ages.—Two miles.

Mr. Bristow's br. h. *Dr. Faustus*, by *Filho da Puta*, out of *Maid of Lorn*, aged, 9st. 6lb. (Chesswas) 1
Mr. Meyrick's b. m. *Bunter*, by *Tramp*, 5 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. (recd. back his stake)... 2
Mr. Waters's br. h. *Smuggler*, aged, 8st. 9lb. 3
Major Rice's gr. f. *Queen Bess*, 4 yrs old, 7st. 9lb. 4
Four subscribers paid 10 sovs. ft. and six others having declared by the time prescribed paid only five sovs. each.

The PICTON STAKES of three sovs. each, with 30 added, for horses not thoroughbred.—Two miles.—Ten subs.

Mr. Meyrick's b. m. by *Spectre*, out of *Off-she-goes*, 5 yrs old, 11st. 3lb.
(Macdonald) 1 1
Mr. Parry's b. h. *Waverley*, 6 yrs old, 11st. 11lb. 3 2
Mr. Williams's b. g. *Speck*, 6 yrs old, 12st. 4 3
Mr. Henderson's b. c. *St. Govin's*, 4 yrs old, 10st. 3lb. 2 4
Six others also started.

FIFTY POUNDS, given by Sir R. B. P. Phillips, Bart. M.P. for horses of all ages. Two-mile heats.

Mr. Meyrick's b. m. *Bunter*, by *Tramp*, out of *Remembrance*, 5 yrs old, 8st. 9lb.
(Macdonald) 1 1
Mr. Waters's b. h. *Smuggler*, aged, 9st. 2lb. 4 2
Mr. Bristow's br. c. *Brussels*, 3 yrs old, 7st. 2 3
Mr. Rice's gr. f. *Queen Bess*, 4 yrs old, 8st. 1lb. 3 dis.
Mr. Henderson's b. f. *Fanny*, by *Master Henry*, out of *Mervinia*, 4 yrs old, 8st. 1lb. 5 dis.
Mr. Ackland's b. f. by *Adventurer* (half bred) 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb. 6 dr.

WEDNESDAY, August 17.—The ORIELTON STAKES of five sovs. each, with 50 added, for horses of all ages.—To start at the distance-post, and go twice round the Course, about three miles and a half.—Six subs.

Two subscribers paid 15 sovs. each, and four others having declared by the time prescribed paid only five sovs. each.

The **ANGLESEY PURSE** of 50l. for maiden horses, &c. of all ages.—Two-mile heats, starting at the distance chair.

Mr. Mostyn's br. c. <i>Shonin</i> , by Emilius, out of Lupina, 3 yrs old, 7st. (J. Dodgson).....	2	1	1
Mr. Roper's br. c. Georgiovanni, 3 yrs old, 7st.....	1	2	3
Mr. Williams's b. c. by Banker—Lark, 3 yrs old, 7st.....	3	3	2

WEDNESDAY, August 24.—SWEEPSTAKES of 25 sovs. each, for two-year-olds :—8st. 5lb. ; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—Half a mile.—Eight subs.

Mr. Yates's ch. f. <i>Sensative</i> , by Cain, out of Sigh, by Guy Mannering (J. Spring), 1	
Mr. Beardsworth's br. c. Ludlow, by Filho da Puta.....	2
Mr. J. Morris's ch. c. Coronation, by Champion, came to the post to start, but was restive.	

SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, with 40 added, for horses of all ages.—Heats, twice round and a distance.—Three subs.

Mr. Peel's b. f. *Mouche*, by Emilius, out of Mercy, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb....walked over.

SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 10 added, for horses, &c. not thorough-bred—Heats, once round and a distance.—Eight subs.

Mr. Walker's b. g. <i>Columbus</i> , by Muley, aged, 11st. (H. Arthur).....	7	1	1
Lord Anson's br. g. Dunton, by Filho, 5 yrs old, 10st. 10lb.....	1	5	3
Mr. Jones's br. g. Tommy Tickle, aged, 11st.....	2	2	2
Mr. E. Peel's b. f. Alice Gray, 4 yrs old, 10st. 4lb.....	5	3	4
Lord Hastings's br. g. Spider, 6 yrs old, 11st.....	6	4	5
Mr. J. Morris's b. c. Grumio, 4 yrs old, 10st. 4lb.	3	dr.	
Mr. Chawnor's b. m. Miss Oakley, 6 yrs old, 11st.....	4	dr.	

MATCH for 100 sovs. 8st. each.—Two miles.

Mr. Eccles's ch. m. <i>Fanny</i> (J. Dodgson).....	1
Mr. Sampson's ch. g. Everlasting (bolted).....	dis.

CANTERBURY MEETING.

WEDNESDAY, August 24.—HIS MAJESTY'S PURSE of 100gs., for four-year-olds, and upwards.—Four-mile heats.

Mr. Hungerford's ch. g. <i>Camillus</i> , by Cannon Ball, aged, 12st. (Connolly).....	1	1
Mr. Dockeray's br. g. Abel, 5 yrs old, 11st. 7lb.	4	2
Lord Ongley's ch. c. Suffolk Punch, 4 yrs old, 10st. 7lb.	2	3
Mr. Ongley's br. c. by Tramp, 4 yrs old, 10st. 7lb.....	3	dr.

ONE HUNDRED POUNDS, given by the Noblemen and Gentlemen of the County, for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Hawkins's b. f. <i>Pandora</i> , by Wrangler, out of Miss Stephenson, 4 yrs old, 8st. 8lb. (Macdonald)	2	1	1
Mr. Pearce's br. f. by Eryx, 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb.....	1	2	dr.
Mr. Watson's br. f. Ardelia, 3 yrs old, 7st. 3lb.....	4	3	dr.
Mr. Roberts's br. c. Walter, 3 yrs old, 7st. 6lb.....	3	dr.	

FIFTY POUNDS, given by the Noblemen and Gentlemen of the County, for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Lord Fordwich's b. h. <i>Ofellus</i> , by Orville, dam by Soothsayer, 5 yrs old, 9st. (Connolly)	2	1	1
Mr. Roberts's br. c. Walter, 3 yrs old, 7st. 6lb.....	1	2	2
Mr. Pearce's b. f. by Eryx—Misery, 3 yrs old, 7st.....	4	3	dr.
Mr. Brown's br. g. Hastings, 6 yrs old, 9st. 11b.....	3	4	dr.
Mr. Weeks's b. m. Dolly Spicer, 5 yrs old, 8st. 11lb.....	5	dr.	

HANDICAP STAKES of five sovs. each, three ft., for horses, &c. belonging to the Officers of the 7th Dragoon Guards.—Gentlemen riders.—Half a mile.—Sixteen subs.

Mr. Thewles's ch. g. <i>Pigeon</i> , aged, 12st. 2lb.	1
Mr. Richardson's gr. m. Alice Gray, aged, 11st. 7lb.	2
Captain Elton's gr. g. Shamrock, aged, 10st.....	3
Mr. Singleton's br. g. Election, aged, 11st. 7lb.....	4

THURSDAY, August 25.—A PURSE of 100l., given by the City of Canterbury, for horses of all ages.—Heats, two miles and a distance.

Mr. Thomas's ch. g. <i>Blinker</i> , by Godolphin, 5 yrs old, 9st. (G. Walker)...	3	0	1	1
Mr. Cameron's b. c. Fawn, 3 yrs old, 7st.	1	0	2	2
Mr. W. Smith's ch. f. Zarina, 3 yrs old, 7st. 2lb.	2	3		dr.
Mr. Hawkins's br. m. Caradori, 5 yrs old, 8st. 7lb.....	4			dr.
Mr. Howard's b. f. Miss Mary Ann of Dover (late Blue Bonnet), 4 yrs old, 7st. 13lb.	5			dr.

The COUNTY MEMBERS' PURSE of 50l. for maiden horses of all ages.—Heats, two miles and a distance.

Mr. Pearce's ch. m. by Eryx, out of Misery, 5 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. (Stanley).....	1	1
Mr. Ongley's br. c. by Tramp, 4 yrs old, 8st. 11lb.....	2	2
Mr. Howard's b. f. Rose Bradwardine, by Waverley, dam by Comus, 4 yrs old, 7st. 12lb.....	4	3
Mr. Meynell's b. f. by Woful, out of Crockery's dam, 3 yrs old, 6st. 6lb.....	3	dr.

FRIDAY, August 26.—A GOLD CUP, or 100 sovs. given by the Noblemen and Gentlemen of the County, for horses of all ages.—Heats, two miles and a distance.

Mr. Pearce's ch. m. by Eryx, out of Misery, 5 yrs old, 9st. 11lb. (Stanley).....	1	1
Mr. Watson's b. f. Ardelia, 3 yrs old, 7st.....	2	2
Mr. Brown's b. h. Watchman, 5 yrs old, 9st. 7lb.	5	3
Sir J. Beresford's ch. g. by St. Patrick, out of Lisette, 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb.....	3	4
Mr. Hawkins's br. m. Caradori, 5 yrs old, 8st. 11lb.....	4	dr.

The COUNTY PURSE of 50l. for horses of all ages.—Heats, two miles and a distance.

Mr. Hawkins's b. f. <i>Pandora</i> , by Wrangler, 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb. (Macdonald)...	1	1
Mr. Thomas's ch. g. <i>Blinker</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 12lb.....	3	2
Mr. Hungerford's ch. g. Camillus, aged, 10st.....	2	3

KENTISH HUNTERS' STAKES of five sovs. each, for horses not thorough-bred.—Gentlemen riders.—Heats, two miles and a distance.

Mr. C. Wright's gr. g. <i>Archdeacon</i> , by Skim, 6 yrs old, 11st. 12lb. (Mr. Belsea),	1	1
Mr. Quihampton's b. g. Tom Moody, by Little John, aged, 12st.....	2	2
Mr. Thorp's b. f. Fancy, 4 yrs old, 10st. 7lb.	3	3
Mr. Pilcher's b. f. Sarah, 4 yrs old, 10st. 7lb.....	4	4

SWEEPSTAKES of three sovs. each, two ft., 11st. each, Gentlemen riders, Round Mile, was won by Sir W. Geary's br. g. (Owner) beating five others.

WINCHESTER MEETING.

WEDNESDAY, August 24.—PRODUCE STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for three-year-olds.—New Mile.—Ten subs.

Mr. Sadler's b. f. <i>Delight</i> , by Reveller, out of Defiance, 8st. 4lb. (Chapple).....	1
Mr. Portal's bl. f. by Reveller, dam by Buffalo, out of Enchantress, 8st. 11lb.	2
Mr. S. Day's br. c. Caleb, by Waterloo, 8st. 4lb.....	3

Won easy.

SWEEPSTAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—Last half mile.—Four subs.

Mr. Wreford's ch. c. *Margrave*, by Muley, out of Principessa's dam.....walked over.

SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, with 25 added by the County Members, for three and four-year-olds.—New Mile.—Five subs.

Mr. S. Day's br. c. <i>Caleb</i> , by Waterloo, out of Enchantress, 3 yrs old, 7st. 5lb. (Percy)	1
Mr. S. Stanley's b. c. The Whig, 3 yrs old, 7st. 5lb.....	2
Mr. Pryse's ch. c. by Duplicate, out of Frances by Ambrosio, 4 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. ...	3
Mr. Jones's br. f. Slander, 4 yrs old, 8st. 6lb.	4

A very fine race.

HIS MAJESTY'S PURSE of 100gs.—Four-mile heats.

Mr. Sadler's br. g. <i>Jocko</i> , by Filho da Puta, aged, 12st. (Boffey)	1	1
Mr. Ley's b. h. Omen, 6 yrs old, 11st. 12lb.....	2	dr.

The LADIES' PURSE of 50L.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Wreford's b. c. *Mortimer*, by Reveller, out of Legacy, 3 yrs old, 7st. being the only horse entered, received 10l.

THURSDAY, August 25.—PRODUCE STAKES of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft. for two-year-olds.—Last half mile.—Four subs.

Mr. Sharp's b. f. *Mayfly*, by Middleton, out of Codicil, 7st. 13lb.....walked over.

SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, with 25 added by the Members for the County, for horses of all ages.—Heats, the last mile and a half.—Five subs.

Mr. Dilly's ch. h. *Zeuris*, by Rubens, out of Zuleika, 5 yrs old, 8st. 12lb.

(Cowley)	0	1	1
Mr. Houldsworth's b. g. Gilbert, 4 yrs old, 8st. 11lb.....	0	2	dr.
Mr. Jones's br. f. Slander, 4 yrs old, 8st. 11lb.	3		dr.

The CITY MEMBERS' PURSE of 50l. for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Wiltshire's b. m. *Whisk*, by Whisker, 6 yrs old, 9st. 11lb. (T. Cowley) 2 1 1

Mr. Dilly's ch. h. *Zeuris*, 5 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. 1 2 dr.

Mr. Wreford's br. c. Mortimer, 3 yrs old, 6st. 4lb..... bolted.

The NOBLEMEN and GENTLEMEN'S PURSE of 50l. for three and four-year-olds. Two-mile heats.

Mr. Jones's br. f. *Slander*, by Comus, out of Venus, 4 yrs old, 8st. 10lb.

(T. Cowley)

Mr. Houldsworth's b. g. Gilbert, 4 yrs old, 8st. 12lb..... 2 dr.

Mr. S. Day's br. c. Caleb, 3 yrs old, 7st. 5lb. 3 dr.

FRIDAY, August 26.—The WINCHESTER CUP, value 80 sovs. added to a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each.—Two-mile heats.—Three subs.

Mr. W. Ley's b. h. *Omen*, by Orville, out of Whizgig, 6 yrs old, 9st. 13lb.

(T. Cowley)

Mr. Gauntlett's b. c. Donzelli, 4 yrs old, 9st. 3lb..... 2 2

The WORTHY GROVE STAKES (handicap) of 10 sovs. each, five ft. with 30 added, for horses of all ages.—Heats, the last mile and a half.—Five subs.

Mr. Radclyffe's br. h. *Brownlock*, by Blacklock, aged, 8st. 10lb. (T. Cowley)... 1 1

Mr. Wreford's b. c. Mortimer, 3 yrs old, 6st. 4lb. 3 2

Mr. W. Ley's b. h. *Omen*, 6 yrs old, 8st. 6lb..... 2 dr.

£ **The HURDLE STAKES** of two sovs. each, with a Silver Cup value five sovs. added. —The last half mile—four leaps to be taken over hurdle gates not less than four feet high.—Catch weights.—Ten subs.

Mr. B. Baring's b. h. *Quaker* (T. Cowley) 1

Mr. Fielder's dun h. 2

Eight others started, but were not placed.

ABERYSTWITH MEETING.

WEDNESDAY, August 24.—The MEMBERS' PURSE of 50l. added to a Sweepstakes of three sovs. each, for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Price's b. m. *Cholstrey Lass*, by Grimaldi, aged, 9st. 6lb. 5 3 1 1

Mr. Meyrick's br. m. Bunter, 5 yrs old, 9st. 5lb..... 2 1 2 2

Mr. George's b. g. Jerry, aged, 9st. 11lb. 1 2 dr.

Mr. Jones's ch. f. Felicity, 3 yrs old, 7st. 2lb..... 3 dr.

Mr. Tongue's b. f. Vigornia, 4 yrs old, 8st. 8lb..... 4 dr.

The GOGERDDAN STAKES of five sovs. each, with 20 added.—Two-mile heats.—Six subs.

Mr. George's b. g. *Jerry*, by Spectre, aged, 9st. 1 1

Mr. Jones's ch. f. Felicity, 3 yrs old, 7st. 10lb. 2 dr.

Mr. Price's b. m. *Cholstrey Lass*, aged, 9st..... 3 dr.

THURSDAY, August 25.—HUNTERS' STAKES of five sovs. each, with 20 added, for horses, &c. not thorough-bred.—Two-mile heats.—Nine subs.

Mr. Meyrick's b. m. by Spectre, out of Off-she-goes, 5 yrs old, 11st. 7lb. 1 1

Mr. Hickes's b. g. *The Poacher*, 6 yrs old, 11st. 12lb. 2 2

SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, with 20 added by the Town.—Two-mile heats. Six subs.

Mr. George's b. g. *Jerry*, aged, 9st. 10lb..... 1 1

Mr. Jones's ch. f. Felicity, 3 yrs old, 6st. 8lb. 3 2

Mr. Meyrick's br. m. Bunter, 5 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. 2 dr.

NEWPORT PAGNEL MEETING.

THURSDAY, August 25.—The GOLD CUP STAKES of 10 sovs. each, for horses of all ages.—About three miles.—Nineteen subs.

Mr. I. Day's b. g. *Liston*, by Ambo, out of Olivia Jordan, aged, 8st. 13lb. (A. Pavis), 1
Mr. Sowerby's b. c. *Paradox*, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. 2
Won by a neck.

The GAYHURST STAKES of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft. and only five if declared, &c.—About one mile and a half.

Lord Mountcharles's b. c. *Carwell*, by Filho da Puta, dam by Hambletonian, 3 yrs old, 7st. (Pavis) 1
Mr. Sowerby's bl. h. *Coroner*, 6 yrs old, 9st. 2
Two subscribers paid 15 sovs. ft. and eleven others having declared by the time prescribed paid only five sovs. each. Won by a length.

SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each.—Heats, once round and a distance.—Seven subs.

Mr. Praed named b. g. *Anti-Reformer*, 6 yrs old, 11st. 13lb. 1 1
Mr. Swabey named br. h. *Legacy*, aged, 12st. 4lb. 2 2

HUNTERS' STAKES of five sovs. each, with 10 added for the owner of the second horse.—Heats, once round a distance.—Thirteen subs.

Mr. Lovell's ch. g. by Buffalo, 5 yrs old, 11st. 13lb. 1 2 1
Mr. Cox's ch. g. *Rough Robin*, 5 yrs old, 11st. 6lb. 2 1 2
Mr. Brickwell's ch. h. *Brunswicker*, 5 yrs old, 11st. 6lb. 3 3 3
Mr. Newman's ch. f. *Adelaide*, 4 yrs old, 10st. 7lb. 4 4 dr.
Mr. Whitworth's b. f. *Donna Clara*, 4 yrs old, 10st. 7lb. 5 5 dr.

SIXTY POUNDS, for horses of all ages.—Heats, once round and a distance.

Mr. Sowerby's bl. h. *Coroner*, by Magistrate, 6 yrs old, 9st. 3lb. (S. Mann) 1 1
Mr. Day's bl. m. *Busk*, aged, 9st. 3lb. 2 2
Mr. G. Edwards's b. c. *Crispin*, 3 yrs old, 7st. 3lb. 3 3
Mr. Ellis's ch. h. *Lucifer*, 5 yrs old, 8st. 8lb. 4 4

EGHAM MEETING.

TUESDAY, August 30.—MATCH for 100 sovs. both three years old, 8st. each.—Two miles.

Captain G. Bulkeley's br. c. *Whalebone*, by Whalebone, out of Blacking by Octavius (P. Connolly) 1
Mr. Gardnor's br. c. *Leander*, by Abjer—Cervantes 2
Two to 1 on Whalebone. Won in a canter.

SWEEPSTAKES of 20 sovs. each, h. ft. for two-years-olds:—colts, 8st. fillies, 7st. 11lb. Half-a-mile.—Ten subs.

Mr. Dockcray's b. f. *Runnymede*, by Whalebone, out of Vicarage by Octavius (carried 8st.—Wetherell) 1
Mr. Grant's b. f. by Partisan, out of Fatima, by Selim 2
Mr. W. Day's b. c. by Brother to Interpreter, dam by an Arabian, bought at his late Majesty's stud sale 3
Mr. Gardnor's b. c. *Tarquin*, by Moses—Luna's dam 4
Mr. Gates's gr. c. by Little John, dam by Wanderer 5
Mr. Gray's b. f. *Yorkshire Lizzy*, by Catton, out of Joseph's dam by Dick Andrews, 6
Two to 1 agst Mr. Grant's filly, 3 to 1 agst Mr. Gates's colt, 5 to 1 agst Tarquin, 6 to 1 agst Runnymede, and 10 to 1 agst Yorkshire Lizzy. Won by half a length.

The GOLD CUP of 100 sovs. (in specie), by 14 subs. of 10 sovs. each.—Two miles.—The owner of the second horse to receive back his stake.

Mr. Theobald's bl. c. *The Pilgrim*, by Don Cossack, dam by Walton, 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb. (Wakefield) 1
Mr. I. Day's b. g. *Liston*, by Ambo, aged, 9st. 3lb. 2
Lord Mountcharles's b. h. *Gayhurst*, 5 yrs old, 9st. 3lb. 3
Duke of Richmond's b. f. *Refugee*, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. 4
Captain G. Bulkeley's br. c. *Whalebone*, 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb. 5
Seven to 4 agst Liston, 4 to 1 agst Gayhurst, 5 to 1 agst The Pilgrim, and 6 to 1 agst Refugee. Won easy by two lengths. Mr. Day immediately claimed the winner, subsequently withdrew such claim, and objected to Mr. Theobald receiving the Stakes, on the ground that The Pilgrim is four years old instead of three, as described.

The RUNNYMEDE STAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 30 added, for horses of all ages.—
One-mile heats.

Mr. Gtates's b. f. *Runnymede*, by Little John, out of Vulcan's dam, 3 yrs old,
7st. 4lb. (S. Mann) 1 1
Lord Uxbridge's b. c. *Sketch-book*, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. 5 2
Mr. I. Day's bl. m. *Busk*, aged, 9st. 1lb. 6 3
Lord Mountcharles's ch. f. *Clio*, 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. 3 4
Mr. Yeasley's b. c. *Coventry*, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. 4 5
Mr. Gardner's ch. c. *King William*, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. 2 dr.
Five to 2 agst *Sketch-Book*, 4 to 1 agst *Runnymede*: after the first heat, *Sketch-Book*
the favorite. Won easy.

Mr. Martyn's ch. f. *Minette*, by Woful, out of Posthuma, 8st. 2lb., recd. from Mr.
Gardner's br. c. *Leander*, 8st. 6lb., 50, p. p. One mile.

WEDNESDAY, August 31.—The MAGNA CHARTA STAKES of 50 sovs. each,
h. ft. for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—New Mile.

Mr. Maberly's ch. f. *Farce*, by Swiss, out of Comedy, by Comus (A. Pavis) 1
Captain Locke's b. c. *Upstart*, by Champignon, out of Thomasina, by Timothy 2
Mr. Waugh's b. f. *Fancy*, by Phantom, dam by Skim 3
Duke of Richmond's b. c. *Elvas*, by Whalebone 4
Seven to 4 agst *Upstart*, 3 to 1 agst *Farce*, 4 to 1 agst *Fancy*, and 6 to 1 agst *Elvas*.
Won in a canter.

The SURREY and MIDDLESEX STAKES of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft., and only five if
declared, &c.—Two miles and a distance.

Mr. Theobald's bl. c. *The Pilgrim*, by Don Cossack, 3 yrs, 6st. 11lb. (Wakefield), 1
Duke of Richmond's b. f. *Conciliation*, 3 yrs old, 7st. 2lb. 2
Duke of Richmond's b. f. *Refugee*, 4 yrs old, 8st. 8lb. 3
Captain Bulkeley's b. f. *Bustle*, 4 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. 4
Mr. Maberly's ch. f. *Farce*, 3 yrs old, 7st. 2lb. 5
Mr. Cosby's b. h. *Hindoo*, 5 yrs old, 9st. 4lb. 6
Eleven subscribers paid 15 sovs. ft., and three others having declared by the time pre-
scribed paid only five sovs. each.—Six to 4 agst *Conciliation*, 2 to 1 agst *The Pil-*
grim, and 7 to 2 agst *Farce*. Won very easy.—This race remains in dispute, on the
same ground as the Cup.—Both have since been decided against *The Pilgrim* by the
Jockey Club: see *Sporting Intelligence* of this Number.

The BRIGADE STAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 15 added, for hunters.—Gentlemen
riders.—One-mile heats.—Four subs.

Mr. Olivera's *Frizzle*, 11st. 12lb. (Mr. Studbury) 2 1 1
Mr. Griffiths's ches. mare (half-bred), 10st. 9lb. 3 2 dr.
Mr. Tilbury's b. g. *Smuggler*, aged, 11st. 8lb. (bolted) 1 dia.

THURSDAY, September 1.—SWEEPSTAKES of 30 sovs. each, 20 ft. for two-
year-olds:—colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—Last three-quarters of the New Mile.—
Seven subs.

Duke of Richmond's f. by Whalebone, out of Harpalice, by Gohanna (F. Boyce), 1
Lord Mountcharles's b. c. by Brutandorf—Evens 2
Mr. Lawrence's bl. c. *The Black Giant*, by Smolensko, dam by Waxy, out of Charcoal, 3
Six to 4 on Duke of Richmond's filly, and 5 to 2 agst Lord Mountcharles's colt.
Won easy.

The SUNNING-HILL STAKES (Handicap) of five sovs. each, with 10 added, for horses
of all ages.—Last three-quarters of the New Mile.—Twelve subs.

Mr. Ramsbottom's br. c. *Zucharelli*, by Tiresias, out of Landscape, 4 yrs old,
8st. 2lb. (Connolly) 1
Mr. Weatherall's ch. f. *Taglioni*, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. 2
Mr. Gardner's ch. c. *King William*, 4 yrs old, 7st. 10lb. 3
Duke of Richmond's br. c. *Selectar*, 3 yrs old, 7st. 12lb. 4

The following also started but were not placed:—Mr. Cosby's b. c. *Sketch-Book*,
4 yrs, 8st. 9lb.; Mr. W. Day's ch. h. *Paragon*, aged, 8st.; Mr. Waugh's b. f. *Fancy*,
3 yrs, 7st. 8lb.; Mr. Pettit's ch. c. *Adam Brock*, 3 yrs, 7st. 8lb.; Mr. Weatherall's
ch. g. *Marathon*, 4 yrs old, 7st. 8lb.; Lord Chesterfield's b. c. by Middleton, out of
Cressida, 3 yrs, 6st. 7lb.; and Mr. Maberly's ch. f. by Woful, out of *Tramper's* dam,
3 yrs, 6st. 6lb.—Four to 1 agst *Adam Brock*, 5 to 1 agst *Selectar*, 6 to 1 agst *Taglioni*,
and 7 to 1 agst *Sketch-Book*. Won easy by a length.

The EGHAM STAKES of five sovs. each, with 25 added, for horses of all ages.—Heats,
one mile and a half.

Mr. T. Scaith's br. f. *Harmony*, by Reveller, dam by Orville, 4 yrs old,
8st. 2lb. (Wakefield) 1 1

Lord Mountcharles's ch. f. Clio, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb.....	2	2
Mr. W. Day's b. h. Rasselas, 6 yrs old, 8st. 11lb.	5	3
Mr. Weatherall's ch. g. Marathon, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb.....	3	dr.
Captain Locke's ch. h. Rossignol, 5 yrs old, 8st. 8lb.....	4	dr.
Harmony the favorite. Won easy.		

STOURBRIDGE MEETING.

TUESDAY, August 30.—SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 25 added, for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 3lb.; fillies, 8st.—Two miles.

Mr. Mostyn's b. f. <i>Her Highness</i> , by Moses, out of Princess Royal, by Castrel (J. Chapple)	1
Mr. E. Yates's gr. f. Sylph, by Swap, out of Sigh	2
Mr. Moseley's br. f. Rosa, by Figaro—Stanford	3

SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, with 20 added, for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Brooke's b. g. <i>Atlas</i> , by Muley, 6 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. (Calloway).....	1	0	1
Mr. Patrick's b. f. Miss Forester, 4 yrs old, 7st. 4lb.....	2	1	2
Mr. Robinson's ch. c. Friseur, 3 yrs old, 6st. 9lb.	0	2	3
Mr. George's ch. f. Acco, 3 yrs old, 6st. 2lb.....	3	3	dr.
Mr. A. Hawke's ch. f. by Champion, 3 yrs old, 6st. 9lb.....	0	0	dr.
Mr. Matthews's b. f. Sultana, 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb.	0		dr.
Mr. W. Bennett's b. g. by Snowden, 4 yrs old, 7st. 4lb.	0		dr.
Mr. Thornes's ch. f. My Cousin, 3 yrs old, 6st. 9lb.	0		dr.

SUBSCRIPTION PURSE of 50l. added to a Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Charlton's ch. m. <i>Kalmia</i> , by Magistrate, 5 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. (H. Arthur),	1	1
Mr. Beardsworth's br. h. Hedgford, 6 yrs old, 9st.....	3	2
Mr. Painter's b. g. Russell, 5 yrs old, 8st. 12lb.	2	dr.

The CAVALRY STAKES of three sovs. each, with 10 added, for horses, &c. not thorough-bred.—Heats, one mile and a distance.—Five subs.

Mr. Perry's b. g. <i>Witchet</i> , 5 yrs old, 11st. 7lb. (Mr. Ford)	2	1	1
Mr. W. B. Collis's ch. m. Minna, 6 yrs old, 11st. 12lb.....	1	2	2

WEDNESDAY, August 31.—SWEEPSTAKES of 25 sovs. each, for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 3lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—Half a mile.—Four subs.

Mr. Morris's b. f. <i>Rosalind</i> , by Paulowitz, out of Isidora, by Blucher (J. Spring)...	1
Mr. Beardsworth's b. f. by Catton, dam by Walton.....	2
Mr. Giffard's ch. c. by Truffle—Master Watkin's dam	3

The GOLD CUP, value 100 sovs., by subscription of 10 sovs. each.—Three miles.—Eleven subs.

Mr. Painter's b. g. <i>Russell</i> , by Corinthian, out of Creeping Kate, 5 yrs old, 8st. 8lb. (W. Lear)	1
Mr. Mostyn's b. f. <i>Her Highness</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb.....	2
Mr. Yates's b. f. Lilla, 4 yrs old, 8st. 11lb.....	3
Mr. Nanney's ch. h. Sir Walter, 5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb.....	4

The LADIES' PURSE of 30l., added to a Sweepstakes of five sovs. each.—Two-mile heats.—Eight subs.

Mr. Twamley's b. f. <i>Sappho</i> , by Paulowitz, 4 yrs, 7st. 6lb. (J. Dodgson)...	1	0	1
Mr. Mostyn's br. c. Shonin, 3 yrs old, 6st. 9lb.	0	1	3
Mr. Jones's br. g. by King of Diamonds, 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb.....	0	2	2
Mr. Yates's gr. f. Sylph, 3 yrs old, 6st. 9lb.....	2	3	dr.
Mr. Lewis's b. m. Garlic, 5 yrs old, 8st.....	3	0	dr.
Mr. Price's ch. f. Lady Bird, 4 yrs old, 7st. 6lb.....	4		dr.

ASHFORD MEETING.

TUESDAY, August 30.—The TOWN PURSE of 50l. for horses of all ages.—Heats, twice round and a distance.

Mr. Watson's br. f. <i>Ardelia</i> , by Emilius, out of Loo, 3 yrs old, 7st. 11lb.....	1	1
Mr. D'Amont's br. h. Vicar, 6 yrs old, 9st. 5lb.....	4	2
Mr. Hawkins's br. m. Caradori, 5 yrs old, 8st. 11lb.	2	3
Mr. Brown's br. c. Ashford, by Robin Hood, 3 yrs old, 7st. 4lb.....	3	4
Mr. Howard's b. f. Rose Bradwardine, 3 yrs old, 7st. 11lb.....	5	dr.

The RIFON PURSE of 50l. for horses of all ages.—Heats, twice round and a distance

Mr. G. Roberts's br. c. <i>Walter</i> , by Whalebone, out of Electress, 3 yrs, 7st. 11lb.	1	1
Mr. Back's b. f. Miss Mary Ann of Dovor, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb.	5	2
Mr. Hawkins's br. m. Caradori, 5 yrs old, 8st. 11lb.	2	3
Mr. Singleton's br. g. Albion, by Centaur, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb.	4	4
Mr. Watson's br. f. Ardelia, 3 yrs old, 8st. 1lb.	3	dr.
Mr. Ward's b. g. Speck, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb.		dis.

The ROCKINGHAM STAKES of three sovs. each, with 35 added, for the beaten horses.—Heats, twice round and a distance.

Mr. Back's b. f. Miss Mary Ann of Dovor, by Master Henry, 4 yrs, 6st. 2lb.	1	1
Mr. Singleton's br. g. Albion, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb.	3	2
Mr. Hawkins's br. m. Caradori, 5 yrs old, 8st. 11lb.	2	dr.
Mr. D'Amont's br. h. Vicar, 6 yrs old, 9st. 5lb.	4	dr.
Mr. Brown's br. c. Ashford, 3 yrs old, 7st. 4lb.	5	dr.

LEEDS AUGUST MEETING.

WEDNESDAY, August 31.—The LEEDS STAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 20 added, for horses of all ages.—Two miles.—Seven subs.

Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. <i>Coniest</i> , by Catton, out of Miss Maltby, 3 yrs old, 7st. (R. Lowe)	1
Lord Scarbrough's br. c. Windcliffe, 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb.	2
Captain Andrew's ch. f. Tippet, by Swiss, 3 yrs old, 7st.	3

Six to 4 on Windcliffe. Won only by half a head.

SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 10 added :—two-year-olds, 6st. 7lb.; three, 8st. 10lb.—Fillies allowed 3lb.—One mile.

Mr. W. Ellis's br. f. <i>Lunette</i> , by Figaro, out of Lady Fulford, by Walton, 2 yrs old, (J. Gray)	1
Mr. S. Fox's b. f. by Brutandorf—Walton, 2 yrs old	2
Mr. H. Edwards's br. f. Miss Hawthorn, by Jerry, dam by Ardrossan, out of Vicissitude, 2 yrs old	3
Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. Simon, by Comus, 3 yrs old	0
Mr. G. Ogden's b. f. Olive, by Tarragon, 3 yrs old	0

Two to 1 agst Lunette, 2 to 1 agst Mr. Fox's filly, and 3 to 1 agst Simon. A capital race.

The PARLINGTON STAKES of 20 sovs. each, h. ft., with 20 added, for three-year-olds.—One mile and three-quarters.—Seven subs.

Mr. T. Gascoigne's br. f. by Lottery, out of Elizabeth, by Walton, 8st. 3lb. (R. Johnson)	1
Lord Scarbrough's bl. c. Clarence, by Comus, 8st. 4lb.	2

Five to 2 on Clarence. Won very easy.

FREE HANDICAP STAKES of 15 sovs. each, 10 ft. with 20 added, for four-year-olds.—One mile and three quarters.—Five subs.

Sir J. Gerard's b. c. <i>Rex</i> , by Figaro, out of Trulla, by Sorcerer, 7st. 13lb. (S. Templeman)	1
Lord Scarbrough's b. c. Chancellor, by Catton, 7st. 13lb.	2

Five to 4 on Chancellor. Won by only half a neck.

MAIDEN PURSE of 50l. for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. W. Ellis's b. f. <i>Frantic</i> , by Champignon, out of Maniac, 3 yrs old, 6st. 9lb. (J. Gray)	1	1
Mr. T. Gascoigne's br. f. by Champignon, out of Louisa, 3 yrs old, 6st. 9lb.	0	2
Mr. Hobson's ch. c. Winton, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb.	0	3
Mr. Humphries's b. c. by Swiss, out of Wilful, 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb.	2	0
Mr. Peacock's b. f. Polly Jean, 3 yrs old, 6st. 9lb.	0	0
Mr. Lister's gr. c. Opifer, 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb.	0	0
Mr. G. Ogden's b. f. Olive, 3 yrs old, 6st. 9lb.	3	dr.

Two to 1 agst Frantic; after the first heat, 2 to 1 on her. A good race.

THURSDAY, September 1.—The HAIGH PARK STAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 20 added, for three and four-year-olds.—One mile and a half.—Four subs.

Lord Scarbrough's br. f. <i>Volage</i> , by Waverley, out of Sister to Tarrare, 4 yrs old, 8st. (G. Nelson)	1
Mr. Rowe's b. c. Barkston, 3 yrs old, 6st. 10lb.	2
Mr. Peacock's b. f. Polly Jean, 3 yrs old, 6st. 7lb.	3

Two to 1 on Volage. Won easy.

THE GOLD TUREEN, or 100 sovs. at the option of the winner, by a Handicap subscription of 15 sovs. each, 10 ft. and only five if declared, &c. with 30 added.—About two miles.

Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. *Beagle*, by Whalebone, out of Auburn, 4 yrs old, 7st. 12lb.

(S. Darling) 1

Mr. Petre's b. c. Brunswicker, by Figaro, 4 yrs old, 8st. (recd. back his stake) 2

The following also started but were not placed:—Lord Scarbrough's br. h. Cistercian, 5 yrs, 8st. 8lb.; Mr. Nowell's b. h. by Walton, dam by Election, out of Fair Helen, 6 yrs, 8st. 6lb.; Mr. Jackson's b. h. Hazard, 5 yrs, 8st.—Nine subscribers paid 15 sovs. ft. and six others having declared by the time prescribed paid only five sovs. each.—Six to 4 agst Brunswicker, 3 to 1 agst Beagle, 4 to 1 agst Cistercian, and 4 to 1 agst Hazard. A good race.

SWEEPSTAKES of 20 sovs. each, for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb.

Straight half mile.—Twelve subs.

Mr. S. L. Fox's b. c. by Brutandorf, dam by Blucher (S. Templeman)..... 1

Lord Scarbrough's b. f. by Brutandorf—Melrose's dam..... 2

Mr. Hope's b. c. by Figaro, out of Grecian Queen..... 3

The following also started but were not placed:—Mr. T. Gascoigne's ch. f. by Figaro, out of Cora; Mr. Houldsworth's br. f. Clara, by Filho da Puta, out of Clari; Sir E. Dodsworth's b. c. by Catton, dam by Partizan; Mr. J. Smith's gr. c. Brother to Mr. Bish, by Lottery; and Mr. Henlock's ch. c. Twenty-nine, by Doctor Syntax.—Even betting on Mr. Fox's colt, and 5 to 2 agst Sir E. Dodsworth's colt. Won very easy.

THE ROTHWELL STAKES of five sovs. each, with 30 added, for horses of all ages.—

Heats, one mile and three quarters.—Eight subs.

Mr. Wilkins's b. g. *Balloch Myle*, by Peter Lely, 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb.

(T. Lye)..... 0 1 1

Mr. Hobson's ch. c. Winton, by Muley, 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. (recd. back his stake) 1 0 3

Mr. Rowe's b. c. Barkston, 3 yrs old, 7st..... 0 2 2

Mr. Healey's b. h. Flambeau, 5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb..... 0 3 0

Mr. Serjeantson's br. f. The Golden Pippin, by Swiss, 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb..... 0 0 0

Mr. Gascoigne's br. f. by Champignon, out of Louisa, 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb.... 0 0 0

Mr. S. Fox's ch. c. Will-o'-the-Wall, 3 yrs old, 7st. (bolted)..... 0 dis.

Even betting on Flambeau; after the first heat 6 to 4 agst Winton; after the second heat 6 to 4 on Balloch Myle. Won easy.

FRIDAY, September 2.—The **BRAMHAM PARK STAKES** of 20 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-old fillies, 8st. 4lb.—One mile and a half.—Four subs.

Mr. Blakelock's bay, *Fancy*, by Osmond, dam by Catton (R. Johnson) 1

Mr. Gascoigne's brown, by Lottery—Elizabeth 2

Five to 4 on Fancy. Won easy.

HANDICAP STAKES of 15 sovs. each, five ft. with 15 added, for horses of all ages.—

One mile and a quarter.—Seven subs.

Mr. Healey's b. h. *Flambeau*, by Grey Malton, 5 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. (R. Johnson)... 1

Mr. W. Ellis's b. f. Frantic, 3 yrs old, 6st. 10lb..... 2

Mr. T. Gascoigne's ch. f. by Whisker, out of Louisa, 4 yrs old, 7st. 9lb..... 3

Five to 2 on Frantic, and 3 to 1 agst Flambeau. Won easy.

THE GOLD CUP, value 100 sovs. by eight subscribers of 10 sovs. each, with 20 added.

Two miles.

Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. *Beagle*, by Whalebone, out of Auburn, 4 yrs old, 8st. 5lb.

(S. Darling) 1

Sir J. Gerard's br. c. Rex, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. 2

Mr. Nowell's gr. h. Roundwaist, 5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb..... 3

Captain Andrews's ch. f. Tippet, 3 yrs old, 6st. 7lb..... 4

Two to 1 on Beagle, and 3 to 1 agst Rex. A good race.

HUNTERS' STAKES of 10 sovs. each, for horses not thorough-bred.—Two miles.—

Six subs.

Mr. J. Brookes's br. m. *Fanny Kemble*, by Filho da Puta, 6 yrs old, 10st. 8lb.

(S. Templeman) 1

Mr. T. Gascoigne's Jerry Hawthorne, by Octavius, out of Harriet's dam, 3 yrs, 8st. 2

Mr. Hudson's ch. c. Dr. Rig, Brother to Serener, 3 yrs old, 8st. 3

Mr. G. H. Thompson's br. h. Musket, 5 yrs old, 10st..... 4

Even betting on Jerry Hawthorne, and 2 to 1 agst Fanny Kemble. A good race.

The **LEEDS PURSE** of 60l. added to a Sweepstakes of one sov. each, for the owner of the second horse.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Healey's b. h. <i>Flambeau</i> , by Grey Malton, 5 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. (R. Johnson)	1	4	1
Mr. Nowell's b. h. by Walton, 6 yrs old, 9st. 11lb.	6	1	2
Lord Scarbrough's b. c. Chancellor, 4 yrs old, 8st.	5	3	3
Mr. Jackson's b. h. Hazard, 5 yrs old, 8st. 13lb.	4	2	4
Mr. Wilkins's b. g. Balloch Myle, 3 yrs old, 6st.	2	dr.	
Mr. T. Gascoigne's br. f. by Champignon, out of Louisa, 3 yrs old, 6st. 6lb. 3 dr.			
Two to 1 on the field; after the first heat, 5 to 2 agst Flambeau; after the second, 3 to 1 agst Mr. Nowell's horse. Each heat won easy.			

BEDFORD MEETING.

MONDAY, Sept. 5.—**PRODUCE STAKES** of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds.—One mile.—Three subs.

Mr. Theobald's c. by Cydnus, out of Monimia, by Muley, 8st. 2lb. (S. Mann).....	1
Lord Tavistock's b. c. Pedro, by Emilius—Custard, 8st. 2lb.	3
Won by a neck.	

FIFTY POUNDS, given by the Duke of Bedford, for three-year-olds :—colts, 8st. 7lb. ; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—Two miles.

Lord Tavistock's b. c. <i>Pedro</i> , by Emilius, out of Custard, by Soothsayer (T. Robinson)	1
Mr. Coleman's ch. f. Petticoats, by Bobadil	2
Mr. Channel's b. g. by Acorn, out of Billingsgate, by Selim; grandam, Palma, by Sir Peter	3
Mr. Simpson's br. c. by Wrangler, out of Miss Rush.....	4
Won by a head.	

The **WOBURN STAKES** of 10 sovs. each.—Two-mile heats.—Ten subs.

Mr. Sowerby's br. c. <i>Paradox</i> , by Merlin, out of Pawn, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. (S. Mann)	1	1
Mr. Hall's ro. g. <i>Tirailleur</i> , aged, 9st. 2lb.	2	dr.

The **LADIES' PURSE** of 50l. with 20 added.—Three-mile heats.

Mr. G. Edwards's b. c. <i>Crispin</i> , by Lottery, out of Oceana, 3 yrs old, 7st. (C. Edwards)	1	1
Capt. Locke's b. c. Upstart, by Champignon, out of Thomasina, 3 yrs old, 6st. 7lb.	2	2
Mr. M. Ongley's br. c. by Tramp, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb.....	3	dr.

TUESDAY, Sept. 6.—**SWEEPSTAKES** of five sovs. each, for horses of all ages.—Heats, once round and a distance.—Ten subs.

Mr. Parker's b. c. <i>Nonentity</i> , by Spectre, out of Reality, 3 yrs old, 7st.....	5	1	1
Mr. M. Ongley's br. c. by Tramp, out of Sister to Miss Catton, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb.....	1	3	3
Lord Ongley's ch. g. Blinker, 5 yrs old, 8st. 11lb.....	2	2	2
Mr. G. Ongley's ch. m. by Nicolo, 5 yrs old, 8st. 11lb.	4	4	dr.
Mr. Coleman's ch. f. Petticoats, 3 yrs old, 7st.	3	5	dr.

The winner was claimed, according to the articles, for 120 sovs.

SWEEPSTAKES of 20 sovs. each, for two-year-olds :—colts, 8st. 7lb. ; fillies, 8st. 4lb. Three-quarters of a mile.—Five subs.

Lord Tavistock's ch. g. <i>Schoolmaster</i> , by Rasping, out of Morisca	1
Lord Ongley's b. c. Schoolboy, by Middleton or Anticipation, out of Waxy Lass...	2

SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, for horses, &c. not thorough-bred.—Gentlemen riders.—Once round and a distance.—Ten subs.

Mr. Coleman's b. g. <i>Sober Robin</i> , by Gambler, 5 yrs old, 10st. 10lb.....	1
Mr. M. Ongley's gr. g. The Flyer, 6 yrs old, 11st. 10lb.	2
Mr. Lovell's ch. g. by Buffalo, 5 yrs old, 11st. 11lb.....	3

The following also started but were not placed :—Mr. Brickwell's ch. g. Brunswick, 6 yrs, 10st. 5lb. ; Mr. P. Booth's bl. g. Friday, aged, 11st. 4lb. ; Capt. Elton's b. g. Scarecrow, aged, 11st. 7lb. ; and Mr. Watson's b. m. Fidget, 6 yrs old, 11st.

HUNTERS' STAKES of five sovs. each, for horses, &c. not thorough-bred.—Heats, from the distance post and once round.—Nine subs.

Mr. B. Spriggs's bl. g. <i>Sailor</i> , 5 yrs old, 11st. 12lb.	1	1
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Mr. Lovell's ch. g. by Buffalo, 5 yrs old, 12st. 4lb. (received 10 sovs.).....	0	2
Mr. Arnold's br. m. Warwickshire Lass, 5 yrs old, 12st. 2lb.	3	3
Mr. Coleman's b. g. Sober Robin, 5 yrs old, 12st. 2lb.....	2	0
Mr. Oldaker's ch. g. Blue Boy, 5 yrs old, 12st. 2lb.	0	0
Capt. Elton's b. g. Scarecrow, aged, 12st.....	0	dr
Mr. F. Ongley's gr. h. King Arthur, 5 yrs old, 12st. 4lb.....	0	dr.

MORPETH MEETING.

WEDNESDAY, August 31.—The BOROUGH MEMBERS' PURSE of 50l. for maiden horses of all ages.—Heats, once round and a distance.

Mr. Hudson's b. g. <i>Storm</i> , by Blacklock or Grenadier, 5 yrs old, 8st. 4lb...	2	1	1
Mr. Cruickbank's gr. f. <i>Jessy</i> , by Eglinton, out of Angelica, by Sir Harry Dimsdale, 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb.	6	2	2
Mr. J. Bainbridge's b. m. <i>Fairy</i> , 6 yrs old, 8st. 4lb.	4	4	3
Mr. Lamb's <i>The Peacock</i> , 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb.....	1	3	dis.
Mr. Patterson's b. g. <i>Alick</i> , 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb.	5	5	dr.
Mr. Tarlton's gr. f. by Grey Walton, dam by Smolensko, out of Miss Mirth, 3 yrs old, 6st. 9lb.	3	dr.	

Jessy the favorite before starting. A good race.

The NORTHERN HUNT STAKES of five sovs. each, for horses, &c. not thoroughbred, 12st. each.—Gentlemen riders.—Twice round and a distance.—Eleven subs.

Mr. Fawcus's br. f. <i>Meg Merrilies</i> , by Guerilla, 4 yrs old (Owner)	1
Mr. Lamb's ch. m. <i>Lady Mary</i> , by X Y Z, aged	2

THURSDAY, September 1.—FIFTY POUNDS.—Heats, once round and a distance.

Mr. Lamb's b. g. <i>The Peacock</i> , by Hollyhock, out of Juno, 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb.....	1	2	1
Mr. Hudson's b. g. <i>Storm</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 7lb.....	2	1	2
Mr. Henlock's b. c. <i>Warrior</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st.	3	dr.	

SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, with 25 added.—Heats, one mile and a half.—Five subs.

Mr. Davidson's b. h. <i>Victory</i> , by Waterloo, 6 yrs, 8st. 10lb. (T. Shepherd)..	2	1	1
Mr. Attwood's b. f. <i>Penthesilea</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st.	1	2	2
Mr. Lamb's ch. m. <i>Lady Mary</i> , aged, 8st. 7lb.....	3	3	dr.

A good race.

WARWICK MEETING.

TUESDAY, September 6.—The GUY STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for the produce of Mares covered in 1827.—Mile Course.—Twenty-four subs.

Mr. Sadler's b. f. <i>Delight</i> , by Reveller, out of Defiance by Rubens, 8st. 4lb. (Chapple)	1
Mr. Cooke's b. c. <i>Incubus</i> , by Phantom, 8st. 4lb.	2
Lord Grosvenor's br. c. <i>Caractacus</i> , 8st. 4lb.....	0
Mr. Pickernell's b. f. <i>Harolda</i> , 8st. 11lb.....	0

Five to 4 agst *Delight*, and 6 to 4 agst *Incubus*. A good race.

The LEAMINGTON STAKES of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft. and only five if declared, &c., with 100 added by the Town of Leamington.—Two Miles.

Mr. Miles's b. c. <i>The Cardinal</i> , by Waxy Pope, out of Medora, 4 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. (Wright)	1
Mr. Watt's ch. c. <i>Mazeppa</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb.	2

The following also started but were not placed :—Mr. Giffard's ch. g. *Chester Billy*, 6 yrs, 8st. 8lb.; Lord Exeter's br. m. *Varna*, 5 yrs, 8st. 13lb.; Mr. Sadler's ch. m. *Device*, 5 yrs, 8st. 7lb.; Mr. Tomes's b. h. *The Burgess*, 5 yrs, 8st.; Sir T. Stanley's b. c. *Lawrie Todd*, 4 yrs, 7st. 12lb.; Mr. Griffith's b. c. *Thorn Grove*, 4 yrs, 7st. 12lb.; Mr. E. Peel's gr. m. *Cicely*, 4 yrs, 7st. 11lb.; Mr. Twamley's b. f. *Sappho*, 4 yrs, 7st. 3lb.; and Sir G. Pigot's ch. c. *Cupid*, 4 yrs, 7st. 10lb.—Thirteen subscribers paid 15 sovs. ft., and fifteen others having declared by the time prescribed, paid only five sovs. each.—Seven to 4 agst *Mazeppa*, 4 to 1 agst *The Cardinal*, and 7 to 1 agst *Sappho*. Won by half a length.

SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, with 50 added, for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.—Six subs.

Mr. I. Sadler's ch. m. <i>Device</i> , by Trump, out of Defiance, 5 yrs old, 9st. 5lb. (Boffey).....	1	1
Mr. E. Peel's b. f. <i>Mouche</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 12lb.....	2	2
Mr. Tomes's b. h. <i>The Burgess</i> , 5 yrs, 9st. 9lb.....	3	dr.

Six to 4 on *Device*. A good race.

The ST. LEGER STAKES of 25 sovs. each, 10 ft. for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 2lb. fillies 8st.—Two miles.—Eight subs.

Mr. I. Sadler's ch. c. <i>Achilles</i> , by Rubens, out of Atalanta by Walton (J. Chapple).....	1
Mr. West's br. f. <i>Sweet Marjorum</i> , by Shaver, out of Charming Molly.....	2
Mr. O. Gore's b. c. <i>Ticket</i> , by Lottery.....	3
Mr. Neville's br. c. <i>The Serpent</i> , by Dr. Syntax.....	4

Seven to 2 on *Achilles*. Won cleverly.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 7.—**SWEEPSTAKES** of 25 sovs. each, for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—Half a mile.—Ten subs.

Mr. Sadler's b. f. <i>Eleanor</i> , by Middleton, out of Eliza by Rubens (J. Chapple).....	1
Mr. Beardsworth's br. c. <i>Chester</i> , Brother to Murphy.....	2
Mr. Twamley's ch. f. by Paulowitz— <i>Tintoretta</i>	3

The following also started but were not placed:—Lord Warwick's ch. c. by Rubens—*Double Entendre*; Mr. E. Griffith's b. c. *Soubadhar*, by Champignon; and Mr. Brage's ch. f. by Wrangler—*Miss Stephenson*.—Six to 4 agst *Chester*, 3 to 1 agst *Eleanor*, and 5 to 1 agst *Soubadhar*.—Won in a canter.

The AVON STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds.—Two miles.—Six subs.

Mr. Coakes's b. c. <i>Incubus</i> , by Phantom, out of Catherine, 8st. (J. Day).....	1
Mr. Tomes's b. f. <i>Lady Gray</i> , by Sir Gray, 7st. 11lb.....	2

Five to 1 on *Incubus*. Won in a canter.

The WARWICK CUP, value 100 sovs. (the surplus in specie) by 20 subs. of 10 sovs. each.—Four miles.

Mr. Beardsworth's b. g. <i>Independence</i> , by Filho da Puta or Sherwood, 5 yrs, 8st. 11lb. (S. Darling).....	1
Mr. Sadler's br. g. <i>Jocko</i> , by Filho da Puta, aged, 9st. 3lb.....	2
Mr. I. Day's b. g. <i>Liston</i> , by Ambo, aged, 9st. 3lb.....	3
Lord Exeter's br. m. <i>Varna</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 11lb.....	4

Five to 1 on *Independence*, 2 to 1 agst *Jocko*, and 4 to 1 agst *Liston*. Won easy.

The BOROUGH MEMBERS' PURSE of 50l. for maiden horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. West's b. f. <i>Harlot</i> , by Fitz-Orville, out of Charming Molly, 4 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. (Calloway).....	1	1
Mr. Davis's ch. c. <i>Changeling</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st.....	3	2
Mr. Williams's b. g. <i>Harry</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb.....	2	3
Mr. Tomes's b. c. <i>Port</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb.....	4	dr.

SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, for horses, &c. not thorough-bred.—Two-mile heats. Six subs.

Sir E. Smythe's b. h. <i>The Asp</i> , by Swap, dam by Pyddener, 5 yrs old, 11st. 7lb. (Brown).....	1	1
Mr. King's ch. h. <i>Reflection</i> , by Rainbow, 6 yrs old, 11st. 12lb.....	2	2

THURSDAY, September 8.—**MATCH** for 50 sovs. h. ft. both three years old.—Mile Course.

Mr. Ormsby Goss's b. c. <i>Ticket</i> , by Lottery, dam by W.'s Datto, 8st. 5lb. (S. Darling).....	1
Mr. Tomes's b. f. <i>Lady Gray</i> , by Sir Gray, 8st. 2lb.....	2

SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 5lb. One mile.—Seven subs.

Lord Warwick's b. f. <i>Water Witch</i> , by Whalebone, out of Niobe, by Sir David (W. Lear).....	1
Mr. West's br. f. <i>Sweet Marjorum</i> , by Shaver, out of Charming Molly by Rubens... ..	2
Mr. Beardsworth's b. c. <i>Warwick</i> , by Filho da Puta.....	3
Mr. Morris's b. c. <i>Bluebeard</i> , by Whisker, out of Muta by Trump.....	0
Mr. E. Yates's gr. g. <i>Gab</i> , by Swap, out of Gabrielle.....	0

HIS MAJESTY'S PURSE of 100gs. for four-year-olds and upwards.—Two-mile heats.
Mr. Sadler's br. g. *Jocko*, by Filho da Puta, dam by Clinker, aged, 12st.
(Boffey).....

Mr. Watts's ch. c. Mazeppa, 4 yrs old, 10st. 7lb. 2 dr.
 Mr. Cooke's b. h. Harold, 5 yrs old, 11st. 7lb. 3 dr.

The TOWN PURSE of 50l. for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. I. Day's b. g. *Little Boy Blue*, by Paulowitz, 6 yrs old, 9st. 8lb. (Pavis) 2 1 1
 Mr. West's b. f. Harlot, 4 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. 1 2 2

There was no race for the STAND STAKES.

YARMOUTH MEETING.

TUESDAY, September 6.—The GOLD CUP STAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 20 added.—Heats, two miles and a distance.—Eight subs.

Lord Exeter's ch. f. *Shumla*, by Sultan, out of Bess, 4 yrs, 8st. 11lb. (Hornaby) 1 2 1
 Col. Wilson's ch. c. Ringleader, by Merlin, 4 yrs, 8st. 4lb. (received back his stake) 2 1 2
 Lord Stradbroke's f. by Morisco, out of Arethusa, 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb. (threw her rider) 3 dis.

The HALF-BRED STAKES of five sovs. each, for horses, &c. not thorough-bred.—Heats, one mile and a distance.—Ten subs.

Mr. Smith's ch. h. *Sportsman*, aged, 11st. 1 2
 Mr. Munro's br. h. Charley, aged, 11st. 2 2

The MEMBERS' PURSE of 50l. for horses of all ages.—Heats, two miles and a distance.

Mr. S. Stonehewer's b. f. *Ipsala*, by Sultan, out of Ada, 4 yrs old, 7st. 13lb. (C. Edwards) 1 2 1
 Lord Stradbroke's b. m. Gallopade, 5 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. 2 1 2
 Mr. Palmer's gr. f. *Christiana*, 4 yrs old, 7st. 13lb. 5 4 3
 Col. Wilson's br. c. Whiskey, by Tiresias, out of Schedam, 3 yrs, 6st. 12lb. 4 3 dr.
 Mr. Bromley's ch. f. Miss Nicolo, 4 yrs old, 7st. 13lb. 3 dr.

WEDNESDAY, September 7.—FIFTY POUNDS, for horses of all ages.—Heats, two miles and a distance.

Colonel Wilson's ch. c. *Ringleader*, by Merlin, out of Spotless, 4 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. (Gosling) 2 1 0 1
 Mr. Pettit's b. f. *Ipsala*, 4 yrs old, 8st. 6lb. 1 2 0 2

HANDICAP STAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 30 added.

Lord Stradbroke's b. f. by Morisco, out of Arethusa, by Quiz, 3 yrs old, 7st. 2lb. 1 1
 Mr. Pettit's b. f. *Ipsala*, 4 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. 2 dr.

PONTEFRAC T MEETING.

TUESDAY, September 6.—SWEEPSTAKES of 30 sovs. each, 10 ft. for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—One mile and three quarters.—Nine subs.

Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. *Contest*, by Catton, out of Miss Maltby (G. Nelson) 1
 Mr. Petre's ch. c. *Rattler*, by Reveller—Trotinda 2
 Mr. Skipsey's br. c. Albion, by Octavius—Eliza's dam 3
 Even betting between Contest and Rattler. A good race.

The STAPLETON STAKES of 50gs. each, h. ft. for two-year-olds.—T. Y. C.—Four subs.

Mr. W. Biddale's b. c. *Burgomaster*, by Brutandorf, out of Marchesa by Comus, 8st. 2lb. (W. Scott) 1
 Mr. W. Scott's b. c. by Catton, out of Sal, 8st. 2lb. 2
 Mr. Houldsworth's br. f. Clara, by Filho, 7st. 13lb. 3
 Even betting on Burgomaster. Won cleverly.

SWEEPSTAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for the produce of mares covered in 1887.—One mile and three quarters.—Four subs.

Lord Fitzwilliam's br. c. *Hamilcar*, by Morisco, out of Marianne, 8st. 5lb. (H. Edwards) 1
 Mr. Gascoigne's b. c. by St. Patrick—Cora, 8st. 5lb. 2
 Three to 1 on Hamilcar. Won easy.

FIFTY POUNDS, given by the Hon. S. Jerningham, M.P., for horses, &c. of all ages. Heats, Ledstone Course—one mile and a quarter.

Lord Scarbrough's b. h. <i>Cistercian</i> , by Catton, 5 yrs, 8st. 6lb. (G. Nelson)	0	1	1
Mr. Rowe's b. c. <i>Barkston</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 4lb.	1	2	dr.
Mr. W. Fox's ch. f. <i>Gitana</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 3lb.	2		dr.
Lord Sligo's br. c. <i>Brine</i> , 4 yrs old, 7st. 8lb.	3		dr.
Mr. Gell's br. g. <i>Walter</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 8lb.	0		dr.

WEDNESDAY, September 7.—The **WENTWORTH STAKES** of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds :—colts, 8st. 5lb. ; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—One mile and a quarter.—Three subs.

Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. *Contest*, by Catton, out of Miss Maltby.....walked over.

The **GOLD CUP**, value 100gs. by eight subs. of 10gs. each, with 20 added, for horses of all ages.—Once round and a distance.

Lord Fitzwilliam's b. h. <i>Medoro</i> , by Cervantes, out of Marianne, aged, 9st. 3lb. (H. Edwards)	1		
Mr. Gully's br. h. <i>Tranby</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 12lb.	2		
Mr. Petre's ch. c. <i>Rattler</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb.	3		
Lord Scarbrough's b. h. <i>Cambridge</i> , 6 yrs old, 9st. 3lb.	4		

Six to 4 agst *Medoro*. An excellent race, and won by half a head.

FIFTY POUNDS, given by the Earl of Mexborough, one of the Members for the Borough, for horses, &c. of all ages.—Heats, one mile and three quarters.

Mr. Rowe's b. c. <i>Barkston</i> , by Welbeck, 3 yrs old, 6st. 4lb. (J. Robinson)	3	1	1
Mr. Healey's b. h. <i>Flambeau</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 12lb.	1	3	2
Mr. W. L. Fox's ch. f. <i>Gitana</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 3lb.	2	2	3
Mr. Wilkins's b. g. <i>Balloch Myle</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 9lb.	4	4	4

Thres excellent heats.

THURSDAY, September 8.—**SWEEPSTAKES** of 20 sovs. each, for two-year-olds :—colts, 8st. 5lb. ; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—Seven furlongs.—Six subs.

Lord Sligo's b. c. <i>Fang</i> , Brother to Felt, by Langar (P. Connolly)	1		
Mr. W. Fox's ch. f. by Whisker, out of <i>Gitana's</i> dam	2		
Col. Crawford's bl. f. by Whalebone—Miss Emma	3		
Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. <i>Discount</i> , by Banker—Rubens	4		

Five to 4 agst *Fang*. Won by a length.

SEVENTY POUNDS, given by the Noblemen and Gentlemen of the Neighbourhood of Pontefract, for horses, &c. of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Gully's br. c. <i>Tranby</i> , by Blacklock, dam by Orville, 5 yrs old, 8st. 6lb. (P. Connolly)	1	1	
Lord Sligo's br. c. <i>Brine</i> , 4 yrs old, 7st. 8lb.	4	2	
Lord Scarbrough's b. h. <i>Cistercian</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 6lb.	2		dr.
Mr. Davidson's b. h. <i>Victory</i> , 6 yrs old, 9st. 3lb.	3		dr.

Won easy.

WESTERN MEETING (AT AYR).

WEDNESDAY, September 7.—The **AYR GOLD CUP**, value 100gs. by subscriptions of 10gs. each.—Two miles.—Fifteen subs.

Lord Elcho's b. h. <i>Gondolier</i> , by Fitz-Orville, out of Gondola, 5 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. (T. Nicholson)	1		
Mr. Blair's b. m. by Prime Minister, out of Maria, 5 yrs old, 8st. 9lb.	2		
Sir D. Baird's b. c. <i>Carolan</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 5lb.	3		

Won easy.

SWEEPSTAKES of 25 sovs. each, 10 ft. with 50 added, for two-year-olds :—colts, 8st. 3lb. ; fillies, 8st.—Three quarters of a mile.—Eight subs.

Sir J. Boswell's b. c. <i>Vyvyan</i> , by Canteen, out of Mary-Ann, by Blacklock (T. Nicholson)	1		
Mr. W. Alexander's b. f. <i>Ebony</i> , by Jerry—Hell Cat	2		
Sir J. Boswell's b. c. <i>Craigmillier</i> , by Canteen—Louisa	3		

The following also started but were not placed :—Mr. C. Alexander's ch. c. *Cadger*, by Canteen, dam by Viscount, out of Georgiana ; Col. W. Blair's b. c. by Epperston—*Champignon* ; and Col. Crawford's br. c. by Triass.—A good race.

PRODUCE STAKES of 50 sovs. each, 20 ft. for three-year-olds.—Two miles.—Four subs.

Mr. Alexander's ch. c. <i>Carlo Dolci</i> , by Peter Lely—La Grisette, 8st. 3lb.	walked over.
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SEVENTY POUNDS, for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Sir J. Boswell's b. m. <i>Meretrix</i> , by Filho da Puta, 5 yrs old, 9st. 11lb. (Nicholson)	4	1	1
Sir D. Baird's b. c. <i>Carolyn</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 12lb.	1	2	dr.
Mr. Farquharson's br. g. <i>Baillie Jarvie</i> , by Champignon, 5 yrs old, 8st. 12lb.	2	3	dr.
Mr. W. Alexander's ch. c. <i>Carlo Dolci</i> , by Peter Lely, 3 yrs old, 7st. 5lb.	3		dr.

Won easy.

THURSDAY, September 8.—SEVENTY POUNDS, for horses of all ages.—Heats, one mile and a half.

Sir D. H. Blair's b. m. by Prime Minister, out of Maria, 5 yrs old, 8st. 8lb. (T. Lye)	1	1
Lord Elcho's b. h. <i>Gondolier</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 11lb.	2	2

SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, with 20gs. added, for horses, &c. not thorough-bred, 12st. 7lb. each.—Gentlemen riders.—Heats, once round and a distance.—Nine subs.

Sir J. Boswell's b. m. <i>Meretrix</i> , by Filho da Puta, 5 yrs old (Owner)	1	1
Mr. Speirs's b. m. <i>Cleopatra</i> , by Ardrossan, 6 yrs old	2	dr.
Lord Eglinton's br. m. <i>Louise</i> , aged	3	dr.

SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, for horses, &c. not thorough-bred, 14st. each.—Quarter of a mile.—Four subs.

Mr. Campbell's b. g. <i>Tally-ho</i> , by Trissy, dam by Viscount (Owner)	1
Sir J. Boswell's gr. g. <i>Telegraph</i>	2
Lord Eglinton's b. m. <i>Miss Fanny</i> , by Trissy	3

Won easy.

FRIDAY, September 9.—SEVENTY POUNDS, for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Lord Eglinton's b. m. by Prime Minister, out of Maria, 5 yrs old, 7st. 13lb. (T. Lye)	1	2	1
Sir J. Boswell's ch. m. <i>Silk Sleeves</i> , by Dr. Syntax, 5 yrs old, 7st. 13lb.	2	1	2
Mr. Gibson's b. g. by Eglinton, out of Miss Foote by Selim, 3 yrs, 6st. 4lb.	0	0	3
Mr. Peacock's b. f. <i>Peachick</i> , by Whisker, out of Calypso, 3 yrs old, 6st. 4lb.	0	3	dr.
Mr. Farquharson's br. g. <i>Baillie Jarvie</i> , by Champignon, 5 yrs old, 7st. 13lb.	3		dr.

A beautiful race.—The winner was claimed, according to the articles, for 150 sovs.

HANDICAP STAKES of five sovs. each, for horses, &c. not thorough-bred.—Gentlemen riders.—Half a mile.—Ten subs.

Sir J. Boswell's ch. g. <i>Rocket</i> , aged, 14st. (Owner)	1
Mr. A. D. Tait's b. m. <i>Cleopatra</i> , 6 yrs old, 13st.	2
Mr. A. Annesley's <i>Howdy</i> , 11st. 7lb.	3
Mr. J. Campbell's b. g. <i>Tally-ho</i> , 13st. 10lb.	0
Lord Eglinton's br. m. <i>Louise</i> , aged, 12st.	0

A good race.

CARMARTHEN MEETING.

TUESDAY, September 6.—The CARMARTHENSHIRE STAKES of five sovs. each, with 40 added, for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Patrick's b. g. <i>Bilbury</i> , by Hedley or Manfred, dam by Moorcock, 5 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. (Moss)	4	1	1
Mr. George's b. g. <i>Jerry</i> , aged, 8st. 10lb.	1	2	dr.
Mr. Bristow's br. h. <i>Dr. Faustus</i> , aged, 9st. 4lb.	2	3	dr.
Mr. Rice's b. c. <i>Rhagflaeniad</i> (late Longshanks), 4 yrs old, 7st. 9lb.	3	5	dr.
Mr. Henderson's br. f. <i>Fanny</i> , 4 yrs old, 7st. 6lb.	5	4	dr.
Mr. Gough's br. h. <i>Speck</i> , 6 yrs old, 8st. 3lb.	6		dr.

SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, with 30 added, for horses bred in Carmarthenshire and the adjoining Counties.—Two-mile heats.—Four subs.

Mr. Henderson's b. c. <i>St. Govins</i> , 4 yrs old, 7st. 8lb. (George)	1	1
Mr. Bowen's b. m. <i>Eliza</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 8lb.	3	2
Mr. Rice's b. h. <i>Smuggler</i> , 6 yrs old, 9st. 13lb.	2	3

There was an objection made as to the qualification of *St. Govins*, which is not yet decided; the Stewards allowed *Eliza* and *Smuggler* to run a third heat, which was won by *Smuggler*.

The TRADESMEN'S PURSE of 30l. added to a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, for horses not thorough-bred.—Two-mile heats.—Foursuhs.

Mr. George's b. g. <i>Jerry</i> , by Spectre, aged, 10st. 4lb.	1	1
Mr. Henderson's b. g. <i>Fright</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 9lb.	2	2
Mr. Price's b. m. <i>Cholstrey Lass</i> , aged, 10st. 3lb.	3	3

WEDNESDAY, September 7.—The DYNEVOR STAKES of five sovs. each, with 50 added.—Two-mile heats.—Six subs.

Mr. Meyrick's b. m. <i>Bunter</i> , by Tramp, out of Remembrance, 5 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. (R. Baker)	1	1
Mr. Price's b. m. <i>Cholstrey Lass</i> , aged, 8st. 10lb.	3	2
Mr. George's b. g. <i>Jerry</i> , aged, 8st. 12lb.	2	dr.
Mr. Henderson's br. f. <i>Fanny</i> , 4 yrs old, 7st. 10lb.	4	dr.

The COUNTY MEMBERS' PURSE of 50l. for horses, &c. bred in South Wales.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Meyrick's br. m. by Spectre, out of Off-the-trees, 5 yrs old, 9st. 12lb. (R. Baker)	1	0	1
Mr. Henderson's b. e. <i>Fright</i> , 4 yrs old, 9st. 5lb.	2	0	2
Mr. Tongue's b. g. <i>The Poacher</i> , by Spectre, 6 yrs old, 9st. 13lb.	3	3	dis.

The second was a dead heat between Mr. Meyrick's mare and *Fright*.

HANDICAP STAKES of five sovs. each, with 20 added.—Heats, one mile and a half.

Mr. Patrick's b. g. <i>Bilbury</i> , by Hedley or Manfred, 5 yrs old, 10st. 2lb. (Moss)	1	2	1
Mr. Gough's br. h. <i>Speck</i> , 6 yrs old, 8st. 4lb.	6	1	3
Mr. Rice's b. h. <i>Smuggler</i> , 6 yrs old, 8st. 12lb.	3	3	2
Mr. Bristow's br. h. <i>Doctor Faustus</i> , aged, 10st. 7lb.	2	4	dr.
Mr. Tongue's b. f. <i>Vigornia</i> , 4 yrs old, 7st. 12lb.	4		dr.
Mr. Henderson's b. c. <i>St. Govins</i> , 4 yrs old, 7st. 13lb.	5		dr.

BECLES MEETING.

TUESDAY, September 12.—SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, with 25 added, for horses of all ages.—Heats, twice round.

Col. Wilson's ch. c. <i>Ringleader</i> , by Merlin, out of Spotless, 4 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. (Hall)	1	1
Mr. Munro's b. c. <i>Crispin</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 7lb.	4	2
Lord Stradbroke's b. m. <i>Gallopade</i> , 5 yrs old, 9st.	2	dr.
Mr. Pettit's b. c. <i>Steamer</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb.	3	dr.

A fine race.

GENTLEMEN'S PURSE of 50l. for horses of all ages.—Heats, twice round.

Lord Stradbroke's b. m. <i>Gallopade</i> , by Reveller, 5 yrs old, 9st. 11lb. (E. Pavis)	2	1	1
Col. Wilson's b. c. <i>Whiskey</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 2lb.	1	2	2
Mr. Pettit's b. f. <i>Ipsala</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 8lb.	3	3	3
Mr. Price's ch. c. <i>Button Park</i> , by Merlin, out of <i>Mirandola</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb.	4	4	dr.

A very severe race.

HUNTERS' STAKES of five sovs. each, with five added, for horses, &c. not thorough-bred.—Heats, twice round.

Mr. Peirson's b. g. <i>Tristram</i> , aged, 12st. (Lewis)	2	1	1
Mr. Smith's ch. h. <i>Sportsman</i> , aged, 12st.	1	2	dr.

WEDNESDAY, September 14.—The TOWN PURSE of 50l. for horses of all ages.—Heats, twice round.

Mr. Munro's b. c. <i>Crispin</i> , by Lottery, out of <i>Oceana</i> , 3 yrs old, 8st. (C. Edwards)	1	1
Mr. Smith's b. g. <i>El Dorado</i> , aged, 9st. 3lb.	2	dr.
Mr. Price's ch. c. <i>Button Park</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st.	3	dr.

The HACK STAKES of 13 sovs. each, with five added, for horses not thorough-bred.—Heats, once round.

Mr. Peirson's b. g. <i>Brother to Tristram</i> , by <i>Tristram</i> , aged, 11st. (Lewis) ...	1	1
Mr. Munro's b. g. <i>Charley</i> , aged, 11st.	2	2

ROCHESTER AND CHATHAM MEETING.

TUESDAY, September 13.—MAIDEN PURSE of 50l. for horses of all ages.—
One-mile heats.

Mr. Pearce's br. f. by Eryx, out of Coral by Orville, grandam Fairy, 4 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. (Macdonald)	1	1
Mr. G. Heathcote's b. f. Shirine, 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb.	0	2
Mr. Weatherill's br. h. by Magistrate, dam by Shuttle, out of Eliza, 5 yrs old, 8st. 4lb.	0	3
Mr. Martin's ch. f. Minetta, by Woful, out of Posthuma, 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb.	2	4
Mr. Coleman's b. f. Betsy Calvert, by Reveller, 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb.	3	0
Mr. Lambton's b. f. Snacks, 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb.	0	0
Mr. Howard's b. f. Rose Bradwardine, by Waverley, 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb.	0	0
Mr. Balchin's b. f. Miss Larle, 4 yrs old, 8st. 11lb.	0	0

The ROCKINGHAM STAKES of ten sovs. each, with 50 added, for horses of all ages.—Heats, one mile and a half.—Thirteen subs.

Mr. Weatherill's ch. f. Taglient, by Whisker, out of Sister to Coronation, 4 yrs old, 8st. 11lb.	1	1
Mr. Dickinson's ch. h. Lawn Sleeves, 5 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. (received back his stake)	2	2
Mr. Hungerford's ch. g. Camillus, aged, 8st. 13lb.	0	3
Mr. Dockeray's b. g. Abel, 5 yrs old, 8st. 8lb.	0	4
Mr. Hawkins's b. f. Pandora, 4 yrs old, 8st. 11lb.	3	0
Mr. Mills's b. f. by Phantom, out of Discord, 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb.	0	0
Mr. Coleman's ch. f. Petticoats, 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb.	0	0
Mr. Martin's ch. f. Minetta, 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb. (broke down)	0	dr.
Sir J. Beresford's ch. g. by St. Patrick, out of Lisette, 4 yrs old, 8st. 11lb.	0	dr.

The ROCHESTER PURSE of 50l. for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. T. Scaith's br. f. Harmony, by Reveller, dam by Orville, 4 yrs old, 8st. 8lb.	3	1	1
Mr. Howard's b. f. Miss Mary Ann of Dover (late Blue Bonnet), 4 yrs old, 8st. 11lb.	1	0	3
Mr. Dockeray's b. h. Zephyr, aged, 9st. 6lb.	0	0	2
Mr. G. Roberts's br. c. Walter, 3 yrs old, 7st. 7lb.	2	3	dr.
Mr. Thomas's b. c. Nonentity, by Spectre, 3 yrs old, 7st. 7lb.	0	2	dr.
Mr. Shackell's ch. h. Zeuxis, 5 yrs old, 9st. 11lb.	0	0	dr.

WEDNESDAY, September 14.—The CHATHAM PURSE of 50l. for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Dickinson's ch. h. Lawn Sleeves, by Doctor Syntax, 5 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. (F. Buckle)	1	1
Mr. Hungerford's ch. g. Camillus, aged, 9st. 6lb.	2	2

MATCH for 50 sovs. 16st. each.—One Mile.

Mr. Twisden Hodges's br. g. Naughty Tommy, by Smolensko, aged	0
Mr. Thewle's ch. g. Pigeon, aged	0

Ran a dead heat.

The COUNTY STAKES of five sovs. each, with 25 added, for horses of all ages.—
Two-mile heats.—Six subs.

Mr. Rush's ch. g. Guildford, by Hampden, out of Receipt, 5 yrs old, 8st. 8lb. (T. Robinson)	1	1
Mr. Weatherill's br. h. by Magistrate, 5 yrs old, 8st. 11lb.	3	2
Mr. G. Edwards's ch. f. Zarina, 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb.	2	3

HUNTERS' STAKES of five sovs. each, with 15 added, 12st. each.—The winner of a Plate or Stakes in 1831 to carry 7lb., of two 10lb., extra.—Two-mile heats.—
Eight subs.

Mr. Abbot's b. g. Avenue, aged (Dockeray)	0	1	1
Mr. Coleman's b. g. Sober Robin, 5 yrs old	1	2	3
Captain Elton's b. g. Seacroft, aged	0	0	2
Mr. Quihampton's b. g. Tom Moody, aged	2	0	dr.
Mr. C. Wright's gr. g. Archdeacon, 6 yrs old	0	3	dr.
Mr. J. Tilbury's b. g. Smuggler, aged (bolted)	dr.		

MATCH for 50 sovs. 10st. each.—One Mile.

Mr. Thewle's ch. g. <i>Pigeon</i> , aged	1
Mr. T. Hodges's br. g. <i>Naughty Tommy</i> , aged	2

LICHFIELD MEETING.

TUESDAY, September 13.—PRODUCE STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds.—The Last Mile.—Seven subs.

Lord Westminster's b. c. <i>Caractacus</i> , by Conductor, out of Boadicea, 8st. 4lb. (Calloway).....	1
Mr. Pickernell's b. f. <i>Harolda</i> , by Master Henry, 8st.	2
Mr. L. Charlton's b. f. by Master Henry, dam by Soothsayer, out of Cobbea, by Skyscraper, 8st.....	3

Five to 4 on *Caractacus*. Won by a length.

SWEEPSTAKES of three sovs. each, with 50 added, for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.—Seven subs.

Mr. E. Yates's b. f. <i>Lilla</i> , by Bobadil, out of Aglaia, 4 yrs old, 7st. 12lb. (Spring)	1	1
Mr. Beardsworth's ch. h. <i>Sir Walter</i> , by Ambo, 5 yrs old, 8st. 13lb. (received 10 sovs.)	0	2
Sir T. Stanley's b. h. <i>Joceline</i> , aged, 8st. 7lb.....	2	dr.
Mr. Painter's b. m. by Strephon, 5 yrs old, 8st. 11lb.	3	dr.
Mr. Price's ch. f. <i>Lady Bird</i> , 4 yrs old, 7st. 7lb.	0	dr.
Mr. E. Peel's gr. m. <i>Cicely</i> , 5 yrs old, 7st. 13lb.....	0	dr.

Joceline the favorite. Each heat well contested.

HIS MAJESTY'S PURSE of 100gs.—Four-mile heats.

Mr. I. Sadler's br. g. <i>Jocko</i> , by Filho da Puta, dam by Clinker, aged, 12st. (Boffey).....	1	1
Mr. E. Peel's br. h. <i>Cadland</i> , 6 yrs old, 11st. 12lb.....	2	dr.

Three to 1 on *Jocko*. Won easy.

WEDNESDAY, September 14.—The GOLD CUP, value 100 sovs. by subscription of 10 sovs. each.—Three miles.—Eleven subs.

Mr. Beardsworth's b. g. <i>Independence</i> , by Filho da Puta, 5 yrs old, 8st. 4lb.....	walked over.
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FIFTY POUNDS.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. E. Yates's b. f. <i>Lilla</i> , by Bobadil, out of Aglaia, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. (J. Spring).....	1	1
Sir T. Stanley's b. h. <i>Joceline</i> , aged, 9st.	2	2

Lilla the favorite. Each heat won by about half a neck.

SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, with 50 added, for three and four-year-olds.—Two miles.

Mr. Beardsworth's b. c. <i>Warwick</i> , by Filho da Puta, dam by Comus, 3 yrs old, 7st. 10lb. (J. Dodgson)	1
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The following also started but were not placed:—Sir T. Stanley's b. g. *Laurie Todd*, 4 yrs, 8st. 11lb.; Mr. E. Peel's b. f. *Mouche*, 4 yrs, 8st. 10lb.; Mr. Pickernell's b. f. *Harolda*, 3 yrs old, 7st. 8lb.; and Mr. Cooke's b. f. by Catton—Orphan, 3 yrs, 7st. 8lb.—Won cleverly.

HANDICAP STAKES of five sovs. each, 3 ft. with 50 added.—Two-mile heats.—Four subs.

Mr. Mott's b. m. <i>Gazelle</i> , by Muley, 5 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. (G. Calloway).....	1	1
Mr. Beardsworth's ch. h. <i>Sir Walter</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 13lb. (received 10 sovs.)	3	2
Mr. Brooke's b. g. <i>Atlas</i> , aged, 8st. 8lb.	2	3

A beautiful race.

ROTHERHAM MEETING.

WEDNESDAY, September 14.—SWEEPSTAKES of 20 sovs. each, for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—Three quarters of a mile.

Mr. Wm. Scott's b. c. by Catton, out of Sal by Reveller (S. Templeman)	1
Mr. Wilson's ch. c. by Merlin, dam by Partisan... ..	2
Mr. Taylor's gr. c. by Equator	3

FIFTY POUNDS, given by the Town of Sheffield.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Broomhead's b. c. <i>Butcher Boy</i> , by Catton, out of Eleanor, 3 yrs, 7st. 2lb. (Auty)	1	1
Mr. Jennings's b. m. Aconite, 5 yrs old, 8st. 8lb.	2	2
Mr. Reed's b. m. Miss Fanny, 3 yrs old, 7st.	3	3
Mr. Lock's b. m. by Blacklock, 5 yrs old, 8st. 8lb.	5	4
Mr. Skipsey's br. c. Albion, by Octavius, 3 yrs old, 7st. 2lb.	4	5

The SOUTH-WEST YORKSHIRE YEOMANRY CAVALRY STAKES of 5gs. each, with 20gs. added by Lord Wharnccliffe, for horses, &c. of all ages, not thorough-bred.—Gentlemen riders.—One-mile heats.—Six subs.

Mr. Griffiths's bl. g. <i>William the Fourth</i> , by Dinmont, aged, 12st. 5lb. (Owner) ..	1	1
Mr. Hudson's b. f. by Catton, 3 yrs old, 10st. 7lb.	2	2

THURSDAY, September 15.—FIFTY POUNDS, given by the Town of Rothet-ham, for horses, &c. of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Bell's b. f. <i>Cinderella</i> , by Lottery, 3 yrs, 6st. 13lb. (Job Marson, jun.)... ..	1	3	1
Mr. Roper's br. h. Don Giovanni, 5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb.	3	1	3
Mr. Broomhead's b. c. Butcher Boy, 3 yrs old, 7st. 2lb.	2	2	2

MATCH for 25 sovs.—One mile.

Mr. Taylor's gr. c. by Equator, 2 yrs old, 8st. (G. Garbutt).....	1
Mr. Hudson's b. f. by Catton, 3 yrs old, 9st.	2

The BROOMHILL STAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 10 added, for horses, &c. not tho-rough-bred.—Gentlemen riders.—Two miles.—Four subs.

Mr. Jones's br. h. <i>Tommy Tickle</i> , by Muley, aged, 12st. 9lb. (Mr. Griffith)	1
Mr. R. Milward's b. g. Junior 5 yrs old, 8st. 8lb.	2
Mr. Griffiths's bl. g. <i>William the Fourth</i> , aged, 12st. 5lb.	3

LEICESTER MEETING.

WEDNESDAY, September 14.—The GOLD CUP, value 100 sovs., by twelve subs. of 10 sovs. each, for horses of all ages.—Three times round.

Colonel Wilson's br. c. by Comus, out of Rotterdam, by Juniper, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb., 1	
Mr. Chapman's b. c. The Cardinal, 4 yrs, 8st. 5lb.	2
Won by half a length.	

The QUORN PURSE of 50l. for horses not thorough-bred.—Ridden by Farmers.—Heats, twice round.

Mr. Wildman's b. m. by Golumpus, aged, 12st. (Owner)	1	1
Mr. Hickling's gr. c. by Pyramus, 4 yrs old, 12st.	3	2
Mr. Wells's br. g. Langton, 6 yrs old, 12st.	2	3
A good race.		

SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, with 50 added, for horses of all ages.—Heats, twice round.

Mr. Chapman's b. c. <i>The Cardinal</i> , by Waxy Pope, out of Medora, 4 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. (Wright)	1	1
Mr. Carter's b. c. All's-Well, 4 yrs old, 8st. 6lb.	4	2
Mr. Hobson's br. f. Miss Georgiana, 4 yrs, 8st. 4lb.	3	3
Mr. Spriggs's br. f. Adelaide, 3 yrs old, 7st. 1lb.	2	4
Won in a canter.		

THURSDAY, September 15.—The BELVOIR STAKES of five sovs. each, with 20 added, for hunters.—Heats, twice round.—Seven subs.

Mr. Cox's ch. g. <i>Rough Robin</i> , 5 yrs old, 11st. 7lb.	1	1
Mr. Robinson's b. f. Steam, 4 yrs old, 10st. 12lb.	2	2
Mr. Withnall's br. g. by Sportsman, 4 yrs old, 11st. 3lb.	3	3

Rough Robin's rider was short of weight without his bridle, and the horse was led from the post before the bridle was taken off, and put into the scale.—Mr. Robinson claims the Stake, and the case is referred to the Jockey Club. [See decision of the Jockey Club on this race in our November Number, p. 53.]

The BURGESS'S PURSE of 100l. for horses of all ages.—Heats, thrice round.

Col. Wilson's br. c. by Comus, out of Rotterdam by Juniper, 4 yrs, 8st. 9lb. ...	1	1
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Mr. Carter's b. c. All's-Well, 4 yrs old, 8st. 5lb.....	3	2
Mr. Hobson's br. f. Miss Georgiana, 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb.....	2	3
Won very easy.		

The YEOMANRY PURSE of 50gs.—Heats, twice round.

Mr. Hickling's b. g. by Cannon-Ball, aged, 12st. 7lb.	2	1	1
Mr. W. Frisby's b. m. Adelaide, 6 yrs old, 12st. 7lb.....	1	2	2
Mr. Gutteridge's b. f. Lady Vane, 4 yrs old	dis.		

BLANDFORD MEETING.

WEDNESDAY, September 14.—SWEEPSTAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds.—The New Mile.—Four subs.

Mr. Radclyffe's b. f. Susanne, by Figaro, out of Effie Deans by Ashion, 8st. 11lb. (Cowley)	1
Mr. Portman's b. f. Elspat, by Swinton, out of Ellen, 8st. 4lb.....	2
Mr. Farquharson's b. c. Bacchanal, by Reveller, 8st. 4lb.	3

The GOLD CUP, value 100 sovs. by subscription of 10 sovs. each.—Two miles and a distance.—Ten subs.

Mr. Biggs's b. c. Wassailer, by Reveller, out of Annot Lyle by Ashton, 4 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. (J. Day).....	1
Mr. Hayward's br. h. Terror, 6 yrs old, 9st.	2
Mr. Farquharson's b. g. Bacchanal, 3 yrs old, 6st. 10lb.	3
Mr. Hobart's ch. h. Cornelian, 5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb.....	4
A most excellent race.	

MAIDEN PURSE of 50L.—Heats, two miles and a distance.

Mr. Peel's b. f. by Centaur, dam by Don Cossack, 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb. (J. Day).....	3	1	1
Mr. Dilly's b. c. Mortimer, 3 yrs old, 7st.	1	2	2
Mr. Burden's b. g. Balbre, by Whalebone, out of Brighton, 5 yrs old, 8st. 11lb.....	4	3	dr.
Mr. Portman's b. f. Elspat, 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb.....	2	dr.	
Mr. Farquharson's b. g. Bacchanal, 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb.....	5	dr.	

The BRYANSTON STAKES of five sovs. each, with 25 added.—Heats, the New Course.—Eight subs.

Mr. Biggs's b. c. Wassailer, by Reveller, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. (J. Day).....	1	1
Mr. Gould's ch. c. Firman, 4 yrs old, 8st. 9lb.....	2	dr.
Mr. Houldsworth's br. g. Gilbert, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb.....	3	dr.

MATCH for 25 sovs.—The New Mile.

Mr. Beaumont's b. p. Twinkle, by Swinton, 5 yrs old, 7st. (J. Day).....	1
Mr. Radclyffe's gr. p. Mayflower, 3 yrs old, 5st. 7lb.....	2

Sir L. Glynn's ch. c. Bryan, by Blacklock, 8st. 10lb. rec. 25 sovs. ft. from Mr. Houldsworth's br. g. Crescent, by Blacklock, 8st. 5lb. Two miles, 200 sovs. h. ft.

THURSDAY, September 15.—The DORSETSHIRE STAKES of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft. and only five if declared, &c.—Two miles.

Mr. Radclyffe's br. h. Brownlock, by Blacklock, out of Diana, aged, 8st. 10lb. (Cowley)	1
Mr. Tannton's b. h. Coronet, by Catton, 6 yrs old, 9st.	2
One subscriber paid 15 sovs. ft. and nine others having declared by the time prescribed, paid only five sovs. each.	

FIFTY POUNDS, for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Gold's ch. c. Firman, by Sultan, 4 yrs old, 8st. 13lb.....	2	1	1
Mr. Day's b. c. Wassailer, 4 yrs old, 9st. 2lb. (post entrance).....	1	2	2
Mr. Portman's b. f. Elspat, 3 yrs old, 7st. 1lb.	3	3	dr.

HANDICAP STAKES of five sovs. each.—Heats.—Ten subs.

Mr. Biggs's b. m. Whisk, by Whisker, 6 yrs old, 10st. 2lb. (J. Day)	1	1
Mr. Farquharson's Bacchanal, 3 yrs old, 6st. 9lb.	2	2

Mr. Ley's b. h. Omen, 6 yrs old (ran on the wrong side of the post) dis.
 Mr. Pee's b. f. by Centaur, 4 yrs old (ran on the wrong side of the post)..... dis.
 Mr. Houldsworth's b. g. Gilbert, 4 yrs old (ran on the wrong side of the post)... dis.
 Omen, Mr. Pee's filly, and Gilbert came in first, second, and third for the first heat.

ABINGDON MEETING.

WEDNESDAY, September 14.—PRODUCE STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds.—The Last Mile.—Six subs.

Mr. Sadler's br. f. *Euryone*, by Reveller, dam by Selim, out of Euryone by Witchcraft, 8st. 3lb. (J. Chapple) 1
 Mr. Goodlake's ch. f. Dolly Mop, by Tramp, 8st. 3lb. 2
 Won very easy.

The FOAL STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds.—One Mile.—Five subs.

Mr. Sadler's br. f. *Euryone*, by Reveller, 8st. 11lb. (J. Chapple) 1
 Mr. Thornhill's b. c. Africanus, by Emilius, out of Scarpa, 8st. 4lb. 2
 Won in a canter.

HANDICAP STAKES of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft. with 50 added.—Two miles.—Twenty-one subs. (10 of whom having declared ft. by the time prescribed, paid only five sovs. each).

Mr. Reeves's b. m. *Flora*, by Cannon Ball, dam by Hit or Miss, 5 yrs old, 7st. 4lb.. 1
 Mr. Dundas's ch. h. Honest Robin, 5 yrs old, 7st. 4lb. 2
 Mr. W. Day's br. h. Augur, 5 yrs old, 7st. 3lb. 3
 Mr. Sadler's ch. m. Device, by Tramp, 5 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. 4
 Won by a length.

The ABINGDON STAKES of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft. for three and four-year-olds.—Two miles.—Six subs.

Mr. Sadler's br. f. *Euryone*, by Reveller, 3 yrs old, 7st. (J. Chapple) 1
 Mr. Maberly's b. c. Erymus, by Moses, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. 2
 Won by a head.

SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, five ft. with 25 added.—Heats, about one mile and a quarter.—Seven subs.

Mr. Dundas's b. c. *Scrub*, by Pyramus, out of Brush's dam, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2 1 1
 Mr. I. Day's bl. m. *Busk*, aged, 8st. 12lb. 1 2 2
 Mr. Sadler's ch. f. Camilla, 4 yrs old, 8st. 3 dr.
 Mr. Maberley's ch. f. by Woful, out of Trumper's dam, 3 yrs old, 6st. 10lb. 4 dr.

The Cyp (in specie) by subscription of 10 sovs. each, for horses of all ages.—Three miles.—Sixteen subs.

Mr. Watts's ch. c. *Maxeppa*, by Godolphin, out of Frogmore's dam by Rubens, 4 yrs old, 8st. 1
 Mr. I. Day's b. g. Liston, by Ambo, aged, 8st. 13lb. 2

THURSDAY, September 15.—SWEEPSTAKES of 25 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—One mile and a half.—Four subs.

Mr. I. Sadler's br. f. *Euryone*, by Reveller, dam by Selim out of Euryone (Chapple) 1
 Mr. Maberley's ch. f. Farce, by Swiss, out of Comedy 2
 Won easy.

SWEEPSTAKES of 30 sovs. each, 15 ft. for two-year-olds.—The last three-quarters of a mile.—Four subs.

Mr. Maberly's ch. f. by Partisan, out of Nanine, by Selim, 8st. 4lb. (A. Pavis) 1
 Mr. I. Sadler's b. f. Eleanor, by Middleton, 8st. 4lb. 2
 Mr. Harvey's ch. c. Endeavour, by Phantom, 8st. 4lb. 3
 Won by a length.

HANDICAP STAKES of five sovs. each, with 50 added.—Heats, once round and a distance.—Nine subs.

Mr. Watts's ch. c. *Maxeppa*, by Godolphin, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. (A. Pavis)... 2 1 1
 Mr. Sadler's ch. f. Design, 4 yrs old, 7st. 7lb. 1 2 2
 Mr. Day's br. h. Augur, 5 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. 3 4 3
 Mr. Watson's b. m. Fidget, 6 yrs old, 7st. 12lb. 4 3 dr.
 Mr. W. Rush's b. m. (half-bred), 6 yrs old, 7st. dis.
 Won easy.

SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, with 25 added, for horses of all ages.—Two miles.—
Twenty-one subs.

Mr. I. Day's b. g. <i>Liston</i> , by Ambo, out of Olivia Jordan, aged, 9st. 2lb. (A. Pavis)	1
Mr. Sadler's ch. f. <i>Design</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb.	2
Mr. Blandy's b. c. <i>Bivouac</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st.	3
Mr. Dundas's b. c. <i>Scrub</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 5lb.	4
Mr. Davis's br. g. <i>Exchange</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 8lb.	5

HANDICAP STAKES of 10 sovs. each, five ft. with 25 added, for horses of all ages.—
Two-mile heats.—Eight subs.

Mr. I. Day's b. f. by Whalebone, out of Sloe's dam, 3 yrs old, 7st. 2lb.	1	1
Mr. Goodlake's ch. f. <i>Dolly Mop</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 7lb.	3	2
Mr. Dundas's b. c. by Whalebone, dam by Dick Andrews, 3 yrs old, 7st.	2	3

Won easy.

DONCASTER MEETING.

MONDAY, September 19.—The **FITZWILLIAM STAKES** of 10 sovs. each, with 20 added for the first, and 10 for the second horse, by the Corporation of Doncaster :—two-year-olds, 5st. 10lb.; three, 8st.; four, 9st.; five, 9st. 6lb.; six, and aged, 9st. 10lb.—One mile and a half.—Eleven subs.

Mr. Riddell's b. c. *Emancipation*, by Whisker, dam by Ardrossan, 4 yrs old (R. Johnson) 1

Mr. Beardsworth's br. c. *Birmingham*, by Filho, 4 yrs old..... 2

Mr. Gully's br. h. *Tranby*, by Blacklock, 5 yrs old..... 3

The following also started but were not placed :—Lord Queensberry's b. c. *Hassan*, by Whisker, 4 yrs; Mr. Turner's b. f. *The Nabb*, by Sam, 4 yrs; Lord Scarbrough's bl. c. *Clarence*, by Comus, 3 yrs; Lord Fitzwilliam's b. f. *Sister to Ballad Singer*, 3 yrs; Col. Cradock's br. c. by Lottery—*Smolensko*, 3 yrs; and Lord Kelburne's ch. c. by Woful, out of *Emilius*.—Six to 5 on Birmingham, 5 to 2 agst *Emancipation*, 6 to 1 agst *Tranby*, and 10 to 1 agst Lord Kelburne's colt.

CHAMPAGNE STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for two-year-olds :—colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—The winner to give six dozen of Champagne to the Doncaster Racing Club.—Red House in.—Thirty-one subs.

Mr. Walker's br. f. *Francesca*, by Partisan, out of Miss Fanny's dam by Orville (W. Scott)..... 1

Mr. Vansittart's ch. c. by Whisker, out of *Darioletta* 2

Mr. T. O. Powlett's ch. c. by Whisker, dam (foaled in 1821) by Blacklock out of *Altisidora* 3

* The following also started but were not placed :—Mr. T. O. Powlett's gr. f. by *Figaro*, dam by Whisker; Lord Kelburne's b. c. by Jerry, out of *Georgiana*; Mr. Houldsworth's br. f. *Corset*, by Whalebone; Mr. C. Wilson's br. c. by Whalebone—*Silvertail*; Duke of Leeds's b. c. by Brutandorf, out of *Violet*; Mr. Tarleton's b. c. by Buzzard, dam by Selim; and Mr. Beardsworth's br. c. *Wolverhampton*, by Abjer.—Seven to 4 agst Lord Kelburne's colt, 7 to 2 agst Mr. Wilson's colt, 5 to 1 agst Mr. Powlett's colt, 6 to 1 agst *Francesca*, 8 to 1 agst *Corset*, 8 to 1 agst Mr. Vansittart's colt, and 11 to 1 agst *Wolverhampton*.

PRODUCE STAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. for four-year-olds :—colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—Four miles.—Seven subs.

Lord Milton's br. c. *Pontefract*, by Cervantes, out of *Clinkerina* (H. Edwards)..... 1

Mr. Houldsworth's br. f. *Christiana*, by Filho da Puta 2

Two to 1 on *Christiana*. Won in a canter.

HIS MAJESTY'S PURSE of 100gs. :—for four-year-olds, 10st. 7lb.; five, 11st. 7lb.; six, 11st. 12lb.; and aged, 12st.—Four miles.

Lord Scarbrough's br. c. *Windcliffe*, by Waverley, dam by Catton, 4 yrs old (G. Nelson) 1

Mr. Sadler's br. g. *Jocko*, by Filho da Puta, aged 2

Two to 1 on *Jocko*. *Windcliffe* took the lead, was never headed, and won easy.

MATCH for 50 sovs. 12st. each.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Haye's b. m. *Melancholy*, by Orion (Mr. Kent) 1 1

Mr. Holdgate's ch. m. *Cottage Girl*, by Orion..... 2 2

Five to 4 on *Melancholy*; after the first, high odds on her. Both heats won very easy.

TUESDAY, September 21.—**PRODUCE STAKES** of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. for two-year-olds :—colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—Red House in.—Ten subs.

Mr. W. Riddale's b. c. *Burgomaster*, by Brutandorf, out of *Marchesa*, by Comus (W. Scott)..... 1

Mr. Peirse's ch. f. by Whisker, out of Swiss's dam..... 2
 Mr. Houldsworth's ch. c. Buffoon, by Comus 3
 Five to 4 on Burgomaster. Won easy.

The GREAT ST. LEGER STAKES of 25 sovs. each, for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 6lb.; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—St. Leger Course.—Eighty-six subs.

Lord Cleveland's b. c. *Chorister*, by Lottery, out of Crowcatcher's dam by Chorus (J. Day) 1
 Mr. Skipsey's br. c. *The Saddler*, by Waverley, out of Castrellina (T. Nicholson) ... 2

The following also started but were not placed:—Mr. Golden's br. f. *La Fille Gardee*, by Lottery, out of Morgiana, by Muley; Mr. F. Richardson's b. f. *Lady Elizabeth*, by Lottery, out of Miss Wentworth; Lord Cleveland's br. c. *Marcus*, by Emilius, out of Camilla by Camillus; Mr. Robinson's b. c. *Liverpool*, by Tramp; Mr. A. Bower's br. c. *Sir John*, by Tramp, dam by Waxy; Lord Fitzwilliam's b. c. *Creole*, by Catton; Lord Scarbrough's b. c. *Brother to Tarrare*; Lord Sligo's ch. c. *Bras de Fer*, by Langar; Mr. I. Sadler's b. f. *Delight*, by Reveller; Mr. I. Sadler's ch. c. *Achilles*, by Rubens; Col. Cradock's b. c. *Brother to Homer*, by Catton, out of Queen Coil; Mr. R. Bower's b. c. *The Chancellor*, by Minos; Mr. Wagstaff's b. f. *Joan d'Arc*, by Bustard, out of Miss Witch; Mr. Wagstaff's b. f. *Streamlet*, by Tiresias; Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. *Circassian*, by Sultan, out of Variety; Mr. Beardsworth's b. c. *Colwick*, by Filho; Mr. R. Harrison's b. c. *Braithwaite*, by St. Patrick, dam by Sir David; Mr. Vansittart's ch. c. *Rubini*, by St. Patrick, out of Slight, by Selim; Mr. W. Turner's b. c. *Shrigley*, by Macduff; Mr. Singleton's br. c. *Tremaine*, by Tramp, dam by Deceiver; Mr. Ferguson's br. c. *Tetotum*, by Lottery; Mr. S. Reed's b. c. *Panton*, by Arbutus.—Three to 1 agst *The Saddler*, 7 to 2 agst *Marcus*, 13 to 2 agst *Liverpool*, 12 to 1 agst *Circassian*, 13 to 1 agst *Delight*, 14 to 1 agst *Brother to Tarrare*, 16 to 1 agst *Sir John*, 18 to 1 agst *Chancellor*, 18 to 1 agst *Colwick*, 20 to 1 agst *Creole*, 20 to 1 agst *Chorister*, 1000 to 40 agst *Lady Elizabeth*, and 40 to 1 agst *Rubini*.

RENEWED DONCASTER STAKES (third year) of 10 sovs. each, with 25 added by the Corporation of Doncaster, for horses, &c. of all ages, bona fide the property of the Subscriber or his confederate:—three-year-olds, 6st. 10lb.; four, 8st.; five, 8st. 9lb.; six, and aged, 9st.—Two miles.—Fifteen subs.

Lord Cleveland's b. f. *Maria*, by Whisker, out of Gibside Fairy, 4 yrs old (T. Lye) 1
 Major Yarbrough's br. h. *Laurel*, by Blacklock, aged 2
 Mr. Powlett's b. f. *Lady Emmeline*, 4 yrs old 3
 Lord Scarbrough's br. h. *Cistercian*, by Catton, 5 yrs old 4
 Mr. Nowell's gr. h. *Roundwaist*, by Whalebone, 5 yrs old..... 4
 Five to 2 on *Maria*, and 6 to 1 agst *Cistercian*. Won easy.

The CORPORATION PURSE of 70l. for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. J. Scott's b. c. *Rodolph*, by Der Frieschutz, 3 yrs old, 6st. 7lb. (T. Lye) 3 3 1 1
 Mr. Houldsworth's ch. h. *Vanish*, 6 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. (rec. 27ga.)..... 1 2 2 2
 Lord Scarbrough's b. h. *Cambridge*, 6 yrs old, 8st. 10lb..... 4 1 3 dr.
 Mr. Gascoigne's b. c. by St. Patrick, out of Cora, 3 yrs old, 6st. 7lb..... 2 4 dr.

Five to 1 on *Vanish*, 4 to 1 agst *Rodolph*, and 6 to 1 agst *Cambridge*; after the first heat, 5 to 4 agst *Vanish*, 2 to 1 agst *Rodolph*, and 5 to 2 agst *Cambridge*; after the second heat, 6 to 5 agst *Cambridge*, 6 to 4 agst *Vanish*, and 7 to 1 agst *Rodolph*; after the third heat, 5 to 2 on *Rodolph*. The first heat was won easy, the second by half a length, and the third and fourth very cleverly.

WEDNESDAY, September 21.—The CLEVELAND STAKES of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft. and only five if declared, &c., with 30 added by the Corporation of Doncaster.—St. Leger Course.—Seven subs.

Mr. Houldsworth's ch. h. *Vanish*, by Phantom, 6 yrs old, 8st. 10lb.....walked over.
 Four subscribers paid 15 sovs. ft. and two others having declared by the time prescribed paid only five-sovs. each.

The FOAL STAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—One mile and a half.—Nine subs.

Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. *Tiberius*, by Filho da Puta, out of Torelli (S. Darling)..... 1
 Lord Fitzwilliam's br. c. *Hamilcar*, by Morisco (broke down) 2
 Two to 1 on *Tiberius*, who took the lead, was never headed, and won easy.

SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 20 added for the first, and 10 for the second horse, by the Corporation of Doncaster:—for three-year-olds, 6st. 12lb.; four, 8st.; five, 8st. 10lb.; six, and aged, 9st.—St. Leger Course.—Six subs.

Mr. Harrison's b. c. *Braithwaite*, by St. Patrick, dam by Sir David, 3 yrs old (T. Lye)..... 1

Mr. Skipsey's b. h. Flambeau, by Grey Malton, 5 yrs old..... 3
 Lord Scarbrough's b. c. Chancellor, by Catton, 4 yrs old..... 3
 Mr. Singleton's b. c. Tremaine, by Tramp, 3 yrs old 4
 Mr. Riddell's ch. c. by Dr. Syntax—Eaton, 4 yrs old (fell) 5
 Five to 2 agst Chancellor, 4 to 1 agst Mr. Riddell's colt, 5 to 1 agst Tremaine, 5 to 1
 agst Braithwaite, and 6 to 1 agst Flambeau. Won cleverly by half a length.

SWEEPSTAKES of 50 sovs. each, 30 ft. with 25 added by the Corporation of Don-
 caster, for four-year-olds.—St. Leger Course.—Four subs.

Lord Scarbrough's br. f. *Volage*, by Waverley, 8st. 4lb.....walked over.

The **CLARENCE STAKES** of 30 sovs. each, h. ft. with 25 added by the Corpora-
 tion of Doncaster:—three-year-olds, 7st. 4lb.; four, 8st. 5lb.; five, 8st. 12lb.;
 six, and aged, 9st. 3lb.—Two miles.—Four subs.

Lord Cleveland's b. h. *Stotforth*, by Octavian, 5 yrs old.....walked over.

THURSDAY, September 22.—The **GASCOIGNE STAKES** of 100 sovs. each, 30
 ft. for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 6lb.; fillies, 8st. 8lb.—The winner of the St.
 Leger to carry 4lb. extra.—St. Leger Course.—Eleven subs.

Mr. J. Robinson's b. c. *Liverpool*, by Tramp, dam by Whisker (W. Scott) 0 1

Lord Cleveland's b. c. *Chorister*, by Lottery, dam by Chorus (J. Day)..... 0 2

Five to 2 on Chorister.

SWEEPSTAKES of 200 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 6lb.; fil-
 lies, 8st. 8lb.—St. Leger Course.—Nine subs.

Mr. F. Richardson's b. f. *Lady Elizabeth*, by Lotterywalked over.

SWEEPSTAKES of 20 sovs. each, for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb.
 T. Y. C.—Thirty-one subs.

Lord Sligo's b. c. *Fang*, own brother to Felt, by Langan (P. Connolly) ... 1

Mr. T. O. Powlett's ch. c. by Whisker—Blacklock..... 2

Mr. Vansittart's ch. c. by Whisker—Darioletta 3

The following also started but were not placed:—Lord Kelburne's b. c. by Jerry,
 out of Georgiana; Mr. Petre's ch. f. *Lady Barbara*, by Catton; Mr. T. O. Powlett's
 b. f. by Whisker—Miss Fanny; Mr. C. Wilson's br. c. by Whalebone—Silvertail;
 Mr. W. Richardson's b. c. *Hercules*, by Figaro; Duke of Leeds's b. c. by Brutandorf,
 out of Violet; Sir J. Beresford's ch. c. by Comus, out of Britannia; and Mr. Bogue's
 ch. c. by Cleveland—Filho's dam.—Two to 1 agst Mr. Vansittart's colt, 5 to 1 agst
 Fang, 6 to 1 agst *Lady Barbara*, 6 to 1 agst Lord Kelburne's colt, 6 to 1 agst Mr.
 Powlett's colt, 6 to 1 agst Mr. Powlett's filly, and 9 to 1 agst Mr. Wilson's colt.

The **GOLD CUP**, free for any horse, &c.:—three-year-olds, 7st.; four, 8st. 3lb.;
 five, 8st. 10lb.; six, and aged, 9st.—To start at the Red House, and run twice
 round to the ending post.

Mr. Wagstaff's br. c. *The Saddler*, by Waverley, out of Castellina, 3 yrs old
 (Chapple)..... 1

Mr. Riddell's b. c. *Emancipation*, by Whisker, 4 yrs old 2

Mr. Petre's ch. h. *Rowton*, by Oiseau, 5 yrs old 3

The following also started but were not placed:—Lord Cleveland's b. f. *Maria*, by
 Whisker, 4 yrs; Lord Kelburne's br. h. *Retriever*, by Smolensko, 5 yrs; Mr. Beards-
 worth's br. c. *Birmingham*, by Filho, 4 yrs; and Lord Kelburne's ch. c. by Woful,
 out of Emilia, 4 yrs old.—Two to 1 agst *Maria*, 7 to 2 agst *The Saddler*, 5 to 1 agst
Emancipation, 5 to 1 agst *Rowton*, 7 to 1 agst *Birmingham*, and 12 to 1 agst *Re-
 triever*.

FRIDAY, September 23.—**SWEEPSTAKES** of 20 sovs. each, with 25 added by the
 Corporation of Doncaster, for three-year-old fillies, 8st. 4lb. each.—St. Leger Course.—
 Eight subs.

Mr. Golden's br. *La Fille Mal Gardée*, by Lottery, out of Morgiana (G. Nelson). 1

Mr. Houldsworth's b. *Circassian*, by Sultan 2

Two to 1 on *Circassian*. Won very easy.

SWEEPSTAKES of 30 sovs. each, 10 ft. for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 6lb.; fillies,
 8st. 3lb.—One mile.—Twenty-three subs.

Mr. Wagstaff's br. c. *The Saddler*, by Waverley, out of Castellina (Wakefield) ... 1

Mr. Beardsworth's b. c. *Colwick*, by Filho da Puta 2

Lord Scarbrough's b. c. *Brother to Tarrare*, by Catton 3

Lord Fitzwilliam's b. & Creole, Brother to Mulatto..... 4
 Mr. Houldsworth's b. f. Frederica, by Sultan..... 5
 Five to 2 on The Saddler, 5 to 1 agst Brother to Tarrare, 6 to 1 agst Frederica, 8 to 1 agst Creole, and 10 to 1 agst Colwick.—Won by half a neck.

SWEEPSTAKES (third year) of 25 sovs. each, for horses, &c. bona fide the property of the Subscriber, or his declared confederate, three months before the day of naming.—Four miles.—Eight subs.

Mr. Petre's ch. h. *Rowton*, by Oiseau, out of Katherine, 5 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. (W. Scott)..... 1

Lord Milton's b. h. Medoro, aged, 8st. 10lb..... 2

Lord Cleveland's b. h. Stotforth, 5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. 3

The following also started but were not placed:—Major Yarburgh's br. h. Laurel, aged, 8st. 10lb.; Mr. Nowell's b. h. by Wakon, dam by Election, 8 yrs, 8st. 10lb.; and Duke of Leeds's ch. m. Jenny Mills, 6 yrs, 8st. 10lb.—Even betting on Rowton, 4 to 1 agst Medoro, 4 to 1 agst Stotforth, and 4 to 1 agst Laurel. Won by half a neck.

ONE HUNDRED POUND PURSE, for three and four-year-olds.—Two-mile heats.
 Lord Scarbrough's br. c. *Windcliffe*, by Waverley, 4 yrs, 8st. 7lb. (G. Nelson)... 1 1
 Mr. Bell's b. f. Cinderella, by Lottery, 3 yrs old, 7st. 5lb. (rec. 60gs.)..... 2 2
 Mr. Petre's ch. c. Rattler, 3 yrs old, 7st. 5lb. 5 3
 Mr. Riddell's ch. c. by Doctor Syntax, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb..... 4 4
 Mr. Ferguson's br. c. Tetotum, 3 yrs old, 7st. 5lb..... 3 5
 Six to 5 agst Windcliffe, 3 to 1 agst Tetotum, 5 to 1 agst Rattler, and 6 to 1 agst Cinderella. Won easy.

SHREWSBURY MEETING.

TUESDAY, September 20.—**PRODUCE STAKES** of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds.—Once round and a distance.—Seven subs.

Lord Westminster's br. c. *Caractacus*, by Conductor, 8st. 4lb.....walked over.

The BOROUGH MEMBERS' PURSE of 60l. for horses of all ages.—Heats, twice round and a distance.

Mr. W. Chantton's ch. m. *Kalmia*, by Magistrate, 5 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. (H. Arthur)..... 1 1

Lord Westminster's b. c. Thermometer, by Whisker, 4 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. 6 2

Mr. Ogden's br. f. Sarah, 3 yrs old, 6st. 6lb..... 4 3

Mr. Ferguson's b. c. Kangaroo, 4 yrs old, 7st. 13lb..... 2 dr.

Mr. Nanney's br. c. Belmont, 3 yrs old, 6st. 6lb..... 3 dr.

Mr. Ormsby Gore's b. f. Titlark, 3 yrs old, 6st. 9lb..... 5 dr.

WEDNESDAY, September 21.—**The ST. LEGER STAKES** of 25 sovs. each, with 20 added, for three-year-olds.—Once round and a distance.

Mr. Nanney's b. f. *Wedlock*, by Figaro, dam by Smolensko, 8st. 2lb. (W. Lear) ... 1

Sir T. Stanley's b. f. by Sir Oliver, dam by Cornus, 8st. 2lb..... 2

The GOLD CUP (in specie) by Subscriptions of 10 sovs. each.—Three miles.—Eight subs.

Sir G. Pigot's ch. c. *Cupid*, by Tramp, out of Active by Partisan, 4 yrs, 7st. 12lb. (H. Arthur)..... 1

Mr. Nanney's bl. f. Georgiana, 4 yrs old, 7st. 10lb..... 2

Sir T. Stanley's b. c. Pedestrian, 4 yrs old, 7st. 12lb. 3

The COUNTY MEMBERS' PURSE of 60l. for horses of all ages.—Heats, twice round and a distance.

Mr. Nanney's br. c. *Belmont*, by Figaro, out of Signorina's dam, 3 yrs old, 6st. 9lb. (M. Jones)..... 1 1

Mr. Jackson's b. h. Hazard, 5 yrs old, 9st. 2lb..... 3 2

Mr. Ormsby Gore's b. c. Jasper, 4 yrs old, 9st. 5lb. 2 3

Mr. G. Ogden's b. f. Sarah, 3 yrs old, 8st. 6lb..... 4 dr.

The NOBLEMEN and GENTLEMEN'S PURSE of 50l. for three and four-year-olds. Heats, twice round and a distance.

Mr. Ferguson's b. c. *Kangaroo*, by Whisker, 4 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. (Cliff)..... 0 1 1

Mr. Nanney's b. f. *Wedlock*, 3 yrs old, 7st. 4lb..... 1 2 0

Sir T. Stanley's ch. f. *Augustina*, by Tramp, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb..... 2 0 2

Mr. Matthews's b. c. *Malwa*, 3 yrs old, 7st. 3lb. 0 0 0

Lord Westminster's b. c. Thermometer, by Whisker, 4 yrs old, 8st. 5lb..... 0 0 dr.

Mr. G. Ogden's b. f. *Olive*, 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb..... 3 dr.

THURSDAY, September 22.—The **SEVERN STAKES** of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds.—Once round and a distance.—Four subs.

Lord Westminster's br. c. *Caractacus*, by Conductor, out of Boadicea, 8st. (H. Arthur) 1
Sir T. Stanley's ch. f. *Mima*, by General Mina, 8st. 2

The **TRADESMEN'S CUP** of 50l. added to a Sweepstakes of 15 sovs. each, 10 ft. and only five if declared, &c.—Two miles.

Mr. Nanney's b. c. *Penrhos*, by Rowston, dam by Alexander, 4 yrs old, 8st. 6lb. (W. Lear) 1

Mr. Bristow's br. h. *Dr. Faustus*, aged, 9st. 2lb. 2

One subscriber paid 10 sovs. ft., and two others, having declared forfeit by the time prescribed, paid only five sovs. each.

HIS MAJESTY'S PURSE of 100gs. :—for three-year-olds, 8st. 4lb.; four, 9st.; five, 9st. 8lb.; six, and aged, 10st.—Thrice round and a distance.

Mr. Jackson's b. h. *Hazard*, by Waverley, out of Negociator's dam, 5 yrs old, (H. Arthur) 1

Mr. Beardsworth's b. g. *Independence*, 5 yrs old 2

Mr. Ormsby Gore's b. c. *Jasper*, by Spectre, 4 yrs old 3

FARMER'S PURSE of 50l. with 20, added to a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, for horses not thorough-bred.—One mile and a half heats.

Mr. George's ch. f. *Acco*, by Manfred, out of Jerry's dam, 3 yrs old, 9st. 6lb. (Ricketts) 1 1

Mr. O. Gore's gr. f. by Rowston, 4 yrs old, 9st. 11lb. 4 2

Mr. Nicol's br. g. by Jupiter, 6 yrs old, 11st. 11lb. 5 3

Mr. Jones's b. m. by Strephon, 5 yrs old, 10st. 11lb. (fell) 2 dis.

Mr. Clay's ch. m. by Champion, aged, 11st. 11lb. 3 dr.

DOVER MEETING.

TUESDAY, September 20.—The **SILVER CUP**, value 50l. for horses of all ages. Heats, two miles and a distance.

Mr. Hungerford's ch. g. *Camillus*, by Cannon-Ball, aged, 10st. (Macdonald) ... 1 1

Mr. G. Robelts's br. c. *Walter*, 3 yrs old, 7st. 3 2

Mr. Lambden's br. f. *Snacks*, 3 yrs old, 6st. 4lb. 0 3

Mr. Back's b. f. *Miss Mary Ann of Dover*, 4 yrs old, 7st. 10lb. 2 0

The **LADIES' PURSE** of 50l. for horses of all ages.—Heats, two miles and a distance.

Mr. W. Smith's ch. f. *Zarina*, by Middleton, out of Butterfly, 3 yrs, 6st. 11lb. ... 1 1

Mr. D'Amant's br. h. *Vicar*, 6 yrs old, 9st. 0 2

Mr. Back's b. f. *Miss Mary Ann of Dover*, 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb. 3 3

Mr. Wright's ch. f. *Petticoats*, 3 yrs old, 6st. 9lb. 2 0

WEDNESDAY, September 21.—**FIFTY POUNDS**, for horses of all ages.—Heats.

Mr. Hawkins's b. f. *Pandora*, by Wrangler, 4 yrs old, 8st. 1 1

Mr. Pirth's b. m. *Harriet*, aged, 9st. 2lb. 2 2

HUNTERS' STAKES.—Heats.

Mr. Lambden's b. g. *Avenue*, aged, 12st. 4lb. 0 1 2 1

Mr. Elton's br. g. *Scarecrow*, aged, 12st. 7lb. 0 0 1 2

Mr. Wright's b. g. *Sober Robin*, 5 yrs old, 11st. 11lb. 1 2 0 dr.

Captain Curtels's b. g. *Bob Hardy*, 6 yrs old, 11st. 2lb. 2 3 dr.

Mr. Quilhampton's b. g. *Tom Moody*, aged, 12st. 0 0 dr.

GLOUCESTER MEETING.

TUESDAY, September 20.—The **GLOUCESTERSHIRE STAKES** of 20 sovs. each, 10 ft. and only five if declared, &c. with 30 added.—Two miles.

Mr. Griffiths's b. c. *Thorngrove*, by Smolensko, out of Fanny Leigh, 4 yrs old, 7st. 10lb. (Chesswas) 1

Mr. Sadler's ch. f. *Device*, by Tramp, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. (received back his stake) ... 2

Mr. Davis's b. g. *Granby*, aged, 8st. 9lb. 3

Mr. I. Day's b. m. *Maldonia*, aged, 8st. 9lb. 4

One subscriber paid 10 sovs. forfeit, and four others having declared by the time prescribed, paid only five sovs. each.

The BEAUFORT STAKES of five sovs. each, with 30 added, for horses of all ages.—
One-mile heats.—Six subs.

Mr. Yates's gr. g. <i>Gab</i> , by Swap, out of Gabrielle, 3 yrs, 7st. 4lb. (Chesswas).....	1	1
Mr. I. Day's bl. m. Busk, aged, 9st. 4lb.	3	2
Mr. Sadler's b. c. Sinbad, 3 yrs old, 7st. 10lb.	2	3
Mr. Thornes's b. g. The Ghost, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb.....	4	dr.

WEDNESDAY, September 21.—The HARTPURY STAKES of five sovs. each, with 30 added.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. I. Day's b. f. by Whalebone, out of Sloe's dam, 3 yrs old, 7st. 2lb. (broke down).....	4	1	1
Mr. Thornes's b. g. <i>Harry</i> , 4 yrs old, 7st. 13lb.	1	2	2
Mr. Sadler's b. c. Sinbad, 3 yrs old, 7st. 3lb.	2	4	2
Mr. Davis's b. g. Granby, by Spectre, aged, 9st. 6lb. (broke down).....	3	3	4

The CITY MEMBERS' PURSE of 50l. added to a Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, Two-mile heats.

Mr. Griffiths's b. c. <i>Thorngrove</i> , by Smolensko, out of Fanny Leigh, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. (Chesswas)	1	1
Mr. I. Day's b. c. Shark, 4 yrs old, 8st. 5lb.	4	2
Mr. Sadler's ch. f. Design, 4 yrs old, 8st.	2	3
Mr. Davis's b. f. Amella, 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb.....	3	4

BURDEROP MEETING.

WEDNESDAY, September 21.—The BURDEROP STAKES of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft. for horses of all ages.—Two miles.

Mr. Reeves's b. m. *Flora*, by Cannon Ball, 5 yrs old, 8st.....walked over.
Two subscribers paid 15 sovs. ft. and seven others having declared by the time prescribed, paid only five sovs. each.

FIFTY POUNDS, for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Goodlake's ch. f. <i>Dolly Mop</i> , by Tramp, 3 yrs, 7st. 11lb. (R. Crouch).....	2	1	1
Mr. Dundas's b. c. Scrub, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb.....	1	2	2
Mr. Calley's br. f. Liska, by a Son of Orville, out of Chesterton's dam, 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb.	3	dr.	
Mr. Watson's b. m. Fidget, 6 yrs old, 9st. 6lb.....	4	dr.	

The SILVER CUP, value 50l. (handicap), added to a Sweepstakes of three sovs. each, for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Crouch's b. f. <i>Dora</i> , by Smolensko, dam by Marmion, 3 yrs old, 8st. (S. Mann)	1	1
Mr. Hall's ch. g. Frolic, 6 yrs old, 8st. 8lb.	3	2
Mr. Lewis's b. g. Rapid, 5 yrs old, 8st. 4lb.....	4	3
Mr. Denyer's ch. h. Francis, 5 yrs old, 9st. 4lb.	2	dr.

THURSDAY, September 22.—HANDICAP PURSE of 50l. for horses of all ages. Two-mile heats.

Mr. Smith's br. m. <i>Rigmarole</i> , by Soothsayer, aged, 8st. 10lb. (S. Mann).....	1	1
Mr. Goodlake's ch. f. Dolly Mop, 3 yrs old, 7st. 7lb.	2	2
Mr. Crouch's b. f. Dora, 3 yrs old, 7st.....	3	3
Mr. Calley's b. f. Liska, 4 yrs old, 7st. 4lb.....	4	4

MARLBOROUGH TOWN SUBSCRIPTION PURSE of 50l. for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Dundas's b. c. <i>Scrub</i> , by Pyramus, out of Brush's dam, 4 yrs, 8st. 10lb....	1	1
Mr. Mills's Dwarf, aged, 8st. 10lb.....	2	2
Mr. Taylor's b. m. Fidget, 6 yrs old, 8st. 4lb.	4	3
Mr. Smith's br. m. Rigmarole, aged, 9st. 4lb.	3	dr.

The CAVALRY SILVER CUP, value 50l. given by the Corporation of Marlborough, for horses not thorough-bred.—Two-mile heats, was won at two heats by

Mr. Brinsden's b. m. *Short-legged Nancy*, 5 yrs old, 11st. 7lb. (Owner) beating seven others.

SOUTHWOLD MEETING.

WEDNESDAY, September 21.—FIFTY POUNDS, for horses of all ages.—Heats, twice round, about two miles.

Col. Wilson's br. c. <i>Whiskey</i> , by Tiresias, out of Schedam by Juniper, 3 yrs old, 7st.	2	1	1
----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	---	---	---

Lord Stradbroke's b. m. Gallopade, 5 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. (fell lame in the second heat) 1 2 3
 Five to 4 on Gallopade; after the first heat, 3 to 1 on her; and after the second heat, 10 to 1 on Whiskey.

OSWESTRY MEETING.

TUESDAY, September 27.—A CUP, value 50l. given by Sir W. W. Wynn, Bart. added to a Handicap Stakes of 15 sovs. each.—One mile and a half.

Mr. Palin's b. g. *Pluralist*, by Ambo, dam by Comus, 5 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. (W. Lear) 1

Mr. Ormsby Gore's ch. c. Buskin, 3 yrs old, 7st. 9lb. 2

The following also started but were not placed:—Mr. Tomes's b. h. The Burgess, 5 yrs, 8st. 9lb.; Sir T. Stanley's b. c. Pedestrian, 4 yrs, 8st. 4lb.; Mr. Nanney's b. f. Wedlock, 3 yrs, 7st. 6lb.; and Mr. R. Barnett's b. f. Fair Barbara, 3 yrs, 7st.—Two subscribers having declared ft. by the time prescribed paid only five sovs. each.—Won by half a length.

PRODUCE STAKES of 25gs. each, for three-year-olds.—One mile.—Three subs.

Mr. Ormsby Gore's b. c. *Ticket*, by Lottery, dam by W.'s Ditto, out of Antelope, 8st. 11lb. (Darling) 1

Mr. Nanney's ch. c. Conrad, by Randal, 8st. 11lb. 2
 Won in a canter.

SUBSCRIPTION PURSE of 50l. for three and four-year-olds.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Ormsby Gore's b. c. *Jasper*, by Spectre, 4 yrs, 7st. 10lb. (S. Darling) ... 1 2 1

Mr. Nanney's br. c. Belmont, 3 yrs old, 6st. 13lb. 2 1 2

Mr. Golding's ch. c. Cube, 3 yrs old, 7st. 2lb. 0 0 3

Sir T. Stanley's ch. f. Mima, 3 yrs old, 7st. 2lb. 0 0 dr.

A beautiful race.

SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, three ft. with a Purse added, for horses not thoroughbred.—Heats, one mile and a half.—Six subs.

Mr. Jones's b. m. by Sir Gilbert, 5 yrs old, 9st. 11lb. 2 1 1

Mr. Jones's John Bull, 5 yrs old, 10st. 1 2 2

Mr. Menlove's gr. g. Foxhunter, 5 yrs old, 10st. 13lb. 0 3 dr.

Mr. Clay's m. by Champion, aged, 10st. 3lb. 0 0 dr.

Mr. Ormsby Gore's gr. f. by Rowliston, 4 yrs old, 10st. 0 dr.

WEDNESDAY, September 28.—Mr. Ormsby Gore's b. c. *Ticket*, by Lottery, 8st. 5lb. rec. ft. from Mr. Tomes's b. f. Lady Gray, by Sir Gray, 8st. 2lb., both three-year-olds, one mile, 50 sovs. h. ft.

The GOLD CUP, value 100 sovs. (in specie) by 11 subs. of 10 sovs. each.—Two miles and a quarter.

Mr. Mostyn's b. f. *Her Highness*, by Moses, out of Princess Royal, 3 yrs old, 6st. 6lb. (M. Jones) 1

Mr. Nanney's b. c. Penrhos, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2

Mr. Chapman's b. h. Perseverance, 5 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. 3

A good race.

The SHROPSHIRE STAKES of 20 sovs. each, 10 ft. with 50 added.—Heats, one mile and a half.

Mr. Nanney's bl. f. *Georgiana*, by Welbeck, out of Banshee, 4 yrs old, 7st. 12lb.

(G. Calloway) 1 1

Mr. R. Barnett's b. f. Fair Barbara, 3 yrs old, 6st. 2lb. 2 2

Three subs. paid 10 sovs. ft. and three others having declared by the time prescribed paid only five sovs. each.—The first heat won by a neck; the second easy.

TOWN PURSE of 50l. for horses of all ages.—Heats, one mile and a half.

Mr. F. R. Price's b. h. *Fag*, by Master Henry, 5 yrs, 8st. 13lb. (H. Arthur) .. 4 1 1

Mr. Tomes's b. h. The Burgess, 5 yrs old, 8st. 13lb. 1 3 2

Mr. Chapman's Perseverance, 5 yrs old, 8st. 13lb. 2 2 3

Mr. Nanney's bl. f. *Georgiana*, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. 3 dr.

Each heat well contested.

CARLISLE MEETING.

TUESDAY, September 27.—SWEEPSTAKES of 20 sovs. each, with 20 added, for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 3lb.; fillies, 8st.—About three quarters of a mile.

Mr. H. Edwards's br. f. *Miss Hawthorne*, by Jerry, dam by Ardrossan (J. Dodgson) 1

Mr. Hope's b. c. by Figaro, out of Grecian Queen	2
Mr. Jacques's b. f. by Corinthian, out of Creeping Kate	3
Mr. Attwood's gr. f. Francesca, by Mozart—Arabian.....	0
Mr. Smith's gr. c. by Lottery, out of Snowball	0
Won by half a length.	

MAIDEN PURSE of 50l. given by the Members for the City of Carlisle, for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Westgarth's br. c. <i>Goldfinch</i> , by Helwith, 3 yrs old, 6st. 10lb. (J. Robinson, jun.)	1	1
Mr. Walker's b. g. Cock Robin, 5 yrs old, 8st. 3lb.	6	2
Mr. Wilson's b. f. Jane Spigot, 4 yrs old, 7st. 8lb.....	4	3
Mr. Hodgson's ch. c. William the Fourth, by Abjer, 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb.	5	4
Mr. Wilson's ro. f. by North Star, 3 yrs old, 6st. 7lb.....	2	5
Mr. Williamson's ch. c. Dr. Fraser, 3 yrs old, 6st. 7lb.....	3	dr.
Mr. Lockey's b. h. Brother to Corby, 5 yrs old, 8st. 6lb.	7	dr.
Mr. Topping's b. f. by Gambler, 4 yrs old, 7st. 8lb.	dis.	
Mr. Gray's b. f. by Dr. Syntax, 3 yrs old, 6st. 7lb.....	dis.	
Won by half half a length.		

The GOLD CUP, value 100gs. by 10 subs. of 10gs. each, for horses of all ages.—Three miles.

Mr. Wilkin's b. g. <i>Balloch Myle</i> , by Peter Lely, 3 yrs old, 6st. 9lb. (J. Robinson, jun.)	1
Mr. Hodgson's b. h. The Earl, 6 yrs old, 8st. 12lb.....	2
Mr. Smith's br. g. Brown Stout, 3 yrs old, 6st. 9lb.	3
Mr. Spalding's b. h. Mr. Pengander, aged, 8st. 12lb.....	4
Mr. Gray's b. f. by Dr. Syntax, 3 yrs old, 6st. 9lb.....	5
Mr. Jacques's b. c. Talleyrand, by Bachelor, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. (broke down)	6
A good race, and won only by half a neck.	

WEDNESDAY, September 28.—His MAJESTY'S PURSE of 100gs. for four-year-olds and upwards.—Four miles.

Mr. Hodgson's b. h. <i>The Earl</i> , by Percy, dam by Remembrancer, 6 yrs old, 11st. 12lb. (M. Haswell)	1
Mr. Davidson's b. h. Victory, 6 yrs old, 11st. 12lb.....	2
Mr. Shipley's b. h. Catillus, 5 yrs old, 11st. 7lb.	3
Mr. Wright's gr. m. Border Lass, 6 yrs old, 11st. 12lb.....	4
Mr. Hedley's br. m. Jessy, by Cacambo, aged, 12st.	5
A most excellent race between the first two.	

FIFTY POUNDS, for horses of all ages.—Heats, two miles and a distance.

Mr. Westgarth's br. c. <i>Goldfinch</i> , by Helwith, 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb. (J. Robinson, jun.)	4	1	1
Mr. Walker's b. g. Cock Robin, 5 yrs old, 8st. 7lb.....	1	3	3
Mr. Arrowsmith's ch. g. Orangeman, by Doctor Syntax, 3 yrs old, 6st. 9lb... ..	2	2	2
Mr. Spalding's Mr. Pengander, aged, 9st. 11lb.....	3	dr.	

SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, with five added by the owner of Royalist, for the produce of mares covered by that horse, not thorough-bred, 9st. each.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Tinning's b. c. 4 yrs old (Jacques).....	3	1	1
Mr. Edgar's ch. g. Royal Prince, 3 yrs old	1	2	2
Mr. Mulcaster's b. c. 4 yrs old	2	3	3
A well-contested race, and won only by half a neck.			

THURSDAY, September 29.—**SWEEPSTAKES** of five sovs. each. with 25 added, for horses of all ages.—One mile.—Five subs.

Mr. Hope's b. c. by Figaro, out of Grecian Queen by Catton, 2 yrs old, 7st. (J. Robinson, jun.)	1
Mr. Hodgson's b. g. by Gambler, 5 yrs old, 10st. 8lb.....	2
Mr. Wilson's ro. f. by North Star, 3 yrs old, 9st. 2lb.....	3
Mr. Gray's b. f. by Doctor Syntax, dam by Whisker, 3 yrs old, 9st. 2lb.	4

FIFTY POUNDS, given by the Members for the County of Cumberland, for horses of all ages.—Three-mile heats.

Mr. Wilkin's b. g. <i>Balloch Myle</i> , by Peter Lely, 3 yrs, 6st. 10lb. (J. Robinson, jun.)	1	1
Mr. Hedley's br. m. Jessy, aged, 8st. 13lb.	3	2
Mr. Arrowsmith's Orangeman, 3 yrs old, 6st. 8lb.....	2	dr.

FIFTY POUNDS, for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Smith's br. g. <i>Brown Stout</i> , by Jack Spigot or Young Phantom, 3 yrs old, 7st. (S. Dodgson).....	1	1
Mr. Hudson's b. g. <i>Storm</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 5lb.	4	2
Mr. Shipley's b. h. <i>Catillus</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 7lb.	2	3
Mr. Davidson's b. h. <i>Victory</i> , 6 yrs old, 8st. 12lb.....	3	dr.

DORCHESTER MEETING.

TUESDAY, September 27.—The **TRADESMAN'S STAKES** of ten sovs. each, five ft. with 65 added.—Heats, two miles and a quarter.—Seven subs.

Mr. Hayward's br. h. <i>Terror</i> , by Magistrate, 6 yrs, 8st. 10lb. (Wakefield)..	1	4	1
Mr. Taunton's b. h. <i>Coronet</i> , by Catton, 6 yrs old, 9st. 2lb. (received back his stake).....	4	1	2
Mr. Radclyffe's h. <i>Brownlock</i> , aged, 9st. 4lb.....	3	2	3
Mr. Jones's br. f. <i>Slander</i> . 4 yrs old, 8st.....	2	3	dr.

Each heat well contested.

The **MAIDEN CASTLE STAKES** of five sovs. each, three ft. with 25 added.—Heats, one mile and a half.—Six subs.

Mr. Taunton's br. h. <i>Coronet</i> , by Catton, dam by Paynator, 6 yrs old, 9st. 2lb. (Trenn)	1	1
Mr. Ley's b. h. <i>Omen</i> , by Orville, 6 yrs old, 9st.	2	2

A **HURDLE RACE** of five sovs. each, with 25 added, 11st. 11lb. each.—Gentlemen riders.—One mile and a half, with six leaps over hurdles.—Four subs.

Mr. Mansfield's b. g. <i>The Caliph</i> (Owner)	1
Mr. Beauman's br. g. <i>Telegraph</i>	2
Mr. Tobin's b. g. <i>Godfrey</i>	3

MATCH for 100 sovs. h. ft.—One mile and a half.

Mr. Montgomery's <i>Champagne</i> (Owner)	1
Mr. Arthur's <i>Paddy</i> from Cork.....	2

WEDNESDAY, September 28.—The **DORCHESTER STAKES** of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft. with 25 added.—Two miles and a quarter.

Mr. Biggs's br. c. <i>Wassailer</i> , by Reveller, out of Annot Lyle, 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb. (Wakefield)	1
Mr. Reeves's b. m. <i>Flora</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 11lb.....	2

One subscriber paid 15 sovs. ft. and eleven others having declared by the time prescribed paid only five sovs. each.

The **LADIES' PURSE** of 50l. for horses of all ages.—Heats, about two miles and a quarter.

Mr. Hayward's br. h. <i>Terror</i> , by Magistrate, out of Torelli, 6 yrs, 9st. 10lb. (Wakefield).....	1	1
Mr. Wiltshire's b. h. <i>Lawrence</i> , aged, 9st. 5lb.....	3	2
Mr. Jones's br. f. <i>Slander</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb.....	2	dr.

The winner was claimed, according to the articles, for 150 sovs.

HANDICAP STAKES of five sovs. each, three ft. made up 50l. for the beaten horses.—Heats, about one mile and a half.—Four subs.

Mr. Ley's b. h. <i>Omen</i> , by Orville, out of Whizgig by Rubens, 6 yrs old, 9st. (Cowley)	1	1
Mr. Mills's gr. g. <i>Dwarf</i> , aged, 7st. 10lb.....	2	2
Mr. Wiltshire's b. h. <i>Lawrence</i> , aged, 8st. 6lb.	3	3

HURDLE RACE for 50 sovs. h. ft.

Mr. Beauman's br. g. <i>Telegraph</i> (Mr. Teesdale)	1
Mr. Mansfield's b. g. <i>The Caliph</i>	2

HEATON PARK MEETING.

WEDNESDAY, September 28.—The **STANLEY STAKES** of 10 sovs. each:—three-year-olds, 9st. 5lb.; four, 10st. 5lb.; five, 10st. 12lb.; six and aged, 11st. 2lb.—A. F.—Thirteen subs.

Mr. Houldsworth's b. f. <i>Circassian</i> , by Sultan, out of Variety, 3 yrs old (Mr. Molony).....	1
Mr. Gully's br. h. <i>Tranby</i> , by Blacklock, 5 yrs old	2
Sir J. Gerard's b. c. <i>Tetotum</i> , by Lottery, 3 yrs old	3

The following also started but were not placed :—Mr. Thompson's br. g. Orthodox, by Filho, aged ; Lord Wilton's ch. c. Bras de Fer, by Langar, 3 yrs ; Mr. W. Turner's b. c. Shrigly, by Macduff, 3 yrs ; Mr. Greville's ch. c. Adam Brock, by Blacklock, 3 yrs ; and Mr. Cooke's b. f. by Catton, out of Orphan, 3 yrs.

MATCH for 100 sovs. 11st. each.—Three-quarters of a mile.

Sir J. Gerard's b. h. *Prince Eugene*, by Whisker, dam by Shuttle, 5 yrs old (Owner)..... 1
Capt. Copland's b. h. *Fairplay*, aged 2

The HEATON PARK STAKES (handicap) of 15 sovs. each, five ft.—One mile and a half.—Nineteen subs.

Mr. Johnson's ch. h. *Jupiter*, by Tramp, dam by Sorcerer, aged, 11st. 5lb. (Mr. Kent)..... 1
Mr. Cosby's b. c. *Sketch-Book*, 4 yrs old, 10st. 3lb. 2

The following also started but were not placed :—Mr. Turner's b. f. *The Nab*, 4 yrs, 10st. 7lb. ; Lord Wilton's ch. h. *Rough Robin*, 6 yrs, 12st. 7lb. ; and Sir J. Gerard's b. h. *Prince Eugene*, 5 yrs, 10st. 7lb.

HANDICAP STAKES of 10 sovs. each, five ft. with 20 added, for horses not thorough bred.—Once round.—Five subs.

Lord Chesterfield's ch. g. *Rufus*, by Palmerin, dam by Ponteland, 6 yrs, 12st. 4lb. (Lord Wilton) 1
Mr. Burton's gr. g. *The Admiral*, 5 yrs old, 12st. 4lb. 2
Sir R. Brooke's b. g. by General Mina, 3 yrs old, 9st. 5lb. 0
Mr. H. Brooke's b. g. *Michael*, 4 yrs old, 10st. 6lb. (bolted)..... 0

The GOLD CUP, value 100 sovs. given by Mr. Deane, added to a Subscription of 10 sovs. each.—St. Leger Course.—Nineteen subs.

Mr. I. Sadler's br. g. *Jocko*, by Filho da Puta, dam oy Clinker, aged, 11st. 4lb. (Mr. Peyton)..... 1
Mr. Gully's br. h. *Tranby*, by Blacklock, 5 yrs old, 11st. 2
Lord Wilton's b. c. *The Chancellor*, 3 yrs old, 9st. 3lb. 3

The GRAND JUNCTION STAKES of 20 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds :—colts, 10st. 7lb. ; fillies, 10st. 4lb.—One mile.—Eight subs.

Lord Wilton's b. c. *The Chancellor*, by Minos, out of Angelica by Amadis (Owner) 1
Mr. Houldsworth's b. f. *Circassian*, by Sultan 2
Mr. M. Stanley named b. c. by Catton—Rolla's dam 3

THURSDAY, September 29.—FIFTY POUNDS, given by the Club, added to a Subscription of five sovs. each.—Two miles.—Five subs.

Mr. I. Sadler's br. g. *Jocko*, by Filho da Puta, dam by Clinker, aged, 11st. 9lb. (Mr. Peyton) 1
Mr. Dudson's b. c. by Catton, 3 yrs old, 9st. 3lb. 2
Mr. Walmsley's b. c. *Shaver*, 3 yrs old, 9st. 3lb. 3

The FORESTER STAKES of 10 sovs. each, 12st. 7lb. each.—A. F.—Seven subs.

Mr. Gully's br. h. *Tranby*, by Blacklock, dam by Orville, out of Miss Grimston, 5 yrs old (Mr. White)..... 1
Mr. Thompson's br. g. Orthodox, by Filho, aged 2
Mr. Joddrell named ch. h. *Victim*, 6 yrs old..... 3

HANDICAP STAKES of 10 sovs. each, h. ft.—A. F.—Eleven subs.

Mr. Hodson's ch. c. *Winton*, by Muley, dam by Gohanna, 4 yrs old, 11st. 1lb. (Mr. Kent) 1
Mr. Hoyle's br. f. by Wanderer, 3 yrs old, 10st. 1lb. 2
Mr. Thompson's br. m. *Armida*, 5 yrs old, 11st. 6lb. 3

The following also started but were not placed :—Mr. H. Brooke named ch. h. *Victim*, 6 yrs, 11st. 1lb. ; Mr. Trafford named br. g. *Brielle*, 5 yrs, 11st. 4lb. ; Mr. Tongue's b. f. *Vigornia*, 4 yrs, 10st. 9lb. ; Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. *Simon*, 3 yrs, 10st. 9lb. ; Sir T. Stanley's b. h. *Jocelyne*, aged, 11st. 8lb. ; and Sir R. Brooke's b. f. by Gen. Mina, 3 yrs, 9st. 3lb.

The MANCHESTER STAKES (handicap) of 15 sovs. each, five ft.—One mile and a half.—Twelve subs.

Mr. Ferguson's b. c. *Kangaroo*, by Whisker, dam by Paynator, 4 yrs old, 10st. 3lb. (Mr. Griffiths) 1
Lord Chesterfield's ch. g. *Rufus*, 6 yrs old, 10st. 6lb. 2
Mr. Cosby's b. c. *Sketch Book*, 4 yrs old, 10st. 10lb. 3

HANDICAP STAKES of 15 sovs. each, five ft. for horses not thorough-bred.—One mile.—Five subs.

Mr. Cooke's br. g. *Bhurtpore*, by Paul Potter, 6 yrs old, 10st. 2lb.walked over.

SWEEPSTAKES of 15 sovs. each, five ft. with 25 added.—One mile.—Five subs.

Lord Wilton's ch. c. *Bras de Fer*, by Langar, out of Velvet, 3 yrs old, 9st. 12lb.

(Owner) 1

Mr. M. Stanley's b. f. *Lady Constance*, 4 yrs old, 10st. 9lb. 2

Mr. Greville's ch. c. *Adam Brock*, 3 yrs old, 9st. 12lb. 3

FRIDAY, September 30.—MATCH for 50 sovs. h. ft. both four-year-olds.—Half a mile.

Mr. Hobson's ch. c. *Winton*, by Muley, 11st. 1lb. (Mr. Kent) 1

Mr. Tongue's b. f. *Vigornia*, 10st. 4lb. 2

The CLARET STAKES (handicap) of 15 sovs. each, five ft.—One mile.—Five subs.

Lord Wilton's ch. c. *Bras de Fer*, by Langar, 3 yrs old, 10st. 3lb. (Lord Wilton) 1

Mr. Hobson's ch. c. *Winton*, 4 yrs old, 11st. 2

Mr. Greville's ch. c. *Adam Brock*, 3 yrs old, 9st. 7lb. 3

The GOLD CUP, value 200 sovs. given by the Town of Manchester, added to a Handicap Stakes of 15 sovs. each, five ft.—St. Leger Course.—Thirty subs.—

The owner of the second horse received 20 sovs. out of the Stakes.

Mr. Houldsworth's ch. h. *Vanish*, by Phantom, out of Treasure, 6 yrs old, 12st.

4lb. (Mr. Kent) 1

Lord Wilton's b. c. *The Chancellor*, 3 yrs old, 10st. 2

The following also started but were not placed:—Mr. I. Sadler's br. g. *Jocko*, aged, 14st.; Lord Wilton's ch. c. *Bras de Fer*, 3 yrs old, 9st. 9lb.; Sir J. Gerard's b. h. *Prince Eugene*, 5 yrs old, 10st. 7lb.; Mr. Cosby's b. h. *Hindoo*, 5 yrs old, 10st. 10lb.; Mr. Ferguson's b. c. *Kangaroo*, 4 yrs old, 11st. 4lb.; Mr. Wormald's b. c. *Bullet*, 4 yrs old, 11st. 4lb.; and Sir T. Stanley's b. g. *Lawrie Todd*, 4 yrs old, 11st. 8lb.

ONE HUNDRED POUNDS, given by the Steward (Lord Chesterfield), added to a Handicap Stakes, of 10 sovs. each, h. ft.—Once round and a distance.—Ten subs.

Mr. Cosby's br. c. *Sketch Book*, by Rubens, dam by Caleb Quotem, 4 yrs old,

10st. 6lb. (Owner) 1

Mr. Johnson's ch. h. *Jupiter*, aged, 12st. 9lb. 2

The following also started but were not placed:—Mr. Hoyle's br. f. by *Wanderer*, 3 yrs, 9st.; Mr. Gully's br. h. *Tranby*, 5 yrs, 12st. 9lb.; Lord Wilton's ch. h. *Rough Robin*, 6 yrs, 12st. 4lb.; Mr. Joddrell named ch. h. *Victim*, 6 yrs, 11st. 1lb.; and Mr. Hobson's ch. c. *Winton*, 4 yrs, 10st. 7lb.

HANDICAP STAKES of five sovs. each, with 25 added.—One mile.—Thirty-one subs.

Mr. Houldsworth's b. f. *Circassian*, by Sultan, out of Variety, 3 yrs old, 9st. 9lb.

(Mr. Molony) 1

Mr. Cook's b. f. by Catton, out of Orphan, 3 yrs old, 9st. 2

The following also started but were not placed:—Lord Derby's b. c. *Mumper*, 4 yrs, 9st. 12lb.; Mr. Weatherill's ch. f. *Taglioni*, 4 yrs, 9st. 9lb.; Mr. Henderson's b. g. *The Peacock*, 4 yrs, 10st. 7lb.; Mr. Turner's b. f. *The Nab*, 4 yrs, 10st. 10lb.; Mr. Wormald's b. c. *Bullet*, 4 yrs, 11st. 2lb.; and Mr. Johnson's ch. h. *Jupiter*, aged, 12st. 8lb.

BRECONSHIRE MEETING.

WEDNESDAY, September 28.—The LADIES' PURSE of 50l. for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Thornes's b. g. *Harry*, by Master Henry, out of Young Chryseis, 4 yrs

old, 7st. 11lb. 1 1

Mr. Patrick's br. m. *Cholstrey Lass*, aged, 9st. 6lb. 4 2

Mr. George's b. g. *Jerry*, aged, 9st. 6lb. 2 3

Mr. Bristow's br. c. *Brussels*, 3 yrs old, 7st. 3lb. 3 dr.

Major Rice's b. c. *Rhagflaniad*, 4 yrs old, 8st. 5 dr.

The **FARMERS' STAKES** (29 subs.) was won by Mr. R. Powell's *Polly Hopkins*, beating seven others.

THURSDAY, September 29.—The MEMBERS' PURSE of 50l. :—for three-year-olds, 7st. 2lb.; four, 8st. 4lb.; five, 8st. 12lb.; six, and aged, 9st. 4lb.—The winner of the Ladies' Purse 3lb. extra.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb., and Horses bred in Wales allowed 5lb. in addition.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Thornes's b. g. <i>Harry</i> , by Master Henry, out of Young Chryseis, by Dick Andrews, 4 yrs old.....	1	1
Mr. Harry's br. m. Variety, 5 yrs old.....	3	2
Mr. Haddy's b. h. Smuggler, 6 yrs old.....	2	dr.

HANDICAP STAKES of four sovs. each, with 30 added.—Heats, once round and a distance,

Mr. Thornes's b. g. <i>Harry</i> , by Master Henry, 4 yrs old	1	1
Mr. Bristow's br. c. Brussels, 3 yrs old	2	2
Mr. Powell's Polly Hopkins, 5 yrs old	3	dr.
Mr. Bowyer's Stapleton, 5 yrs old	4	dr.

The FARMERS' STAKES was won by Mr. L. Williams's *Margaretta*, beating two others.

HUNTERS' STAKES of five sovs. each, with 20 added.—Four subs.
Mr. Bowyer's *Stapleton*, 5 yrs old.....walked over.

WALSALL MEETING.

WEDNESDAY, September 28.—SWEEPSTAKES of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft. for three-year-olds :—colts, 8st. 5lb. ; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—About two miles.

Mr. Morris's b. c. <i>Bluebeard</i> , by Whisker, out of Muta by Tramp (Wadlow)	1
Mr. E. Yates's gr. f. Sylph, by Swap, out of Sigh	2
Mr. Beardsworth's b. c. by Figaro, out of Rose	3

The GOLD CUP STAKES, by twelve subs. of 10 sovs. each.—Three miles and a distance.

Mr. Beardsworth's br. g. <i>Independence</i> , by Filho or Sherwood, 5 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. (S. Darling)	1
Mr. Morris's b. c. <i>Bluebeard</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb.....	2
Mr. Yates's b. f. <i>Lilla</i> , by Bobadil, 4 yrs old, 7st. 12lb.....	3

SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, with 10 added, for horses, &c. not thoroughbred.—Two-mile heats.—Ten subs.

Mr. Hobson's b. c. <i>Donington</i> , by Champion, 3 yrs old, 9st. 12lb. (W. Lear)	2	1	1
Mr. H. Lamb's b. g. by York, 4 yrs old, 11st.	3	2	2
Mr. Burton's b. f. Sister to The Admiral, by Cannon Ball, 3 yrs, 9st. 3lb... ..	1	0	dr.
Mr. Eld's Brother to Atlas, 6 yrs old, 11st. 7lb.	4	3	dr.
Mr. Barber's br. c. Tom Whittington, by Filho da Puta, 4 yrs, 10st. 9lb. ...	5	0	dr.

THURSDAY, September 29.—The BIRMINGHAM STAKES of 20 sovs. each, 10 ft. with 25 added.—Two miles and a distance.—Nineteen subs., fourteen of whom having declared ft. paid only five sovs. each.

Mr. Beardsworth's b. c. <i>Warwick</i> , by Filho, dam by Comus, 3 yrs old, 6st. 10lb., (W. Lock)	1
Mr. Painter's b. g. Russell, 5 yrs old, 8st. 4lb.....	2

SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 20 added, for horses of all ages.—Heats, twice round.

Lord Warwick's b. f. <i>Water Witch</i> , by Whalebone, 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb. (C. Marlow)	1	1
Mr. E. Yates's gr. f. Sylph, 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb.....	3	2
Mr. Beardsworth's ch. h. Sir Walter, 5 yrs old, 8st. 13lb.....	2	3
Mr. Jones's br. g. by King of Diamonds, 4 yrs, 8st. 2lb.....	fell.	

The CORPORATION PURSE of 50 sovs.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Jones's br. g. by King of Diamonds, dam by All Dickey, 4 yrs, 8st. 3lb. (Lear)	1	4	3	1
Mr. Yates's b. f. <i>Lilla</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 5lb.	2	0	1	2
Mr. Morris's b. m. Gazelle, 5 yrs old, 8st. 13lb.....	4	0	2	
Mr. Twamley's b. f. Sappho, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb.	3	3	dr.	

LINCOLN MEETING.

WEDNESDAY, September 28.—The CHAMPION STAKES of 30 sovs. each, 20 ft. for three-year-olds :—colts, 8st. 3lb. ; fillies, 8st.—Two miles.—Four subs.

Mr. Golden's br. f. <i>La Fille Mal Gardée</i> , by Lottery, out of Morgiana by Muley (R. Johnson)	1
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Col. King's gr. f. Gallopade, by Catton 2
Three to 1 on *La Fille Mal Gardee*, who took the lead, was never headed, and won in a canter.

HIS MAJESTY'S PURSE of 100gs. for four and five-year-old mares.—Two-mile heats.
Lord Cleveland's b. *Maria*, by Whisker, out of Gibside Fairy, 4 yrs, 8st. 4lb. 2 1 1
Lord Scarbrough's br. *Volage*, 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. 1 2 dr.
Mr. Houldsworth's br. *Christiana*, by Filho da Puta, 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. 3 3 dr.
Four to 1 on *Maria*; after the first heat, even betting. Won easy.

THURSDAY, September 29.—PRODUCE STAKES of 30 sovs. each, 20 ft. for two-year-olds.—Three-quarters of a mile.—Four subs.

Mr. Houldsworth's br. f. *Clara*, by Filho da Puta, out of Clari by Smolensko, 7st. 11lb. (G. Nelson) 1
Mr. Ellis's b. c. *Primendorf*, by Brutendorf, out of Lady Harriet, 8st. 3lb. 2
Five to 4 on *Clara*. A beautiful race, and won by only a nose.

The CITY PURSE of 50l. for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. W. Ellis's b. f. *Frantic*, by Champignon, out of Maniac, 3 yrs old, 7st. 11lb. (J. Gray) 1 2 1
Mr. Broomhead's b. c. *Butcher Boy*, by Catton, out of Eleanor, 3 yrs old, 7st. 3lb. 3 1 3
Lord Queensberry's b. c. *Hassan*, 3 yrs old, 7st. 2 3 2
Dr. Willis's b. g. by Filho, 5 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. 6 4 dr.
Mr. Brooke's br. m. *Fanny Kemble*, by Filho da Puta, 6 yrs, 8st. 12lb. 4 dr.
Mr. S. Reed's b. c. *Panton*, 3 yrs old, 7st. 5 dr.

Two to 1 agst *Hassan*, 5 to 1 agst *Panton*, 6 to 1 agst *Butcher Boy*, and *Frantic* not mentioned; after the first heat, 6 to 4 agst *Frantic*, 4 to 1 agst *Butcher Boy*, and 6 to 1 agst *Hassan*; after the second heat, 5 to 2 on *Butcher Boy*. A fine race, the last heat won by only a head.

FRIDAY, September 30.—PRODUCE STAKES of 30 sovs. each, 20 ft. for three-year-olds.—One mile and three quarters.—Three subs.

Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. *Tiberius*, by Filho da Puta, out of Torelli, 8st. (G. Nelson) 1
Col. King's gr. f. *Gallopade*, by Catton, 7st. 11lb. 2
Five to 2 on *Tiberius*. Won in a canter.

The GOLD CUP, by 15 subs. of 10 sovs. each, for horses of all ages.—Three miles.

Mr. Golden's br. f. *La Fille Mal Gardee*, by Lottery, out of Morgiana, 3 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. (J. Gray) 1
Lord Scarbrough's br. c. *Windcliffe*, by Waverley, 4 yrs, 8st. (rec. back his stake) ... 2
Two to 1 on *Windcliffe*, who took the lead at a good pace, but the filly came out at the distance and won easy.

SEVENTY GUINEAS, for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. J. Scott's b. c. *Rodolph*, by Derfreischutz, 3 yrs old, 7st. 2lb. (T. Lye) 1 1
Mr. Bell's b. f. *Cinderella*, 3 yrs old, 7st. (rec. 21gs.) 3 2
Lord Scarbrough's b. h. *Cambridge*, 6 yrs old, 9st. 3lb. 2 3

Two to 1 on *Rodolph*; after the first heat, 5 to 1 on him. Both heats won in a canter. Immediately after starting for the first heat, *Cinderella* run out of the course, but returned in sufficient time to save her distance.

FIFE HUNT MEETING.

(CUPAR COURSE).

THURSDAY, September 29.—The GOLD CUP, value 100 sovs. by subscriptions of 10 sovs. each, for horses of all ages.—Twice round.—Four subs.

Mr. Ramsay's b. h. *Round Robin*, by Borodino, dam by Cerberus, 5 yrs, 8st. 12lb. (T. Fender) 1
Mr. Dalzell named b. m. *Swing*, aged, 8st. 12lb. 2
Won by a head.

FIFTY POUNDS, for horses of all ages.—Heats, twice round.

Mr. Dick's b. g. *Gharley*, by Percy, out of Miss Wilken, aged, 9st. 11lb. (T. Fender) 1 1
Mr. Ramsay's b. f. *Miss Dulwich*, 3 yrs old, 7st. 2lb. 2 dr.

FIFTY POUNDS, for horses of all ages.—Heats, once round and a distance.

Mr. Ramsay's b. h. *Round Robin*, by Borodino, 5 yrs, 9st. walked over.

FRIDAY, September 30.—SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, with 30 added, 12st. 7lb. each.—Gentlemen riders.—Two-mile heats.—Six subs.
Mr. Dick's b. g. *Charley*, by Percy, out of Miss Wilkes, aged (Mr. Dalyell) ... 1 1
Mr. Guthrie's b. h. *Gallopade*, aged 2 2
—Won by half a length.

FIFTY POUNDS.—Heats, twice round and a distance.
Mr. Ramsay's b. h. *Round Robin*, by Borodino, 5 yrs old; 8st. 7lb.....walked over.

NEWMARKET FIRST OCTOBER MEETING.

MONDAY, October 3.—The TRIAL STAKES of 10 sovs. each:—for three-year-olds, 7st. 7lb.; four, 8st. 9lb.; five, 9st. 2lb.; six, and aged, 9st. 6lb.—A. F.—Six subs.

Sir M. Wood's ch. f. *Camarine*, by Juniper, dam by Rubens, 3 yrs (J. Chapple)... 1
Lord Lowther's b. c. *Spaniel*, by Whalebone, 3 yrs old..... 2
Duke of Portland's br. h. *The Theban*, 5 yrs old 3
Lord Orford's br. f. *Naiad*, by Whalebone, 3 yrs old 4
Lord Jersey's blk. h. *Juryman*, by Smolensko, 6 yrs old..... 5
Five to 4 agst *Spaniel*, and 6 to 4 agst *Camarine*. Won easy by a length.

SWEEPSTAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds.—D. M.—Three subs.
Col. Peel's b. c. *Lochinvar*, by Swap, out of Lady of the Lake, 8st. 11lb. (F. Boyce) 1
Sir M. Wood's b. f. *Galantine*, by Reveller, 8st. 7lb..... 2
Seven to 4 on *Galantine*. Won by two lengths.

MATCH for 100 sovs. h. ft. both three-year-olds.—A. F.
Lord Chesterfield's b. f. *Titania*, by Merlin, out of Dahlia by Phantom, 8st. 2lb. (F. Boyce)..... 1
Duke of Richmond's gr. c. *Ciudad Rodrigo*, 8st. 7lb. 2
Five to 4 agst *Ciudad Rodrigo*. Won by two lengths.

Ninth Renewal of the GRAND DUKE MICHAEL STAKES of 50 sovs. each, for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 5lb.—A. F.—Twenty-four subs.
Lord Orford's b. c. *The Grand Duke*, by Wrangler, out of Medora by Selim (P. Connolly) 1
Lord Jersey's ch. c. by Middleton—Blunder's dam 2
Mr. Mills's b. c. *Whiteboy*, by Blacklock..... 3
The following also started but were not placed:—Mr. S. Day's b. c. *Barabbas*, by Partisan, out of Barossa by Vermin—Nike by Alexander; Duke of Grafton's b. c. *Aeneas*, by Emilius—Pastille; Lord Exeter's ch. c. *Bohemian*, Brother to Zingance; Lord Westminster's b. g. *Metheglin*, by Filho da Puta; Mr. Hunter's b. c. by Gustavus, out of Sprightly; and Mr. Henry's ch. c. *Tam o'Shanter*, by Tiresias.—Three to 1 agst *Bohemian*, 4 to 1 agst Lord Jersey's colt, 4 to 1 agst *Aeneas*, and 5 to 1 agst *The Grand Duke*.—Won by a length.

MATCH for 200, h. ft. 8st. 7lb. each.—D. I.
Sir M. Wood's ch. c. *Captain Arthur*, by Bobadil, out of Tom Tit's dam by Cervantes (Robinson) 1
Duke of Portland's b. c. *Amphiaraus*, by Tiresias 2
Six to 5 on *Amphiaraus*. Won by a neck.

TUESDAY, October 4.—MATCH for 200, h. ft., both two-year-olds.—T. V. C.
Duke of Rutland's br. c. by Truffle, dam by W.'s Ditto, grandam by Trumpator, out of Countess by Sir Peter, 8st. 4lb. (J. Robinson) 1
Mr. Thornhill's b. c. *Pouch Box*, by Canteen, out of Salvadora by Outcry, 8st. 7lb. 2
Four to 1 on Duke of Rutland's colt. Won easy.

FIFTY POUNDS:—for four-year-olds, 7st. 4lb.; five, 8st. 5lb.; six, 8st. 11lb.; and aged, 9st.—B. C.
Capt. G. Bulkeley's b. f. *Bustle*, by Whalebone, out of The Odd Trick, 4 yrs old, (Wakefield) 1
Mr. Perren's br. c. *Donegani*, by Tramp, 4 yrs old 2
Mr. Theakston's gr. f. *Christina*, by Gustavus, 4 yrs old 3
Five to 4 agst *Bustle*, 6 to 4 agst *Donegani*, and 3 to 1 agst *Christina*. Won easy.

Lord Chesterfield's b. c. *Priam*, by Emilius, 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb. received 130 sovs. ft. and the Cup from Sir M. Wood's br. m. *Lucetta*, by Reveller, 5 yrs old, 8st. 8lb., B. C. for the Cup and 200 sovs. each.

WEDNESDAY, October 5.—MATCH for 100, both two-year-olds.—T. Y. C.
 Lord Chesterfield's br. f. *Kittums*, by Abjer, dam by Filho da Puta, 8st. 7lb. (P. Connolly) 1
 Gen. Grosvenor's f. *Kitty Fisher*, by Smyrna, 8st. 2lb. 2
 Twelve to 10 on *Kittums*. Won by a length.

HANDICAP STAKES of 10 sovs. each, for three-year-olds and upwards.—T. Y. C.—
 Eleven subs.

Col. Peel's b. c. *Lochinvar*, by Swap, out of Lady of the Lake, 3 yrs old, 7st. 6lb. (Knat) 1
 Mr. Day's b. c. *Barabbas*, 3 yrs old, 7st. 5lb. 2

The following also started but were not placed:—Lord Chesterfield's ch. c. *Splendour*, 4 yrs, 8st. 10lb.; Mr. Ramsbottom's br. c. *Zucharelli*, 4 yrs, 8st. 3lb.; Colonel Udny's b. c. *Conservator*, by Tramp, out of Consul's dam, 4 yrs, 7st. 8lb. (carried 7st. 10lb.); Duke of Richmond's b. c. *Elvas*, 3 yrs, 7st. 5lb.; Lord Jersey's br. f. *Alea*, 3 yrs, 7st. 5lb.; Mr. Forth's ch. c. by Muley—*Lacerta*, 3 yrs, 7st. 4lb.; and Mr. Scott Stonehewer's br. f. *Lioness*, 3 yrs, 7st. 3lb.—Three to 1 agst *Lioness*, and 4 to 1 agst *Lochinvar*. Won by a length.

HANDICAP STAKES of 15 sovs. each, 10 ft. for two-year-olds.—T. Y. C.—Nine subs.
 Mr. S. Day's b. c. *Gratis*, by Middleton, out of Cetus's dam by Gohanna, 8st. 2lb. (E. Pavis) 1

Capt. Byng's b. f. *Dryad*, by Whalebone, out of Harpalice by Gohanna, 8st. 2lb. 2

The following also started but were not placed:—Sir R. K. Dick's b. f. *Miss Mary Ann*, by Truffle, out of *Bella*, by Benningbrough, 8st. 6lb.; Mr. Greville's br. c. *Agincourt*, by Crecy, dam by Poulton, out of *Clearwell Lass*, 8st. 2lb.; Lord Lowther's f. by Partisan, out of *Rivulet*, 8st.; Lord Jersey's f. by Master Henry—*Donegani's dam*, 8st.; Gen. Grosvenor's f. *Kitty Fisher*, by Smyrna, 8st.; and Sir M. Wood's f. by Middleton, out of *Leila*, 8st.—Six to 4 agst *Miss Mary Ann*, and 2 to 1 agst *Dryad*. Won by a neck.

HANDICAP STAKES of 10 sovs. each, for three-year-olds and upwards.—D. M.—
 Nine subs.

Mr. Cooke's ch. c. *Cloudeley*, by Emilius, out of Sister to Sailor, 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. (E. Wright) 1

Lord Mountcharles's br. c. *Carwell*, 3 yrs old, 7st. 7lb. 2

The following also started but were not placed:—Lord Tavistock's ch. c. *Gondolier*, 4 yrs, 9st.; Mr. Pettit's b. f. *Ipsala*, by Sultan, 4 yrs, 8st.; Col. Peel's b. f. by Partisan—*Chintz*, 4 yrs, 7st. 12lb.; Duke of Richmond's b. f. *Conciliation*, 3 yrs, 7st. 8lb.; Lord Lowther's f. by Partisan, dam by Rubens, out of *Pennytrumpet*, 3 yrs, 7st. 7lb.; and Mr. Batson's b. f. *Muff*, by Blacklock, 3 yrs, 7st. 4lb.—Three to 1 agst *Carwell*, 5 to 1 agst *Conciliation*, 6 to 1 agst *Cloudeley*, and 10 to 1 agst *Muff*. Won by a length.

The ST. LEGER STAKES of 25 sovs. each, for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—D. I.—Seventeen subs.

Sir M. Wood's ch. f. *Camarine*, by Juniper, dam by Rubens, out of *Tippitywitchet* (J. Chapple) 1

Duke of Grafton's b. f. *Oxygen*, by Emilius 2

Duke of Rutland's br. c. *Clansman*, by Partisan 3

Lord Exeter's ch. c. *Bohemian*, by Tramp 4

Mr. Henry's br. c. *Scipio*, by Emilius—*Parapluie* 5

Mr. Chifney's br. c. *Caleb*, by Waterloo 6

Even betting on *Camarine*, 45 to 20 agst *Oxygen*, and 4 to 1 agst *Clansman*. Won by four lengths.

Lord Mountcharles's br. c. *Carwell*, by Filho da Puta, 3 yrs old, 7st. 8lb., rec. 80 sovs. ft. from Sir M. Wood's b. c. *Cetus*, by Whalebone, 4 yrs old, 8st. 12lb., A. F. 200, h. ft.

Mr. Caldecott's *Petite Anne*, rec. ft. from Lord Chesterfield's pony *Felix*, 7st. 7lb. each, T. Y. C. 50, h. ft.

THURSDAY, October 6.—MATCH for 25 sovs., 8st. 4lb. each.—T. Y. C.
 Lord Mountcharles's br. c. *Carwell*, by Filho da Puta, dam by Hambletonian, 3 yrs old (Robinson) 1
 Mr. Pettit's b. f. *Ipsala*, by Sultan, 4 yrs old 2
 Seven to 4 on *Ipsala*. Won by two lengths.

The COCKBOAT STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 6lb.; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—T. Y. C.—Thirteen subs.

Col. Peel's b. c. *Archibald*, by Paulowitz, out of Garcia by Octavian (F. Boyce) 1

Lord Mountcharles's c. Bassetlaw, by Catton, dam by Soothsayer, out of Miss Hap.. 2
 Mr. Theakston's b. f. Margaret, by Wrangler..... 3
 Mr. S. Day's b. f. Lady Fly, by Bustard 4
 Mr. Hunter's c. by Partisan, dam by Orville, out of Pea-blossom (dam foaled in 1823) 5
 Five to 4 agst Margaret, 7 to 4 agst Archibald, and 5 to 1 agst Mr. Hunter's colt. Won by a length.

The KING'S PURSE of 100gs. for four-year-olds and upwards.—R. C.
 Lord Exeter's ch. f. *Shumla*, by Sultan, out of Bess, 4 yrs old, 10st. 7lb. (W. Arnall)..... 0 1
 Capt. Bulkeley's b. f. *Bustle*, 4 yrs old, 10st. 7lb. 0 2
 Even betting. The first a dead heat; the second won by two lengths.

MATCH for 100 sovs. h. ft. both three-year-olds, 8st. 4lb. each.—T. Y. C.
 Capt. Rous's ch. c. *Crutch*, by Little John, out of Zaire, by Selim (J. Robinson) ... 1
 Mr. Mills's b. c. *Whiteboy*, by Blacklock..... 2
 Seven to 4 on Whiteboy. Won by a length.

The TOWN PURSE of 50l. for three-year-olds :—colts, 8st. 7lb. ; and fillies, 8st. 3lb.—D. I.

Mr. Henry's gr. c. *Protocol*, by Partisan, dam by Hambletonian, out of Marcia (G. Edwards) 1
 Lord Exeter's b. c. *Vagrant*, by Tramp..... 2
 Col. Wilson's b. c. *Chapman*, by Emilius 3
 Six to 4 agst Chapman, 13 to 8 agst Protocol, and 3 to 1 agst Vagrant. Won by a length.

RICHMOND MEETING.

TUESDAY, October 4.—PRODUCE STAKES of 30 sovs. each, 20 ft. for two-year-olds :—colts, 8st. 4lb. ; fillies, 8st.—From the Grey Stone in.—Seven subs.

Mr. Metcalfe's b. f. *Myrtle*, Sister to Mimic, by Wanton, dam by Sir Andrew (T. Lye) 1
 Mr. Petre's ch. f. *Lady Barbara*, by Catton 2
 Mr. W. Peirse's ch. f. *Sister to Swiss*, by Whisker..... 3

MEMBERS' PURSE of 50l. for maiden horses :—three-year-olds, 8st. 2lb. ; four, 8st. 12lb. ; five, six, and aged, 9st. 3lb.—Mares and geldings allowed 2lb.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Bower's b. g. *Barrister*, by Mimos, out of Cottage Girl, 5 yrs old (J. Garbutt)..... 4 2 1 1
 Mr. Peirse's b. f. *Reform*, by Alexander, 3 yrs old 3 1 2 2
 Mr. Dickson's b. f. *Lydia*, by Lottery, 3 yrs old..... 1 3 3 dr.
 Mr. Jennings's b. m. *Aconite*, by Tramp, 5 yrs old 2 dr.

WEDNESDAY, October 5.—SWEEPSTAKES of 20 sovs. each, for two-year-olds :—colts, 8st. 5lb. ; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—From the Grey Stone in.

Mr. Edmundson's ch. c. *Richmond*, by Jack Spigot, dam by Wanton (R. Johnson) 1
 Mr. Metcalfe's b. f. *Myrtle*, Sister to Mimic..... 2

The following also started but were not placed :—Mr. Serjeantson's ch. f. *Schedule*, by Octavius, dam by Wizard ; Mr. J. Smith's br. c. *Brother to Brown Stout*, by Jack Spigot ; and Colonel Cradock's b. c. by Lottery, dam by Blacklock.—Even betting on *Myrtle*.

The GOLD CUP, value 100 sovs. by eight subs. of 10 sovs. each, for horses of all ages.—Once round and a distance.

Mr. F. Richardson's b. f. *Lady Elizabeth*, by Lottery, 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb. (J. Robinson) 1
 Mr. Riddell's blk. c. *Gallopade*, by Dr. Syntax, 3 yrs, 7st. 2
 Duke of Leeds's ch. m. *Jenny Mills*, 6 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. 3
 Mr. Jacques's b. f. *Margaret*, by Swiss, 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb..... 4
 Five and 6 to 4 on Lady Elizabeth. Won easy.

HIS MAJESTY'S PURSE of 100gs. for five-year-old mares, 10st. each.—Four miles.
 Mr. F. Richardson's bay, *Lady Sarah*, by Tramp, out of Miss Wentworth, 5 yrs old (J. Garbutt) 1
 Mr. Dickson's ch. *Lucy*, by Tramp, 5 yrs old..... 2
 Mr. Jennings's bay, *Aconite*, by Tramp, 5 yrs old..... 3
 Duke of Leeds's ch. f. *Lady Mowbray*, 4 yrs old..... 4
 Six to 4 on Lady Sarah. Won easy.

HUNTERS' STAKES of five sovs. each, for horses, &c. not thorough-bred:—four-year-olds, 11st.; five, 11st. 9lb.; six, and aged, 12st.—A winner once to carry 3lb., twice 5lb., and thrice, or more, 7lb. extra.—Gentlemen riders.—Two miles.—Nine subs.
 Mr. J. Scott's gr. h. *Ainderby*, by Grey Middleham, dam by Diamond, 5 yrs old (Mr. Singleton) 1
 Mr. G. Thompson's br. m. *Haldee*, by Don Juan, 6 yrs old..... 2
 Mr. Hedley's br. m. *Jessy*, by Cacambo, aged..... 3
 Mr. Lee's ch. g. by Reveller, 6 yrs old 4
 Even betting on *Ainderby*.

WREXHAM MEETING.

TUESDAY, October 4.—**SWEEPSTAKES** of 20 sovs. each, with 20 added, for three-year-olds.—Twice round.—Three subs.

Mr. Nanney's b. f. *Wedlock*, by Figaro, dam by Smolensko, 8st. 2lb. (C. Calloway) 1
 Mr. F. Price's br. c. *Birkenhead*, by Smolensko, 8st. 4lb..... 2
 Won by half a length.

The GOLD CUP, value 100 sovs. by subscription of ten sovs. each.—Thrice round.—Twelve subs.

Mr. Nanney's b. c. *Penrhos*, by Rowston, dam by Alexander, 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. (Spring)..... 1
 Mr. E. Mostyn's b. f. *Her Highness*, 3 yrs old, 7st. 3lb..... 2
 Mr. O. Gore's ch. c. *Buskin*, by Tramp, 3 yrs old, 7st..... 3
 Mr. Price's b. h. *Fag*, 5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb..... 4
 A good race.

A PURSE of 50 sovs. given by Sir W. W. Wynn, Bart. for horses of all ages:—three-year-olds, 6st. 12lb.; four, 8st.; five, 8st. 10lb.; six, 9st.; and aged, 9st. 2lb.—Mares and geldings allowed 2lb.—One-mile heats.

Mr. Palin's br. g. *Pluralist*, by Ambo, dam by Comus, 5 yrs (W. Lear).. 1 0 2 1
 Mr. Tomes's br. h. *The Burgess*, 5 yrs old 0 0 1 2
 Mr. Nanney's blk. f. *Georgiana*, 4 yrs old 0 1 3 3
 Mr. E. L. Charlton's b. c. *Braithwaite*, 3 yrs old 2 2 dr.
 Mr. F. R. Price's br. c. *Birkenhead*, 3 yrs old 0 3 dr.
 Mr. O. Gore's b. c. *The Judge*, 3 yrs old 3 0 dr.
 Mr. Matthews's b. f. *Peri*, 4 yrs old..... 0 dr.

Each heat well contested.

WEDNESDAY, October 5.—**FIFTY POUNDS**, for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. R. Turner's b. h. *Clinton*, by Blacklock, 6 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. (J. Spring) ... 1 1
 Mr. Matthews's b. c. *Malwa*, 3 yrs old, 7st. 5lb..... 3 2
 Mr. Mostyn's br. c. *Shonin*, 3 yrs old, 7st. 7lb. 2 3
 Lord Westminster's b. c. *Mangel Wurzel*, by Whisker, 3 yrs old, 6st. 13lb..... 4 4

MATCH for 50 sovs. P. P.—Three miles.

Mr. H. Kenrick's b. h. *Novice*, aged.....walked over.
 Mr. R. G. Roberts's ches. f. 4 yrs old.....paid.

HANDICAP STAKES of 10 sovs. each, five ft. if declared, &c. with 20 added.—Two miles.—Seven subs.

Mr. Nanney's blk. f. *Georgiana*, by Welbeck, out of Banshee, 4 yrs old, 7st. 12lb. (Jones) 1
 Mr. Tomes's br. h. *The Burgess*, 5 yrs old, 8st. 8lb. 2
 Mr. Price's b. h. *Fag*, 5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb..... 3
 Mr. Beardsworth's ch. h. *Sir Walter*, 5 yrs old, 8st. 6lb. 4
 A most excellent race.

CHESTERFIELD MEETING.

WEDNESDAY, October 5.—**SWEEPSTAKES** of 10 sovs. each, for horses, &c. of all ages.—Two miles.—Eight subs.

Mr. Houldsworth's br. c. *Beagle*, by Whalebone, out of Auburn, 4 yrs old, 8st. (Lowe) 1
 Mr. Roper's br. c. *Georgiovanni*, 3 yrs old, 6st. 9lb. 2
 Mr. Jackson's b. h. *Hazard*, 5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb..... 3
 Five to 4 on *Beagle*. Won by a length.

The NOBLEMEN and GENTLEMEN'S PURSE of 60 sovs. for horses of all ages.—
Two-mile heats.

Mr. Wormald's b. c. *Bullet*, by Cannon Ball, 4 yrs old, 7st. 9lb. (J. Holmes) 4 0 1 1
Mr. Houldsworth's ch. m. *Fortitude*, by Whiskey, 5 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. 1 0 2 2
Mr. Broomhead's b. c. *Butcher Boy*, 3 yrs old, 7st. 2 3 dr.
Col. King's b. f. *Frantic*, 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb. 3 dr.
Even betting on *Fortitude*, and 2 to 1 agst *Bullet*; after the first heat, 5 to 4 on *Fortitude*; after the second heat, *Bullet* the favorite. The second was a dead heat between *Bullet* and *Fortitude*. The two last heats won cleverly.

THURSDAY, October 6.—SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, for horses, &c. of all ages.—Once round and a distance.—Thirteen subs.

Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. *Beagle*, by Whalebone, out of Auburn, 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. (Lowe) 1
Col. King's gr. f. *Gallopade*, 3 yrs old, 7st. 2

HANDICAP PURSE of 50l. given by the Duke of Devonshire.—Heats, once round and a distance.

Mr. Broomhead's b. c. *Butcher Boy*, by Catton, 3 yrs old, 7st. (W. Auty)... 2 1 1
Mr. Jackson's b. h. *Hazard*, 5 yrs old, 9st. 2lb. (rec. 10gs.) 1 2 2
Mr. Houldsworth's br. c. *Phillip*, 3 yrs old, 7st. 4lb. 3 dr.
Mr. Roper's br. c. *Georgiovanni*, 3 yrs old, 7st. 4lb. dis.

SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, with 25 added, five subs., was won by Mr. Stones's bay filly, beating two others.

HASTINGS AND ST. LEONARDS MEETING.

WEDNESDAY, October 5.—The TOWN PURSE of 50l. for horses of all ages.—
Heats, twice round and a distance.

Mr. Hawkins's b. f. *Pandora*, by Wrangler, 4 yrs, 9st. 5lb. (Macdonald).. 2 1 1
Mr. Thomas's b. c. *Nonentity*, by Spectre, 3 yrs old, 7st. 8lb. (carried 7st. 10lb.) 1 2 2
Mr. M. Ongley's b. h. *Foxcote*, 5 yrs old, 9st. 5lb. 3 3 dr.

MATCH for 50 sovs. 10st. each.—Once round.

Mr. Thewles's ch. g. *Pigeon*, by Don Cossack, aged (Mr. Palmer) 1
Mr. T. Hodge's br. g. *Naughty Tommy*, aged 2

The LADIES' PURSE of 50l. for horses of all ages.—Heats, twice round and a distance.

Mr. Roberts's ch. f. *Zarina*, by Middleton, out of Butterfly, 3 yrs old, 7st. 9lb. (H. Childs) 1 1
Mr. Lambden's b. f. *Snacks*, 3 yrs old, 7st. 2lb. 2 2
Mr. Firth's br. m. *Harriet*, by Cannon Ball, out of Snail by Young Warter, aged, 10st. 1lb. 3 3
Mr. M. Ongley's br. c. by Tramp, 4 yrs, 8st. 7lb. 4 4
Lord Louth's b. m. *Maria*, aged, 9st. 2lb. 0 0
Mr. Wyatt's gr. m. *Dahlia*, aged, 9st. 5lb. 0 0

THURSDAY, October 6.—The ST. LEONARDS CUP of 50l. for horses of all ages.—Heats, twice round and a distance.

Mr. Roberts's ch. f. *Zarina*, by Middleton, 3 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. (H. Childs) 4 1 1
Mr. Thomas's b. c. *Nonentity*, by Spectre, 3 yrs old, 7st. 8lb. (carried 7st. 10lb.) 1 2 2
Mr. Firth's br. m. *Harriet*, aged, 10st. 1lb. 2 3 dr.
Mr. M. Ongley's b. h. *Foxcote*, 5 yrs old, 9st. 9lb. 3 dr.

ST. MARY'S CUP of 50l. for horses of all ages.—Heats, twice round and a distance.

Mr. Shackel's ch. h. *Zeuxis*, by Rubens, out of Zuleika, 5 yrs old, 9st. 3lb. (Macdonald) 4 1 1
Mr. G. Roberts's b. c. *Walter*, 3 yrs old, 7st. 12lb. 1 4 3
Mr. Lambden's b. f. *Snacks*, 3 yrs old, 7st. 2lb. 2 2 2
Mr. Coleman's ch. f. *Petticoats*, 3 yrs old, 7st. 7lb. 3 3 dr.
Mr. M. Ongley's br. c. by Tramp, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. 5 dr.

HUNTERS' STAKES of five sovs. each, with 30 added, for horses not thorough-bred.—Heats, to start at the distance post and go once round.

Mr. Thewles's ch. g. *Pigeon*, by Don Cossack, aged, 11st. 11lb. (Macdonald) 5 1 1
Mr. Coleman's b. g. *Sober Robin*, by Gambler, 5 yrs old, 11st. 11lb. 1 3 4
Mr. Wyatt's gr. m. *Dahlia*, aged, 12st. 1lb. 2 4 2

Mr. Lambden's b. g. Avenue, aged, 12st. 7lb.	6	2	3
Mr. F. Ongley's gr. h. King Arthur, by Dardanus, 5 yrs old, 11st. 7lb.	4	5	5
Capt. Curtis's b. g. Bob Handy, 6 yrs old, 11st. 8lb.	3	6	dr.

MONMOUTH MEETING.

THURSDAY, October 6.—The **MONMOUTHSHIRE STAKES** of 20 sovs. each, 10 ft., and only five if declared, &c.—About two miles.

Mr. I. Day's b. g. <i>Little Boy Blue</i> , by Paulowitz, 6 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. (Slade).....	1
Mr. Smith's br. m. <i>Rignasole</i> , by Soothsayer, aged, 8st. 4lb. (broke down).....	2
Three subscribers paid 10 sovs. ft. and seven others having declared by the time pre-scribed paid only five sovs. each.	

FIFTY POUNDS, given by Lords Worcester and Granville Somerset, for horses of all ages.—Heats, thrice round.

Mr. Reeve's b. m. <i>Flora</i> , by Cannon Ball, 5 yrs old, 8st. 13lb. (S. Mann).....	1	1
Mr. Dundas's b. c. <i>Scrub</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 6lb.	3	2
Mr. Watts's b. c. <i>Shark</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 6lb.	2	dis.

FRIDAY, October 7.—The **COUNTY PURSE** of 50l. for horses of all ages.—Heats, twice round.

Mr. Dundas's b. c. <i>Scrub</i> , by Pyramus, out of Brush's dam, 4 yrs, 8st. 4lb. (S. Mann)	2	1	1
Mr. I. Day's bl. m. <i>Busk</i> , aged, 9st. 2lb.	3	2	2
Mr. Crouch's b. f. <i>Dora</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb.	4	3	dr.
Mr. Thorne's b. g. <i>Harry</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 1lb.	1	dr.	
Harry was drawn after the first heat, his owner declining to sell him for one hundred sovs.			

HANDICAP PURSE of 50l. for horses of all ages.—Heats, twice round and a distance.

Mr. I. Day's b. g. <i>Little Boy Blue</i> , by Paulowitz, 6 yrs old, 9st. 7lb. (Slade)	3	1	1
Mr. Reeve's b. m. <i>Flora</i> , 5 yrs old, 9st. 4lb.	1	2	2
Mr. Crouch's b. f. <i>Dora</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb.	2	dr.	

SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, for horses not thorough-bred, Gentlemen riders, six subs, was won at two heats by Mr. Parry's *Polly Hopkin*, 11st. 3lb., beating three others,

RUGELEY MEETING.

THURSDAY, October 6.—**SWEEPSTAKES** of six sovs. each, with 20 added, for horses of all ages.—Heats, once round and a distance.

Mr. Painter's b. m. by Stephen, dam by Camillus, 5 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. (W. Lear)	1	4	1
Mr. Yates's gr. f. <i>Sylph</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 4lb.	0	1	0
Mr. Carter's b. c. <i>All's-Well</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 5lb.	0	2	2
Mr. Twamley's b. f. <i>Sappho</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb.	0	3	0
Sir G. Pigot's ch. c. <i>Cupid</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb.	2	dr.	
Mr. Houldsworth's br. f. <i>Christiana</i> , by Filho da Puta, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. (fell)		dis.	

The **BEAU DESERT STAKES** of 15 sovs. each, with 15 added.—Twice round and a distance.—Three subs.

Mr. Carter's b. c. <i>All's-Well</i> , by Waxy Pope, out of Castanea, 4 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. (Brown).....	1
Mr. Jones's br. g. by King of Diamonds, 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb.	2

FRIDAY, October 7.—The **RUGELEY STAKES** of 10 sovs. each, with 30 added.—Heats, twice round.

Mr. Nevill's br. c. <i>The Serpent</i> , by Dr. Syntax, out of Hell Cat, 3 yrs, 7st. 1lb. (W. Lear)	1	1
Mr. Holmes's b. g. by Ecarte, dam by Filho da Puta, 3 yrs old, 6st. 9lb.	2	dr.

HANDICAP STAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 10 added.—Heats, once round and a distance.

Mr. Jones's br. g. by King of Diamonds, dam by All-Dickey, 4 yrs old, 7st. 10lb. (W. Lear).....	1	3	1
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Mr. Carter's b. c. All's-Well, 4 yrs old, 8st.	4	1	2
Mr. Brooke's b. g. Atlas, 5 yrs old, 8st. 11lb.	2	2	dr.
Mr. Houldsworth's br. f. Christiana, by Filho da Puta, 4 yrs old, 7st. 10lb... 3	3	dis.	

DUMFRIES MEETING.

THURSDAY, October 6.—The **SAPLING STAKES** of 25 sovs. each, for three-year-olds :—colts, 8st. 5lb. ; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—Once round and a distance.—Five subs.
 Gen. Sharpe's b. c. *Perlet*, by Peter Lely, out of Bessy by Young Gouty (Bowman) 1
 Mr. Hope Johnstone's b. c. by Peter Lely—Orville 2
 Sir J. Boswell's br. f. Mordella, by Monreith 3
 Won cleverly.

FIFTY POUNDS, given by His Grace the Duke of Buccleuch, for horses of all ages.—
 Two-miles.

Mr. Wilkin's b. g. <i>Balloch Myle</i> , by Peter Lely, 3 yrs old, 7st. 3lb. (T. Lye)	1
Mr. Westgarth's br. c. Goldfinch, 3 yrs old, 7st. 5lb.	2
Lord Elcho's br. h. Brunswick, by Comus, aged, 9st. 5lb.	3

Won easy.

FIFTY POUNDS, given from the Racing Fund, for horses of all ages.—Heats, one mile and a half.

Mr. Peacock's b. g. <i>Brown Stout</i> , by Jack Spigot or Young Phantom, 3 yrs old, 7st. 3lb. (T. Lye).....	1	1
Sir J. Boswell's br. m. Meretrix, 5 yrs old, 8st. 11lb.	3	2
Mr. Spalding's b. h. Mr. Pengander, aged, 8st. 12lb.	2	3

An excellent race.

FRIDAY, October 7.—The **GOLD CUP**, value 100 sovs. by 10 subs. of 10 sovs. each, for horses of all ages.—Two miles.

Sir J. Boswell's ch. m. <i>Silk Sleeves</i> , by Dr. Syntax, out of Helen Aroon, 5 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. (Nicholson)	1
Gen. Sharpe's b. c. Perlet, 3 yrs old, 7st. 5lb.	2
Lord Elcho's br. h. Brunswick, aged, 9st. 2lb.	3
Mr. H. Johnstone's b. c. by Peter Lely, 3 yrs old, 7st. 5lb.	4

Won cleverly.

SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, for horses not thorough-bred, 13st. each.—Heats once round and a distance.—Ten subs.

Sir J. Boswell's br. m. *Meretrix*, by Filho da Puta, 5 yrs oldwalked over.

FIFTY POUNDS, given by the Member for the County, for horses of all ages.—Three miles.

Mr. Wilkin's b. g. <i>Balloch Myle</i> , by Peter Lely, 3 yrs old, 7st. 5lb. (T. Lye).....	1
Mr. Hodgson's b. h. The Earl, by Percy, dam by Remembrancer, 6 yrs old; 9st. 5lb. 0	0

The Earl came in first, but was disqualified, not having paid up his Stakes.

SIXTY POUNDS, given by the Southern Meeting, for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Westgarth's br. c. <i>Goldfinch</i> , by Helwith, out of Julietta, 3 yrs, 7st. 11lb. 4	1	1
Sir J. Boswell's br. m. Meretrix, 5 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. (received 10 sovs.).....	1	3
Mr. Hodgson's b. h. The Earl, 6 yrs old, 8st. 13lb.....	2	2
Lord Elcho's br. h. Brunswick, aged, 8st. 11lb.	3	dr.

An excellent race.

CALEDONIAN HUNT AND KELSO MEETING.

TUESDAY, October 11.—The **CALEDONIAN ST. LEGER STAKES** of 25 sovs. each, with 100 added, for three-year-olds :—colts, 8st. 2lb. ; fillies, 8st.—One mile and a half.—Seven subs.

Mr. Smith's br. c. <i>Speculation</i> , by Whisker, dam by Walton, out of Victress (T. Lye)	1
Mr. Quarton's b. c. The Flea, by Waxy Pope, out of Felt's dam	2
Mr. Peacock's b. f. Peachick, by Whisker—Calypso	3
Lord Elcho's b. f. Fair Witherington, by Warkworth.....	4

Even betting on Speculation. Won easy.

The **CALEDONIAN CUP**, value 100gs. for Scotch-bred horses.—Three miles.
 Lord Elcho's b. h. *Gondolier*, by Fitz-Orville, out of Gondola, 5 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. (T. Nicholson)..... 1

Lord Eglinton's b. m. Queen Bathsheba, 5 yrs old, 8st. 5lb..... 2
 Mr. Kay's b. g. The Major, 5 yrs old, 8st. 5lb..... 3
 Five to 4 on Queen Bathsheba, and 6 to 4 agst Gondolier. Won easy.

FIFTY POUNDS, for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Dick's b. g. Charley, by Percy, out of Miss Wilkes, aged, 8st. 11lb. (T. Lye) 1 1
 Lord Elcho's br. m. Leda, aged, 8st. 11lb..... 2 2
 Sir J. Boswell's ch. m. Silk Sleeves, 5 yrs, 8st. 6lb..... 3 dr.
 Even betting on Charley; after the first heat, 3 to 1 on him. Won easy.

WEDNESDAY, October 12.—FIFTY POUNDS, given by the Caledonian Hunt, added to a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, for horses of all ages.—Two miles.

Mr. Smith's br. c. Speculation, by Whisker, dam by Walton, 3 yrs old, 7st. 10lb. (J. Dodgson)..... 1
 Mr. King's b. c. Chancellor, by Catton, 4 yrs old, 8st. 8lb. 2
 Lord Elcho's br. h. Brunswick, aged, 9st. 5lb..... 3
 Lord Eglinton's b. m. Queen Bathsheba, 5 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. 4
 A good race.

MAIDEN PURSE of 50L for horses of all ages.—Heats, one mile and a half.

Mr. Ramsay's b. f. Miss Dulwich, by Richard, out of Varnish, 3 yrs old, 7st. 2lb. (T. Lye) 0 2 1 1
 Mr. Quarton's b. c. The Flea, 3 yrs old, 7st. 5lb. 0 1 2 2
 Mr. Margetson's br. f. Salmonia, 3 yrs old, 7st. 2lb..... 3 3 dr.
 The Flea the favorite. The first a dead heat, the second won by a neck, the third by a head, and the fourth by half a length.

FIFTY POUNDS for horses of all ages.—Heats, one mile and a half.

Mr. Peacock's b. g. Brown Stout, by Jack Spigot or Young Phantom, 3 yrs old, 7st. 5lb. (T. Lye) 1 1
 Mr. King's br. h. Cistercian, 5 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. 2 2
 Won easy.

FIFTY POUNDS, given by the Duke of Buccleuch, for horses, &c. that have been regularly hunted.—Rode by Farmers.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Robb's ch. h. Gonjuror, by The Juggler, out of Lucy Gray by Timothy, aged, 12st..... 1 1
 Mr. Wilson's ch. g. Private, 6 yrs old, 12st. 2 2
 Mr. Somner's b. g. Physic, aged, 12st..... 0 0
 Mr. W. Brodie's Heathflower, by Champignon..... 0 0
 Mr. Brodie's b. g. Chorister, by Caleb, aged, 12st..... 0 0
 Mr. Smith's br. g. De Wilton..... 0 0

THURSDAY, October 13.—A CUP, value 100 sovs. given by the Duke of Buccleuch, added to a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, for horses of all ages.—Two miles.—Six subs.

Mr. Ramsay's b. h. Round Robin, by Borodino, dam by Cerberus, 5 yrs, 9st. 4lb. (T. Shepherd) 1
 Lord Elcho's b. h. Gondolier, 5 yrs old, 9st. 4lb. 2
 Sir D. Baird's b. c. Carolan, 4 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. 3
 Lord Elcho's b. f. Fair Witherington, 3 yrs old, 7st. 8lb..... 4
 Two to 1 on Gondolier.—Round Robin took the lead at starting, was never headed, and won cleverly.

FIFTY POUNDS, given by the Caledonian Hunt, for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Dick's b. g. Charley, by Percy, out of Miss Wilkes by Octavian, aged, 9st. (T. Fender) 1 1
 Mr. Wilkin's b. g. Balloch Myle, 3 yrs old, 7st. 11lb. 2 2
 Mr. Hodgson's b. g. by Gambler, 5 yrs old, 8st. 11lb..... 3 3
 Two to 1 on Charley. Both heats won cleverly.

FIFTY POUNDS, given by the Town of Kelso, for horses of all ages.—Heats, one mile and a half.

Mr. Peacock's b. g. Brown Stout, by Jack Spigot or Young Phantom, out of Decision, 3 yrs old, 7st. 8lb. (J. Dodgson)..... 0 1 1
 Mr. Smith's br. c. Speculation, 3 yrs old, 7st. 10lb. 1 2 3
 Sir J. Boswell's ch. m. Silk Sleeves, by Dr. Syntax, 4 yrs old, 8st. 11lb..... 0 0 2
 Mr. Riddell's ch. c. by Dr. Syntax, dam by Eaton, 4 yrs old, 8st. 9lb..... 0 0 dr.
 Mr. King's b. c. Chancellor, 4 yrs old, 8st. 6lb. 0 0 dr.
 Lord Elcho's b. h. Gondolier, 5 yrs old, 9st. 5lb. 2 dr.
 Two to 1 on Speculation; after the first heat, 5 to 1 on him; after the second heat even betting between Speculation and Brown Stout. A good race.

FRIDAY, October 14.—HIS MAJESTY'S PURSE of 100gs. for horses of all ages.—Four miles.

Mr. Dick's b. g. *Charley*, by Percy, out of Miss Wilkes by Octavian, aged, 10st. (T. Fender) 1

Mr. Hodgson's b. h. *The Earl*, 6 yrs old, 10st. 2

The following also started but were not placed :—Gen. Sharpe's b. c. *Perlet*, 3 yrs, 8st. 4lb.; Mr. Ramsay's b. h. *Round Robin*, 5 yrs, 9st. 10lb.; Mr. King's br. h. *Ciatercian*, 5 yrs, 9st. 10lb.; and Mr. Riddell's ch. c. by Dr. Syntax, 4 yrs, 9st. 4lb.—*Round Robin* the favorite. *Charley* made all the running, and won very easy.

SWEEPSTAKES of 20 sovs. each.—Two miles.

Mr. Fawcus's b. f. *Meg Merrilies*, by Guerilla, 4 yrs old, 13st. (Owner)..... 1

Mr. Somner's b. g. *Physic*, aged, 12st. 2

Mr. Brodie's b. g. *Chorister*, by Caleb, aged, 12st. 3

Won very easy.

FIFTY POUNDS, given by the Duke of Buccleuch, for four-year-olds and upwards.—

Gentlemen riders.—Two miles.

Lord Elcho's br. h. *Brunswick*, by Comus, out of Byram's dam, aged, 12st. 4lb. (Owner)..... 1

Sir D. Baird's b. m. *Queen Elizabeth*, 6 yrs old, 12st. 4lb. 2

A good race, and won by only a head.

HANDICAP STAKES of five sovs. each, with 30 added.—Heats, one mile and a half.—

Five subs.

Lord Elcho's br. m. *Leda*, by Filho da Puta, out of Treasure, aged, 8st. 7lb. (Templeman) 1 1

Mr. Peacock's b. f. *Peachick*, 3 yrs old, 7st. 2 dr.

Four to 1 on *Leda*. Won very easy.

INGLEWOOD HUNT AND PENRITH MEETING.

WEDNESDAY, October 12.—SWEEPSTAKES of 5gs. each, with 20 sovs. added, for horses, &c. not thorough-bred.—Two-mile heats.—Nine subs.

Mr. J. Jacques's b. f. *Serina*, by Gambler, 4 yrs old, 9st. 11lb. (Owner)..... 1 0 1

Mr. T. Hudson's ch. c. *Dr. Rigg*, 3 yrs old, 8st. 0 1 0

Capt. Musgrave's b. f. *Miss Tattersall*, 4 yrs old, 9st. 11lb. 0 0 2

Mr. R. Telford's b. m. *Highland Mary*, 5 yrs old, 10st. 5lb. 0 2 0

Mr. J. Parkin's b. f. *Farce*, 4 yrs old, 9st. 11lb. 2 0 0

Mr. J. Edgar's ch. g. *Prince Royal*, 3 yrs old, 7st. 11lb. 0 0 0

Mr. Howard's b. f. by Speculation, 4 yrs old, 9st. 11lb. 0 0 dis.

SWEEPSTAKES of 5gs. each, with 20 added.—Two-mile heats.—Six subs.

Mr. Shipley's b. h. *Catillus*, by Catton, dam by Smolensko, 5 yrs old, 11st. 9lb. (Jacques) 1 1

Sir C. J. Musgrave's br. m. *Jessy*, aged, 12st. 4 2

Mr. Earl's gr. m. *Longtown Lass*, 6 yrs old, 12st. 2 3

Mr. Hudson's br. g. *Storm*, 5 yrs old, 12st. 2lb. 2 4

FRIDAY, October 14.—FIFTY POUNDS, given by the Town of Penrith, for horses of all ages.—Three-mile heats.

Mr. Davidson's b. h. *Victory*, by Waterloo, out of Sister to Adeliza, 6 yrs old, 9st. 3lb. 1 1

Mr. Hudson's br. g. *Storm*, 5 yrs old, 8st. 8lb. 3 2

Mr. Robson's b. h. *Catillus*, 5 yrs old, 8st. 8lb. 2 dis.

SWEEPSTAKES of 5gs. each, with 20 added by the Members of the Inglewood Hunt.

Two-mile heats.—Seven subs.

Mr. Walker's b. g. *Cock Robin*, by Constable, 5 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. 1 1

Mr. Wilson's ro. f. by North Star, 3 yrs old, 6st. 7lb. 3 2

Mr. Westgarth's br. c. *Goldfinch*, 3 yrs old, 7st. 3lb. 2 3

MATCH for 20 sovs. both six-year-olds, 9st. each.—Heats.

Mr. J. Earl's gr. m. *Longtown Lass* 2 1 1

Mr. R. Telford's b. m. *Highland Mary* 1 2 2

EPSOM OCTOBER MEETING.

THURSDAY, October 13.—The METROPOLITAN STAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 15 added, for horses of all ages.—Derby Course.—Six subs.

Mr. M. Ongley's b. f. *Pandora*, by Wrangler, out of Miss Stephenson, 4 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. (T. Robinson) 1

Mr. Dickinson's ch. h. Lawn Sleeves, 5 yrs, 8st. 11lb.	2
Mr. Gates's b. f. Runnymede, 3 yrs, 6st. 11lb.	3
Mr. Watson's br. f. Ardelia, 3 yrs, 6st. 11lb.	4
Mr. W. Day's br. h. Augur, 5 yrs, 8st. 11lb.	5

The EPSOM STAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 15 added:—for two-year-olds, 6st. 7lb.; and three, 8st. 10lb.—Three-quarters of a mile.

Mr. Gardnor's bl. f. <i>Ida</i> , by Whalebone, out of Thalestris by Alexander, 3 yrs old (P. Counolly)	1
Mr. Yates's gr. g. Gab, by Swap—Gabrielle, 3 yrs old	2
Mr. Lumley's b. c. Sceptre, by Partisan, 2 yrs old	3
Mr. Gates's b. f. Runnymede, by Little John, 3 yrs old	4
Sir G. Heathcote's b. f. Penance, by Emilius, 3 yrs old	5
Mr. Waugh's b. f. Fancy, by Phantom, 3 yrs old	6
Mr. Clark's b. c. by Borodino—Glowworm, 3 yrs old	7

SWEEPSTAKES of 20 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds.—One mile.

Mr. Lumley's ch. f. <i>Farce</i> , by Swiss, out of Comedy, 8st. 5lb. (A. Pavis)	1
Sir G. Heathcote's b. f. Shirine, 8st. 2lb.	2
Mr. Gardnor's bl. f. <i>Ida</i> , by Whalebone, 8st. 5lb.	3

Mr. Gardnor's bl. f. *Ida*, by Whalebone, rec. ft. from Mr. Martin's ch. f. *Minnetta*, 8st. 7lb. each, one mile, 50, h. ft.

FRIDAY, October 14.—FREE HANDICAP STAKES of 15 sovs. each, 10 ft. with 10 added.—One mile.—Four subs.

Mr. Weatherill's ch. f. <i>Taglioni</i> , by Whisker—Sister to Coronation, 4 yrs old, 7st. 10lb. (Wakefield)	1
Mr. Lumley's ch. f. <i>Farce</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 10lb.	2

SWEEPSTAKES of 20 sovs. each, h. ft. for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—Winners 3lb. extra.—Heats, three-quarters of a mile.

Mr. Lumley's ch. f. <i>Nannette</i> , by Partisan, out of Nanne by Selim (A. Pavis)	1
Mr. Dockeray's b. f. Runnymede, by Whalebone	2
Mr. Thompson's b. f. Chastity, by Champignon	3
Mr. Gray's b. f. Yorkshire Lizzy, by Catton	4
Sir G. Heathcote's b. c. Oroonoko, by Whalebone, out of Hazardess	5
Mr. Shard's b. f. Mayfly, by Middleton, out of Codicil	6

SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 10 added.—One-mile heats.—Ten subs.

Mr. Smith's ch. f. <i>Zarina</i> , by Middleton, out of Butterfly, 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb. (a Boy)	0	1	1
Mr. Gardnor's ch. c. King William, by Rubens, dam by Crecy, 4 yrs, 8st. 7lb.	1	0	2
Mr. M. Ongley's b. h. Foxcote, 5 yrs old, 9st. 2lb.	0	2	dr.
Mr. Watson's br. f. Ardelia, 3 yrs old, 6st. 9lb.	2	0	0
Mr. Lumley's ch. f. by Woful, out of Trumper's dam, 3 yrs, 6st. 4lb.	3	0	3

Four others started. Won only by a head.

NORTHALLERTON MEETING.

THURSDAY, October 13.—SWEEPSTAKES of 20 sovs. each, for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—One mile.

Mr. W. Scott's b. c. <i>Carlton</i> , by Catton, out of Sal by Reveller (J. Garbutt)	1
Duke of Leeds's b. c. by Brutandorf, out of Violet	2
Mr. Fox's ch. c. by Comus, out of Britannia by Orville	3
Mr. Skipsey's b. c. The Physician, by Brutandorf, dam by Prime Minister	4
Mr. Serjeantson's ch. f. Schedule, by Octavian	5

The HORNBY STAKES of 10 sovs. each, for horses of all ages.—One mile and a half.—Five subs.

Lord Cleveland's b. c. <i>Emancipation</i> , by Whisker, dam by Ardrossan, 4 yrs old, 9st. (T. Lye)	1
Mr. Sutton's b. f. by Brutandorf, out of Bolivar's dam, 2 yrs old, 5st. 8lb.	2
Mr. Fox's b. f. by Brutandorf, dam by Walton, 2 yrs old, 5st. 8lb.	3

MAIDEN PURSE of 50l. for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Heseltine's b. c. <i>Paul Clifford</i> , by Octavius, dam by Comus, 3 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. (Heseltine)	1	1
Mr. Peirse's b. f. Reform, 3 yrs old, 8st. 5lb.	2	2
Mr. Jennings's b. m. Aconite, 5 yrs old, 9st. 2lb.	4	3
Mr. Dickson's b. f. Leda, by Lottery, 3 yrs old, 8st. 5lb.	3	4

FRIDAY, October 14.—The GOLD CUP, value 100gs. by ten subs. of 10 sovs. each, for horses of all ages.—Two miles.

Lord Cleveland's b. c. *Chorister*, by Lottery, out of Crowcatcher's dam, 3 yrs old, 7st. (T. Lye) 1
Mr. Richardson's b. f. *Lady Elizabeth*, 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb. 2
Mr. Skipsey's b. c. by Welbeck, dam by Walton, 4 yrs old, 8st. 3

Mr. F. Richardson's bay, *Lady Elisabeth*, by Lottery, out of Miss Wentworth, walked over for a SWEEPSTAKES of 15 sovs. each, for three-year-old fillies, 8st. 2lb. each.—One mile and a half, three subs.

FIFTY POUNDS, for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Healey's b. h. *Flambeau*, by Grey Malton, 5 yrs old, 9st. 11lb. (Weatherall) 1 3 1
Mr. Robinson's b. c. *Barkston*, 3 yrs old, 7st. 3lb. 0 1 0
Mr. Bowser's b. g. *Barrister*, by Minus, 5 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. 2 0 2
Mr. Arrowsmith's ch. g. *Orangeman*, by Dr. Syntax, 3 yrs old, 7st. 11lb. 0 2 0
Mr. Fox's ch. c. *Will-o'-the-Wall*, 3 yrs old, 7st. 0 0 0
Duke of Leeds's ch. f. *Lady Mowbray*, by Blacklock, 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. 2 dr.

SATURDAY, October 15.—The SILVER CUP, value 60l. by a subscription of five sovs. each, with 20 added, for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Dickson's ch. m. *Lucy*, by Tramp, out of Harpham Lass, 5 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. (Garbutt) 0 1 3 1
Mr. Heseltine's b. c. *Paul Clifford*, 3 yrs old, 7st. 0 0 1 2
Mr. Attwood's b. f. *Penthesilea*, 4 yrs old, 8st. 1 0 2 3
Mr. S. L. Fox's ch. f. *Gitana*, 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb. 2 2 4
Mr. Serjeantson's bl. f. *The Golden Pippin*, by Swiss, 3 yrs old, 7st. 3 dr.
Mr. Jennings's br. c. *Bish*, by Lottery, dam by Blacklock, 3 yrs old, 7st. 0 dr.

The MEMBERS' PURSE of 50l. for horses of all ages.—Three-mile heats.

Duke of Leeds's ch. m. *Jenny Mills*, by Whisker, 6 yrs, 8st. 13lb. (R. Johnson) 1 1
Mr. Weatherill's b. c. by Welbeck, 4 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. 3 2
Mr. Nowell's b. h. by Walton, 6 yrs old, 9st. 3lb. 2 3

NEWMARKET SECOND OCTOBER MEETING.

MONDAY, October 17.—SWEEPSTAKES of 50 sovs. each, for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—T. Y. C.—Six subs.

Gen Grosvenor's b. f. *Kitty Fisher*, by Smyrna, out of Chasm by Thunderbolt (J. Day) 1
Lord Jersey's b. c. by Middleton, dam by Merlin, out of Oscar's dam 2
Lord Lowther's ch. f. by Partisan, out of Rivulet 3
Gen. Grosvenor's br. f. *Bartolozzi*, by Truffle, out of John de Bart's dam 0
Lord Lichfield's b. c. *Terry Alt*, by Sligo, out of Portrait's dam 0
Six to 4 on Lord Jersey's colt, 3 to 1 agst Bartolozzi, and 5 to 1 agst Lord Lowther's filly. Won by a neck.

The GARDEN STAKES of 100 sovs. each.—T. M. M.—Nine subs.

Mr. S. Stonehewer's b. f. *Variation*, by Bustard, out of Johanna Southcote, 4 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. (Robinson) 1
Lord Exeter's ch. c. *Augustus*, 4 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. 2
Sir M. Wood's ch. c. *Captain Arthur*, 4 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. 3
Sir M. Wood's br. m. *Lucetta*, 5 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. 4
Lord Lichfield's b. c. *Egbert*, by Morisco, 3 yrs old, 5st. 12lb. (carried 6st. 2lb.) ... 5
Lord Lowther's b. c. *Varlet*, 3 yrs old, 6st. 4lb. 6
Mr. Cooke's b. c. *Incubus*, 3 yrs old, 7st. 4lb. 7

Seven to 4 agst Captain Arthur, 55 to 20 agst Lucetta, 4 to 1 agst Augustus, 5 to 1 agst Variation, 5 to 1 agst Egbert, 6 to 1 agst Incubus, and 10 to 1 agst Varlet. Won by a length.

ONE-THIRD of a SUBSCRIPTION of 25 sovs. each, for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 9lb.; and fillies, 8st. 6lb.—A. F.—Seven subs.

Duke of Grafton's b. f. *Oxygen*, by Emilius walked over.

Sir M. Wood's b. f. *Galantine*, by Reveller, out of Snowdrop, 8st. 2lb. received 100 sovs. ft. from Lord Jersey's b. c. by Emilius, out of Cobweb, 8st. 7lb. A. F. 300 sovs. half ft.

Lord Chesterfield's b. f. *Titania*, by Merlin, out of Dahlia, 8st. 2lb. rec. ft. from Mr. Thornhill's b. f. *Earwig*, by Emilius, 8st. 7lb. A. F. 200, h. ft.

TUESDAY, October 18.—MATCH for 50 sovs. both two-year-olds.—T. Y. C.
 Capt. Byng's br. f. *Dryad*, by Whalebone, out of Harpalice, 8st. 6lb. (A. Pavis) ... 1
 Sir R. K. Dick's b. f. *Miss Mary Ann*, 8st. 4lb. 2
 Five to 4 on *Miss Mary Ann*. Won by a neck.

FIFTY POUNDS (First Class) for two-year-olds :—colts, 8st. 4lb. ; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—T. Y. C.

Sir R. K. Dick's b. f. *Miss Mary Ann*, by Truffle, out of Bella by Benningbrough (Robinson) 1
 Lord Chesterfield's br. f. Kittums, by Abjer 2

The following also started but were not placed :—Mr. Ridsdale's ch. c. by Tramp, out of Arcot Lass ; Mr. Arnold's b. c. by Truffle, dam by Andrew, grandam by Quiz out of Selim's dam ; Mr. Gratwick's f. by Middleton, out of Jest ; Mr. S. Day's b. c. Gratis, by Middleton—Cetus's dam ; His Majesty's ch. c. by Waterloo or Middleton, out of Virginus's dam ; Lord Lowther's ch. f. by Partisan, out of Rivulet ; Mr. Batson's b. f. Banquet, by Truffle, out of Saffie by a Son of Dick Andrews ; and Col. Peel's br. f. Eccentricity, by Bedlamite, out of Lady of the Lake.—Five to 2 agst Kittums, 5 to 2 agst Mr. Ridsdale's colt, 4 to 1 agst Gratis, and 7 to 1 agst *Miss Mary Ann*. Won by three-quarters of a length.

FIFTY POUNDS (Second Class), for two-year-olds :—colts, 8st. 4lb. ; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—T. Y. C.

Col. Peel's ch. c. *Non Compos*, by Bedlamite, out of Zora, by Selim (Boyce) 1
 Mr. Henry's b. f. Margaret, by Wrangler, out of Helena 0
 Mr. Mills's br. c. by Emilius, out of Mustard 0
 Lord Lowther's ch. f. by Partisan, out of Scratch 0

The following also started but were not placed :—Mr. W. Chifney's bl. c. by Wrangler, out of Lassie by Smolensko ; Mr. Cooke's b. c. by Merlin, dam by Skim—Ralphina ; Sir M. Wood's b. f. by Truffle, dam by Blacklock ; Mr. Udny's b. c. by Truffle, out of Blue Stockings ; Lord Orford's bl. c. Day and Martin, by Whalebone.—Seven to 4 on *Non Compos*. Won by two lengths.—There was a dead heat between Margaret, Mr. Mills's colt, and Lord Lowther's filly.

RENEWAL of the CLEARWELL STAKES of 30 sovs. each, 20 ft. for two-year-olds :—colts, 8st. 5lb. ; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—T. Y. C.—Forty subs.

Mr. Chifney's ch. f. *Emiliana*, by Emilius, dam by Whisker, out of Castrella (J. Robinson) 1
 Mr. Dilly's ch. c. Margrave, by Muley 2

The following also started but were not placed :—Lord Ranelagh's b. c. Doncaster, by Muley—Lucinda ; Lord Exeter's ch. c. by Sultan, out of Dulcinea ; Mr. Udny's b. f. by Sultan, out of Antiope ; Mr. Cooke's b. f. Lucina, by Brutandorf, out of Lunaria's dam ; Lord Chesterfield's br. f. Landgravine, by Smolensko or Waterloo, out of Electress ; Mr. Osbaldeston's b. c. Peter Pindar, by Middleton ; Duke of Rutland's br. c. by Truffle, dam by Williamson's Ditto, grandam by Trumpator out of Countess by Sir Peter ; Col. Wilson's ch. c. by Emilius—Spinning Jenny ; Duke of Grafton's bl. c. Ebony, by Truffle, out of Zinc ; Mr. Mills's br. c. by Bobadil, out of Black Polly ; and Mr. Ridsdale's b. f. Fedora, by Figaro, out of Charity.—Two to 1 agst *Emiliana*, 4 to 1 agst Lord Exeter's colt, 5 to 1 agst Landgravine, and 7 to 1 agst Margrave. Won by half a length.

ONE-THIRD of a SUBSCRIPTION of 25 sovs. each, for four-year-olds :—colts, 8st. 10lb. ; fillies, 8st. 7lb.—D. I.—Seven subs.

Lord Exeter's ch. c. *Augustus*, by Sultan, out of Augusta walked over.

Mr. Chifney's b. f. Landrail, by Bustard, out of Erin Lass, received 175 sovs. ft. from Mr. Osbaldeston's b. c. Apuntador, by Blacklock, dam by Walton, 8st. 7lb. each, R. M.—Mr. Osbaldeston stakes 600 to 400 sovs., 200 ft.

Mr. Shingaley's Ultima received ft. from Mr. Perkins's Alice, 10st. each, T. M. M. 50 sovs.

WEDNESDAY, October 19.—MATCH for 100, h. ft.—Ab. M.

Capt. Rous's ch. c. *Crutch*, by Little John, out of Zaire, by Selim, 3 yrs old, 9st. (J. Robinson) 1
 Lord Worcester's b. c. Haymaker, by Wrangler, out of Isabella by Comus, 2 yrs old, 6st. 7lb. 2

Three to 1 on *Crutch*. Won by half a length.

Renewal of the OATLANDS STAKES of 30 sovs. each.—B. M.

Mr. Lumley's b. c. *Erymus*, by Moses, out of Eliza Leeds, 4 yrs old, 8st. 6lb. (A. Pavis) 1
 Duke of Portland's b. c. Amphiarus, 4 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. 2

The following also started but were not placed :—Mr. Cooke's b. h. Harold, 5 yrs,

8st. 7lb.; Mr. Sowerby's b. c. Paradox, 4 yrs, 8st. 1lb.; Lord Orford's br. f. Naiad, 3 yrs, 7st.; and Mr. Rush's ch. f. by Phantom, out of Discord, by Popinjay, 3 yrs, 6st. 12lb.—One subscriber paid 30 sovs. ft., and seven others having declared ft. by the time prescribed paid only 10 sovs. each.—Nine to 4 agst Harold, 3 to 1 agst Amphiraus, 5 to 1 agst Erymus, 5 to 1 agst Paradox, and 7 to 1 agst Naiad. Won only by a head.

SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, for three-year-olds.—D. M.

Lord Exeter's ch. c. *Vagrant*, by Tramp, out of Ada by Woful, 8st. 4lb. (W. Arnall) 1
Mr. S. Stonehewer's br. f. Lioness, by Tiresias, out of Emma, 7st. 13lb. (carried 8st. 1lb.)..... 2
Duke of Richmond's b. c. Elvas, by Whalebone, out of Leopoldine, 7st. 12lb..... 3
Lord Jersey's ch. c. Blunderer, by Middleton, out of Blunder's dam by Rubens, 8st. 10lb..... 4
Mr. Henry's ch. c. Tam o'Shanter, 8st. 2lb. 5
Seven to 4 agst Vagrant, 5 to 2 agst Lioness, 5 to 1 agst Elvas, 5 to 1 agst Blunderer, and 5 to 1 agst Tam o'Shanter. Won by two lengths.

THURSDAY, October 20.—MATCH for 50, h. ft. both two-year-olds.—D. M.

Lord Chesterfield's b. f. *Kittums*, by Abjer, dam by Filho da Puta, 8st. 7lb. (P. Connolly) 1
Gen. Grosvenor's f. Kitty Fisher, by Smyrna, 7st. 9lb. 2
Even betting. Won by a length.

MATCH for 300, both four-year-olds.—A. F.

Lord Chesterfield's b. c. *Priam*, by Emilius, out of Cressida by Whiskey, 9st. 2lb. (J. Robinson) 1
Lord Exeter's ch. c. Augustus, by Sultan, 8st..... 2
Two to 1 on Priam. Won by a length.

HANDICAP PURSE of 100l. for four-year-olds and upwards.—A. F.

Lord Exeter's br. m. *Varna*, by Sultan, out of Bess by Waxy, 5 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. (W. Arnall) 1
Mr. J. Mills's ch. g. Goshawk, aged, 8st. 4lb. 2

The following also started but were not placed:—Lord Worcester's b. h. Carthago, aged, 9st. 3lb.; Mr. Chapman's b. c. The Cardinal, 4 yrs, 8st. 6lb.; Mr. Sowerby's bl. h. Coroner, 6 yrs, 8st. 5lb.; Sir S. Graham's ch. h. Villager, 6 yrs, 8st. 3lb.; Mr. Irby's ch. h. Kildare, 6 yrs, 8st. 3lb.; Mr. Rush's ch. g. Guildford, 5 yrs, 7st. 11lb.; Lord Tavistock's ch. c. Gondolier, 4 yrs, 7st. 10lb.; Mr. Perren's br. c. Donegani, 4 yrs, 7st. 3lb.; Mr. Ramsbottom's br. c. Zucharelli, 4 yrs, 7st. 3lb.; and Mr. Arnold's b. f. Dolly, 4 yrs, 7st. 2lb.—Four to 1 agst Varna, 4 to 1 agst The Cardinal, 5 to 1 agst Goshawk, 5 to 1 agst Carthago, 5 to 1 agst Zucharelli, and 6 to 1 agst Villager. Won by a length.

TOWN PURSE of 50l.:—for three-year-olds, 7st. 4lb.; four, 8st. 4lb.; five, 8st. 11lb. six, 9st. 1lb.; and aged, 9st. 4lb.—T. M. M.

Mr. Payne's ch. c. *Paddy*, by St. Patrick, out of Lisette by Hambletonian, 3 yrs old (Knat) 1

Mr. Hunter's b. c. Brother to Christiana, by Gustavus, out of Sprightly, 3 yrs old... 2

The following also started but were not placed:—Duke of Grafton's b. f. Blassi, by Emilius, 3 yrs; Mr. Thornhill's b. f. Earwig, by Emilius, 3 yrs; Mr. Ramsbottom's br. c. Zucharelli, 4 yrs; and Mr. Henry's ch. c. Tam o'Shanter, by Tiresias, 3 yrs.—Two to 1 agst Zucharelli, 5 to 2 agst Paddy, 3 to 1 agst Blassi, and 4 to 1 agst Earwig. Won only by a neck.

Sir M. Wood's br. m. Lucetta, by Reveller, 9st. rec. from Mr. Grant's br. m. Lady Emily, by Emilius, 8st. 11lb., T. M. M., 100 sovs.

FRIDAY, October 21.—MATCH for 100, h. ft. both three-year-olds.—D. M.

Sir M. Wood's b. f. *Galantine*, by Reveller, out of Snowdrop by Highland Fling, 8st. 2lb. (J. Robinson) 1
Lord Chesterfield's b. f. Titania, by Merlin, 8st. 8lb. 2
Two to 1 on Galantine. Won by half a length.

Renewal of the PRENDERGAST STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—T. Y. C.—Twenty-six subs.

Lord Exeter's ch. c. *Beiram*, by Sultan, out of Miss Cantley by Stamford (W. Arnall) 1

Mr. Rogers's ch. f. by Partisan, out of Scratch..... 2

Col. Peel's br. f. Eccentricity, by Bedlamite..... 3

Gen. Grosvenor's br. f. Bartolozzi, by Truffle 4
Eight to 1 on Beiram. Won by a length.

HANDICAP STAKES of 10 sovs. each.—T. Y. C.—Six subs.

Mr. S. Day's b. c. *Barabbas*, by Partisan, out of Barossa by Vermin, 3 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. 0 1

Sir S. Graham's b. f. *Little Fanny*, by Morisco, out of Fawn, 3 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. 0 2

The following also started but were not placed:—Sir M. Wood's b. f. *Galantine*, 3 yrs, 8st. 5lb.; Col. Peel's b. f. by Partisan, out of Chintz, 4 yrs, 8st. 4lb.; and Mr. W. Chifney's br. f. by Emilius, out of Surprise by Scud, 3 yrs, 8st.—Three to 1 agst *Barabbas*, and 4 to 1 agst *Little Fanny*. Won by a length.—*Little Fanny* was ridden in the dead heat by A. Pavis, and afterwards by James Robinson.

Third Year of a Renewal of the SUBSCRIPTION of five sovs. each, for four-year-olds and upwards.—B. C. Five subs.

Mr. Sowerby's bl. h. *Coroner*, by Magistrate, 6 yrs old, 8st. 13lb.walked over.
Lord Lowther's b. f. *Bustle*, by Whalebone, 4 yrs old, 7st. 7lb.withdrew his stake.

Capt. Rous's ch. c. *Crutch*, by Little John, 3 yrs old, 8st. 13lb. rec. 25 sovs. ft. from Capt. Byng's br. f. *Dryad*, by Whalebone, 2 yrs old, 7st. T. Y. C. 100, h. ft.

HOLYWELL HUNT MEETING.

TUESDAY, October 18.—PRODUCE STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds.—Two miles.—Ten subs.

Sir R. W. Bulkeley's b. f. *Miss Maria*, by Count Porro, out of Midge, 8st. 3lb. (S. Darling) 1

Lord Westminster's br. c. *Caractacus*, 8st. 2lb. 2

Lord Westminster's br. c. *Mangel Wurzel*, 8st. 2lb. 3

SWEEPSTAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—The last half mile.—Four subs.

Mr. Beardsworth's br. c. *Chester*, Brother to Murphy, by Filho, out of Miss Wentworth (S. Darling) 1

Mr. F. R. Price's b. f. *Zorilda*, by Truffle, out of Banshee 2

Lord Westminster's b. f. by Champion, out of Larissa 3

Sir R. W. Bulkeley's b. f. *Miss Maria*, by Count Porro, 8st. 3lb., walked over for the CHIEFTAIN STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds, the Mostyn Mile, four subs.

Lord Westminster's b. c. *Master of the Ceremonies*, by Champion, walked over for the TAFFY STAKES of 25 sovs. each, for three-year-olds, one mile and three quarters, three subs.

The MOSTYN STAKES of 10 sovs. each.—The Mostyn Mile.—Twenty-six subs.

Sir R. W. Bulkeley's b. c. *Pickpocket*, by St. Patrick, 3 yrs old, 7st. 5lb. (Jones) 1

Mr. Beardsworth's br. c. *Birmingham*, 4 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. 2

Mr. Mostyn's b. f. *Her Highness*, 3 yrs old, 7st. 5lb. 3

Mr. Palin's br. g. *Pluralist*, 5 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. 4

The following also started but were not placed:—Mr. E. G. Stanley's b. f. *Maria*, by Master Henry, out of Loyalty, 3 yrs, 7st. 5lb.; Mr. O. Gore's b. c. *Ticket*, 3 yrs, 7st. 5lb.; and Mr. O. Gore's b. c. *Jasper*, 4 yrs, 8st. 5lb.

Sir R. W. Bulkeley's b. c. *Pickpocket*, by St. Patrick, 8st. 7lb., walked over for a SWEEPSTAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds, one mile and a half, four subscribers.

WEDNESDAY, October 19.—The GOLD CUP, value 100 sovs., by subscriptions of 10 sovs. each, with 50 added.—Three miles.—Five subs.

Sir T. Stanley's b. c. *Lawrie Todd*, by Whisker, 4 yrs, 8st. 9lb. (S. Templeman) 1

Mr. O. Gore's ch. c. *Buskin*, 3 yrs old, 7st. 5lb. 2

Mr. Beardsworth's br. c. *Birmingham*, by Filho da Puta, 4 yrs, 8st. 9lb., walked over for the PENGWERN STAKES of 30 sovs. each, 10 ft., for three and four-year-olds, one mile and three quarters, seven subs.

Sir R. W. Bulkeley's b. c. *Pickpocket*, by St. Patrick (S. Darling), beat Mr. Giffard's ch. c. *Traveller*, by Tramp, a MATCH for 100 sovs., h. ft. both three-year-olds, 8st. 3lb. each, one mile and a half.

THURSDAY, October 20.—Sir R. Bulkeley's b. f. *Miss Maria*, by Count Porro, walked over for the ST. WINIFRED STAKES of 25 sovs. each, for three-year-old fillies, 8st. 5lb., one mile and a quarter, three subs.

FREE HANDICAP STAKES of 20 sovs. each, five ft. with 20 added.—One mile and a half.—Four subs.

Mr. Price's b. h. *Fag*, by Master Henry, out of *Zadora*, 5 yrs old, 8st. 6lb. (H. Arthur) 1
Mr. Palin's br. g. *Pluralist*, 5 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. 2

HANDICAP STAKES of 20 sovs. each, h. ft. for two and three-year-olds.—Half a mile. Four subs.

Sir R. Bulkeley's b. f. *Miss Maria*, by Count Porro, out of *Midge*, 3 yrs old, 9st. 11lb. (S. Darling) 1
Mr. Mostyn's ch. f. by *Teniers*, dam by *Peruvian*, 2 yrs old, 6st. 7lb. 2

THE CHAMPAGNE STAKES of 20 sovs. each, h. ft.—One mile and a half.—The winner to give two dozen of Champagne to the Club.—Four subs.

Mr. O. Gore's b. c. *Jasper*, by *Spectre*, out of *Patience* by *Fyldener*, 4 yrs old, 8st. (S. Darling) 1
Sir T. Stanley's b. f. *Lady Constance*, 4 yrs old, 7st. 12lb. 2
Mr. Price's b. h. *Fag*, 5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. 3

WORCESTER AUTUMN MEETING.

THURSDAY, October 27.—**SWEEPSTAKES** of seven sovs. each, with 10 added.—Heats, one mile and a quarter.

Mr. Painter's b. m. by *Strephon*, dam by *Camillus*, 5 yrs old, 8st. 13lb. (W. Lear) 1 3 1
Mr. Hobson's ch. c. *Winton*, 4 yrs old, 8st. 6lb. 0 1 3
Mr. Tolley's ch. f. *Figarina*, 4 yrs old, 8st. 0 2 2
Mr. Calley's br. f. *Liska*, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2 0 4
Mr. F. R. Price's br. c. *Birkenhead*, by *Smolensko*, 3 yrs old, 7st. 3lb. 3 0 dr.
Mr. I. Day's b. g. *Elliston*, by *Spectre*, out of *Liston's* dam, 3 yrs old, 7st. ... dis.

SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 10 added, for horses not thorough-bred.—Heats, one mile and a quarter.

Mr. F. R. Price's b. m. *Countess*, by *Crecy*, 6 yrs old, 10st. 10lb. (Hardy).. 3 2 1 1
Mr. Smith's b. m. *Milkmaid*, 6 yrs old, 11st. 1lb. 0 1 2 2
Mr. Walker's b. g. *Columbus*, 6 yrs old, 11st. 6lb. 1 3 3 3
Mr. Cox's ch. h. by *Childe Harold*, 5 yrs old, 10st. 7lb. 0 0 0
Mr. Steward's b. m. *Lucetta* (late *Chance*), by *Ferchance*, 5 yrs, 10st. 2lb. 0 0 0
Mr. Brown's b. f. *Shepherdess*, by *Young Johnny Raw*, 3 yrs, 8st. 7lb. ... 2 0 dr.
Mr. Parry's b. m. *Polly Hopkins*, 5 yrs old, 10st. 2lb. 0 0 dr.

FIFTY POUNDS, added to a Sweepstakes of two sovs. each, for horses not thorough-bred.—Heats, one mile and a quarter.

Mr. Page's b. f. *Miss Careless*, 4 yrs old, 10st. 7lb. (Owner)..... 1 1
Mr. Herbert, jun.'s br. g. 5 yrs old, 11st. 7lb. 2 2
Mr. New's br. h. *Swordman*, 5 yrs old, 11st. 7lb. 0 3
Mr. Wagstaff's b. h. *Sir Launcelot Sadler*, 6 yrs old, 12st. 0 4
Mr. Evans's bl. h. *Black Rock*, 5 yrs old, 11st. 7lb. 0 0
Mr. Flower's br. g. 6 yrs old, 12st. 0 0
Mr. Mucklow's br. f. by *Vanloo*, 4 yrs old, 10st. 7lb. 0 dr.

NEWMARKET THIRD OCTOBER OR HOUGHTON MEETING.

MONDAY, October 31.—**THE RURAL STAKES** of 100 sovs. each, for three-year-olds :—colts, 8st. 7lb. ; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—D. I.—Five subs.

Duke of Richmond's b. c. *Elvas*, by *Whalebone*, out of *Leopoldine*, by *Walton* (F. Boyce)..... 1
Lord Lowther's br. c. by *Smolensko*—*Abigail's* dam..... 2
Lord Exeter's ch. c. *Anthony*, by *Tramp*—*Augusta* 3
Three to 1 on *Anthony*, and 7 to 2 agst Lord Lowther's colt. Won by a length.

THE CRITERION STAKES of 30 sovs. each, 20 ft. for two-year-olds.—From the Turn of the Lands in.—Thirty-six subs.

Mr. Dilly's ch. c. *Margrave*, by *Muley*, out of *Principessa's* dam, 8st. 5lb. (G. Edwards) 1
Col. Peel's b. c. *Archibald*, by *Paulowitz*, out of *Garcia*, 8st. 5lb. (rec. back his stake) 2

The following also started but were not placed :—Duke of Rutland's br. c. by *Truffle*, dam by *W.'s Ditto*, grandam by *Trumpator*, 8st. 5lb. ; Mr. Greville's br. f. *Landgravine*, by *Smolensko* or *Waterloo*, out of *Electress*, 8st. 3lb. ; Lord Worcester's b. c. *Count Ivon*, by *Bobadil*, out of *Fidalmia* by *Waxy Pope*, 8st. 3lb. ; Lord Low-

ther's ch. f. by Partisan—Scratch, 8st. 11lb.; Mr. Mills's b. f. Kate, by Lapdog—Effe Deans, 8st. 11lb.; Mr. Udny's b. f. by Sultan, out of Antiope, 8st. 11lb.; and Lord Chesterfield's b. f. Kittums, by Abjer, 8st. 3lb.

HANDICAP PURSE of 100l. for four-year-olds and upwards.—D. I.

Lord Lowther's b. f. *Bustle*, by Whalebone, out of The Odd Trick, 4 yrs, 7st. 6lb.

(J. Chapple)..... 1

Mr. Rush's ch. g. Guildford, 5 yrs old, 7st. 12lb..... 2

The following also started but were not placed:—Mr. Gully's br. h. Tranby, 5 yrs, 8st. 12lb.; Lord Exeter's b. c. Mahmoud, 4 yrs, 8st. 5lb.; Mr. Lumley's br. c. Erymus, 4 yrs, 8st. 5lb. (fell lame); Sir M. Wood's ch. c. Captain Arthur, 4 yrs, 8st. 4lb.; Mr. Wormald's b. c. Bullet, 4 yrs, 8st.; and Mr. Yearley's b. c. Coventry, 4 yrs, 7st. 6lb.—Won by a neck.

MATCH for 50 sovs. h. ft.—Ab. M.

Lord Mountcharles's b. c. *Bassetlaw*, by Catton, dam by Soothsayer, 2 yrs, 8st. 4lb.

(J. Robinson)..... 1

Mr. Thornhill's b. f. Earwig, by Emilius, 3 yrs old, 9st. 2

MATCH for 50 sovs. 20 ft.—T. Y. C.

Capt. Rous's ch. c. *Crutch*, by Little John, out of Zaire by Selim, 3 yrs old, 9st. 7lb.

(J. Robinson)..... 1

Lord Mountcharles's b. c. by Brutandorf, out of Evens, 2 yrs old, 7st. 2

MATCH for 200 sovs. h. ft. both two-year-olds.—T. Y. C.

Sir M. Wood's ch. c. *The Marshal*, by Phantom, out of Louisa by Orville, 7st. (J.

Chapple)..... 1

Mr. Thornhill's ch. c. Cavenham, by Merlin, 8st. 2

MATCH for 300 sovs. h. ft. both three-year-olds, 8st. 7lb. each.—A. F.

Lord Chesterfield's b. f. *Titania*, by Merlin, out of Dahlia by Phantom (P. Connolly) 1

Mr. Wagstaff's b. f. Streamlet, by Tiresias—Bizarre..... 2

ONE-THIRD of a SUBSCRIPTION of 25 sovs. each, for five-year-olds and upwards.—

B. C.—Seven subs.

Sir M. Wood's br. m. *Lucetta*, by Reveller, out of Lusa, 5 yrs old, 8st. 8lb. (J. Robinson)..... 1

Lord Exeter's br. m. Varna, 5 yrs old, 8st. 8lb. 2

THE POCKET STAKES of 150 sovs. each, h. ft. for then three-year-old fillies, 8st. 7lb. each.—D. M.—Five subs.

Lord Exeter's bay, *Marmora*, by Sultan, out of Miss Catton by Golumpus...received.

Captain Byng's br. f. Dryad, by Whalebone, 2 yrs old, 7st. 7lb. rec. ft. from Lord Lichfield's b. g. Egbert, by Morisco, 3 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. T. Y. C. 100, h. ft.

Lord Lichfield's ch. f. by Shgo, out of Ina, rec. ft. from Lord Orford's f. by Centaur or Camel, out of Sister to The Moslem, both two-year-olds, 8st. 5lb. each, T. Y. C. 200, h. ft.

TUESDAY, November 1.—FIFTY POUNDS: two-year-olds, carrying a feather; three, 7st. 5lb.; four, 8st. 9lb.; five, 9st. 3lb.; six, 6st. 7lb.; and aged, 9st. 10lb.—Last three miles of B. C.

Mr. Henry's b. c. *Scipio*, by Emilius, out of Parapluie by Merlin, 3 yrs old (J. Chapple)..... 1

Mr. M. Ongley's b. f. Pandora, by Wrangler, 4 yrs old..... 2

The following also started but were not placed:—Mr. Cooper's b. f. The Peri, by Stainborough, 2 yrs; Mr. Wagstaff's b. f. Streamlet, by Tiresias, 3 yrs; His Majesty's ch. f. by Merlin, out of Elizabeth, 2 yrs; Lord Worcester's b. c. Haymaker, by Wrangler, 2 yrs; Duke of Grafton's b. f. Blassi, by Emilius, 3 yrs; Mr. Cooke's b. f. Lucina, by Brutandorf, 2 yrs; Mr. Powell's bl. c. by Wrangler, out of Lassie by Smolensko, 2 yrs; Lord Lowther's b. c. by Partisan—Fickle's dam, 2 yrs; Mr. Beresford's b. c. All's-Well, by Waxy Pope, 4 yrs; and Mr. W. Chifney's br. f. by Emilius—Surprise, 3 yrs.—The winner was claimed, according to the articles, for 300gs.

MATCH for 300 sovs. h. ft. 8st. 7lb. each.—T. Y. C.

Mr. Henry's b. c. *Agreeable*, by Emilius, out of Surprise by Scud (G. Edwards) ... 1

Mr. W. Chifney's ch. c. by Emilius, out of Pigmy, 3 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. 2

Two to 1 on Agreeable.

HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, for three-year-olds and upwards.—

T. Y. C.

Mr. Chifney's b. f. *Landrail*, by Bustard, out of Erin Lass, 4 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. (J. Robinson)..... 1

Mr. S. Day's br. c. Barabbas, 3 yrs old, 7st. 10lb. 2

The following also started but were not placed:—Mr. Irby's ch. h. Kildare, by Regent, 6 yrs, 9st.; Mr. Sowerby's bl. h. Coroner, 6 yrs, 9st.; Mr. Cooke's ch. c. Cloudesley, 4 yrs, 8st. 5lb.; Lord Mountcharles's ch. f. Clio, 4 yrs, 7st. 10lb.; Mr. Walker's ch. f. Victoire, 3 yrs, 7st. 7lb.; and Lord Jersey's br. f. Alea, 3 yrs, 7st. 4lb.

MATCH for 50, both two-year-olds, 8st. 5lb. each.—T. Y. C.
 Lord Lichfield's b. c. *Terry Alt*, by Sligo, out of Miniature by Rubens (W. Arnall) 1
 Lord Exeter's b. f. Trick, by Mountebank—Augusta..... 2

HANDICAP STAKES of 25 sovs. each, 10 ft. for three-year-olds.—R. M.—Nine subs.
 Mr. Forth's ch. c. *Marvel*, by Muley, out of Lacerta by Zodiac, 7st. 10lb. (Buckle, junior)..... 1
 Lord Warwick's b. f. Water Witch, 7st. 7lb. 2

The following also started but were not placed:—Lord Verulam's b. c. Vestris, by Whalebone, 8st. 10lb.; Duke of Rutland's br. c. Clansman, 8st. 10lb.; Col. Wilson's b. c. Chapman, by Emilius, 8st. 7lb.; Mr. Chifney's ch. c. by Emilius—Pigmy, 8st. 7lb.; Mr. G. Edwards's b. c. Crispin, by Lottery, 7st. 12lb.—Won by a neck.

HANDICAP STAKES of 30 sovs. each, 20 ft. for three-year-olds.—Last mile and a distance of B. C.

Mr. Payne's ch. c. *Paddy*, by St. Patrick, out of Lisette by Hambletonian, 7st. (Knat) 1
 Duke of Grafton's b. c. *Aeneas*, by Emilius, 7st. 8lb. 2
 Gen. Grosvenor's b. c. *Sarpedon*, 8st. 1lb. 3
 Mr. Vansittart's ch. c. *Rubini*, 8st. 3lb. 4
 Mr. Hunter's b. c. Brother to Christina, by Gustavus, out of Sprightly, 7st. 5
 Won by a length.

WEDNESDAY, November 2.—HANDICAP STAKES of 30 sovs. each, 20 ft. for three-year-olds.—T. Y. C.

Mr. Cooke's b. c. *Incubus*, by Phantom, out of Katherine by Soothsayer, 8st. 12lb. (Wright) 1
 Mr. Mills's b. c. Whiteboy, by Blacklock, 7st. 10lb. 2
 Mr. Chifney's ch. c. by Emilius—Pigmy, 8st. 7lb. 3
 Mr. Petre's ch. c. Rattler, by Reveller, 8st. 2lb. 4
 Mr. Batson's b. f. Muff, by Blacklock, 7st. 6lb. 5
 Won by a length.

SUBSCRIPTION PURSE of 50l.:—for two-year-olds, 6st. 7lb.; three, 8st. 10lb.—T. Y. C.

Gen. Grosvenor's b. f. *Kitty Fisher*, by Smyrna, out of Chasn by Thunderbolt, 2 yrs old (a Boy)..... 1
 Captain Bulkeley's Sister to Pinwire, by Whalebone, 2 yrs old 2

The following also started but were not placed:—Mr. Ridsdale's ch. f. Ringdove, by Comus, 3 yrs; Mr. Mills's br. c. by Bobadil—Black Polly, 2 yrs; Mr. Rush's ch. f. by Phantom—Discord, 3 yrs; Lord Mountcharles's b. c. Carwell, by Filho, 3 yrs; and Sir M. Wood's ch. c. The Marshall, 2 yrs.—Won cleverly.

SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each:—for two-year-olds, 6st. 7lb.; and three, 8st. 7lb. T. Y. C.—Eight subs.

Mr. Scott Stonehewer's br. f. *Lioness*, by Tiresias, out of Emma by Orville, 3 yrs (Robinson)..... 1
 Mr. Mills's b. c. Whiteboy, by Blacklock, 3 yrs old 2
 Lord Lowther's br. c. Timekeeper, by Smolensko, 3 yrs old..... 3

The following also started but were not placed:—Mr. Powell's bl. c. by Wrangler, out of Lassie, 2 yrs; Duke of Richmond's br. c. Selictar, by Moses, 3 yrs; Mr. Walker's ch. f. Victoire, by Whisker, 3 yrs; and Mr. Cosby's ch. c. Adam Brock, by Blacklock, 3 yrs.

MATCH for 100 sovs. h. ft. both three-year-olds.—R. M.
 Sir M. Wood's b. f. *Galantine*, by Reveller, out of Snowdrop, 8st. 2lb. (Robinson).. 1
 Lord Orford's br. c. Grand Duke, 8st. 10lb. 2

HANDICAP PURSE of 50l. for three-year-olds and upwards.—Across the Flat.
 Mr. Ramsbottom's br. c. *Zucharelli*, by Tiresias, out of Landscape, 4 yrs, 7st. 1lb. (Pavia) 1
 Lord Jersey's b. g. Glenartney, aged, 8st. 10lb. 2
 Mr. Theakston's gr. f. Christina, 4 yrs old, 6st. 12lb. 3
 Sir M. Wood's b. m. Lucetta, 5 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. 4
 Mr. Gully's br. h. Tranby, 5 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. 5
 Duke of Portland's b. c. Amphiarus, 4 yrs old, 7st. 12lb. 6
 Mr. Cosby's b. c. Sketch-Book, 4 yrs old, 7st. 1lb. 7

THURSDAY, November 3.—MATCH for 25 sovs., both three-year-olds.—T. Y. C.
 Lord Mountcharles's b. c. *Carwell*, by Filho da Puta, dam by Hambletonian, 8st. 7lb. (Robinson)..... 0
 Mr. S. Day's br. c. *Barabbas*, 8st. 4lb. (W. Arnall) 0
 Six to 4 on Barabbas. Ran a dead heat.

MATCH for 50 sovs. h. ft. both two-year-olds.—T. Y. C.
 Capt. Byng's br. f. *Dryad*, by Whalebone, out of Harpalice, by Gohanna, 8st. 3lb. (Pavis) 1
 Lord Mountcharles's b. c. *Bassetlaw*, 8st. 4lb. 2

MATCH for 100 sovs. h. ft. both two-year-olds.—New T. Y. C.
 Mr. Greville's br. c. *Agincourt*, by Crecy, dam by Poulton, 8st. 7lb. (Connolly) ... 1
 Gen. Grosvenor's br. f. *Bartolozzi*, by Truffle, 8st. 4lb. 2

MATCH for 100 sovs.—T. Y. C.
 Lord Worcester's b. h. *Coulon*, by Whisker, out of Miss Cranfield, 6 yrs, 8st. 10lb. (Robinson) 1
 Sir M. Wood's b. f. *Landrail*, by Bustard, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2
 Won by a length.

MATCH for 50 sovs. both two-year-olds, 8st. 7lb. each.—Criterion Course.
 Lord Worcester's b. c. *Haymaker*, by Wrangler, out of Isabella by Comus (J. Robinson) 1
 Mr. Greville's br. c. *Agincourt*, by Crecy..... 2

MATCH for 25 sovs.—T. Y. C.
 Lord Mountcharles's ch. f. *Clio*, by Whisker, out of Bigottini, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. (A. Pavis)..... 1
 Lord Jersey's br. f. *Alea*, 3 yrs old, 8st. 1lb. 2

MATCH for 100 sovs. h. ft. both three-year-olds.—T. Y. C.
 Sir S. Graham's b. f. *Little Fanny*, by Morisco, out of Fawn, by Smolensko, 8st. 3lb. (Pavis) 1
 Duke of Rutland's br. c. *Clansman*, 8st. 12lb. 2

MATCH for 50 sovs. h. ft.—Last half of Ab. M.
 Capt. Rous's ch. c. *Crutch*, by Little John, out of Zaire by Selim, 3 yrs old, 9st. (J. Robinson) 1
 Lord Mountcharles's ch. c. *Minster*, 2 yrs old, 7st. 2

MATCH for 200 sovs. h. ft.—A. F.
 Mr. Scott Stenhewer's b. f. *Variation*, by Bustard, 4 yrs, 8st. 7lb. (J. Robinson) ... 1
 Lord Wilton's ch. h. *Rough Robin*, 6 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. 2

SUBSCRIPTION PURSE of 50L for three-year-olds and upwards.—D. I.
 Duke of Richmond's b. f. *Conciliation*, by Moses, out of The Duchess, 3 yrs old, 7st. 4lb. (A. Pavis) 1

Mr. M. Ongley's b. f. *Pandora*, 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. 2
 Lord Jersey's b. g. *Glenartney*, aged, 9st. 2lb. 3

The following also started but were not placed :—Mr. Rush's ch. g. *Guildford*, 5 yrs, 8st. 8lb. ; Duke of Portland's br. h. *The Theban*, 5 yrs, 8st. 8lb. ; Mr. Cosby's b. h. *Hindoo*, 5 yrs, 8st. 5lb. ; Col. Wilson's ch. c. *Ringleader*, 4 yrs, 8st. 5lb. ; Mr. Perren's br. c. *Donegani*, 4 yrs, 8st. ; and Mr. G. Edwards's b. c. *Crispin*, 3 yrs, 7st. 2lb.

Mr. Payne's ch. c. *Paddy*, by St. Patrick, 5 yrs old, rec. from Mr. Greville's br. f. *Landgravine*, 2 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. each, T. Y. C. 100.

FRIDAY, November 4.—MATCH for 25 sovs.—T. Y. C.
 Mr. Pettit's b. f. *Ipsala*, by Sultan, out of Ada, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. (Robinson) 1
 Mr. Wagstaff's b. f. *Streamlet*, by Tiresias, 3 yrs old, 8st. 2

MATCH for 30 sovs.—T. Y. C.
 Lord Mountcharles's ch. c. *Minster*, by Catton, dam by Orville, 2 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. (Pavis) 1
 Mr. Henry's b. f. *Muff*, by Blacklock, 3 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. 2

HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each.—D. M.—Ten subs.
 Lord Warwick's b. f. *Water Witch*, by Whalebone, 3 yrs old, 6st. 10lb. (carried 6st. 12lb.)—(Chapple)..... 1

Lord Burlington's br. c. by Godolphin, out of Mouse, 4 yrs old, 7st. 4lb. 2
 Mr. Mills's ch. g. *Goshawk*, by Merlin, aged, 8st. 6lb. 3

The following also started but were not placed :—Lord Worcester's b. h. *Carthago*, aged, 9st. 3lb. ; Lord Cleveland's b. c. *Marcus*, 3 yrs old, 7st. 10lb. ; Mr. Cosby's b. h. *Hindoo*, by Whalebone, 5 yrs old, 7st. 2lb. ; Mr. Yearsley's b. c. *Coventry*, by

Tramp, 4 yrs old, 6st. 10lb. (carried 6st. 12lb.); Mr. Pettit's b. f. Ipsala, 4 yrs, 6st. 10lb.; and Mr. Petre's ch. c. Rattler, by Reveller, 3 yrs, 6st.

MATCH for 30 sovs.—First half of Ab. M.

Lord Mountcharles's b. c. *Bassellaw*, by Catton, dam by Soothsayer, 2 yrs old, 8st. (Wright) 1
Mr. Cosby's ch. c. Adam Brock, 3 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. 2

MATCH for 100 sovs. h. ft.—T. Y. C.

Mr. Day's b. c. *Caledonian* (late Barabbas), by Partisan, out of Barossa, 3 yrs old, 9st. (Arnall) 1
Mr. Forth's ch. c. Brother to Echo, by Emilius, dam by Scud or Pioneer, 2 yrs old, 7st. 7lb. 2

The NURSERY STAKES of 25 sovs. each, for two-year-olds.—D. M.

Mr. Day's b. c. *Gratis*, by Middleton, out of Cetus's dam by Gohanna, 2st. (P. Connolly) 1
Sir R. K. Dick's b. f. Miss Mary Ann, 8st. 3lb. 2
Lord Jersey's b. c. by Middleton, dam by Merlin, out of Oscar's dam, 7st. 8lb. 3
Mr. Ridsdale's ch. c. St. Giles, by Tramp, out of Arcot Lass, 6st. 13lb. 4
Duke of Rutland's br. c. by Truffle, dam by W.'s Ditto, 6st. 13lb. 0
Lord Chesterfield's br. c. Brother to Nessus, 6st. 10lb. 0

The CAVENHAM STAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—T. Y. C.—Six subs.

Sir M. Wood's b. f. Reaction, by Truffle, dam by Blacklock, (Robinson) 1
Mr. Cooke's b. c. Bedouin, by Tramp—Camillus 2
Mr. Thornhill's ch. c. Cavenham, by Merlin 3
Mr. Roberts's b. c. Brother to Cloudeley, by Emilius. 4

The AUDLEY END STAKES of 30 sovs. each, for three-year-olds and upwards.—A. E. C.

Sir M. Wood's br. m. *Lucetta*, by Reveller, out of Lusa, 5 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. (J. Robinson) 1
Mr. Chapman's b. c. The Cardinal, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. 2
Gen. Grosvenor's b. c. Sarpedon, 3 yrs old, 7st. 2lb. 3
Lord Exeter's ch. c. Anthony, 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb. 4

The following also started but were not placed:—Lord Wilton's ch. h. Rough Robin, 6 yrs; Mr. Wagstaff's br. c. The Saddler, 3 yrs; Mr. Henry's gr. c. Protocol, 3 yrs; Mr. Cosby's b. c. Sketch-Book, 4 yrs; Lord Lowther's b. c. Spaniel, 3 yrs; and Lord Verulam's b. c. Vestris, 3 yrs.—Won easy.

SATURDAY, November 5.—MATCH for 50 sovs. h. ft.—Ab. M.

Mr. Dilly's br. f. *Lioness*, by Tiresias, out of Emma by Orville, 3 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. (J. Robinson) 1
Capt. Bulkeley's b. f. Sister to Pinwire, 2 yrs old, 6st. 11lb. 2

SWEEPSTAKES of 30 sovs. each.—First half of Ab. M.

Capt. Byng's br. f. *Dryad*, by Whalebone, out of Harpalice, 2 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. (A. Pavis) 1
Col. Peel's br. f. Eccentricity, 2 yrs old, 7st. 7lb. 2
Mr. Udny's br. c. Conservator, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. 3
Gen. Grosvenor's br. f. Bartolozzi, 2 yrs old, 6st. 13lb. 4

MATCH for 100 sovs.—Ab. M.

Mr. Vansittart's ch. c. *Rubini*, by St. Patrick, out of Slight by Selim, 3 yrs old, 8st. (F. Boyce) 1
Mr. Cooke's ch. c. Cloudeley, 4 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. 2

MATCH for 50 sovs.—T. Y. C.

Lord Chesterfield's b. f. *Titania*, by Merlin, out of Dahlia by Phantom, 3 yrs old, 9st. (Connolly) 1
Lord Worcester's b. c. Haymaker, 2 yrs old, 6st. 12lb. 2

SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb. First half of Ab. M.

Duke of Grafton's bl. c. Ebony, by Truffle, out of Zinc by Woful (J. Day) 1
Mr. Gratwicke's gr. f. by Middleton, out of Jest 2
Mr. Greville's br. c. Agincourt, by Crecy—Poulton 3
Mr. Henry's ch. f. by Middleton, dam by Merlin 4

MATCH for 100 sovs. h. ft.—T. Y. C.

Capt. Rous's ch. c. *Crutch*, by Little John, out of Zaire by Selim, 3 yrs, 8st. 2lb. (J. Robinson) 1
Mr. Henry's b. c. Agreeable, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. 2

Mr. Henry's b. f. *Margaret*, by Wrangler, out of Helena by Rubens, 8st. 5lb. (Ed-

wards) beat Mr. Greville's br. f. Landgravine, 8st. 3lb. a MATCH for 100 sovs. h. ft., both two-year-olds, T. Y. C.

Mr. Pettit's ch. f. Fuga, by Partisan, out of Bravura by Outcry, 8st. 3lb. (J. Robinson), beat Mr. Osbaldeston's b. c. Peter Pindar, 8st. 5lb. a MATCH for 50 sovs. h. ft., both two-year-olds, T. Y. C.

Lord Jersey's ch. c. *Blunderer*, by Middleton, out of Blunder's dam, 8st. 2lb. (J. Robinson), beat Lord Orford's b. c. Grand Duke, 8st. 8lb. a MATCH for 100 sovs., both three-year-olds, A. F.

Mr. Henry's gr. c. *Protocol*, by Partisan, dam by Hambletonian, 3 yrs, 8st. 1lb. (P. onnolly), beat Sir M. Wood's ch. c. Captain Arthur, by Bobadil, 4 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. a MATCH for 100 sovs., A. F.

Mr. Chapman's b. c. *The Cardinal*, by Waxy Pope, out of Medora, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. (Wright) beat Lord Worcester's b. h. Coulon, 6 yrs old, 8st. 11lb., a MATCH for 100 sovs., A. F.

Sir M. Wood's b. f. Galantine, by Reveller, out of Snowdrop, rec. from Mr. Greville's b. f. Earwig, by Emilius, out of Shoveller, 8st. 5lb. each, both three-year-olds, B. C., 100, h. ft.

NEWMARKET NOVEMBER MEETING.

MONDAY, November 7.—Capt. Rous's b. f. *Earwig*, by Emilius, out of Shoveller, 3 yrs old, 8st. 13lb. (Robinson) beat Mr. Greville's br. c. Agincourt, 2 yrs, 7st. 12½lb. a MATCH for 25 sovs., T. Y. C.

Lord Portarlington's b. c. *Bedouin*, by Tramp, dam by Camillus, 8st. (J. Chapple) beat Mr. Pettit's ch. f. Fuga, by Partisan—Bravura, 8st. 7lb., a MATCH for 50 sovs., both two-year-olds, T. Y. C.

Capt. Rous's b. f. *Earwig*, 3 yrs old, 7st. 4lb. (Pavis) beat Lord Lowther's b. f. Bustle, 4 yrs old, 9st. a MATCH for 50 sovs., T. M. M.

The OSBALDESTON PURSE of 50l. for horses that galloped in the Match against time.—R. C.

Lord Lowther's br. c. Timekeeper, by Smolensko, out of Abigail's dam, 3 yrs old, 7st. 10lb. (J. Chapple) 1

Lord Ranelagh's br. c. Donegani, 4 yrs old, 9st. 5lb. 2

The following also started but were not placed:—Mr. Pettit's b. f. Ipsala; Mr. Yearsley's b. c. Coventry; Mr. Arnold's b. f. Dolly; Col. Russell's br. g. Skirmisher; Mr. Chifney's br. f. by Emilius; Mr. Wagstaff's br. f. Streamlet; and Mr. Roger's b. c. by Acorn.—Won easy.

TARPORLEY HUNT MEETING.

THURSDAY, November 3.—SWEEPSTAKES of 20 sovs. each, for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 3lb.; fillies, 8st.—Last half mile.

Mr. Nanney's bl. f. *Kitty Fisher*, by Bravo, out of Wedlock's dam 0 1

Mr. Armistead's ch. f. by Teniers, out of Springe 0 2

The following also started but were not placed:—Mr. R. Turner's ch. c. Scrivener, by Banker; Sir T. Stanley's b. g. by Champion, out of Mald of Milan; and Mr. Beardsworth's b. f. by Catton, dam by Walton, out of Altisidora.

MATCH for 50 sovs.—One mile.

Mr. Mainwaring's ch. g. *Hawk's-Eye*, by Merlin, 10st. 7lb. 1

Sir R. Brooke's br. m. Sontag, 9st. 9lb. 2

SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, for horses of all ages.—Twice round.—Five subs.

Mr. Nanney's bl. f. *Georgiana*, by Welbeck, 4 yrs, 7st. 13lb. (Calloway) 1

Lord Derby's ch. f. Roseleaf, 4 yrs, 7st. 13lb. 2

Mr. Johnson's ch. h. Jupiter, aged, 8st. 10lb. 3

SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, for horses, &c. not thorough-bred.—Twice round.

Sir H. M. Mainwaring's b. g. *Thimble*, by Tramp, 6 yrs old, 11st. 12lb. 1

Mr. Walmsley's b. g. by Gulliver, 4 yrs old, 11st. 2lb. 2

The FARMERS' CUP, with 15 sovs. added.—Heats, twice round.

Mr. J. Cliffe's ch. g. by Grand Duke, 4 yrs old, 11st. 7lb. 1 1

Mr. J. Bellyse's b. g. Salamanca, 4 yrs, 11st. 7lb. 2 2

Four others started but were not placed.

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